WHY DO SCREEN BEAUTIES MARRY PLAIN BUSINESS MEN?

LILIAN HARVEY

by MARLAND STONE
IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES
FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE
Patricia is as witty as Broadway, and her laughter is as lilt- ing as a gold- finch's song! She's grand company. But—there's a "but" about Patricia!

On skis and on skates, Patricia skims along like a snow-bird! She's sparkling amusing—she's fun! But the "but" about Patricia spoils many a 'dale'!

Men hear about Patricia—and ask to meet this witty girl. But they listen—they look—and they leave. For the "but" about Patricia is her teeth!

Why has nobody told Patricia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—can rob a girl's teeth of their sparkle—can rob her smile of its charm?

A dentist would tell Patricia to clean her teeth and massage her gums—with Ipana, which tones the gums as well as brightens the teeth!

Soon enough—with Ipana—Patricia would be attractive again when she laughed and when she talked. Patricia would be popular with men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Do you—like poor Patricia—have tender gums and dingy-looking teeth which ruin your looks when you laugh or talk? Your dentist knows a lot about gums! He knows that they need massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste!

He knows that today's foods, so deliciously creamy and tender, do not exercise the gums or give them the stimulation they must have to stay hard and healthy. He knows that unexercised gums tend to become flabby and often to bleed.

Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth—that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea—that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

Don't be like Patricia. Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, and begin to care for your unhealthy gums as well as for your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana, and with a little extra Ipana on your fingertip, massage your gums. Your teeth will brighten as your gums become firmer.
Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

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

GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER
LILIAN HARVEY
—The Busiest Star of Them All

When Lilian first arrived from Europe, where she was a star in three languages, she had had only fourteen days of vacation in more than two years. And she has had no vacation since she arrived. When "My Lips Betray" was finished, she started "My Weakness"; and when that was finished, she started "I Am Suzanne." Now, "Music in the Air" looms ahead of her.

She was certain of popularity abroad; success here was a gamble—but Lilian took it. And made good! In a few short months, she is one of America's first favorites. Which shows what looks, talent—and work—can do for a girl!

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

FEBRUARY 1934

FEAT U R E S

Why Do Screen Beauties Marry
Plain Business Men? .................. Dorothy Spensley 28

Katharine Hepburn Reveals Herself—
for the First Time! .................. Ruth Biery 30

Gary Cooper "At Last" Finds the Right Girl! .... Virginia Sinclaire 32

The Hollywood Follies of 1933 ................ Gladys Hall 34

How Can Doug Stay Away from Hollywood? ........ Dorothy Calhoun 40

Secrets of the Stars—Norma Shearer .......... Gladys Hall 42

Get Close to the Screen's New Sensation! .... Cruikshank 49

Did Lee Tracy "Insult" Mexico—Or Did
That Report Insult Him? .......... Dorothy Donnell 51

How It Feels to Be Hollywood's First Citizen .... Faith Service 52

"I'm Afraid of Women," Says George Raft .... Sonia Lee 54

"I'm Afraid of Love," Says Richard Cromwell .... Dorothy Manners 55

A Sweep of a Fan—and Sally Rand Came Back .... Dorothy Calhoun 56

Why Adrienne and Bruce Risked All for Romance .... Elza Schallert 60

The Stars Want Your Advice ........ Dorothy Donnell 64

DEPARTMENTS

What the Stars Are Doing .......... Marion Martone 6
Letters from Our Readers .............. 8
Your Gossip Test ................ Marion Martone 10
Tip-Offs on the Talkies .......... James Edwin Reid 12
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out! .... L. R. R. 14
The Movie Circus ................ Dorothy Spensley 16
News and Gossip .................... 36
The Picture Parade .................... 58

Cover Design of Lilian Harvey Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING
AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Chevalier, Maurice—on his return from abroad may make The Merry Widow—Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Studio, Culver City, Cal.
Churchill, Margaret—recently completed Girl Without a Head—Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
Clarke, Larry "Buster"—playing in The Search for Beauty—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, 5415 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—scheduled to star in It Happened One Day—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in Carolina, the Janet Gaynor picture—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Crosby, Bing—recently completed rôle opposite Jean Harlow in Libel—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cummings, Norma—playing in Look for a Little Girl in Trouble—20th Century Pictures, 1401 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. * * *

Daniels, Bebe—scheduled for Registered Nurse—Warner Bros., Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—scheduled to make Operator 13—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Davis, Bette—playing in The Falcon—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—playing in The Scarlet Empress—Paramount Studios, 5415 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in Wheels of Destiny—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—scheduled to co-star with Jean Harlow in Libel—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in Woman and the Law—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in Luv of Lula—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in Hell Fighting—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. * * *

Ellers, Sally—playing in Baby in the Box— Paramount Studios, 5415 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin Stuart—playing in Unravelling—Radio Pictures Studio, 5415 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Evans, Maggie—recently completed Free, Wild and Separate—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr., scheduled for Fast Day Blues which will be produced in, and released through, United Artists Studio, 1401 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—recently completed The Big Shakedown— Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Glenda—playing in Hell Diamonds—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Ford, Wallace—recently completed, East of Fifty Avenue— Universal Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in Who Was Who—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gable, Clark—playing in Night Flyer—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Gable, Gary—playing in The Love Life of a Crooner—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Calloway, Jack—will appear opposite Marion Davies in Operator 13—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Calloway, Joe—scheduled to play in Let's Dance—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Carpenter, Eddie—recently completed Desperate—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Carr, Roe—scheduled to make The Great Ziegfeld—Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. * * *

Cahill, John—playing in Shadow of Sing Sing—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cady, Bill—recently completed Todd—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cantor, Eddie—recently completed Reckless—Universal Pictures Studio, 1401 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaplin, Charlie—scheduled to play in Desperate—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chaplin, Mary—scheduled to make The Great Ziegfeld—Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal.

Chaplin, Mary—scheduled to play in Desperate—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chaplin, Sig—scheduled to play in Desperate—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chaplin, Charlie—scheduled to star in The Search for Beauty—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Did YOU KNOW THAT...?

Claudette Colbert, who had the imperial Romans bowing to her in "Sign of the Cross," will have them doing it again in "Cleopatra." West and Dorothy Wick wouldn't copy Hollywood and pluck their eyebrows—and now Hollywood is copying them... George Raft, now officially a star, will play a swashbuckler in "It's a Pleasure to Lose."... Minna Gombell will inspire some more battles between Edmund Lowe and Victor McLagen in "No More Women."... Two cameramen are photographing Admiral Byrd's new quest to the South Pole?

Iida Lupino and Larry "Buster" Crabbe, searching each other's eyes, have leading roles in "The Search for Beauty," which boasts thirty "perfect" specimens of young mankind and womanhood from all over the world. Five of the thirty contest-winners—a high average—have been given contracts.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in Night Flyer—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Columbo, Russ—playing in The Love Life of a Crooner—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—will appear opposite Marion Davies in Operator 13—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cooper, Jackie—recently completed Lone Cowboy—Paramount Studios, 5415 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in Wonder Bar—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—scheduled to make the title rôle in Sadie McKee—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Copyright (Continued on page 93)
GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

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

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

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"
Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams... a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson... the lover—Douglas Montgomery. The director—Richard Wallace.
Our advice to you is to keep your eyes on Pat Paterson, because she has what it takes to be a screen success and because the blonde, blue-eyed beauty of this nineteen-year-old girl is easy on the optics. Pat, formerly a British film star, is here for "Bottoms Up!"

$20.00 Letter
The Return to Wholesomeness
NEW YORK, N. Y.—We find, upon seeing "Little Women" that it is a relief indeed to be ushered once more into a world of "sweetness and light." Even we, of the new generation, who admittedly have sought those movies in which sex, theft, and murder predominated, find great solace in being able to shed a few tears—tears brought on not only by sorrow—but by recollection of the time when we, too, were dreamers, play-actors, story-tellers, hopeless romantics.

Katharine Hepburn is wholesome—an adjective which we would utterformerly with bated breath. Wholesome meant dull, plain nauseatingly good. Today, Katharine Hepburn, a brand-new type of star, receives all the approbation of an adoring audience. She is attractive without being pretty, energetic (a modern trait surely), sweet without being saccharine, as were some of the belles of the mauve decade, and intelligent. Her intelligence, more than any other of her characteristics, is the reason for her popularity. She has sense enough to be open, straightforward and wholesome. She has a clean, healthy smell. And so has the whole picture. "Little Women" opens the door for us, and lets us into the sunlight. We smell the home-baked cooking, the lavender in the clothes' press; we see how sweet can be simplicity. We see romance as it once was, and feel romantic once again—(we thought it was a lost feeling). Oh, give us more pictures like "Little Women," and let us all be wholesome!

Lenore Tobias.

$10.00 Letter
"Only Yesterday" Very Realistic
ROBBINSDALE, MINN.—Stand by for an important discovery! The movies have come of age! They have actually grown up! After what seemed eons of patient watching of Hollywood's conception of a smart modern cocktail party, a brilliant dinner party, a gathering of the intelligentsia, emitting so-called intelligent conversation, etc., I had become discouraged in a large and hopeless way. Their efforts to reproduce what might be seen for the asking in any social set of any social consequence seemed infantile. The dialogue was never either realistic or smart; the whole action and set-up, when it came to normal social gatherings, seemed slow and conducive to boredom. And my feeling, I know, was not one peculiar to myself. And then came "Only Yesterday!" Have you seen it, reader? If not, don't miss it. It is a swift-moving panorama of many moods. It is a beautiful reproduction of the crispness, the fleeting swiftness, the cynical cock-sureness apparent in the modern gatherings of our wealthy classes. It is so binding, so realistic that one feels the identification of self, with action and characters and that signifies true art. It is my jubilant proof that the movies have come of age!

Dr. C. G. Faue.

$5.00 Letter
Why Didn't They Give "Alice" to Disney?
MALDEN, MASS.—So they have made a picture of "Alice in Wonderland." Well, somebody had to sit through it. After "Kiss for Cinderella," "Beggar on Horseback," and other fantastic "fantasies" which attempted to photograph the unphotographable, I've learned my lesson. After all, no amount of clever costuming or tricky camera work can make a lot of actors seem anything but incongruous against conventionalized settings. Not even the Germans have succeeded in using real actors in imaginative pictures without proving that the realistic camera was unsuited for such work.

Since so much had been made of following the Tenniel drawings, and since most of the characters are droll people and whimsical animals, why in the name of Will Hays didn't they turn the job over to the one man in Hollywood who can bring fantastic animal creations to life in pleasing color? The one man who could get the true spirit of Carroll's masterpiece, the one man who has been working along these lines for years? Let me keep you in suspense any longer, allow me to present my idea of the only man who should have been allowed to come within a mile of "Alice." Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mr. Walt Disney!

F. J. Mulhalland.

Honorable Mention
More Breath-Taking Films With Fitting Titles
CHICAGO, ILL.—I fairly ate up the picture which was titled "F. P. I." Thrills, excitement, a gigantic struggle, all mixed in this unusual theme—a floating platform in mid-Atlantic! No banalities. No sex-stuff. No insipid love story. No pointless, intelligence-insulting tale.

A big theme fundamentally—the tussle between big business and small idealist. A romance, too, with a dash of

(Continued on page 97)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly different conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of “Gold Diggers” and “Footlight Parade”, plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

AL JOLSON
DICK POWELL
FIFI D'ORSAY
GUY KIBBEE
RUTH DONNELLY
MERN A KENNEDY

KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO
RICARDO CORTEZ
HUGH HERBERT
ROBERT BARRAT
HENRY KOLKER

"WONDER BAR"

From the Directors of "Footlight Parade"—LLOYD BACON and dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY

5 Brilliant New Songs by "42nd Street's" Famous Composers—AL DUBIN and HARRY WARREN

A First Nat'l Picture
YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By Marion Martone

1. How many of the beauties pictured above can you name?

2. Do you know the name of the girl who is about to wed Hollywood's most elusive bachelor?

3. What young man who was a popular child actor a number of years ago is to make a screen comeback?

4. The recent birthday of what movie star was celebrated by a party attended by hundreds of notables of the screen and other walks of life?

5. The divorced husband of what screen star is engaged to marry an opera star of note?

6. Can you name the screen star who recently fought the efforts of her real father to have her adoption by her foster-father annulled?

7. Do you know the name of the beautiful blonde whom Adolphe Menjou has been squiring to Hollywood parties and premières?

8. Why does a certain screen star have to wait until April, 1934 to wed her handsome leading man?

9. What noted screen player has temporarily retired from the screen to await a blessed event?

10. Why does everyone in Hollywood feel that the wedding of Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell will take place sooner than had been expected?

11. What colorful personality of stage and screen and night-club fame died recently?

12. The long looked-for marriage of what Hollywood pair finally took place on December 3?

13. Do you know the great screen lover of the silent film days who is now in the liquor business?

14. In whom has Stephen Ames shown a romantic interest since his divorce from Adrienne Ames?

15. Whose sister was killed in an auto crash near San Francisco recently?

16. By whom was Jimmy Dunn jilted on the "r" license bureau?

17. Can you name the divorced Hollywood couple who are rumored about to kiss and make up?

18. Whom is Ricardo Cortez planning to wed as soon as he gets some time off from picture work?

(Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—Do You?)
Ten million women will meet face to face the secret lover in their hearts! ... when Europe's greatest romantic actor appears in his first American picture!

FRANCIS LERER
sensational star of the stage hit, "AUTUMN CROCUS", and
ELISSA LANDI
in
"MAN of TWO WORLDS"
with HENRY STEPHENSON—J. FARRELL MACDONALD
Directed by WALTER RUBEN
He—an untamed man of the wilds ... She—a siren of civilization ... It's the thunderbolt thrill of the year when they meet! ... and struggle! ... and love!

R.K.O
MERIAN C. COOPER, Exec. Prod., A Pandro S. Berman Production
In "Advice to the Lovelorn," Lee Tracy gives some devastating counsel to everyone except Sally Blane (right).

Ace of Aces—To show his girl that he's no coward, Rich Tracy (Lee) sets out to become a world-shaker up to the picture's title. It's all pretty familiar. (RKO).

Advice to the Lovelorn—A breezy comedy-melodrama about a star reporter who is disciplinary by being made the Lovelorn columnist and tries one more after another to get himself hired. It races along like Lee Tracy's speech. (Twentieth Century).

After Tonight—Constance Bennett becomes a Russian spy who falls in love with one of the enemy—Gilbert Roland. It may not sound new, but it makes it suspenseful and sizzling (RKO).

Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men—Charles Farrell, in a screen comeback, packs a real punch as a grad who decides to create a movie star and is changed by her into a two-faced rival of her boyfriend, William Corgan. Robust, lively comedy (RKO).

Berkeley Square—Leslie Howard is whisked back to the XVIII Century, into a romantic ancestor's show, into an up-and-coming romance with fluffy Heather Angel. A sensitive fantasy, beautifully acted (Fox).

The Blonde Bombshell—Jean Harlow in a devastating biography of a little nobody who becomes a screen star and has Lee Tracy for an almost-inventive press-agent. Good, broad satire (M-G-M).

Blood Money—George Bancroft returns to the screen in a fast-moving melodrama of a bond-holders who "bleeds" the underworld, but runs into hard luck when he marries a woman (Joan Blondell) so a sensation-hungry society girl. (Twentieth Century).

The Bowery—Wallace Beery and George Raft are each determined to be the "big shot" of that famous street at the height of its glory—and their conflict is colorful and constantly amusing. (Twentieth Century).

Broadway Through a Keyhole—A triangle story with a suspenseful setting, involving a dancer (Constance Cummins), a gentlemanly racketeer (Paul Kelly) and a crooner (Ross Comstock). Surprisingly hackneyed, considering that Walter Winchell wrote it. (Twentieth Century).

Broken Dreams—A hokumish sob story about a little boy (Buster Phelps), who learns what it's like to be a step-child when his father (Bundold Scott) marries Martha Sleeper. (Monogram).

By Candlelight—Paul Lukas, who is a valet to Nils Asther, and Elissa Landi, who is a maid to Esther Ralston, fall in love, but try to make each other believe they are noble folk, themselves. Sly and amusing (Univ.).

Chance at Heaven—Joel McCrea discovers that he made a mistake in giving up Ginger Rogers for Helen Trent, and decides to do something about it. Human little triangle story (RKO).

The Chief—Hollywood hasn't done right by Ed Wynn. But his mirth-provoking abilities shine through even in this dialogue story of a davy volunteer fireman who wants to be a hero (M-G-M).

Christopher Beaure—Marie Dresler, maid in the home of doctor Lionel Barrymore, reveals a past that no one knew about, when a search is started for some paintings by a dead rival screaming artist. Great acting in a very human comedy (M-G-M).

College Coach—Football once more gets debunked, in this fast-moving comedy-melodrama about a coach (Pat O'Brien) who troops to conquer (W. B.).

Cradle Song—Dorothy Wick, of "Maeckchen in Uniform" fame, makes her American debut in a sensitive story of a young man who becomes a mother by proxy and suffers all the emotions that a mother knows (Par.).

Day of Reckoning—Richard Dix's luxury-loving wife (Madge Evans) makes him an emissary, sends him to jail and then is pursued by Conway Tearle—but Fate, the movies' handy old accomplice, steps in to give Dix vengeance. Heavy and trite (M-G-M).

Design for Living—Something new in screen, triangles—with Miriam Hopkins loving both Cary Cooper and Fredric March, who not only reciprocate, but are buddies. During, frothy comedy that is self-conscious about its daintiness (Par.).

Dinner at Eight—You get a glimpse behind the scenes of the lives of a varied group of people who are scheduled to meet at a dinner—and see comedy, tragedy, melodrama acted by a great cast, topped by John and Geraldine Fitzgerald, Joan Crawford, Dierd- Harlow, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Billie Burke, etc. (M-G-M).

Disraeli—A re-tune of the George Arliss hit of a few seasons ago. And the adventures of Queen Victoria's steward prime minister are worth a second glance. (W. B.).

Duck Soup—The Four Marx Brothers turn their mad talents loose on a spy story, in which Groucho is Dictator of Freedonia, Zeppo his secretary, and Harpo the eyes. (W. B.).

In "Duck Soup," Harpo, Chico and Groucho Marx turn a spy story into a bedlam of nonsense. It's one of their best.

Harpo and Chico the spies. The aces are almost as identical as the girls, which is saying a mouthful. (Par.).

East of Fifth Avenue—Romance in a boarding house, with Wallace Ford two-timing newcomer Dorothy Tree, and Mary Carlisle two-timing him, until he finally learns what love can mean. Realistic and facetiously turned by stars. (Col.).

Eat 'Em Alive—A gruesome, fascinating bit of realism straight from Nature, showing you how the latest among the lower animals survive. (Real Life).

Eight Girls in a Boat—Reminiscent of "Maedchen in Uniform," this tells of life in a Swiss girls' school, where Dorothy Wilson, who shares a terrifying secret with Douglas Montgomery, is a pupil. Absorbing little melodrama. (Par.).

Ever in My Heart—The War toils apart Barbara Stanwyck and her German husband (Otto Kruger), who later have a suspenseful reunion "somewhere in France." Their acting makes a familiar story vivid. (W. B.).

Female—Ruth Chatterton reveals herself as a man-chaser de luxe, who loves 'em and leaves 'em until George Brent comes along. Sexy, but interesting. Thanks to the acting (F. N.).

Footlight Parade—A musical spectacle that has glamour and a story—about a thinner-upper in prologues for picture palaces (James Cagney). Joan Blondell, George Raft, Dick Powell and three big musical numbers help him make it a hit (W. B.).

From Headquarters—A modest, but absorbing melodrama that shows, via a murder mystery, how the police track down criminals. George Brent heads the cast (W. B.).

Golden Harvest—The most powerful of all the farm pictures. Contrary to the lives of two brothers, it shows the plight of American farmers today. Richard Barthelmess, on the farm, and Frances DeWitt, in the city, both have their lives changed by hard times. It's real and it's dramatic (Par.).

Havana Widows—A rowdy, but hilarious farce about two gold-diggers—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell—who pack Havana as their happy hunting ground. Allen Jenkins and Gay Kibbee help them mightily (F. N.).

Hell and High Water—As a captain of a fishing boat, Richard Arlen has no use for women—until some exciting events and Judith Allen happen along. Amusing he-man melodrama (Par.).

Hoopla—Clara Bow, carnal dancer, playfully vamps Richard Cromwell—only to fall in love and have to fight to hold him. Clara fames as of old, though the story could have done better by her (Fox).

House on 5th Street—Kay Francis, surprisingly enough, in a Madame X rôle getting out of prison after twenty years, turning gambler in the house that had once been her mansion, and playing against her daughter. A fair cast in a fair plot (W. B.).

The Invisible Man—Claude Raines, from Broadway, makes the most unusual screen debut in history. You never actually see his face till the closing minutes of this Grade A thriller about a scientist who becomes "invisible" and goes mad. (Univ.).

I Was a Spy—A quietly suspenseful story about the peacocks who were in the Russian spy ring. Directed by Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt and Madeleine Carroll (Fox).

The Kennel Murder Case—William Powell, again Pirate Love, solves a double murder mystery that will keep you guessing (W. B.).

Lone Cowboy—Jackie Cooper, a city youngster who is sent to a ranch in order to become a cowboy, joins a rancher in a suspenseful pursuit of his runaway wife and The Other Man. An above-average Western (Par.).

The Lost Patrol—A powerful, dramatic study of a band of French Legionnaires, besieged in a small desert oasis—with Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny and Wallace Ford helming the all-star cast. It stands comparison with " Beau Geste." (RKO).

The Mad Game—Spencer Tracy, good-natured beer baron, reforms in prison and pleads for the chance to break up a kidnap ring headed by his former lieutenant. Exciting, but its credibility weakens toward the end (Fox).

A Man's Castle—Frank Borzage, director of "Seventh Heaven," again produces a moving, earthy love story. This one has a Stanwyck type and Spencer Tracy for the young, restless husband and Loretta Young for the young, heart-breakingly happy wife (Col.).

Master of Men—Jack Holt, laborer in a steel mill, wins his way to the top, then loves both his money and his woman.
and his wife (Fay Wrap), and has to start at the bottom all over. A liberal education in the steel business (Col.).

Meet the Baron—Jack Pearl brings Baron Manchau- sew to the screen in a absurd series of adventures, ranging from a jungle to a college campus. It's lucky for the comedy that Jimmy Durante is his partner (M-G-M).

My Lips Betray—A spritely, amusing Cinderella yarn with music—f or grown-ups, Lilian Harvey, café entertainer, is whispered to be the king's mistress, and the king (John Boles), in disguise, tries to make the story true (Fox).

Myrt and Marge—Backstage and boardroom comedy, featuring the radio favorites of the title. Its plot and its gags suffer from hardening of the arteries (Univ.).

Olsen's Big Moment—El Brendel, janitor of an upstairs hotel, gets entangled in the love affairs of Walter Cadlett, tipsy playboy, who has gangsters on his trail. It may be slipshod, but it is done with a will (Fox).

Only Yesterday—A sentimentally magnificent performance by the newest overnight star, Margaret Sullivan, of a secret love that lasts a lifetime. John Boles again excels as a man who married the wrong girl (Univ.).

Police Car 17—Tim McCoy, a good Irish cop, foils some gangsters who have evil intentions against Evalyn Knapp and her policeman-father. A noisy action melodrama of the old school (Col.).

The Power and the Glory—From the lips of Ralph Morgan, and through his eyes, you learn the life story of Spencer Tracy, who was once a tramp, returned ambitious, became famous, and then met tragedy. It's a powerful, memorable, unusual (Fox).

The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth—Charles Laughton brings the English king back to life in a red-blooded, mischievous portrait that is both human and brutal, terrifying and amusing, and brutal. You have never seen a character sketch to touch this! (Twentieth Century).

The Prizefighter and the Lady—Max Baer, the boxer, springs a surprise by becoming the new "IC" man of the screen in this fast-moving, amusing story of a cocky fighter who wins Myrna Loy away from a gang chieftain and tries to capture Primo Carnera's title, a bout that has never had an equal on the screen (M-G-M).

The Right to Romance—Ann Harding, a woman doctor, faces the difficult decision in an operating room as to whether or not she should save the beauty of Sari Marita, who has stolen Robert Young from her. The acting is more vivid than the story (RKO).

Shadows of Sing Sing—Bruce Cabot's father is a policeman and Mary Brian's brother is a gangster, and the usual melodramatic difficulties bob up to complicate their romance (Col.).

Sitting Pretty—Jack Oakie, teamed with Jack Haley, from Broadway, provides some musical mirth of a contagious order, in a comedy about two back songwriters who try to crash into the movies. Ginger Rogers helps them notably (Par.).

S. O. S. Ilebong—A thriller about an exploring expedition lost in the malignant Arctic, with rescue coming via the air. The photography is more exciting than the story, in which Rod La Rocque makes a comeback (Univ.).

Take a Chance—This backstage comedy, the Broadway musical hit of last season, loses some of its spontaneity and briskness on the screen—despite the efforts of James Dunn, Jane Knight, Buddy Rogers, Cliff Edwards, Lilian Roth and Dorothy Lee (Par.).

Tillie and Gus—Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields, brother and sister, return from shady adventures in far places to claim an inheritance—and then fight over who will get it. Hilarious at times (Par.).

The Way to Love—Maurice Chevalier, revising his screen personality, stays away from boudoirs in this mild, but entertaining comedy of a lowly Parisian whom you have to be a guide and loves an unhappy gypsy, played by Ann Dvorak (Par.).

White Woman—Charles Laughton gives a vivid portrait of a madman's brutal cleverness in a hackneyed melodrama of a jungle plantation owner who makes the mistake of importing exotic Carole Lombard as a companion (Par.).

The World Changes—A saga of a young pioneer of the Middle West who grows wealthy and old, but never loses sight of what made pioneers the men they were. Paul Muni gives another great performance in an impressive story that toteors toward the end (P. N.).

The Worst Woman in Paris?—That's what everyone asks about Benita Hume, good companion of Adolphe Menjou, until she gets away from it all, becomes "the best woman in Kansas" to Harvey Stephens, and then—gives herself an ironic future. A good idea, developed a bit lazily (Fox).
You Know Your Movies?
Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

1. A personal servant to a movie actor
2. Recede
3. He was a judge in "Ann Vickers"
4. Covered with ivy
5. First name of Mrs. Rex Ingram
6. Plural of datum
7. She was in "Berkeley Square"
8. Jesus Nazarens Rex Iudaeorum (abbr.)
9. Charlie Chan
10. A Swiss river
11. Actors try to — pictures from each other
12. Initials of movie director who embraced Mohammedanism
13. First syllable of Mack's last name
14. She was in "The Bowery"
15. Karen Morley was born in this state (abbr.)
16. General vein (init.)
17. She's in "Four Frightened People"
18. Symbol for Stannum
19. He was the talkies' first horror specialist
20. A listing of players and their parts in a picture
21. The most-dated girl in Hollywood

Made a comeback in "Ladies Must Love"
Neuter (abbr.)
Slim of "The Big Parade"
Initials of one of two famous screen brothers
A lattice for vines
Applause makes actors — their best
What the elder Fairbanks puts after his name
The animal on M-G-M's trademark is called —
Bag
Alberni is his last name (init.)
She's in "Dark Hazard"
She's in "The Right to Romance"
Made several hits with Marie Dressler
Elderly character actor in "Alice in Wonderland"
Novarro drank out of one in "The Student Prince"
Hero of "The World Changes"
Some of the players do this to and from the studio
Edmund's
She recently divorced Director Tay Garnett
"Iceberg"
Queen Christina

Noted screen director
Former wife of Charles Chaplin
She was in "Day of Reckoning"
First syllable of Mae West's name in "I'm No Angel"
Played the Red Queen in "Alice in Wonderland"
The screen's new "It" Man
He's in "I Am Surname"
Heroine of "Saturday's Millions"
Initials of Richard Dix's leading lady in "Ace of Aces"
Initials of actor who always plays a timid soul
She was in "The World Changes"
Hollywood's "Woman of Mystery"
The Invisible Man
Katharine Hepburn was born in this month (abbr.)
Hollywood's pay day (abbr.)
He's in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
She's in "The House on 56th Street"
Most fans have one to keep their favorites' pictures in
A favorite dish on Hollywood diets
Bebe's husband
Movie stars should be wedded to their—
A legendary Spanish hero
Some musicals have this type of dancing
The comedian with leg trouble
Loretta Young's sister
The former Imogene Wilson
"The—Commandments"
Nickname of Eddie Cantor's producer
All fan letters should carry one of these
Moistsens with the tongue
Margaret Sullivan is a—
She changed her name from Pomares
Mr. Herbert Marshall
Planted The Fish in "Alice in Wonderland"
Wins Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
A trick
Initials of star of "The Mad Game"
"—More Orchids"
Yes
Initials of two players in "Aggie Appleby"

Readers of MOTION PICTURE have long been looking over The Gossip Test (see page 10). Now, by popular demand, we are giving you still another movie test—in crossword puzzle form. If you think you are up on picture news and picture players, just pick up a pencil—and prove it. (There are only a few words that don't apply to Hollywood, and crossword puzzlers should know these!) You will find the solution—and a brand-new baffle—in next month's issue.—Editor.
9 out of 10 Women Suffer Pain—Needlessly

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

What Pain Is

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

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drag your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation.

Originally Developed for Children

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

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

HEXIN, INC.
3 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

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

Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

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

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once your nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN.

Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).
The Movie Circus

Motion Picture presents the greatest show on earth—
the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By Dorothy Spensley

Movie Circus honors this month are awarded to Peter John Weissmuller, not for making Lupe Velez his bride, but for his fearless attitude toward the sacrilegious press.

Flanked by two godless writers, who were nonchalantly cracking wise about holy matters, Johnny looked up with a glint in his eye: "Naw! Nothing doing like that," he said, "I go to church every Sunday.

The writers subsided.

Lupe Weissmuller adds to the story. "Yes, Johnny he is very good. I have in my house an altar... a little church, you know... and every day Johnny he gets down on his knees, folds his hands like a little boy and says his prayers.

"Then he looks at me and says 'Lupe! Have you said your prayers today?'

Prayers or no prayers, marriage or no marriage, Lupe still holds all the aces when it comes to retorts. With all ten of those diamond-emerald bracelets clanking on Mrs. Weissmuller's arm, a female friend swayed up to her, the other night.

"Lupe," she drawled, "you've had wax duplicates made of those bracelets, haven't you? For protection, you know. Wear the copies and keep the originals in your safe.

Lupe looked at her for a moment, and then shrugged her shoulders: "Why should I? I only have about a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

While Lupe is the perfect extrovert, Johnny is the typical introvert, shy, retiring, anxious not to slight anyone. At Max Baer's beach house, Johnny went into the bedroom to change from swimming trunks into flannels. In the room was a stranger.

"My name is Zinke," the stranger said, putting forth his hand in greeting. Johnny shook it without a word, got a towel, rubbed the celebrated torso, struggled into his sweat shirt and slacks, then turned, in an after-thought:

"My name is Weissmuller," he said, gravely.

This makes Johnny as shy as Lindbergh who, identified himself, thusly, to the Paris reporters.

Speaking of Max Baer, he has an ease of wit and a fluidity of speech that rivals any of Hollywood's best. At the time of his arrival he was viewed as an unknown quantity, during the filming of "The Prize-Fighter and the Lady" the town scoured him, but with his personal success as an actor there is a sudden sweetening of inclination toward him.

Through it all Maxie-Smaxie swings, broad-shouldered, jetty-haired, with a toothy smile, a weakness for Jean Harlow and confidence that he will be Primo Carnera's fistic conqueror. He talks volubly, humorously, glibly, and wonder's why newspapers call him the "Lip from Livermore (California)."

Italy's Primo Carnera, world heavyweight boxing champion, is not without his humor. When W. S. (Woody to you) Van Dyke persisted in calling him "Firpo" during the spectacular fight scenes of the film, "da Premen" turned and waved his mammoth gloved fist at the director. "I git you for dis!" he threatened, with a broad grin.

With prize-fighters the film vogue (Jack Dempsey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer), Hollywood is also the mecca for another type of hero. The latest is cowboy-author-artist William Rodriguez James, better known as Will James, creator of "Smokey.

The Fox cinema emporium has completed the celebrated horse story (using Victor Jory, Irene Bentley, and eight assorted equines, the latter playing "Smokey" at various ages) and Will is about to move on, by degrees, including a lecture tour, to his ranch near Billings, Montana. He leaves behind him, a host of friends and considerable indigestion.

It was Will who introduced to Hollywood what he calls a Western "del-luck-acy." It's marragut and consists of the entrails of a milk-fed calf under nine months, tastily stewed with a sauce. One of his horse's delicate crooked the dish with a few yards of the stuff. It didn't turn out well. At Will's questioning, he told how he had prepared it.

"Why, yeh washed it, yeh fool, before yeh cooked it. That's what spoiled it," said the former bronc buster.

James refuses to discuss his future, "...I'll read 'Lone Cowboy' yeh'll find out what really happen'd to him," the Irish-Spanish Mr. James told us, showing his twenty-year old Stetson to the back of his head.

Leaving Mr. James to his memories, we descend to more timely topics. Won't it be just ducky when we can put one foot on the rail and yell for a Garbo Gulp, a Tashman Toddy, an Extra Dry Goblet or an Anna Sten Swizzle? It stands to reason there'll be no more film names wasted on innocuous, non-intoxicating ice-cream sundae's, as in the past.

Aw, Marlene Dietrich Pecan Nut Whip and Peach Cobbler a la Bull Montana! (Continued on page 75)
YOUTH ROMANCE

Lisel LASKY'S

I am Suzanne!

Lilian HARVEY • GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS
Podrecca's Piccoli Marionettes

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance... While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes... and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX
Even his best friend wouldn't save him!

(Mostly boys in this picture, but the moral is for girls)

Even his best friend wouldn't save him!

WANT OTHERS TO LIKE YOU?

Get rid of halitosis with LISTERINE
Deodorizes hours longer

How's your breath today?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. Yet anybody, you included, is likely to have it. Ninety per cent of cases, say dental authorities, are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush.

Don't guess about your breath. Don't risk offending others needlessly. Use Listerine and your breath will be pure, wholesome, and beyond reproach. Simply rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before social or business engagements.

Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It immediately halts fermentation, the cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. When you want quick action and lasting deodorant effect, use only Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES
Once more, you can look upon the glamour that is Garbo—and realize what you have missed during her long absence. When she went away, she was an uncrowned queen with the world for an empire; now she actually dons the robes of royalty—to be "Queen Christina," a far-from-languorous ruler of early Sweden. And she proved her queenliness when she decreed that no one but John Gilbert—who once gave HER a great opportunity—should be her leading man. Once again, Garbo starts a new cycle—with stars playing queenly roles!
LEW AYRES

Some think of Lew as sensitive, moody; others rate him as happy-go-lucky. And that applies off-screen, too, as these new portraits show. Guess which he'll be in "Fox Follies" and "Cross Country Cruise"!
DOLORES DEL RIO AND GENE RAYMOND

Happy days are here at last for dark-eyed Dolores. And Gene isn’t the reason—though he appears to be, in “Flying Down to Rio.” The reason is that Dolores has rebelled against being so beautifully tragic for the screen; she wants to smile, dance, sing, be gay! (And, perhaps, be even more beautiful?) Anyway, she’s about to dance into Al Jolson’s “Wonder Bar.” But Dolores isn’t the only one who is revealing a new screen personality; Gene, too, has gone light-hearted—not only with Dolores, but also with Lilian Harvey in her mad fantasy, “I Am Suzanne.”
If courage means anything, this talented little Texan is on her way to fame. Unlucky in her first try at Hollywood, she had the courage to go back home. Then, unsought, a break came—and not afraid of being disappointed again, she took it. Stick-to-itiveness made her a singer who could also act. She was vivid in a tragic rôle in "Beauty for Sale." Now, she's in "Dancing Lady"
And if pertness means anything, this snappy little San Franciscan won't be sitting still—or standing still—on the screen. For on top of everything else, she's Irish, which cinches matters. A vaudeville headliner at fifteen, she was hired by a Washington theatre to be a mistress of ceremonies for two weeks. She stayed three years. No wonder she's a "find" in "The Search for Beauty"!

MAXINE DOYLE
THREE OF AN ALL-TOO-RARE KIND

They got to the top on their acting, not their looks—Paul Muni (left), William Powell (top left) and Warren William (above). Which isn't a reflection on their looks, but a measure of their acting abilities. For all three started as character actors—and character actors seldom become stars. Paul is now using his wits as a newspaperman in "Hi, Nellie." Bill is mimicking a style-setter in "The Fashion Plate," and Warren is the newest man of medicine in "Bedside"
CONSTANCE BENNETT

In "Moulin Rouge" ("The Red Mill"), Connie apparently isn't going to let her right eye know what her left is doing, and vice versa. Which is another way of telling you that she's vixenish and sirenish. Moreover, she has a dual rôle — playing a blonde actress and a brunette wife of a theatrical producer (Franchot Tone). And that isn't all. She sings for the first time — and also dances!

Portraits by Hurrell
There's just a hint of Hepburn in the new Churchill. And she didn't acquire it; it was always there—only Hollywood didn't discover it till she went away to Broadway, escaped from dull, sweet heroine rôles, and blossomed out. She wouldn't come back till she got her chance to be dramatic, daring, "different." And Mrs. George O'Brien will be all three in "Girl Without a Room"!
Day-Dreams come True for Joan • with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

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

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

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

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

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

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

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women
Many were the romance rumors about Billie Dove and screen heroes—but she married rancher Robert Kenaston (left).

Joan Blondell and Jean Harlow didn’t fall in love with lads before the cameras, but with “more mature” lads behind said cameras. Joan married George Barnes (above), and Jean “eloped” with Harold Rosson (left).

Karen Morley married director Charles Vidor because he could “understand” her.

**Why Do Screen Beauties Marry Plain Business Men?**

What’s wrong with the screen lovers—why can’t they win the fair beauties? Maybe that’s what you’ve wondered, seeing Jean Harlow, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell—and a number of others—marry older men who AREN’T romantic types. Here are some of the explanations!

By Dorothy Spensley

Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea), Marguerite Churchill (Mrs. George O’Brien), Adrienne Ames (Mrs. Bruce Cabot) and Boots Mallory (Mrs. William Cagney). Meanwhile, a score of marrying damsels have been carried off by such less glamorous Lochinvars as John Producer, John Director, John Cameraman, John Playwright, John Banker and John Lawyer. All of which looks like a terrific reflection on the Hollywood actor as a husband.

“It’s because we are so fed up with glamour,” says Karen.
Morley, wife of a year to Director Charles Vidor (who happens to be young). "We know glamour for just what it's worth. It's our business to supply it; and we know how much of it is put on with the grease-paint and how much is taken off with the cold cream after the day's shooting. Actors don't thrill us as they do non-professionals. That's why we don't marry them."

Perhaps Karen is right. Jean Harlow must think so. She was Yuma-ed (married in an elopement to the Arizona town) not long ago to 38-year-old Cameraman Harold Rosson. Within two weeks Sally Eilers, former spouse of Cowboy-Actor "Hoot" Gibson, was Yuma-ed to oldish Producer-Director Harry Joe Brown. Minna Gombell was Yuma-ed in May to Banker Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., of San Diego, who has a son in his teens. Dorothy Jordan paid no attention to the over-lapping years when she married Radio Pictures' Executive Producer Merian C. Cooper, former adventure-picture director and war hero.

Sally Likes Them "Mature"

"Age doesn't mean a thing to me," says Sally Eilers Brown. "I married because I fell in love. It doesn't take any brains to answer that one. The reason I didn't marry a 'handsome, dashing actor' is because I didn't fall in love with one.

"Girls in pictures are wiser. A picture career is a complete education in itself. You learn more in a few years of film work than you do in a four-year college course. Picture girls soon find out they don't want kids for husbands. They want maturer men. That's why an older husband is more desirable."

"Do I think that an older man is more dependable? I wouldn't say that is always true. It didn't work out in my first marriage. But I do know that an older husband is more mature in his decisions. He is not so likely to make rash judgments. You can turn to him for advice and you will get it—helpful, sound advice, given considerately."

It may have been this, it may have been something else that has caused this recent deluge of actress-business man alliances. There was no particular disparity of age in the marriages of Bette Davis to Orchestra Leader Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., Mary Duncan to Sportsman Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, Billie Dove to Rancher Robert Kenaston, Alice Joyce to Director Clarence Brown, and Dorothy Lee to Assistant Director Marshall Duffield.

(Continued on page 66)
KATHARINE HEPBURN Reveals Herself—for the First Time!

Scoop! Katharine breaks her long silence and answers that baffling question: What is she really like? You'll remember what she says—and you'll remember, too, how she defies anyone to change her!

BY RUTH BIERY

This is the first interview that Katharine Hepburn has given in nearly a year. It is the most self-revealing interview that she has ever given. MOTION PICTURE is fortunate—and proud—to be able to present it to you.—Editor.

JUST what kind of woman is Katharine Hepburn? That is a baffling question that everyone wants answered. There is no one who can really answer it except Katharine, herself, who hasn't done so—until now. And how does she happen to be breaking her silence now? I'll tell you:

When Katharine first came to Hollywood, she saw interviewers. She pitted her wits against theirs as she had pitted them against producers. She would lunch with them, paying the checks cheerfully, and saying absolutely nothing of importance—cheerfully. With her long legs sprawled indiscriminately beneath the Radio lunchroom table, she would turn her eyes toward the fly-decorated ceiling and wrinkle her freckled nose tauntingly. "Married? Now, let me see—am I or am I not?—Children? Let me see—have I or haven't I?"

It was a game, with Katharine the winner. The one-hundred-per-cent winner. She tired of it. She decided that the Press was not equal to the game. She issued her ultimatum, "I will see none of them." And for almost a year she stuck to it. And we, of the Press, huddled behind the excuse, "She is imitating Garbo!"

Perhaps! But there was one strong point against that explanation. Hepburn's imitation stopped there. Garbo steals across her own lot incognito. Hepburn stalks across it, dangareed legs taking long, independent strides of defiance. While Garbo is furtively inconspicuous, Hepburn—with a knitted "fascinator" tied with safety pins across her angular shoulders and red-felt bedroom slippers flapping over her large feet—is as conspicuous as Marlene Dietrich in a tuxedo at a Hollywood opening. Incidentally, Garbo has eaten exactly three times in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary since her arrival; Hepburn always eats in the public lunchroom—beside the cameramen, electricians and "extras." You can hear her loud, enthusiastic laughter everywhere.

The Struggle to Get to Her

NO! That Garbo gag might be wrong. Then, what was it?—She was on location for "Trigger" when I decided to get the answer to that question. She was at Idylwild, one hundred and thirteen miles from Los Angeles. Well, I'd corner her on a mountain top and we'd see what influence the top-of-the-world atmosphere had upon her. We'd be two women, alone, with the whisper of pine trees, the closeness of sun and moon and stars to unite us. A communion of souls, inspired by the common embrace of Nature. You get what I mean.

I arrived at the location shortly before eleven in the morning. The guard on the dangerously-rutted mountain road looked at my credentials and shook his head solemnly, when I said I had come to see Katharine Hepburn. "She's not feeling well to-day. She's in a terrible mood." I zigzagged upwards with the feeling that the very mountain top might tremble in wrath at any moment.

A second guard stopped me. "But Miss Hepburn is not feeling well to-day. She has a cold. She's in a terrible mood—"

The publicity man on the location approached me. "But—my God, what a day to pick to come up here! Miss Hepburn has a cold. She's in—"

I looked across one of those slight, mountain-top valleys to a huge rock on which a figure sprawled, arms and legs outstretched, in the sun. "Is that she? I'm going over and talk to her!" I said.

"But please! Here comes her stand-in girl. We'll talk to her!" I looked at the publicity man closely. Had he really stuttered?

"I'll speak to Miss Hepburn," the girl said. "But she isn't feeling well to-day. She has a cold—"

"I know," I interrupted. "I'm sorry. Tell her I have one, too, so it won't bother me a bit. Just ask her when I can see her—"

The girl returned. She was very sorry, but Miss Hepburn never gave interviews while she was working. When the picture was finished—

There was only one thing left for me to do.

(Continued on page 68)
This pastel sketch conveys one impression of Katharine Hepburn; the word-picture on the opposite page conveys another. The artist puts on paper the elusive, exotic Hepburn whom everyone sees on the screen. The writer—with the help of Katharine, herself—draws a character sketch, as no one has before
THREE months ago, Hollywood hears, Gary Cooper had a long telephone conversation with Lupe Velez in which he vainly tried to dissuade her from marrying Johnny Weissmuller. And if Gary actually made such a call—when he hung up the receiver, he must have bolted and barred the door of a torrid romance that had occupied his attention for three years. For the first time since he met Lupe, he must have felt really free to love another woman. Anyway, he has fallen in love with someone else—a girl, moreover, who at last meets the critical approval of his father and mother.

Almost immediately after that telephone conversation was alleged to have taken place, he came to one of the biggest turning points in his life. He rushed out and fell in love with Sandra Shaw, young screen newcomer. Within two months, their engagement was formally announced. Gary sealed Sandra’s promise to marry him with an elaborate ring—an emerald-cut diamond of almost eight carats, set with small baguette diamonds and crescent clusters of small rubies. With this he presented a narrow guard, which was mistaken by hungry-eyed reporters for a wedding ring.

The engagement was the most sudden decision in Gary’s deliberate life. As one of the most eligible bachelors in the film colony, Gary has been involved in many romances, real and rumored. Most of them have been of long duration, but never before this has one of them resulted in marriage—or even a formal engagement.

And the chief reasons for Gary’s long bachelorhood, Hollywood has always believed, were his parents, the ultra-conservative Judge and Mrs. Cooper—who have been (so legend has it) strongly opposed to all of his previous affairs of the heart. Years ago, when it seemed that Gary might marry Clara Bow, his parents were reported to be frantic. Then, when he devoted himself to Lupe Velez, their anxiety was pictured as intense. Finally, their patience was depicted as snapping when the Countess Dorothy di Frasso came to Hollywood and monopolized Gary. Judge and Mrs. Cooper made no effort to conceal their disapproval. To friends, they pointed out...
Thousands of disappointed damsels may dispute that—but Sandra Shaw meets the approval of Gary’s parents. And that’s news! For they have never publicly blessed any of his previous romances!

By Virginia Sinclaire

that the Countess was much older than Gary and already had a husband. They felt that the constant linking of their names would react harmfully on their son.

Why His Mother Approves

HOLLYWOOD began to wonder if the Coopers, Père and Mère, would approve of his marriage to any girl. The engagement to Sandra Shaw was so sudden that close friends waited expectantly for Gary’s parents to explode a bombshell of protest. Imagine my amazement when I went to Mrs. Cooper to ask her opinion of Gary’s deepest and final dive into romance and she said:

“It is high time that Gary married and settled down. Judge Cooper and I both heartily approve of Sandra and believe that Gary at last has found the right girl—a girl who will make a good wife. He has chosen wisely this time. At least, I hope so. Sandra is charming—not a ravishing beauty, but an intelligent girl with a certain, exotic loveliness. I suppose you might call her auburn hair and interesting gray-green eyes beautiful. But beauty is unimportant in the long run.

“It is character and respectable ancestry that really count. I don’t ask for an illustrious family so long as it is good stock. That, I suppose, is the English in me. I haven’t been back to England since my mother died—\(\text{I used to go over regularly}\) to visit her while she lived. And then, of course, I put Gary and his brother in school in England when they were young. I wanted to give them the right start with their education. Sandra impresses me as being unusually well-informed for a girl of twenty. She is not too young for Gary, and they seem very happy.

“Sandra has a sweet, naive way about her. I know the day they became engaged, Gary had taken her for a drive, and they stopped by our apartment to break the news. Sandra was shy and appealing when she showed us her ring and asked for our approval. We liked her at once.”

She’s Giving Up Career

SANDRA, whose real name is Veronica Balfe, is a New York society girl. She first came to Hollywood a year ago to visit her uncle, Cedric Gibbons, the noted art director, who recently has become a film director. She was launched in Hollywood society by Dolores Del Rio (Mrs. Gibbons), who entertained extensively for her. Both Dolores and Cedric are very happy over the romance.

“Sandra gave up all thought of a movie career when she met Gary,” says Dolores. “Of course, when she first came to visit us, she was fascinated by the glamour of the studios, as

\(\text{Continued on page go}\)
The Hollywood

An All-Star Show Featuring Amusing to

BY GLADYS HALL

It's an old Hollywood custom, entertaining the world—off the screen as well as on. The show never stops. Just as soon as one act is over, another begins. It's a Laugh Parade worth reviewing—and it's an old habit of ours to look it over every year. To help Hollywood improve some acts, change some, omit others. To amuse you, ourselves—and Hollywood. For Hollywood has a sense of humor, too. At least, we hope it has. Because this is all in good, clean fun.—Editor.

AMERICA now lives under the Blue Eagle. Prohibition has gone, diets have disappeared, Southern California has been defeated. Russia has been recognized, four million unemployed are back at work, and the depression is showing signs of cracking. But in this year of radical changes, Hollywood hasn't changed—much. It still has its Follies, Foibles and Frivolities—not to mention its Vanities and Scandals—all peculiar to itself. Some think there has even been an inflation in them.

The Marx Brothers, for instance. They seem to get funnier and funnier. But their silly sayings and dizzy doings are intentional—which sort of sets them apart.

That howl that went up about possible salary cuts in the highest places, that indignant howl against a return to "slavery and slaves' wages"—now, that was funny without intending to be.

Particularly when one star built a five-hundred-dollar dog kennel right at the height of the commotion.

And Joan Crawford's gardeniamania is a frivolity that is apparently contagious. For even the boy-friends seem to have caught it. Franchot Tone was recently observed entering a public place, carrying one of the romantic flowerlets drooping from his hand. Joan, herself, inhales one by holding it Spanish style—that is, between her lips—while running hither and yon on the business of the day.

Tore Down Rival's Picture

TEMPERAMENTAL tantrums, too, have a way of looking silly. Like the one of that star who tore another star's photograph right off'n the wall of the set where she was working. Some unfortunate set-dresser, with a lamentable lack of knowledge of the foibles of fiery femininity, had let Jean Harlow's—ouch, I've let it out!—remain where it was.

And what about the "elopements" of recent months—the to-do and what-to-do about Guadalupe Villalobos and Peter Weissmuller, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, Jean

Top to bottom, two more elopers up in the air; Ed Wynn, lost in the movies; a producer "sitting pretty"; Mae West and the four Little Women who were the sensational hits of the year; an actress getting a love bouquet of white rabbits and orchids; and Gengo LAUGHING out loud for the screen.
Follies of 1933

Real-Life Happenings—Too Be Forgotten

Illustrated by Eldon Kelley

Harlow and Hal Rosson, and Polly Moran and Martin Malone, for Heaven’s sake?

Why these “elopeiments” by ‘plane? (Some wit calls them “fly-by-night” marriages!) Why not The Voice That Breathed O’er Eden, and cameramen hidden among the altar flowers, and rooms laden with loot, and lacy trousers, and meat and drink afterwards, followed by long, languorous honeymoon—as in the good old days? Why the post-haste marriages, instead of weddings in Emily Post style?

And why must so many elopements be decided upon at some night-club along about time to go to bed? The gent who flies the very merry marriage-makers to Yuma or wherever they want to go, and who has more than earned his title of “Cupid of the Air,” says that he hasn’t had a decent night’s sleep in a bird’s age. Every time he hears there is a night-club party, he gets insomnia and tunes up his motors.

Some of these remarks that stars make just before they leap into matrimony—they’re a scream. For example, Lupe telling an interviewer, just a few days before she eloped, “I’ll never marry while I’m still on the screen. You can bet on that.”

Those Little “Bright” Lies

These cheerful prevarications about wedding and divorce plans by star after star—don’t they rate as follies? Of course, they prolong the publicity. But they’re turning ardent believers into skeptics, who are gradually realizing that honesty isn’t the best publicity policy. Not in Hollywood, at any rate.

The trend in pictures—my, my! The poster publicity anent Dorothea Wieck’s first American opus, which read, “Every time she opens her eyes, a million women will be thrilled!” Women! Why women? What’s the matter with the men? Aren’t they thrillable any longer or have we entered the last stages of matriarchy? Or WHAT?

The plan of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford to sell Pickfair—an intention that they fortunately realized was a folly.

The quaint quirk of Fate in making Mae West’s “I’m No Angel” and RKO’s “Little Women” the super-hits of the year. Strange bedfellows, my hearties. What DOES the public want?

The way that stars from other studios dodged the premiere of Mae West’s “I’m No Angel.” Hollywood never proved itself so much a small town, with all a small town’s petty jealousies, as it did that night.

It’s foolishly funny how “catty” Hollywood has been about all three of the big sensations of the year—Mae, Katharine (Continued on page 70)
**COAST FLASHES**

**News and Gossip**

**If It's the Latest Hollywood News You Want,**

**D**id Hollywood celebrate Repeal Night, December 5? File that among the Foolish Questions, Miss Hepplthwaite. New Year's Eve will be an anti-climax after that night!

**If** Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland" goes over, M-G-M is all set to produce Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies." And Samuel Goldwyn has "The Wizard of Oz" on his mind.

**If** you don't think that Gary Cooper's coming marriage to Sandra Shaw (née Veronica Balfe) is a big-time event, you're mistaken. The conservative New York Times, which is deaf to press-agents, gave more than a half-column to the news report of the announcement of the betrothal. The announcement was made at a supper dance in New York, given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields, her socialite mother and step-father, who live on Park Avenue.

But the fact that he is about to be married hasn't dimmed Gary's popularity any, as proved at the New York opening of "Design for Living." He made the mistake of not ducking before the final fade-out. When he wanted to leave, he couldn't. The minute he stood up, women in the audience spotted his tall figure. In a moment, there was a surge of women around him, trying to touch him, pleading for autographs. Gary took it all good-naturedly and tried to write his way out of his predicament. No use. The girls weren't going to let him go. One girl leaped up and tried to kiss him; Gary jumped back. And about that time the police reserves were called.

**Outsiders** were amused when they read that producer Joseph Schenck went all the way to Warm Springs to talk with President Roosevelt about the motion picture code—and was taken for a tour of Warm Springs, instead. The President had a rule about not taking part in the framing of any industrial code. And Eddie Cantor, who arrived the next day for the same purpose, met the same reception. But Eddie did get something out of the trip besides a ride. He was appointed, with Marie Dressler, as a member of the Code Authority, which will administer the code. And the code, in General Johnson's words, contains "drastic provisions against excessive salaries"—which aren't defined. But there is to be a ninety-day investigation of high Hollywood salaries, and then maybe you'll have a definition. The report is that Washington will either make $25,000 the top yearly salary or see that screen workers are paid on a royalty basis from the returns of their pictures.

All of which is bad news to the Hollywood get-rich-quickers, who are still muttering about calling a strike if salaries are curbed.

Eddie Cantor doesn't think that they ever can be, but says "emphatically" that the code should be given "a fair trial."

**Marie Dressler,** Presidential appointee to the Motion Picture Code Authority, is a personal friend of the Roosevelts. (See story, page 52.) And another picture personality who is always welcome at the White House is Eddie Dowling, who wrote the Roosevelt campaign song, "Row, Row, Row with Roosevelt." Eddie has recently turned producer and is responsible for the comeback of Lillian Gish in "Buried Alive." He took the picture to the White House for a preview and got some good criticism from the President. He's a real movie fan—and a helpful one.

The glamour of girlliness, and its innocence, are reflected in this scene in "Catherine, the Great"—in which Marlene Dietrich leaves a peaceful German garden to become Empress of all the Russias.
of the Studios

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE

ARY, by the way, is changing studios. After one more picture at Paramount, he is shifting to Twentieth Century. And Fredric March is doing likewise, after co-starring with Sylvia Sidney in "Good Dame." But George Raft is sticking with Paramount (his next is "The Trumpet Blows"), and so is Claudette Colbert (who is about to do "Cleopatra" for De Mille). And Mae West is signed up for four years more, and Marlene Dietrich for two.

Richard Barthelmess has several feathers in his cap now. He not only plays an Indian in "Massacre," but is now an adopted son of the Sioux Indians—who haven't adopted a white man since the late President Coolidge. Dick's Indian name is "Thunder Horse."

REMEMBER Jackie Coogan? He isn't through with the movies yet, even if he is grown up and attending Santa Clara University. He's spending his week-ends before cameras, making a dozen two-reel collegiate pictures!

THE mystery of the moment seems to be: What are Max Baer's plans? If you can believe all that you hear with your ear to the ground, he's giving the producers a run-around—maybe because he likes boxing better, and maybe because he's after a contract that would knock your eyes out. He's reported to be training, under the watchful eye of Jack Dempsey, for a bout that is to prove he didn't lose his punch in Hollywood... Aside from the mystery about his screen future, if any (and he was the only male among the four big surprise sensations of the year), what are his marriage plans, if any? A United Press dispatch from San Francisco reports that he is to marry Edna Dunham, New York divorcée, and quotes him as saying, "She thinks I'm sweet and I think she's sweet. Everything is hotsy totsy with us." Three days later, another U. P. dispatch has him denying this vigorously and reports that he has a date with Estelle Taylor, the former Mrs. Dempsey, and is taking Dorothy Dunbar, his own former wife, to a boxing match. So what? The latest flash about the exuberant Max—who got his start in his father's butcher shop in Livermore, Cal.—is that the papers are all signed for a championship bout with Carnera. This one will be "to a finish!"

Does Bette Davis still have the smallest waist in films? How about Helen MacAllister (above), the first chorus picked for "Flying Down to Rio"?

JEAN HARLOW didn't show up as per schedule, for costume fittings preparatory to "Living in a Big Way"—and her salary was suspended. Which brought another salary dispute out into the open. Jean's contract is likely to be re-written to include part, if not all, of that salary raise she says she rates. In "Living in a Big Way," she is to co-star with Marie Dressler.

Ida Lupino left England for Hollywood. So England now wants several American players. She's in "The Search for Beauty."
LAST month we started testing your knowledge of Hollywood film happenings, besides giving you The Gossip Test, which calls for an awareness of what the stars are doing off the screen. And this month we have ten more questions all ready to tease you with. If you don’t know the answers at a glance, you should—and you’ll find them on page 98.

We’re asking you:

1. What ever became of Frank Buck, of “Bring ‘Em Back Alive” fame?
2. What star looks like a “natural” for the rôle of Joan of Arc, which is scheduled for her?
3. What former rôle is Ronald Coleman expected to play again on his return?

But even more of a mystery man is Charlie Chaplin. Maybe he did satisfy America’s curiosity to know what his voice was like, when he broadcast in behalf of the “Buy Now” campaign. But otherwise he’s very, very mum. He isn’t telling, for instance, what his new picture (which he is just starting) is about—except that it reflects “the symphony of life.” He isn’t saying whether it’s talkie or silent. He won’t reveal whether or not he is keeping to his famous character of the baggy pants, under-sized bowler, bamboo cane and silly mustache. He won’t comment on the persistent rumors that Paulette Goddard, his new leading lady, is secretly Mrs. Chaplin. Charlie, in other words, is still an expert at whetting public curiosity!

But even more of a mystery man is Charlie Chaplin. Maybe he didn’t satisfy America’s curiosity to know what his voice was like, when he broadcast in behalf of the “Buy Now” campaign. But otherwise he’s very, very mum. He isn’t telling, for instance, what his new picture (which he is just starting) is about—except that it reflects “the symphony of life.” He isn’t saying whether it’s talkie or silent. He won’t reveal whether or not he is keeping to his famous character of the baggy pants, under-sized bowler, bamboo cane and silly mustache. He won’t comment on the persistent rumors that Paulette Goddard, his new leading lady, is secretly Mrs. Chaplin. Charlie, in other words, is still an expert at whetting public curiosity!

By accident, not design, George Arliss’ new picture, “The House of Rothschild,” has a scene that is going to get talked about by the Nazi-Jewish debaters. As you probably know by this time, this is a pretentious historical drama, revolving around the founder of the famous European banking house and his eldest son (both roles played by Arliss)—but moviegoers are going to find a parallel in the picture between present events and century-old history. For the picture’s climax shows Nathan Rothschild at the zenith of his power, dictating to the Prussian Government (which has come to him for a loan) that it must issue a decree restoring citizenship to the Jews.

But don’t mistake this for propaganda; it isn’t. It’s just history. Hollywood, as a whole, hasn’t any axe to grind against Hitler—not with Germany such a good market for American films. Two independent producers, who have rushed out hurried productions with plots that make Hitlerism look like a scourge, haven’t reaped the benefits they hoped. And an anti-Nazi play on the New York stage recently flopped. Americans apparently don’t go for propaganda. Not in heavy doses, anyway.

KATHARINE HEPBURN has gone off to New York for what looks like a long stay—to star in “The Lake,” with Colin Clive, her old friend of “Christopher Strong” memory, as her leading man. According to the terms of her contract, she doesn’t have to be back in Hollywood for six months. Another star who looks all set for a Winter on Broadway is Miriam Hopkins, who was summoned East to replace Tallulah Bankhead in “Jezebel,” when illness prevented Tallulah from continuing with rehearsals. And Helen Hayes apparently has made the biggest stage hit of her brilliant career in “Mary of Scotland”—which, by the way, is another tragic rôle for Helen.

If the reports are true—and an intimate of Helen’s in the Theatre Guild told us—Helen will be bending over a bassinet again before she returns to Hollywood. A report that probably brings tears to the eyes of Leo, the Lion, which has been making all sorts of plans for Helen. Leo, for one thing, promised Helen that she would have her long-awaited chance to do light comedy for the screen in “What Every Woman Knows.” And the promise still holds good. For after seeing Helen in the Barrie play on the stage, no one could imagine anyone else in her rôle in the screen version.

4. What beautiful former star has a grown-up and pretty daughter now making a screen début?
5. Between what two stars lies the choice for the title rôle of “Anthony Adverse”?
6. What new picture has some of the most unusual interior sets ever seen?
7. Who will be the vivid Anna Sten’s co-star in her second American picture?
8. What famous radio star is about to face the cameras again after a long absence?
9. What noted playwright, famous for his low opinion of movies as an art, recently sold one of his plays to films?
MAE West is going on the radio. (Imagine!—when the radio has more censors than movies!) And she’s doing very well by herself, boys—at $6,000 a broadcast. No wonder Mary Pickford and Marlene Dietrich are open to radio offers.

If Warners want to be sure that the public won’t think the stars are getting well perfumed right before their eyes, maybe press-agents should leap into another breach. In two new pictures, there are what look like real earthquakes. And those two scenes are likely to rock California Chambers of Commerce to their very foundations. They don’t want the world to think there can even be imitation earthquakes in Sunshine Land.

HOLLYWOOD had plenty of forewarning that the United States was likely to recognize Russia, but no studio was ready to capitalize on it by having a picture ready at the psychological moment. However, two studios are getting prepared to rush through two Soviet dramas. One is called “Soviet,” and has been on and off the release schedule for two years at M-G-M, which planned to co-star Wallace Beery and Clark Gable in it. The other is called “Red Square,” and will be produced by Columbia, under the direction of Lewis Milestone, lately returned from Russia.

Marion Davies keeps Bing Crosby at arms’ length for a long time in “Going Hollywood”—and he’s fit to be tied! A surprise team, they make a bit together where he was born. He had not visited his native land since the War and was amazed by the changes that have taken place. As you may be, too, when he translates his impressions to celluloid.

BARBARA BENNETT and her two children have arrived in Hollywood for a visit with Father Richard, and Sister Constance and Joan (who is expecting a second child, herself). And Barbara announces that she is returning to the screen while her husband, Morton Downey, is on a stage tour of the country—after which he, too, may head for Hollywood. And it is reliably reported that Alice Terry, wife of director Rex Ingram, (Continued on page 95)
How Can Doug Stay Away from Hollywood?

Has Douglas Fairbanks really deserted the town that made him rich and famous, given up America for England, forgotten old friends for new? Mary Pickford hasn’t, and it’s hard to believe that Doug has—especially when Hollywood needs him badly!

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

Why did Douglas Fairbanks do it? Why did he leave Hollywood, where every face he saw was the face of a friend and every purple hillside had the familiar look of home—for strangers and strange streets? Why did he give up his position of leader, almost of ruler, which has belonged to him for so many years—to hobnob with the titles and aristocracy of foreign lands? Wasn’t it enough to be King of Hollywood? Why did he abandon the industry that he helped to found, for the studios of our rivals? How can he stay away? He could have had no need of money, though his world jaunts have no doubt been expensive. For in 1933 he was appraised the third wealthiest person in Hollywood, with only Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford ahead of him. And he once said, in defense of his globetrotting, “I have enough money and I’ve worked all my life. Now I want to go places.” But if he did need a little pin money, his old studio was waiting for him—and the crumbling plaster towers of Bagdad-in-Hollywood, and a whole country full of loyal fans, longing to hear their gay and daring D’Artagnan, their gallant Robin Hood, their dashing Don Q speak to them from the screen.

In 1932, after a globe-trotting trip, Doug grinned that he was glad to be back (left). Hollywood would like to see that grin again!

Then could it have been for “a ribbon to wear on his coat”? Hollywood did not have many more honors to give him. For years, it has watched him grow restless, longing for new worlds to conquer, gaming for titles, as well as tigers, triumphantly bringing back new members of the nobility from his forays abroad.

“I can live on coffee and handshakes!” he said once, exuberantly. He tried at first to break into West Coast society,
Until snobbish Santa Barbara social cliques made it clear that their exclusive clubs were not to be stormed by Hollywood celebrities. Only then did he turn his eyes toward Europe—where he and Mary Pickford had been fêted and petted and introduced at Court; Europe—where so many lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses owed him a return of his hospitality. Perhaps there is an ironic justice in the fact that California now is pleading for him to come home to stay.

**Started Traveling in 1930**

For the past three years, Douglas Fairbanks has been only a visitor in Hollywood between dashes to far corners of the globe and dates to play golf with the Prince of Wales. Yet Hollywood, knowing Doug's volatile spirits and small-boy restlessness, took his trips for granted, never feeling that some day he might not come back, that it might not have the chance again to welcome him home in conquering-hero style.

A visit to Europe in 1930 to attend the Walker Cup golf matches—his first

Pickfair (below) is now Mary's alone, by the terms of their divorce

Doug brought England to Hollywood when he remodeled Pickfair last year. But to pal with English nobility, he had to go to England. Above, he is golfing with Lady Cholmondeley, Sir Philip Sassoon's estate

Old wanderlust seized him again, and less than a month later, on June 19, he was playing in a golf foursome on green British turf with the Prince of Wales, Prince George and a golf professional.

**Hollywood Dazed By News**

On July 2, Hollywood was dazed by an announcement from Mary Pickford that “Pickfair is for sale and a separation between Douglas and me is contemplated.” On August 17, Hollywood was still more dazed (not anticipating anything like (Continued on page 82)
SECRETS of the STARS

3. NORMA SHEARER reveals her greatest secret—the amazing secret, really, of her success. For she has never told before of this fear that has always haunted her and has molded her whole life!

By GLADYS HALL

Do you know what Claustrophobia is? If you do know, you will shudder. If you do not know, look it up in some book of psychology or consult your physician and realize what it is that has driven Norma Shearer to the high pinnacle she occupies to-day. This is the untold and amazing secret of Norma's whole life. It is why she is as she is. It is why she is where she is.

As the hidden mainspring of a watch is the power that makes the wheels go around and time be told, so is this compelling fear the main-spring of Norma's whole life. It drove her from her sheltered, every-dayish Canadian home to the largest city in the world—New York. It drove her from New York to the West Coast and into the
LORETTA YOUNG

Well, this IS a surprise — Loretta looking woman-of-the-worldish, so soon after being the inarticulate, idealistic young wife of "A Man's Castle," who thrived on struggle. From living for love, she now turns to pretending she loves for a living in "Born to Be Bad." Which only proves what is becoming increasingly evident — the girl is as versatile as she is pretty. And between the two rôles she has won stardom — and the feminine lead in George Arliss' most ambitious film, "The House of Rothschild."
If you are the Madge Evans type, you'll adore the plaid velveteen dress in black and white with white piqué vestee and cuffs, and shoulders that are wide and pointed. (That military touch!) And if you decide to go in for the tunic type of dress that Madge is wearing above, you'll be sure to come in for a goodly share of compliments. It is made of black moire with an underskirt of black wool. The high scarf neckline is held by a brilliant crescent and has brilliant buttons at the hipline. The fur muff returns to fashion for Winter, and a long-haired one of wolf lends a smart accent to Madge's two-tone wool suit (left).
Tweed is always smart, but Madge Evans is wearing a super-smart tweed ensemble above. The novelty of this creation is the cape, which is really attached to the frock and pulled out to make a cape collar for the collarless jacket. And isn’t the blue fox on the cape luxurious-looking? Her sheer wool evening ensemble, at the upper right, is in the warm mulberry shade, with plaid bodice and cape. (Note how evening clothes are getting away from the usual silks and satins and solid colors!) The ostrich shoulder cape of her lovely white satin formal frock, at the right, forms a sort of fluffy frame for Madge’s face.
The time has come, the movies said, to turn these picture queens and kings into the most FANTASTIC things. So that you, like *Alice*, could be in Wonderland. And maybe, like Charlotte Henry, who was just naturally *Alice*, you'll say, "Curiouser and curiouser!" —seeing Polly Moran become The Dodo Bird; Edward Everett Horton, The Mad Hatter; Ford Sterling, The White King; Richard Arlen, The Cheshire Cat; Rosco Ates, The Fish; Billy Barty, The White Pawn; Louise Fazenda, The White Queen; Jack Oakie, Tweedledum; Alison Skipworth, The Duchess; Gary Cooper, The White Knight; Baby LeRoy, The Joker; and Mae Marsh, The Sheep, by the magic of make-up.
HERE are five little girls who seem to be going places on the screen—and which will get there first? Claire Dodd (above), a blonde New Yorker and a Ziegfeld girl, is coolly fascinating as The Other Girl in "Massacre." Lona Andre (below), a Nashville redhead and runner-up in the Panther Woman contest, has played in more pictures than the winner. Her smile and her pep are infectious anew in "The Search for Beauty!"

FOUR out of five newcomers seem to be from Broadway. For instance, auburn-haired June Brewster (above), the l'il showgirl of "The Blonde Bombshell," danced in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Blonde Claire Trevor (left), James Dunn's new heroine in "Jimmy and Sally," was a young hit on the stage. Another blonde Adele Thomas (below), now in "Hip, Hips, Hooray!" was ballyhooed by Ziegfeld as "America's Perfect Figure."
Get Close to the Screen's New Sensation!

By Cruikshank

If you saw "Only Yesterday," you'll want to know all about Margaret Sullavan. If you missed it, you'll want to know why everyone is talking about this newcomer—who has equalled the feat of Katharine Hepburn and Mae West, being created a star, by public demand, after one picture. This exclusive story-interview tells you. Here is a girl who is going far. She has everything—vibrant youth, a startling naturalness, adequate good looks, poise that is not theatrical, great dramatic talent, and a remarkable speaking voice, a haunting voice. Don't delay getting acquainted with her!—Editor.

S - U - D - D - U - B - L - E
L - A - V - A - N
spells Sullavan!
And Margaret, latest bearer of that illustrious name to bid for fame, insists that this is the correct Gaelic spelling. And when Margaret Sullavan insists—well, there's no use arguing. Ask her parents, ask Junior Laemmle, ask Hollywood. Or, if you'd rather not, just ask me. Margaret has her own ideas about things. And right or wrong, she sticks to 'em—this sensation who is afraid of her own shadow, her shadow on the screen.

When this five-feet-four, hundred-and-twelve-pounds of Southern (Norfolk, Virginia, Suh!) femininity decided, wholly without parental blessing, that she wished to be an actress, she stuck to the idea. That was three years ago. Since then the twenty-four-year-old youngster has made numerous other decisions. And has adhered to them. To the despair, incidentally, of executives, press-agents, interviewers and everyone—except Margaret Sullavan.

There's divill a dash of lavender, nary a fichu of old lace, about the girl. Nothing quaint or whimsical. But there surely is a magnolia-scented fragrance, the ring of a Southern belle, in the names of the schools that may now claim her as an alumna.

For Mistress Margaret mastered the mysteries of her "Three Rs" at Chatham Episcopal Institute and—can't you see it?—Sullins College. A betting person might almost wager that the latter, at least, is a mere contraction of Sullins Select College for Young Ladies—preferably young ladies from Norfolk, Virginia, and other perents South of the well-known Mason-Dixon Line!

It was in the revered halls of Chatham and Sullins that Margaret first tangled with the Muse. There, too, Thespis, god of drama, winning two falls out of three, claimed her for his own. In other words, no program of school theatricals was complete without the name of Margaret Sullavan (with two a's) listed in the cast. The fiction is that about this time the embryonic Duse developed an A. W. O. L. habit that took her scrambling from Sullins' sacred portals to the purlieus of Broadway and its playhouses no fewer than seven times in three years. And, truth to tell, the facts in the case are not so vitally different.

In any event, 'way back yonder in 1930, a Miss M. Sullavan, with blue-gray eyes, brown Autumnish hair, and a slight Mason-Dixon Line slur, took passage from Norfolk to Boston, and in the austere atmosphere of the Codfish City studied what is laughingly known as "acting technique" at the Copley Theatre, under the tutelage of a British gentleman whose name sounds like E. E. Clive. Come to think of it, his name was E. E. Clive, and may be still.

Just what rules of dramaturgy the young idea absorbed at dear, old Copley, deponent knoweth not. But, at least, Margaret remained steadfast in purpose and continued to guide her barque (Continued on page 89)

Move over, Katharine Hepburn and Mae West—and make room for Margaret Sullavan! She is a great personality, who will be a greater one—if they let her screen shadow remain as natural as this little Southerner, herself. This interview gives you an idea!
MYRNA LOY

No one on the screen has changed more than Myrna—and no one has advanced farther this past year. Remember when she was a Sinister Siren? Now, look at her! Why even Max Baer became a one woman man for her sake in "The Prizefighter and the Lady. And next it will be Clark Gable, so 'tis said, in "China Seas."
Did Lee Tracy "Insult" Mexico — Or Did That Report Insult Him?

The press dispatches from Mexico City said one thing — and cost him his job. He said just the opposite — and found himself deluged with other offers. Here is what eyewitnesses of the incident say!

By Dorothy Donnell

Did Lee Tracy "insult" the Mexicans, or didn't he? Or was that report, itself, an insult to Lee — who lost his job because of it? What, in short, is the truth behind the incident that caused all the newspaper furore? Hollywood is just beginning to learn all the facts. Do you want to hear them?

According to the press dispatches that came over the wires from Mexico City, Lee — who had, maybe, taken a taste of some caliente Mexican fluid — appeared on a balcony, clad only in a blanket (which later dropped), and almost stopped a parade of Mexican cadets with his pantomime and shouts. Outraged, our neighbors to the South arrested him; Lee got out on bail and fled the country. And before he could get back to Hollywood, where he told a version that differed radically from the Mexico City one, he was "fired" and the head of his studio wired the President of Mexico that the studio was "embarrassed and shocked... fully as deeply" as the Mexican people were said to be.

That, in bare outline, was what the newspapers related. But before the returning members of the "Viva Villa" company could get back to Hollywood several twisted versions, misconceptions, fake quotations and conflicting reports preceded them by several days. In the interval every so-called wit in town seized on the chance to give his naughty fancy full rein. The stories of just exactly what Lee had done were amazing in their variety and scope; and, although most of them were pure gossip, they were circulated as the truth. One well-known news weekly, which wired its representative for the facts of the Tracy incident, re-

(Continued on page 8.)
MARIE DRESSLER had a birthday the other day—her sixty-second. And not only Hollywood, but the whole country, picked the occasion to honor her as no actress has ever been honored before. How did it all affect her? She tells you here—in an interview you can't afford to miss!

HOLLYWOOD'S First Citizen is a woman. An actress. Not beautiful. No longer young. Not one who has played in the Grand Tradition of Ellen Terry, of Bernhardt, of Duse. Not one who has "done" Shakespeare or the Greek Tragedies, or plays by George Bernard Shaw. She has no aura of the Empire Theatre, this First Citizen.

Below, the birthday cake that Hollywood gave Marie

"Dear old Will"—Will Rogers, to you—got an extra-special hug from Marie for what he said about her

of ours. Far removed is she from the subtleties of Katharine Cornell, the histrionic greatness of Minnie Maddern Fiske, the classical predilections of a Margaret Anglin, the unimpeachable flavor of Maude Adams. But she is close to humanity—this Marie Dressler of ours. And how do you suppose she feels to be Hollywood's First Citizen?

Given to funny falls and guffaws and grimaces is this First Citizen. She can, and has, licked her weight in Wally Beery many a time. She has done "Tillie's Nightmare" and the bawdy old soul in the screen version of "Anna Christie" and the servant girls in "Emma" and "Christopher Bean," and the salty waterfront characters in "Min and Bill" and "Tugboat Annie," ... And yet—on her sixty-second birthday—Marie Dressler was honored as no woman has been honored before, anywhere in the world.

Her birthday has become a National Event. November 9 was spoken of as "Marie Dressler Day." Many an actor has crashed the drama pages of the newspapers, the advertising sections, the headlines, whether he liked it or not—but Marie crashed the editorial pages hitherto sacred to cotton and steel and banking and the achievements of statesmen and scientists and such.
On Marie Dressler Day, all of the Governors of all of the States sent telegrams of congratulation, of appreciation, of gratitude for the professional Marie and love for the personal Marie.

Where the Tributes Came From

On Marie Dressler Day, there flooded in, too, wires from the flower girl at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, wires from Charlie Chaplin and Oscar of the Waldorf and Schumann-Heink on her sick-bed. Wires from policemen and Western Union messengers and editors and trained nurses and elevator operators. A wire from one who had played the drummer boy in her old show, “Tillie’s Nightmare.” A boy no longer, this Billy Taub. A man—who remembers.

There were wires from doctors and tugboat captains and captains of industry. There was a wire from a man in Pittsburgh, a stranger, whose first baby was born on Marie’s birthday and was named—Marie Dressler. There were wires from waiters and waitresses and Pullman porters and from small children. And there were many wires from old, old ladies who were living, that day, in the reflected glow of one who was wearing the laurel wreath of Triumph on the brow of Age. of one who had become the most popular, most loved woman in the world—at sixty-two.

Not strangers—any one of them. From Governors in their executive mansions to captains of tugboats on the riverways of the world. Marie is a friend, who has made the world a brighter place to live in.

Marie has recently been entertained at the White House. She didn’t go, formally, for just an hour or two. She went as an old friend to call on her old friends, the Roosevelts. She stayed for two days and a night and she sat down to family dinner with her friends. She went with Mrs. Roosevelt to her clubs and joined her in other activities.

She said to me, “Eleanor Roosevelt is the most amazing woman alive to-day. That she is married to the most amazing man alive to-day does not need saying. She has inexhaustible energy. She works from fourteen to eighteen hours a day—every day. She isn’t interested only in politics. She is interested in every phase of life at all pertinent to women. It is the first time in the history of the world that a man and a woman have worked side by side in so high an executive capacity. There have been kings and their consorts. There have been Rulers and their Powers-Behind-The-Throne. There have been Presidents whose wives were gracious and active socially. But never such hand-in-hand teamwork as this...”

Marie has known intimately every President from the late Grover Cleveland on. She has visited the White House many

(Continued on page 74)
"I'm Afraid of Women," Says GEORGE RAFT

By SONIA LEE

George isn't wise-cracking. He was never more serious in his life. For he has learned something about real-life racketeers—of the female sex. And he speaks up about them in an amazing interview!

George Raft has been accused by Hollywood of being secretive. This vivid interview with him ends that particular impression forever; in fact, it creates just the opposite impression—that George is one of the most outspoken stars on the screen. For he talks of a topic that has been too long suppressed—and exposes a racket that needs exposing.—Editor.

"I've learned to be afraid of women," says George Raft, who specializes—on the screen—in being a romantic menace to the weaker sex. Moreover, he says that every other actor in Hollywood shares his fear, though some of them may not openly admit it. And this is the reason: There are too many women racketeers, all ready to work the hush-money racket.

This is why George Raft—electric and romantic and fascinating, who stepped to stardom across a bridge of feminine sighs—avoids women. This is why he does not live alone and why, practically everywhere he goes, he has a male companion. This is why it is difficult to recall seeing any girl on his arm in his rare social excursions except the fair Marjorie King, whom he will probably marry when he is free to do so.

George's fantastic, amazing, almost unbelievable experiences with women have been enough to benumb his genius for friendship, his genuine liking for people.

"This breach-of-promise suit business is a racket in Hollywood," he declares. "Every star faces the danger of being put on the spot. Not even the married stars are safe from this sort of attempted highway robbery. And it's about time it was exposed. It's time the public realized . . .

He's One of Many Victims

"I've been a victim, myself. And I've got it straight that many of my friends have. Not many months ago, I paid two thousand dollars to a girl I can't even remember meeting. I had just finished a picture; I was having a little trouble at the studio. I didn't dare go into court and fight the case, even though I knew I could beat it without any trouble.

"I couldn't afford the notoriety, the publicity, or taking a chance that the public would be on my side. If I had been in another profession, I could have told her to go to the devil. Headline-hunters and headline-readers wouldn't be interested in what I did or didn't do.

"As a matter of fact, the suit would never have been brought if I were in the real estate business, or the grocery business, or any other business. But being a star, I looked like easy pickin's; she thought I couldn't hit back.

"This particular girl who sued me had failed to make a hit on the stage or in Hollywood. She had an idea that being linked with me would be good for her professionally. I fooled her. I kept her name a secret from reporters and she didn't dare reveal her identity, because in that case I would have fought it and probably got her a stretch for perjury.

(Continued on page 80)

George Raft isn't afraid of Marjorie King—as evidenced by their being Constant Companions. But Marjorie is an exception!
Richard isn’t joking, either. He’s out to let the world know how hard it is to find real love, or hold onto it, in Hollywood—with gossips interfering in private lives!

By DOROTHIY MANNERS

Across the page, you have had a chance to read a startling revelation about an actor’s life in Hollywood—an explanation by sophisticated George Raft about the dangers of success. Here, also, is a frank disclosure—by a younger, less sophisticated actor—of the obstacles to real romance in Hollywood. And Richard Cromwell isn’t exaggerating a bit!—Editor.

"Women mean romance—and I’m afraid of both of them," says young Richard Cromwell. That amounts to more than a frank admission—it is a courageous one, for Dick is just at that age which likes to pretend a sophistication as great as the worldliness that a George Raft actually has achieved. Twenty-one makes a studied effort to ape its elders. Boys will be poise.

"I don’t know how I’d feel about it if I lived in a normal, rational town," Dick continues. "But Hollywood isn’t normal and certainly not rational. You try not to be influenced by what other people think or say about your private life, but you just can’t help it. At least, I can’t."

"Maybe I’d like to be a young-man-about-Hollywood. Maybe it would be kinda swell. But here’s what you’re up against, working in the movies:

"If you step out with an older woman, you’re a gigolo. If it’s a young girl, you’re leading her astray. If it’s a movie personality, you and she are both plugging for publicity—a co-starring picture or something. If you go out more than once could possibly express. He is as boyishly honest as he is self-conscious.

There is nothing of the movie actor in young Cromwell, although he has been under contract to Columbia since his début in that studio’s memorable "Tol’ble David." He drives a flivver and his sun-streaked blond hair has the daintest habit of always looking mussed. He appears the perfect foil for a designing woman. Seemingly, he wouldn’t know how to repulse advances without giving offense; his only alternative would be to run. Fortunately, he has escaped meeting any obvious gold-

"I’m Afraid of Love,"

Says Richard Cromwell

Richard Cromwell says Hollywood has a habit of "spoiling" love. He and Dorothy Wilson "might have learned to like each other," but—

with the same person, you’re in love with her and you are constantly spied on by the press for fear you may sneak away for an elopement. If you’re out with a different girl every time, then you’re a trifler. And if you don’t go out at all, it’s just as bad. They want to know what in Heaven’s name you’re doing at home."

I hope all this isn’t funny to you. Dick can’t see anything humorous about it, despite his keen sense of humor. When it comes to the question of romance in his life, his eyes go intensely serious. His long, artistic fingers lock and unlock all the time he is talking. Now and then he uses his artist’s hands to supply ideas that no words

(Continued on page 85)
A Sweep of a Fan—and Sally Rand Came Back

Sally was "just another" Baby Star in 1927, playing baby-faced blondes. She rebelled and left the screen. But she promised herself that some day she would attract Hollywood's attention in a big way. And she did!

Sally Rand—the youngster who left Hollywood in disgust and has returned in triumph, the Baby Star of 1927 who has become a sensation as a dancer—told me, "I wanted to attract Hollywood's attention."

She smiled that professional un-mirthful smile; her hands clenched slowly. "And here I am. It has taken five years to get back."

If her fan dance in "The Streets of Paris" concession at the World's Fair was just a stunt, you won't find Sally admitting it. You get the distinct impression that Sally was not trying so much to startle audiences with her daring as to win their admiration for the lithe subtlety of her art.

"A million people saw me dance the fan dance last summer," she says, "and I received exactly three letters of protest. The audiences watched in silence; there was never any unpleasant demonstration. It was only the newspaper writers who made it sensational—and the police. I was arrested just one day—some time in August. But on that one day I was arrested four times. My mother read my name in the headlines and wired me, 'Have you gone completely crazy?' But when she came on and saw my dance, she changed her mind. She thought that it was beautiful and artistic. It was exactly that—against a classical setting of tall white columns and green cypresses and a blue pool.

"I worked out the dance four years ago. At first I tried a costume with feathers and wings on the arms. It looked grotesque. My arms weren't in the right places on my body. Then how I handled the fans, to simulate the graceful motions of a bird flying."

"A million people saw me dance the fan dance last summer," she says, "and I received exactly three letters of protest. The audiences watched in silence; there was never any unpleasant demonstration. It was only the newspaper writers who made it sensational—and the police. I was arrested just one day—some time in August. But on that one day I was arrested four times. My mother read my name in the headlines and wired me, 'Have you gone completely crazy?' But when she came on and saw my dance, she changed her mind. She thought that it was beautiful and artistic. It was exactly that—against a classical setting of tall white columns and green cypresses and a blue pool."

"I worked out the dance four years ago. At first I tried a costume with feathers and wings on the arms. It looked grotesque. My arms weren't in the right places on my body. Then how I handled the fans, to simulate the graceful motions of a bird flying."

"A million people saw me dance the fan dance last summer," she says, "and I received exactly three letters of protest. The audiences watched in silence; there was never any unpleasant demonstration. It was only the newspaper writers who made it sensational—and the police. I was arrested just one day—some time in August. But on that one day I was arrested four times. My mother read my name in the headlines and wired me, 'Have you gone completely crazy?' But when she came on and saw my dance, she changed her mind. She thought that it was beautiful and artistic. It was exactly that—against a classical setting of tall white columns and green cypresses and a blue pool."

"I worked out the dance four years ago. At first I tried a costume with feathers and wings on the arms. It looked grotesque. My arms weren't in the right places on my body. Then how I handled the fans, to simulate the graceful motions of a bird flying."

Above, Sally Rand in her early screen days—when she was a Baby Star, crop of 1927

And this is Sally Rand (with her famous fans) to-day
**Parade**

**Reviews of the Newest Pictures**

**GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM**

Hard-Working Cast In A Thin One: They must have started out to make this picture with a title instead of a plot—and then they forgot the title. Labored gags and laughless lines tax the comedy skill of Charles Ruggles, the charm of Charles Farrell and the ability of Marguerite Churchill. A curious mixture of farce and fantasy and satire, the plot details the misadventures of a timorous country youth in the mad life of the Latin Quarter of Paris, such as exists only in the feverish Hollywood imagination.

Since the hero and heroine are given nothing to do but to be bashful and misunderstood, the burden of the picture falls on the comedy team of Ruggles and Grace Bradley. As the futuristic artist friend of the hero, Ruggles is forced to fight a comedy duel and has one swell brawl with Grace that is the highlight of the action. A better script would have helped out poor direction and a fine cast. (Paramount.)

**SONS OF THE DESERT**

Slapstick, But Funny: Undoubtedly, the best of the Laurel and Hardy ventures into feature-length comedies. It's rowdy slapstick that only occasionally fails to be as funny as intended.

As members of the lodge known as "Sons of the Desert," Stan and Babe want to attend the Chicago convention. They have marital entanglements to overcome, but finally get away from their wives. They are, of course, caught in the lie that won them their freedom, but not until they have enjoyed the convention to the full. The picture is a gorgeous travesty on men's fraternal organizations and the swank that marks their annual gatherings.

Laurel and Hardy profit by having a more substantial plot than usual. They are inimitable as always. Charlie Chase and Lucien Littlefield are excellent as fellow conventioners and Mae Busch and Dorothy Christy are the wives. (Roach-M-G-M.)

**DARK HAZARD**

Just Misses Being A Joke: Had "Dark Hazard" reached a climax or achieved some final story twist, it would have been a smashing drama. As it is, a vague conclusion sends you from the theatre with a feeling that you have seen an incompletely worked out story. Something should have happened to this gambler who can't resist a chance, no matter what the game. A false lead gives the impression you are about to see an exposé of the dog racing racket. Instead of that, the picture petered off into a decidedly unsatisfactory finale.

Edward G. Robinson works wonders with what he has to do. It is a carefully presented characterisation of a betting man in Robinson's usual vein. Genevieve Tobin again impresses as the wife who suffers ups and downs until she can bear no more. Glenda Farrell is wasted in a rôle unworthy of her. "Dark Hazard" gets its title from a dog by that name who, too, gives a swell performance. (First National.)

**SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?**

Tulley, But Clever—See It: Alice Brady's floods of conversation trickle over a farce-comedy of youthful hero-worship and middle-aged silliness, giving a rather tedious story coherence. As a character study of a completely brainless wife who yearns for romance, it is a splendid piece of work, although at times one yearns to slap the lady. As the bitter elderly husband Lionel Barrymore grows and burs and gives his wife splendid excuse for disliking her husband. Little Mary Carol, as the naive eighteen-year-old daughter, surprises with an innocence well-nigh incredible in this day.

Smart and sophisticated in setting and situation, this is a comedy for the selective audience, rather than the neighborhood trade. Alice Brady's true to life heroine establishes her once and for all as the lady Lee Tracy of the movies, the fastest and most expressive talker among the women players. Go to see it—if you like your farce sophisticated. (M-G-M.)

**ESKIMO**

One Of The Best—Don't Miss It: Van Dyke's directorial courage and appetite for adventure must have been taxed by the making of this epic of life and love near the North Pole. Warm and comfortable audiences will shiver at the bleak wastes and icy blasts amid which Mala, the great hunter, pits his skill and strength against the elements, and finally against something much crueler—man.

A rather slow story might have dragged if it had not been generously provided with thrills in the shape of a whale killing, a caribou stampede, and a remarkable fight between the hero and a wolf.

The authentic background of the North will make this one of the truly great pictures, whatever you may think of the primitive love habits of this strange peoples, and the rather Hollywoodish plot of betrayal and revenge in which the three women and Mala figure. Van Dyke has again proved the most undaunted director in the movies. (M-G-M.)

**AS HUSBANDS GO**

Just A Picture—Take It Or Leave It: Harking back to the days of the earliest talkies when stage plays were transferred to the screen without regard to the difference in the two mediums, "As Husbands Go" is nothing more or less than a photographed play. The Rachel Crothers drawing-room comedy remains a polite presentation of the situation of a wife who has fallen in love with love while in Europe and dreads the necessity of telling her mid-Western American husband about her affair. And then her husband and her lover get drunk together.

Unfortunately the casting removes any element of suspense. You know that Warner Baxter, because he is Warner Baxter, will triumph in the end. Helen Vinson is acceptable as the erring wife and Catherine Doucet has all the answers as an idiotic friend, but fails to make the most of her opportunities. Warner Oland alone shines as a fortunate hunter. It is all very unimportant. (Fox.)
When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot fell in love, she still had a husband—and both had careers. But they defied gossips to do their worst and risked exile from the screen, rather than lose each other. And in this interview both tell you why!

THERE never have been two young players in Hollywood who have shown more daring in their personal lives, or taken greater chances with their professional prestige, than Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. And they did all of this—deliberately placed themselves "on the spot," became targets for inferential gossip and open criticism, and jeopardized their futures—for one reason. Because they were in love! Because they couldn't be happy without each other! And are they happy now?

According to an old Hollywood tradition, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot should never have allowed themselves to fall in love, or to have risked so much for romance, so early in their professional careers, particularly since she was already married—to a likable, generous chap. Married to each other now, they have recently been honeymooning in Honolulu, far from the hue and cry of Hollywood. But Hollywood, suddenly reversing itself, is ready to applaud their courage and welcome them back to their respective careers. Hollywood has even come to the point where it accepts with equanimity the fact that their home—for a while, at least—will be Adrienne's magnificent Beverly Hills mansion, which was built for her as a gift two

Why ADRIENNE and BRUCE Risked All for Romance

(Continued on page 72)
THE FIRST BEAUTY CREAMS APPROVED BY DERMATOLOGISTS. THEY STAY GERM-FREE AS LONG AS THEY LAST

So lovely white, so pure when first they come to you—your fragrant, delicate beauty creams!

But take off the lid of the jar! What happens? Germs, you know, are everywhere! In the purest air. On your hands, even when freshly washed! They're bound to get into any cream while in use. In its fatty oils they flourish—multiply. If your skin is sensitive, thin, dry, has a tiny scratch or blemish, germs from the cream may get under it. And then! The risk of infection—blemishes, pimples!

Woodbury's scientists in their researches have always achieved unique results. Last year they developed Element 576, which in Woodbury's Cold Cream combats skin dryness, giving the skin special oils that keep it lithe, supple, young. Now, Woodbury's makes a second amazing discovery—adds to both the Cold and Facial Creams an Element known as Germ-destroyer, which keeps these creams germ-free as long as they last! Germs cannot live in them. Leave the lid of the jar off—still they're safe! This means greater protection, far less risk of infection for your skin, no matter how sensitive it may be.

Dermatologists agree on the superiority of these germ-free creams, because they know they are active in safeguarding skin health as well as in promoting skin beauty! Vital aids to supple skin texture, firm muscle tone, good fresh color. Vigor! Loveliness! Woodbury's Creams are as low in price as ordinary creams. 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes.

109 LEADING AMERICAN DERMATOLOGISTS APPROVE WOODBURY'S GERM-FREE CREAMS

93% of them believe that Woodbury's Creams, being always germ-free, are clear of the dangers to which ordinary creams are subject...96% of them agree that the germ-free properties of these creams greatly reduce the danger from bacteria that may contaminate the face from dust in the air or from the fingers...100% of them state that apart from their germ-free properties, they are of high quality and benefit to the skin.

One dermatologist reported:—"I shall take great pleasure in recommending these creams to my patients in the future. I consider these creams of the highest quality; in fact, the best on the market."

Another leading skin specialist wrote:—"All reports from those using the creams have been enthusiastically favorable."

FREE! CREAMS AND FACIAL POWDER


Please send me free generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free creams and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades.

Name

Street

City

State

© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

BING CROSBY—on Woodbury's Radio Program every Monday evening—Columbia coast-to-coast and Canadian network—830 E. S.T.
When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot fell in love, she still had a husband—and both had careers. But they defied gossips to do their worst and risked exile from the screen, rather than lose each other. And in this interview both tell you why!

Adrienne and Bruce, sharing the springboard here, will also temporarily occupy the house above—given to her by Stephen Ames

Why ADRIENNE and BRUCE Risked All for Romance

THERE never have been two young players in Hollywood who have shown more daring in their personal lives, or taken greater chances with their professional prestige, than Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. And they did all of this—deliberately placed themselves "on the spot," became targets for inferential gossip and open criticism, and jeopardized their futures—for one reason. Because they were in love! Because they couldn't be happy without each other! And are they happy now?

According to an old Hollywood tradition, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot should never have allowed themselves to fall in love, or to have risked so much for romance, so early in their professional careers, particularly since she was already married—to a likable, generous chap. Married to each other now, they have recently been honeymooning in Honolulu, far from the hue and cry of Hollywood. But Hollywood, suddenly reversing itself, is ready to applaud their courage and welcome them back to their respective careers. Hollywood has even come to the point where it accepts with equanimity the fact that their home—for a while, at least—will be Adrienne's magnificent Beverly Hills mansion, which was built for her as a gift two

(Continued on page 72)
**Beauty...doubly sure and doubly secure when your complexion is cared for by Woodbury's two new germ-free creams!**

THE FIRST BEAUTY CREAMS APPROVED BY DERMATOLOGISTS. THEY STAY GERM-FREE AS LONG AS THEY LAST

So snowy white, so pure when first they come to you—your fragrant, delicate beauty creams!

But take off the lid of the jar! What happens? Germs, you know, are everywhere! In the purest air. On your hands, even when freshly washed! They're bound to get into any cream while in use. In its fatty oils they flourish—multiply. If your skin is sensitive, thin, dry, has a tiny scratch or blemish, germs from the cream may get under it. And then! The risk of infection—blemishes, pimples!

Woodbury's scientists in their researches have always achieved unique results. Last year they developed Element 576, which in Woodbury's Cold Cream combats skin dryness, giving the skin special oils that keep it lube, supple, young. Now, Woodbury's makes a second amazing discovery—adds to both the Cold and Facial Creams an Element known as Germ-destroyer, which keeps these creams germ-free as long as they last! Germs cannot live in them. Leave the lid of the jar off—still they're safe! This means greater protection, far less risk of infection for your skin, no matter how sensitive it may be.

Dermatologists agree on the superiority of these germ-free creams, because they know they are active in safeguarding skin health as well as in promoting skin beauty! Vital aids to supple skin texture, firm muscle tone, good fresh color. Vigor! Loveliness! Woodbury's Creams are as low in price as ordinary creams. 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes.

109 LEADING AMERICAN DERMATOLOGISTS APPROVE WOODBURY'S GERM-FREE CREAMS

93% of them believe that Woodbury's Creams, being always germ-free, are clear of the dangers to which ordinary creams are subject. .96% of them agree that the germ-free properties of these creams greatly reduce the danger from bacteria that may contaminate the face from dust in the air or from the fingers...100% of them state that apart from their germ-free properties, they are of high quality and benefit to the skin.

One dermatologist reported:—"I shall take great pleasure in recommending these creams to my patients in the future. I consider these creams of the highest quality; in fact, the best on the market."

Another leading skin specialist wrote:—"All reports from those using the cream have been enthusiastically favorable."

**FREE! CREAMS AND FACIAL POWDER**


Name
Street
City
State

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

BING CROSBY—on Woodbury’s Radio Program every Monday evening—Columbia coast-to-coast and Canadian network—8:30 E.S.T.
"I can help you win and hold them."

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin...dry...oily..."in-between"
hearts —
says Barbara Stanwyck

This fascinating screen star tells you her secret of loveliness
... how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her here as she looks in her own boudoir in Hollywood. Notice how temptingly soft and smooth her skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice—make yours as lovely!

All over the country girls are turning to the complexion care Barbara Stanwyck uses—proving that it really does bring a thrilling new beauty to the skin.

Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this same wonderful aid to loveliness—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don't you try this famous Hollywood complexion care? Get Lux Toilet Soap today ... use it regularly. Notice how soft and smooth your skin looks ... and feels ... even from the first.

Begin now to win new loveliness.

Men can't resist alluring skin — you can have this charm
The Stars Want Your Advice!

And MOTION PICTURE offers you a chance to give it to them—and be sure it reaches them!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

It may be news to you, and it may not—but the stars want your advice. They want to know what you like about them and what you don’t—and why. They want to know if it matters to you when they try to improve themselves in some little way; they want you to check them up if you think that they have been unconvincing in certain roles. They want your praise and they want your constructive criticisms. And moreover, MOTION PICTURE will see to it that they, in person, get your advice.

Believe it or not, but Hollywood is one place on earth where people listen to advice; perhaps the only place. From the moment that the West-bound train shouldered to a stop or a West-bound plane’s tail-rudder touches the ground, the newcomer is overwhelmed with advice. And some of it is worth taking. It requires experience, of course, to find out which counsels are the wisest, but the smart newcomer soon learns. And the players who have been around a few months are expert at advice-taking.

If the newcomer is a man, he may be advised to have his nose cut over, to forget any marriages in his past, deny any children, and call the electricians and prop boys “Joe” to prove that he is “a regular guy.” If the newcomer is a woman, she may be advised to change the color of her hair, her taste in clothes, her bust and hip measures, and her birthdate. All of which the newcomer may or may not do. Either way, he’s likely to hear from the public about himself—and take that advice.

There are agents to advise the stars about making, saving and spending their money. Newspaper writers, intent on getting “scoops,” advise them when to marry, whom to marry and how long to stay married. Photographers advise them how to look, smile and which side of their faces to show. The publicity departments advise them what life-story to tell interviewers. The directors tell them how to act. The critics advise them in what roles they excel, technically. Their friends advise them what to think, do and say. All of this advice isn’t welcome.

But there is one class of advisers to whom the stars listen as eagerly as a hypochondriac to his doctor, as a fox terrier to His Master’s Voice, as a Follies girl to a millionaire—because their advice means the difference between fame and obscurity, poverty and wealth. And these advisers are the ten million Americans who go to the movies every week, who can make them by applause or break them by disapproval. Studios, screen magazines and the players, themselves, receive thousands of letters a week from these unknown, but powerful advisers—and every letter is read respectfully. If many of them agree on a criticism or comment, it is called to a star’s attention—and he may even change his appearance, his type of rôle or his way of living to conform to their wishes.

It was the advice of his public that recently decided Maurice Chevalier to become a completely different personality on the screen (in “The Way to Love”). He caused a minor local earthquake by stipulating, it is said, that he should not be directed by Ernst Lubitsch or have Jeanette MacDonald for his leading lady in his next picture. “Ingrate!” cried Hollywood indignantly, while Lubitsch was pictured as seething with rage and Jeanette as admitting to friends that she was “crushed.” Yet the simple truth is that Chevalier was listening to his audiences, who wrote letters advising him to stop playing naughty sophisticates and gay boulevardiers and to become simple and earthy and gamin, as he was in “Innocents of Paris.” “They are right,” he told friends, “I am of the people. I was not born to the gay world. Why should I play a frequenter of 

(Continued on page 76)
A new idea . . . then thrilling proof
of how this discovery enriches skin

That’s why women are excited about this new
face cream that does such incredible things

A SCIENTIST thought of it—thought of it
for months before he finally tried it.
“Why,” he asked himself, “can’t we give back
to skin the natural softening substance that
is lost with age? This substance gives young,
firm skin its freshness and allure. I’ll get
some in pure form—put it in a fine,
rare facial cream—have women try it.”

That’s what he did. How skins grew clearer,
stirred again with renewed life, is
now a part of beauty history. How age lines melted
into the smooth skin of youth—and how “crepy”
skin improved in texture has been
told and retold by a million women.

Sebisol—newly developed
This scientist purified the natural skin-enriching
substance and named it sebisol. It was so
rare that we had to search the world to find
a sufficient supply.

Sebisol is vital to every living cell. It is a
natural substance skin creates to keep itself
soft, smooth, and pliant. That, we believe,
explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things.
Why skin grows softer, smoother, exquisitely
appealing in a fortnight. Whether sebisol alone
brings these results we cannot say. But this
we know by women’s statements: Pepsodent
Junis Cream does for their skins what other
creams do not.

You need no other cream
As you apply Junis Cream feel it penetrate
and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note
how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture.
Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a
cleansing and a night cream.

Many creams contain wax—Junis Cream
does not. Wax tends to clog the pores.
We invite you to make this test
Try Pepsodent Junis Cream, at our
expense. We believe you’ll be delighted with
results. We believe Junis Cream will thrill
you as it has two million other women who
have tried it. Don’t neglect an opportunity
that has so much to do with charm and
feminine allure. Send the coupon for a gen-
erous test supply today.

THE PEPsODENT CO., CHICAGO

GENTEROUS SUPPLY FREE
We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial
Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

THE PEPsODENT CO., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
This coupon is not good after July 31, 1954

Name ___________________________
Address _________________________
City ____________________________
State ________

NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.
Only one take in a family.
Another happy Hollywood twosome is that of Una Merkel and her husband, Roland Burla, which is one more case of a screen player married to a business man. Burla is an engineer. They are shown attending the recent Marie Dressler birthday party

Again, maybe the girls have been persuaded by the evident compatibility in the mixed marriages of Actress Norma Shearer to Producer Irving Thalberg. Helen Hayes to Playwright Charles MacArthur, Elissa Landi to Barrister John Lawrence, Una Merkel to Engineer Roland Burla, Helen Twelvetrees to Realator Jack Woody, Alene MacMahon to Architect Clarence Stein, Louise Fazenda to Producer Hal Walsh, Marlene Dietrich to Director Rudolph Sieber, Dolores Del Rio to Scene Designer Cedric Gibbons, Dorothea Wieck to Radio Columnist von der Decken, Irene Dunne to Dr. Francis Griffin, Mary Astor to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Joan Bennett to Writer Gene Markey, Fay Wray to Writer John Monk Saunders, Katharine Hepburn to Broker Ludlow Smith, and Gloria Swanson to Sportsman Michael Farmer. Maybe these samples are what have set Hollywood’s future actress-brides to thinking that there must be something in this business of being the only greasepaint professional in the family, the only one entitled to temperamental tangents.

Karen’s Husband “Understands”

“If you think there is a lack of temperament in our family, you are wrong,” says Karen Morley Vidor. “Perhaps I am the only one entitled to it, and I am not saying that I am, but Mr. Vidor is full of temperament—full of dark, turning passageways in his soul that not even I have been able to penetrate.”

“However, he knows the problems of the actress. He is understanding. That’s what an actress needs. She doesn’t want to have to explain to her husband what has been going on at the studio that day, what has made her knees knock together and her head ring like a bell. My husband knows. He has the same troubles, himself. He is conciliatory, but doesn’t have to be consoled in time for the next day’s shooting so that he will be in form to give a good performance. He doesn’t act. He directs.”

There are plenty of Hollywood meanies who are only too willing to look upon this latest crop of marriages as a bumper harvest of weddings of convenience. Perhaps not in the truest sense of the marige de convenance, but as a union that assures its feminine member a well-appointed home, luxurious motors, social prestige, or, should separation later occur, a generous alimony.

The average actress does not kid herself that her top-notch earning capacity will go on forever. If she draws a weekly salary of five thousand dollars for forty weeks a year over a period of five years, she feels that she has had a fairly successful career. The same thing applies to an actor. Both realize, with the coming of crooks’ feet and sagging chins, that their heyday is well over. If they have saved their money and their investments have withstood the huffing and puffing of the recent Big, Bad Wolf, Depression, they face a comfortable future. If they haven’t—well that’s another story.

The idea of marriage to a reliable worker, with a steady job (he doesn’t have to be an executive), is daily growing more attractive to the high-powered sirens of the screen. Romance and pretty speeches are all right when the cameras are grinding, but it takes something more substantial to keep the soup kettle boiling.

Joan Married Man, Not Job

“WOUld have married George Barnes if he had been a street cleaner,” declares Joan Blondell, wed a year on January 4, 1934. And then adds in a sweeping afterthought, “If he had been a white wing or a millionaire.”

“No matter what George was, I would have married him. If he had been an actor, sure! I have nothing against actors as husbands. It so happened that I never fell in love with one—not during all the years, and all the musicals and road shows and stock companies I have been in. They make swell friends, actors. Some of my best friends are actors, but when I saw George Barnes grinding in back of those cameras on ‘The Greeks Had a Word for It,’ I knew he was my man. We would have been married immediately, if we hadn’t had to wait for his divorce.”

“You know, to me, kissing an actor is like kissing a door-knob. Loretta Young says she always falls in love with her leading man, gives a better performance, I suppose, because her love for him is the real thing; but as for me, if I fell in love with every leading man I played with, at the rate I make pictures for Warner Brothers, I’d be a wreck in two months.”

“Why is there a difference in our ages. George is thirty-nine. I am twenty-four. It doesn’t bother us. As I said before, I knew George was what I wanted in the way of a husband, it was my first marriage, and that was all that mattered.”

Jean Harlow followed Miss Blondell’s suit and married her cameraman. The marriage license gave the bride’s age as sixteen years less than her husband’s.

“I never think about age when I like a sultry blonde told me, “Your question why I married my husband is one of the hardest. I have ever had asked me,” she replied after a long pause. “You marry a person because you like him. That answers everything. If you say anything else, people misunderstand your statements.”

After all, I’m not young in experience. I think at my age, I know about the world and what I want from it, materially and matrimonially, than a college girl does, because I have been around considerably. I was just nineteen in my first marriage. My second was—tragic. Hal Rosson has proved exceptional in friendship. I am sure he will be the same in marriage.”

Non-Experts Are Best Woeers

A NOther reason set forth by Hollywoodians for these May-and-September marriages is that an older man is often more indulgent, more proficient in bringing up a beautiful young wife’s film life. Instead of being jealous of a rival career, as an actor-husband often is, he furthers it in every possible way. He is at once lover, adviser, helper. Knowing the prize that the Marriage God has dealt him, he is eager to cherish it. Often, too, his ways of wooing are superior to the girl’s.

Dorothy Jordan’s courtship by Merian C. Cooper is an example of this. Knowing his lack of fondness for pictures, Mr. Cooper arranged to have Miss Jordan board a ‘plane stop on a pre-marital trip to New York by an attendant carrying a bird in an old-fashioned cage, another canary, another love-bird. A less thoughtful admirer might have submitted prosaic gardenias or roses. Mr. Cooper said it with birds. What completely won Dorothy, if stories are correct, was the basket at her destination that brimmed with white orchids and wriggling white puppies.

“I think actors are less substantial than business men,” says Minna Gombell. “But the real reason why I married Joe Seton was because he could do more things than I could. I had to admire him for it. Before that, and I’ve had two other marriages, I have always had to ‘mother’ my husband. I’d come running to me with their troubles and I’d be left to iron them out.

“Joe is a banker, but he’s also an amateur scientist, and a swimmer, motor-racing, skis, skates, motor-manages his ranch in San Diego county and his home on Point Loma. He does everything so well that I couldn’t help but admire him."

“I spend my week-ends down there and he comes to my Hollywood apartment as often as he can. Why, do you know, I find myself not absolutely self-sufficient for the (Continued from page 20)
TEETH

whiter, more
lustrous

THE NEW VOGUE!

Firmer, healthier gums...a pure breath...all thanks to this remarkable new dentifrice that costs just half the price of many brands.

In Paris, they're tinting teeth to give them sparkling brilliance. American women—or at least 2 million of them—know that such an extreme is unnecessary. They have discovered that by changing to Listerine Tooth Paste they get naturally what Paris seeks by artificial means.

Teeth brushed faithfully with Listerine Tooth Paste soon acquire new whiteness, a higher polish and lustre. Thanks to a new polishing agent, this tooth paste removes film and discoloring stains with surprising speed. Yet the polishing ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste is softer than tooth enamel. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the teeth in any way.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste and learn these results. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel as your teeth gain new whiteness, new beauty. See how pleasantly refreshed your mouth is after each brushing; how pure your breath.

In just a few years, Listerine Tooth Paste has become the choice of fastidious women the country over. These women pay only 25¢ a tube, or less. Yet they use Listerine Tooth Paste because it gives them what they do not find in other tooth pastes at even twice the price.

Don't take our word about it. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. Find out for yourself just what it will do—why women prefer it to 50¢ brands. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

At last! Bristles can't come out!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH

with PERMA-GRIP

(U. S. PAT. No. 1471562)

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢
Katharine Hepburn Reveals Herself for the First Time!

(Continued from page 30)

Started Some Watchful Waiting

I KNOW that gag. She says that, and then she goes off. The picture is finished. She sneaks off to New York or somewhere and shakes the interviewers. Tell her it's no go. I know her, you know. I'm not going to eat her. Tell her we're here on the top of one of God's biggest mountains, together. There's only one hotel and we're both staying at it. I am in no hurry whatever. I'll surely wait.

I edged the car down that perilous three-mile grade to the hotel, praying that the car wouldn't decide to somersault. It would be just Hepburn's luck to have me eliminated by fate before she should get an opportunity to attempt it... How do they spell it? In Hollywood, we blame a hidden grapevine telegram. Up there, I could only credit the wind rustling softly through the pines. The needle had spilled all but three minutes of "shooting" in as many days; now, it had told each of the sixty-two members of the troupe about my presence. As they straggled into the hotel from the location, they smiled at me, rocking indolently on the hotel porch. "The betting is fifty-fifty. No odds on either of us. But you're welcome." She arrived at four, dressed in her mountain-girl calico and seated casually beside the chauffeur in the front seat—her maid and stand-ins and make-up woman in the rear of the limousine. She bounced from the car and dashed into the hotel kitchen to order tea. We were perhaps fifteen minutes from our location, and I was sitting on the running board. She pretended not to see me; I pretended not to see her. Of course, I saw her eye roll; I was under no illusion. "Anyone have tea?" she yelled, so that the wild deer, scampering on the mountain ranges, could have accepted the invitation, had they desired, slept. I did not hear. "Come on, everybody. There's plenty."

She's One With the Crowd

The prop boys and electricians crowded around. She poured for them; she dished in to get extra cups for them. I fought back a sense of antagonism and managed to get my dog safely onto her lap. She was not only hostess to this troupe; she was one of them. I tried to picture Garbo, whom I had never seen; I believed she was standing there, legs apart, head thrown back, a combination of tomboy and woman—exchanging sallies with those who worked for her.

"All aboard!" It was Director Cronwell calling. Katharine pranced to another car, not twenty-five feet before me. "Oh, hello, I hear you're stalling me. Now, I'm going to see just how long I can keep you up here. It's a game—" "You aren't running out on me, are you?" I challenged, as she clambered in beside another chauffeur. "Oh, no. We'll be back for dinner. Just give me a couple of minutes."

"I suppose I should follow you, but this chair is too comfortable—"

She laughed, waved her hand. "Well, have a little lunch and dinner."

I was in the dining room early. Two hours passed. I became frightened. Mountain hotels are expensive, and I had to be careful. The hall in the world was a blur, because time meant money. Perhaps this idea of a mountain-top interview wasn't so bright as I had thought. I bought a couple of films and slipped out to the manager. "Oh, no, Miss Hepburn never has her meals served in her bungalow," she said. "It's taken care of in the main dining room with everybody. We've never had a star up here on location who is as democratic. Last night she played volley ball and everyone's gone away with the prize of twenty-five dollars each night."--

Not Out to Make Enemies

As I turned away from the desk, I ran squarely into her. She laughed, "Hello!", and held out her hand. "Come and have dinner with us," she said. "You've met the manager, I know. You've wittered me, you know, Outfoxed me. What can I do up here? I could lock myself up in my bungalow, couldn't I? What would you do, then? But that would make me discursive. I'm not discursive by nature, you know. I like to make people and have them like me. You were right about after-the-picture; you're a pro. You saw through that. I say that and then go away the moment the picture is finished. Well, here we are. You chased me to the top of a mountain. I can't jump off. What do you want?"

"I want to know something about your personal life. Where, you came from.—Your life-story, perhaps."

"I'll never give that. Never!" Her eyes gleamed; her lips trembled. "No, wait, I shouldn't say that. Perhaps I will. I've got to make a decision about this publicity business. haven't I? I have to reach a conclusion. I—Oh, don't you see? It doesn't seem as though I could talk about myself. It—"

"But don't you think, Katharine Hepburn, that you owe something to the public? A test was made in a certain city recently, asking the girls of that city whom they wanted to read about and the vote was for you. They pay to see your pictures. You owe them something."

"But do I owe them all of myself? My life is down in here." She flung a wide hand on a wide table. "I can't go to your pictures. Don't you see?—that's mine. That's me. I can't talk about it. Why don't you leave me alone?"

"Are you trying to imitate Garbo? There is only one Garbo, you know. No one can imitate her."

"If I keep still, I am imitating Garbo. If I think too much, I'm imitating.—(naming another famous actress). "If I wear pants, I'm copying Dietrich. What difference does it make?"

Defies Films to Change Her

HOLLYWOOD tries to make each person into a set pattern. Well, it can't cut me to a pattern. All I have is myself, my own personality, I have moods. Well, they're mine. Why should I change them?—"If I don't feel like having my picture taken at the tennis matches, why should I? If I feel like putting my hands over my face, why shouldn't I?" At another time, I may want to have my picture taken. If I feel like it, I will. I'll probably be ready for more poses than they want.

"I'm not interested in life for Hollywood or publicity, and I never will. Why should I change my personality?—It's all I have. I've always been honest with it, done what it demanded of me. I'm putting up these stunts on the train to burst into Hollywood—it's ridiculous. I've acted as I've always acted, I've done as I feel like doing—just as if you'd slipped out to the manager. "Oh, no, Miss Hepburn reveals herself for the first time!"
told me, an interviewer. “I will not be anything but myself for anybody!”

At luncheon she said, “I’m sorry, I can’t give you that story now. Perhaps when I come back, I simply don’t feel like talking about myself. When I have been away for six or seven months, when I don’t feel everyone is trying to make me over—but I will promise you this. No one else will get that story. You, alone, shall have it!”

“I have not made up my mind entirely. It’s like the little boy last night. I had never been to a preview of one of my pictures. I went to ‘Little Women’ because I knew I could stand up to it. It is a director-picture, made by George Cukor. I knew it was good. I was not afraid to see it. I have always been afraid before.

“When I came out, by the side entrance—a little chap ran up to me. ‘Please sign your name for me, Miss Hepburn.’

‘I never sign autographs, sonny.’

“But please. I found you back here!”

He was so disappointed. And then he said, “If I catch you again, will you sign it?” And I promised, but told him I’d never catch me again.

“You’re ten cents will?”

“I told him if he caught me again I’d give autograph, but give him fifty cents! And he bounded away—happy.”

Summing Her Up

I LAUGHED. And I felt somewhat like the little boy. I did not urge her to give me the story, then. I did not ask her for further assurance. Like that child, I believed her and—went away happy. Her word meant more to me than the signature of most people. And I had reached my own conclusions about this baffling Hepburn woman. I was ready with my answer to that constant question, “What kind of woman is Katharine Hepburn?” Here it is: Katharine Hepburn is not beautiful, if you think only of appearance. Her face is a natural playground for innumerable freekles. But it is also a mirror that reflects what seems to be an almost exaggerated personality. The power that we so loosely call “personality” comes at you so swiftly, when you meet her, that you feel as though you had been literally struck. You feel the power of temper, also, the moment you meet her. Although she may show no sign of it whatever, you know that she has it. You tempt to arouse it just for the excitement that you are certain it will bring you.

She is educated and intelligent. She can switch from English to French to German. I have heard her use expressions from all three languages in quick succession in an unguarded moment. She’s a Bryn Mawr girl and she has a family tree. You don’t have to investigate her long or fine, but slightly eccentric New England ancestry to prove it. You instinctively feel it. If she were a filly on a racetrack, you’d feel forced to place your bet on her, even though you didn’t know a thing about her sire or her dam. You’d know what they went from her majestic independence and slightly contemptuous indifference.

And Katharine Hepburn is exactly the same at the top of the mountain as she is in a low, crowded valley. The top-of-the-world does not awe her; neither does the bottom.

“The whole town of Hollywood isn’t going to take myself away from me!” she shouted. I believe her.

Did You Know That?

Katharine’s stay on the stage looks as if it would be a long one—because of her tremendous popularity in New York, because the play, “The Lake,” was a great hit in London, and because she doesn’t have to return to Hollywood until June 1, 1934, according to her contract?
Hollywood Follies of 1933

Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan. They aren't the partying type; they keep pretty much to themselves—and, unashamedly, they often arrive at other people's parties. But when they do, they're designed to grab some publicity by being seen with them.

And Ed Wynn is positive that he committed a frivolity—and maybe a folly—in signing up as a moon pitcher star. He got one look at the preview of his picture and threw it up. Afterward, before, said he had been in a show that wasn't a Wynn. Soooo, back to the radio he went...

Those statements by Jean Harlow, following her recent fling with John Hodiak, Rosson, such as "He Is My Man" and "We stood under a giant cactus in the moonlight and looked at one another and suddenly we knew it was to be." Or words very much, I am afraid, to that effect.

Almost Overlooked Home Talent

And then there was that expensive folly—a hundred-eighty-six hundred girls, trying to find the right girl to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland"—when she was in Hollywood all the time, in the person of Charlotte Henry. And still the beauty contests and talent searches go—outside of Hollywood. They keep on looking for "those rare birds in a sea rough in every place except the diamond mine.

Katharine Hepburn descending from her de luxe car on the RKO lot, wearing a knickerbocker suit, such as our grandmother used to make and wear, said,风景如画 that the Hepburn threat by means of a huge safety pin. Also, the name of frivolity, wearing red felt slippers.

The high folly of the powers-that-be, trying to make Diamond Lil genteel and tinned and sentimental.

The censoring and supervision of recent interviews given by the come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime gal. On one occasion, Mae took a lady interviewer motoring with her. The conversation was going on apiece, when the lady interviewer became conscious that Mae was discussing in an excited conversation into the speaking tube of the car, so that, my innocents, her chauffeur could be a witness to what she had said. They'll be putting Mae in a cage for interfering with her "in Dinsmore." She was nominated by some wag for the title role of "Alice in Wonderland," I think I know.

The bright folly of M-G-M in hiring Max Adelbert Baer—despite the fact that screen audiences had never gone gooey about a prize-fighting he-man before Max and Mae—and what a team they would make! Gary Cooper's 'engagements'—to Judith Allen, to Lilan Harvey, to Carole Lombard, to Sandra Shaw, etcetera.

Ely Culbertson's not-so-grand slams at Hollywood and his bridge-playing ability. And the folly of Hollywood in not tossin' those words and let the return of the crack. Hollywood, in other words, hit the bait.

A Joke on the Reporters

REPORTERS going hopefully (?) to Joan Bennett to dig up a rumored divorce story, only to discover that Joan is inpertinent to them.

 Certain producers who asked eighteen-dollar-a-week stenogos to take a fifty cent cut in salary and then threw the sop that they, themselves, were taking a fifty per cent cut on their own half-million yearly salaries, thus leaving them a scant quarter of a million per annum to get along on. Which, as everyone knows, can barely be done.

The Fairbankses, Senior and Junior, turning their by-this-time Bond Street backs on dear old Hollywood, going phooey to the chance of moving there and going Mayfair and Prince-of-Wales-ish on us all.

Imitation Mae Westa, Don't try it, girls. No one will come up 'n' see you any time. But some who look at them are going in for folly turn out to be wise. For example, the countryliving in ma 'Cavalcade.' The British said that Noel Coward committed a shocking folly in selling it to Hollywood, that Hollywood would ruin it. The British Isles alone have already paid the cost of the picture; receipts from the rest of the world are profi. And the "wise ones" shook their heads when they heard Warners were going to try to revive musicals with "2nd Street."

But consider Hollywood weddings and funerals at which ex-lovers, ex-husbands and ex-treme fools play the parts of ushers, best men or pall-bearers, as the particular occasion demands.

And divorced couples who have been divorced, we are assured, because they are just too congenial for words, have the greatest love-handles in the air and friendship for one another, but just cannot it, must be assumed, manage to live together under one roof, sharing one heating apparatus and stupid. There must be some reason. Can't they be primitive?

What If She Does Wear 'Em?

MARLENE DIETRICH's mannish clothes. Are they ridiculous or prophetic? Either way, the rest of the world made itself familiar with her "lock of innocence" and "caucasian." Her picture, of course, may very well transcend.

Mrs. Dietrich is being taken up and temporarily quitting his promising career because, it was reported, Frances Dee deeded herself to another. Her new husband, a jester. Sometimes it folly to be wise.

Mae West okaying a story written by one of her henchmen in which she is quoted as saying something to the effect that she didn't advise anyone to act like Mae West or—Abraham Lincoln! Well, they've both been Great Emancipators! Paramount players who are so scant green to have Baby Le Roy in a picture with them—Baby Le Roy, the most feared player on any set in the world. One blubber out of him and a scene is stolen.

The sentence, "Come up 'n' see me sometime"—it's driving the whole world mad. And "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?!? will put the world and his wife in a padded cell.

Judith Allen selected from the midst of hundreds of girls for her "look of innocence." A month or so later, it was discovered that Judith was the wife of the large and muscular wrestler, Gus Sonnenberg, and was, too, boot, on the ring.

The fact that the most popular person at all Hollywood parties is—the photographer. Social scandals are forgotten, groups are dispersed, while the stars trip each other up to get before the lens.

Margarita Sullavan, of "Only Yesterday" fame, going on the radio interview. Margaret sleeps all over the lot, even napping on a sound track. Her unofficial title: "The Sleeping Beauty."

Metro's letting Nils Asther's contract lapse.

Jean Harlow getting stuck in the cement, when in order to leave her footprints in Grauman's Chinese Theatre (Hollywood's own Hall of Fame).

George Raft telling an interviewer that he would "rather drive a taxi than be a star," Tch! Tch!

John1311lach Winchell because of a scenario he had allegedly written—thus giving said scenario all kinds of publicity.

The Most Dangerous Folly

STARS who have endangered their lives by working while ill—they have committed the folly of all. Claudette Colbert rose from an appendectomy one week after going under the knife and boarded a steamer for Hawaii to make "Four Frightened People," accompanied by a trained nurse who could un-stitch her. Clark Gable returned to work too soon after a tonsillectomy, an appendectomy and a merry-go-round, "I beat me up all over that flat-teristic collapse. Gary Cooper worked through "Design for Living" with a bad case of "Hitler's painful eye infection." Marlene Dietrich returned to work for "The Song of Songs" three days after she was thrown from her horse, suffering a brain concussion and a dislocated knee.\n
Phillips Holmes completed a picture, during the making of which he was so badly smashed up in an automobile accident that he had to use a skin graft and paint make-up to conceal his injuries.

Pictures with kidnapping as a theme—e.g., "The Mad Game" and "Miss Face of Baby Is Loosed." The folly of enlightening amateur criminals about the snatch-racket, without showing how kidnappers can't win—it's the Federal forces relentlessly tracking them down.

Sylvia Sidney's walk-out while working in the Chevalier picture. Conceive, my good women, of a lady named Madge Maurice! Folly sometimes transcends itself.

Alice White's account of how John Warburton hurled himself and one or two in the T-Bird and "bevied me up all over that flat-teristic collapse."

The way press-agents try to kid the Good Old Public. Saying, for example, that Charlotte Henry is seventeen, though she was fourteen in 1929. When asked how she entered the movies, claiming that all the lasses in " Eskimo" were really natives—not Chinese beauties from Hollywood.

A Classic of Criticism

THE producer who sent for a screen test of Otto Kruger. The test showed a one-reel "Lamb's" Club skit, with Otto bur-lesquing Jekyll and Hyde and wearing an obviously preposterous dress suit, rented for the occasion. The producer wired back, "N. G. on Kruger—he can't wear clo-phys-

... The numerous alleged "love-lives" of Clark Gable. The man has only twenty-four hours to his days and nights, even as you and I and Maxie Baer.

The folly of hiring brunettes to play blonde rôles, and vice versa.


With John1311lach Winchell because of his glorious "folly" in paying himself a salary of only one hundred and fifty dollars a week—which, apparently, is pleasant to live on, even in Hollywood—and turning the rest of the profits back into the business.
Pshaw for Shaw

GEORGE BERNARD Shaw's visit to Hollywood—and his broadside at it. He said it would be ten years before Hollywood would be fit to film one of his plays—and then sold it “The Devil’s Disciple.” The star will be John Barrymore, who was snubbed when he asked for an autograph.

The belief of Eastern stars, on the day of the earthquake, that they committed a folly in letting themselves be lured to the Sun-Kissed Coast.

The relief of the timid stars, with the advent of repeat—to think that they wouldn't have to worry about photographers concealed behind potted plants at parties, all ready to “shot” them with goblets in their hands.

The costume parties that have become a vogue and a nuisance—such as Come-As-The-Star-You-Like-Best-Or-Least parties, farmers' parties, Bowery parties—based on the notion that stars like to dress up and be cute. They don't.

The stoppage of work at all studios, the afternoon that Southern California played Stanford, so that those who couldn't go could listen.

Then there was that publicity squib, headlined "Polyandry is Comedy Basis of New Film," which went on to say, without a quaver, "Polyandry, the system under which a woman is mated to two or more men at the same time, is being charmingly diverted into comedy channels at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, where a picture dealing with that interesting theme is now being produced." Wonder if they'll give Kiddies' Matinées of this "interesting theme." It's so sweet and gentle and sorta uplifting.

Paramount contributed another naughty nifty, when an inspired publicity writer sent forth this pithy paragraph to a weary world: "Sexually hot Mae West, sex-queer sexpert expert of the screen, sex-exploited sex still has America sexcited—"

The scenario writers took a Roman holiday, too. Just ponder over Myrna Loy's unambiguous position in "The Princess and the Lady," Frances Dee's predilections in "Blood Money," Miriam Hopkins' jolly status in "Design for Living," Ruth Chatterton's little habits in "Female." Are such things follies when the "sex-citable" (they've even got as doing it) adolescents gaze admiringly upon them, or are they follies?

Cellophane costumes for chorus girls.

"When, if ever, Garbo laughs—that should be news." Thus reads a recent publicity blurb from the M-G-Mers. It would appear that, in "Queen Christina," there is a scene where Garbo gallops down a mountainside, discovers John Gilbert's carriage stuck in the snow-clogged road, and is supposed to roar with laughter at his predicament. Garbo refused to laugh, said she had never laughed aloud in any picture and couldn't begin now. Director Mamoulian just had to have that laugh—and maybe he recalled that if you tickle the soles of a baby's feet, it will gurgle. Anyway, just as Greta galloped down the road for the scene, ten "Spaniards" who were also present whirled around, faced her and made the most gosh-awful mugs ever mugged by any mugger—and GARBO LAUGHED! If you don't believe that this cataclysm of Nature really occurred, watch for it in "Queen Christina."

The publicity blurb blurs further: "Thus motion picture history was made— with Greta Garbo's first public laugh!"

We can't top this one. We'll have to wait for the 1934 crop...
Why Adrienne and Bruce Risked All for Romance

(Continued from page 60)

years ago by her recently divorced husband, Stephen Ames, millionaire New York broker. Less than six months before Adrienne divorced Mr. Ames in Minden, Nevada, she and Bruce Cabot met for the first time. It was during the filming of the picture, "Disgraced," at Paramount. Adrienne was playing opposite the production and Cabot had been borrowed from RKO for the leading male part. That meeting was the inception of their romance, which culminated in marriage on October 31 in Carlsbad, New Mexico, the birthplace of Cabot, who was christened Jacques de Bujac.

Defied the Old Traditions

THEIR unbroken companionship for almost six months, coupled with a visit to Hollywood during that time by Stephen Ames, which lent dramatic emphasis to a situation that was fraught with suspense and intensity, placed them in the spotlight of sensational publicity. Just the kind of publicity that film players usually avoid until their success and fame are fairly well established. Both Adrienne and Bruce were just at the threshold of careers.

That they were courageous and daring cannot be denied. And that their faith in each other survived the perils of a Notoriety that would have proved disastrous to most couples under similar circumstances certainly should demonstrate that their devotion to each other is of sturdy fiber.

I don't believe that Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames could have carried their romance to a happy ending in Hollywood four or five years ago. In that earlier day, their defiance of tradition, and their willingness to take the consequences, would have ostracized them professionally. Their spirit would not have been interpreted as representing fortitude so much as disregarding one of filmland's unwritten commandments—the one about not obliging impulses until thinking how it would look in print. Emotions were to be masked. What the public didn't know wouldn't hurt the stars, themselves, etc. But this is a franker, more honest day. Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have proved it.

I called on the newlyweds a day or two before they left on their honeymoon trip, and I'm going to tell you what they told me about themselves and their romance and marriage, so that you will know the whole dramatic story. It was a story that they started to tell, strangely enough, after my observing to Bruce that he had cynical and penetrating eyes.

Loves Her for Her Courage

"YOU'RE right!" he said. "I pride myself on my cynicism. I was born with a parallel of which I am to my Indian and French blood. The rest of it I cultivated through the experience of being double-crossed many times in life by men and women. There aren't many people who can be trusted, or who are worth trusting if they could be."

One of the reasons why I love Adrienne as I do is because she is one of the few 'square' people in the world. She's honest and she has the courage of her convictions. That's a rarity, but it was rare back four or five months ago. And if she hadn't had that courage, we wouldn't be married right now."

"Her fine qualities of character made me say to myself, 'I must have her.' "

Any man would be. But it was fate, and there was nothing to be done about it. The moment I first saw Adrienne on the set of that picture we made together, I fell in love with her. I knew that she was the woman I wanted to be my wife. The cards were stacked against us pretty high for a long while, and more than once it looked as if the whole deck would go down under its own weight, but we stuck together. And it has been worth it. I'd go through the whole business again to-morrow.

"Get me straight on this. I never had any respect, at any time, for any man who was in the position I happened to be in when I first fell in love with Adrienne. I often told her so. It's nothing any man with any common decency wants to face. It's a heavy load. You realize that the misunderstanding world has you sized up as a trespasser; but that's not as tough as your own opinion of yourself."

"Right in this room a couple of months ago, just as you and Adrienne and I are sitting together, my wife and Stephen Ames and myself sit together and talked things over."

"Ames said: 'We're three civilized people. We ought to be able to discuss our complex situation sanely.' And he was right about that. We did.

Why They Didn't 'Elope"

"THE day after Adrienne got her final papers in Nevada she met me in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where we were married, with members of her family and an aunt and uncle of mine, whom I think the world of, as attendants."

At that juncture of the conversation Adrienne interrupted by saying:

"You probably wonder why we went all the way to Carlsbad to be married—why we didn't 'elope' to Yuma or Las Vegas, or one of many other popular places where film people go for quick ceremonies. We wanted to get away from just that very thing. Our marriage meant too much to us, we had fought too hard for it, not to have it performed in the right sort of setting, with our own relatives taking part, and giving us the kind of send-off that Bruce and I believe in."

"If we had dashed into some out-of-the-way town in the middle of the night and had routed out a Justice of the Peace to marry us, almost the next minute after my divorce, both Bruce and I would have felt that we were getting a wrong start on something that has been, and we hope always will be, very sacred to us."

"Anyway, we're both very clannish. We enjoy our relatives and stay close to them. Bruce's mother died when he was a tiny boy and his father passed on also when he was very young. That's why he is so devoted to his aunt and uncle in Carlsbad. They are wonderful people, in the first place; and besides, they're his only blood relatives in the world. I realize that many people don't have a great deal of sentiment about families, but I'm happy that Bruce and I do. There isn't a lot worth while in life besides this."

"I am so happy in my marriage with Bruce because I have never known the true meaning of friendship and happiness before in my life. I am going to do everything in the world to make a success of our marriage, and while it sounds like a lot of bunk, I really mean that I would give up Hollywood and any film career at any time just for Bruce."

Two years ago and long before that, the only thing important to me was a career in pictures. To-day the only thing that really matters is my love for Bruce."

I asked Bruce what he would have done in case Adrienne had not received her
pretentious home in part settlement of her divorce. After all, he is not yet making the income that he undoubtedly will in the near future—an income that would modestly approximate the mode and manner in which she has been accustomed to living. Before he had a chance to reply, Adrienne frankly stated:

"I am very happy to have the opportunity to make myself clear on that point right now, and Bruce can speak for himself later. Luxury is something every woman in the world loves, and I am certainly no exception. However, it is still, in a measure, new to me. Compared with the long years of leanness, of doing without things I wanted and needed, I assure you it seems a very short time that I have lolled in lavishment. I've never forgotten those meagre periods. And I pride myself on having enough adaptability to fit into any pattern of living."

One has only to look into the clear, frank, blue-gray eyes of Adrienne Ames and observe the firm line of her jaw to be convinced that she means what she says. And for a woman of her youthful years she has had wide contrasts of living. Cabot is her third husband. Her first marriage occurred in her home-town, Fort Worth, Texas, just after she left high school. She has a young daughter of nine years by that marriage, who lives with her mother in Hollywood.

From Texas she came to Hollywood seven or eight years ago and first tried her luck in pictures, without success. Her next move was to New York, where she planned to study interior decorating. It was during that period that she met Stephen Ames and married into great wealth, and two years ago, with his backing, she returned to Hollywood with a film contract. A fast-moving, dramatic and colorful existence.

Not Worried About Future

As for Cabot, his career has been highlighted by a previous marriage to a wealthy Chicago girl, daughter of a paper manufacturer. He has at various times been a ranch hand, an oil-field worker, in contrast to living in fashionable style in Paris with an uncle who was a member of one of the biggest banking houses in France. He learned to fight for his rights on board a tramp steamer, he was paid to help objectionable guests depart from night-clubs, and he has demonstrated his ability to battle fast and effectively for his place in the Hollywood sun.

"Nobody ever need worry about Adrienne and me, " he said, picking up the thread of Adrienne's remark about adaptability. "We'll get along and we don't need her elegant home to make us happy. As a matter of fact, as soon as we get back from our honeymoon we'll probably change our living quarters to less pretentious ones.

"I hope things keep up as well for me in pictures as they look at present. If they do, tomorrow will be taken care of. And if they don't, there's nothing to get excited about. There are lots of other places besides Hollywood and there's more work to be done in the world besides pictures. I've always made a living and I'm confident enough in myself to believe I always will."

"As far as Adrienne and I are concerned, our biggest interest of the moment is that we're crazy about each other. Our love has been put to the severest kind of tests, and we're not much bothered about whether it will stand up against any more trials. We know it will. And that's all that's important!"

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames represent the new, young order in Hollywood. You can't ignore their courage, and you can't do anything but wish them well.

Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS

She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness without risking that painted look

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl." So meet the girl men want to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE-ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to you. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary 'Paint' lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee.

Don't be switched!
Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

Get Tangee today—39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.


UNTCHED—Lips look untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.
PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.
TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.
times. It is no strange territory to her. . . .

She is entertained and sought after by the most social of the socialites of New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. Visiting parties of every station in life wish to meet Marie when they come to America. She sold more Liberty Bonds during the World War drive than any other one individual. Ninety million dollars' worth is the figure, I believe. And she paid for all of her strong-willed, imaginative campaign by herself, out of her own pocket.

Marie once had a home in New England. It wasn't a personal home, as Lionel Barry- more pointed out in the speech he made at her birthday dinner (which was broadcast to the world). It was a home for all the indigent, down-and-out and needy folk of the theatre, from a fallen star to the vagrant charwoman who had ever scrubbed a stage floor.

On her birthday, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave her a birthday bouquet the like of which has probably never occurred before in the annals of the theatre. Three mammoth sound stages were converted into a bazaar, and a tremendous program. Eight hundred and fifty persons were present, persons eminent in every walk of life. Governor Rolph of California came from the shanghaied stage door. And when Marie entered the hall, she did so on the arm of the Governor, as eight hundred and fifty people rose to their feet and the band played "Auld Lang Syne."

Will Rogers made a speech at that dinner. His concluding lines hold all the truth you need to know about Hollywood's First Citizen. They tell the complete story of why she is our First Citizen. He said, in effect: "When you were down, Marie, you never whined; and when you were up—you never forgot."

There wasn't a dry eye in that vast assemblage when Will sat down. There wasn't a murmur of sound. There was only a vast throng looking at a stoutish, funny-pathetic, elderly lady to whom a world was paying homage.

What It Means to Her

I WENT to have tea with Marie. The First Citizen was in bed, heavy with lung fungus and fatigue. I sat beside the vast, low bed over which hangs, framed, the picture of the woman who was her dearest friend. A wood fire burned on the generous hearth. The late afternoon sun flung a kindly glow over the glared chintzes and the pale green rug, pooled its rosy fingers into the little sun-room through the bedroom door. Marie sits and darns and sews. . . . From the room itself, from all over the house, up and down the stairways, in every nook and cranny, rose the breaths of millions of flowers—"each flower," said Marie, "the thought of a friend. . . ."

I asked, "How does it feel, Marie? To be First Citizen, I mean? Tell me honestly what it feels like—all this honor—all of this tribute.

Marie said, her eyes filling with tears, her head drooping. "It has always been a funny-pathetic story of her. "It means just this to me, dear—that at last, after years and years, actors and actresses have come into their own. The way we will. Again. For years we have been treated like mountebanks and clowns, called upon to do our acts when we could help, pushed back to the parapets when we were through with us. I feel that—this—all of this—is the first real recognition of our value to human society. Not mine—OURS.

"I said in my birthday dinner speech that I accepted that great tribute in behalf of my fellow actors and actresses and especially those who have worked long years without recognition, with long hours and small pay, on their social obligations. For years we have worked to make the world overlook that one accords a trained seal or a flea circus.

"For this, the actors have never been recognized financially, except when they were needed. Ever of a purchase movement has been afoot, someone has suggested getting an actor or an actress to perform for the cause to get things started. And I have never known one of my people to refuse such a request. Why, they couldn't even have a war without us!"

A Life-Long Dream Fulfilled

"I HAVE always felt this very keenly. And so, all of this that has happened to me has completely fulfilled a dream of mine. I have room at all. It has happened to my people, to my profession. It is the fulfillment of a life-long dream."

"I can't tell you, dear, how I have longed for the day when my profession would be accorded the dignity, the worth-whileness, the place in the sun given to the medical and legal professions. I have always dreamed of the day when Governors and Presidents and executives and professional people of all callings would honor an actor as they have honored our science and explorers and aviators and scientists and college professors. That day has come and I am happy, if I have been happen in my life before. I am happy as one is happy who espouses a forlorn cause a life through and, as the end draws near, sees that cause triumphant.

"And so, when I visit the White House, when my friends in New York give testimonial dinners for me, when I am asked to speak on a cause of Mrs. Roosevelt's over the air, when Mr. Mayer gives me a great dinner and Governor Rolph comes down to be my guest—it means to me that my profession has achieved the recognition and standing of all the illustrious and dignified professions in the world. . . ."

"You want to know what this happened? It was a piece of magic. She said, "Seeing makes hard believing, doesn't it? Well, dear, really I believe it has come to me because I have never in my life done anything to bring down criticism or disgrace on my profession. I've always played close to human nature. I've taken funny licks and retained social standing and heart interest because, they tell me, they laugh when I fall, but they also feel sorry for me—"I think it may be because I love people and love beggars, love, that's all. And because, most of all, I love my own people, the people in my profession. The old-timers who have given their lives to the theatre. The young ones who are just beginning. And because I have loved them so dearly, perhaps my love has helped a little in the way of which I spoke.

Often "Broke," But Never Bent

"I THINK it may be because I have been one with my people in crying "Down with the racket!" that I didn't take the suggestion that I am. I don't know what I'm talking about. We all do. We've all been down-and-out, time and time again, and never knew what to do. Then this crisis we are living through and passing out of now is only one of many similar crises in our lives. There was a stretch of nine years when I lived in Europe because it was cheaper and because not one manager wanted me. They treated me as if I were nobody. I got to be a unknown, and I couldn't get a job. We have a fierce and loyal pride, you see, and that is one of the many reasons why we do belong on a par with dignity and recognition and respect.

"We don't squawk. We don't go about pitting our poverty against the rich people. We are just beginning to discover what we are worth. And we have been a long time ever since we were strung in our first tank town. People have yowled because they've had to cut down on their gasoline. We had to cut out our daily bread many and daily a time.

"And it's not the people who are earning their livings who are squawking now, either. It's the people who are stealing their livings. People who don't do necessary work, honest work, hard work—soft people. My people are not the poor people who are 'talking poor.' It's the millionaires. They aren't piling up the millions as they used to do. They don't make any money any more than we ever did. This crisis is completely over. It has given them an excuse to economize to the limit.

"We never economize—we of the theatre. We spend when we have it and we spend when we don't have it. We live like kings and queens while we may and die like paupers if we have to. To-day, even famine, but To-morrow is just over the horizon. Patriotism was another thing that gave the millionaires an excuse to economize during the War. They saved till it hurt and came out of it richer than before—in dollars and cents.

Her Code for Living

DON'T save—SPEND. Folks haven't got pockets in their shrouds. Send flowers to the living; don't wait till they are dead. Give away your heart while it is beating in your breast. You can't give it when you are going to die.

"I don't know, dear, that I've explained it all very well. But I just feel that this has come to me because I've loved the world and all the people in it. And the President in the White House, bless his immortal spirit, to the little flower girl at the Ritz who remembered my birthday."

"Marie didn't win Fame by singing 'Aida.' She sang 'Heaven Will Protect the Working Goil.' Marie didn't star in dramas by Moliere or Dunsany. She starred in 'Tillie's Nipper.' And she was the man in New York, unknown to her personally, sent her for a birthday gift a cameo of his dead wife's. He wrote, "It was her most prized possession. She knew, not that she would rather you have it than anyone else. You've brought so much happiness to the world. . . . A mother and three little babies were blessing Marie the day before yesterday because, when she happened to read in the papers that a wretched landlord had evicted them, she had them reinstalled and threatened to barricade his house, herself, if he tried it again. . . .

"Marie Dressler's birthday is a National Event because she has played, her life through, the greatest of all great roles—that of a Great Woman. Whether on Broadway or on the sidewalks of London or New York, Marie always knew the proper tone in some tank town, that role has remained the same. Some call it LOVE.
TheMovieCircus
(Continuedfrompage10)

MIXINGdrinksisone thing, but blending perfume is another. Recently Adrienne Ames, Joan Bennett, Ginger Rogers and Loretta Young permitted Parfumeur Chelle to blend them some "personality perfumes." Pleased with the results (which may be bought at your favorite drug store) Adrienne named hers "Temptation," Joan called hers "Serenade," Ginger "Satans Holiday" and Loretta "My Darling."

A Chelle representative approached Lupe Velez with the same offer. "Perfume?" shrieked Lupe, putting a hand to her stomach, the other to her brow, rolling her eyes heaven-ward. "Perfume makes me sick! I never use eet."

THE liquor question, which seems to occupy our thoughts, has its sober side. Victor Jory tells of an actor friend who had a phone call the other night from his bootlegger's wife.

"I've been told that you dilute my husband's Scotch when you serve it to your friends," she said. "You've got to stop doin' it. You're ruinin' his reputation."

Shame-facedly, the man said he would. It wasn't the principle of the thing, he told Jory later, but it was the spirits.

REFERING still to the interesting problem of the moment, we must tell you about the studio at which production was halted for some hours on a film which we steadfastly refuse to name. The male star had been on what is known as a "binge" the night before and somewhere on his exalted tour he had removed his teeth, for comfort, and had forgotten them.

An irritated assistant director found them, about noon, sullenly waiting in salt water at a fashionable night spot. They snapped at him when he approached, he reports.

THE mention of night spots, leads us to Dorothy Mackail's gay skirmish with the Brown Derby waiter.

"Please, Miss Mackail," he solicitously asked, "do you mind if I take the telephone, now that you have finished using it?"

Dorothy was supping in one of those tricky booths and the phone had been brought to her.

"I should say not," she answered, magnanimously. "Take it away and have it stuffed if you want!"

MISS MACKAIL may have her little joke, but we must remember that Hollywood has its serious-minded persons, too. There's Russell Simpson who says he wouldn't take anything, not even, we presume, an autographed Mae West book (of course, silly!), for his fifteen volumes of Elbert Hubbard.

And the Chinese concert singer, Quon Ti, wife of Director Harry Lachman, has an interesting diversion. She follows the auctions. Recently she was the purchaser, we are informed, of a handsome old ivory bedroom set. It had twin beds, each head upholstered with crushed strawberry velvet; a love seat, ornately upholstered; and a full length mirror.

Said an onlooker: "You are going to have a number of interesting pieces in your home."

"Oh, that's for my maid's room!" Quon Ti is alleged to have replied, availing her silks in departure.

"Step right up,
LADIES and GEN'M'N"

HAVE you ever heard a street-corner medicine man hawking his wares? Confess. Weren't you tempted to buy by his persuasive talk? Why didn't you? Wasn't it because you could feel no real confidence in his product? Wasn't that because, though he was here today, you didn't know where he'd be tomorrow?

How differently you feel when you buy an advertised product. Here is no human personality to persuade you. But, instinctively, you know you can trust the word of "The salesman in type." Manufacturers and merchants who advertise are permanent. They stand back of their products! They spend millions of dollars to determine your needs and to perfect products that will satisfy those needs. Unlike the medicine man, their business is built on your continued goodwill.

Research laboratories, with the wealth and resources of great industries behind them, are constantly seeking to invent and improve things to make your life simpler and pleasanter. They bring their discoveries to you in the advertisements. Advertised merchandise is merchandise of quality. Merchandise you can depend on. Let the advertisements teach you what's new and good. Let the advertisements guide you in spending your money wisely. Step right up, ladies and gen'm'n!"
STOP CONSTIPATION

THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

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

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

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

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 35c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1720 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name.............................................
Address...........................................
City..................................................
State.............................................

The Stars Want Your Advice!
(Continued from page 63)

Yes, the stars want your advice. They not only listen to it, they take it. They are ready to change their faces, habits, names and even their boy-friends—as well as their roles—in an effort to please you. So, to make it simpler for you to contact them, they are going to run an Advice-to-Movie-Stars Department.

Every month, we shall publish pertinent excerpts from your letters, containing sincere and well-meaning suggestions and protests addressed to your favorites. We feel so sure that they will make full use of your advice than you are to give it to us that we shall see to it that your letters are placed in their hands. The only stipulation we make is that your advice be of a character that can really be followed. It must be the kind of counsel that you would give to a star if you were talking with him (or her) and he asked you, as a friend, for frank and honest suggestions or criticisms.

Showing You What We Mean

To show you what we mean, we shall start the ball rolling, ourselves, by offering some bits of advice to several stars this month. They are written in all sincerity and friendship for the stars whose lives we shall pretend to be in their shoes and who we know will treat your advice as you would if you were going to give it to them. But, most of all, we want you to see whether it is more likely to be effective to speak your mind to a star or to a friend.

SHOWING YOU WHAT WE MEAN

Sally May Change Name

AND Sally Blane is listening to the advice of her friends. It seems as though she has been getting her mixed up with another girl of the same first name. When Sally Rand's fan dance at the Century of Progress began to agitate Chicago authorities, Sally Blane's publicist started begging her to put on her clothes and put away the "horrid" fan. At first Sally thought the whole misunderstanding was funny, but as the days passed and the unclad cuticle of Miss Rand began to draw more and more publicity of a sensational nature, the situation became serious. Hundreds of letters filled with well-meaning advice poured in on Loretta Young's sister. Sally remembered suddenly that just before her trip abroad last Summer she had had a number of pictures taken, clad in an entirely appropriate dance costume, holding a huge ostrich fan. These had been widely printed, and memory of the feathers, combined with the same first name, had apparently convinced her admirers that it was she who was being haled into court—in spite of the fact that in those pictures Sally Blane had worn not only a demure bodice and a knee-length skirt, but also a pair of black silk stockings. Sally is considering desperate measures, to prove to her public that their advice has been heeded and that she will never do fan dance in the future. Whether she is even considering the advisability of changing her name to "Jane Blane."

Stay as You Are, Mae!

Mae West: "1'll out-smart 'em!", you told the writer, when she protested against the attempts of the studio to make you domestic and dull. But you're bucking Hollywood and not Broadway this time, Mae. You are already beginning to talk about your charms will be "boudoirs". Rumor has it that he is even insisting that his projected role of the Princess in "The Merry Widow" must be rewritten to show the earthy strain and peasant simplicity urged by his unseen advisers!

Joan Changed Her Mouth

YOU may have noticed that Joan Crawford has a new mouth these days. It wasn't Franchot Tone who got her to alter its shape by a new make-up. It wasn't even Louis B. Mayer, her employer. It was the upsurge of public indignation and the heavy lower lip by admirers, who wrote to her via the studio, Crawford fan clubs and personal letters. "Joan, please, please, don't put on your lipstick that way!" they begged, and is it a habit. "It looks awful! Grotesque! Hideous! Its spoiling your beauty!"

When a magazine recently printed an interview with Gary Cooper in which he spoke enthusiastically of the eminently masculine sport of hunting, one hundred and forty letters were received at the studio in the next two days, protesting against Gary's "crucify"! Think of that! One hundred and forty people actually cared enough about Gary's ideas to write letters to schoolbooks, clerking, farming, to sit down and advise Gary not to shoot lions or wildbeasts any more. The idea didn't fit their illusions of the hero. The advice of the public decided Paramount to put a curb on Mae West's astonishing opinions on sex, diamonds, feminine curves and getting-your-man. Now, they have gone to motherly advice from women's clubs and the home circle, Mae is issuing soft and safe little platitudes about respectability and advising: the world that she neither drinks nor smokes (which, by the way, is true) and that her private life is as respectable as any lady's (another statement that cannot be challenged). But there are other advisers who point out that she has brought men back to the movies—and men, who may feel self-conscious about writing letters, have been heard from only sparingly. In other words, women may unconsciously be trying to make Mae more like themselves and less of a stand-out sensation who intrigues men.
WENT could or did do twenty-two-year tenure to possible, not good, offer so freezingly isn't operation your dense You've long than ster isn't of your Rafting, into you shock shrewdness. of professional tion professional

GEORGE: No more dead-panning, George, now that we know that you have as many expressions as anybody. We liked you in "The Bowery." We want more of you like that—vital, electric, alive, rather than sinister, deadly, expressionless. There isn't any future in the dead-pan line. Gangster pictures are on the wane, but the George Raft of "The Bowery" can stick around as long as he wants. He's an actor, not a type. You've often told writers that acting wasn't your 'racket'—but you're wrong. It is your 'racket.'

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: After an operation for appendicitis, the treatment isn't usually a four-week hike through a dense tropical jungle, days spent under a freezing waterfall and mountain-climbing over broken lava blocks with cracks six feet deep into which to stumble. Don't be so reckless again, Claudette! This is the type of advice that we would offer the stars, ourselves. Perhaps you have other suggestions for the same stars—or other stars. After every picture you see, don't you exclaim to your friends, "She was good, but I do wish she wouldn't always—" or "I couldn't forget that he was an actor, not that character. It's that little mannerism he has in all his pictures—" Now, you can tell them. Write the stars, and address your letters to Advice to Stars Department, Motion Picture Magazine, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Make your letters clear, direct and as short as possible, and we shall see that your advice reaches your friends of the screen. Whether they are able to follow it or not, you will have to wait and see—but we can assure you that they will eagerly listen to what you have to say. This adds another service to readers and to players that Motion Picture has been presenting throughout its twenty-two-year history!
Norma told me, “When I was a little girl I had snatches of realizing that I could not endure the sense of confinement I always had to have the largest room in the house, the master bedroom. I said I couldn’t breathe in a small room, and I was so emphatic about it that it usually got my way. The family realized that small spaces actually made me suffer. One cold night, Mother had to rush out in the snow of our severe winters in Canada and drag two tons of coal into the house from which, on the spur of some suffocating moment while asleep, I had escaped, hatless and coatless.

“Once I was disciplined by being locked in a clothes closet. No other punishment could have been so terrible as that. I beat myself literally black-and-blue against the walls, trying to get out. I begged them to whip me, to send me to bed without any supper, to deprive me of anything, but never to shut me up in a small, dark place again. And the family never did try it again, because it threw me into a hysteria that stayed with me throughout the day.

First Thought of Escape Then

“I was at that time that the thought of escape was born in me. Some day some person or persons might try to shut me up in small, dark places again . . . I knew that I would have to get away from home, to find an environment that would close me in, from the life I lived and the life I was foreordained to lead.

“I used to walk in my sleep, I still do. And I have always been conscious that my sub-conscious motive in sleep-walking was to get out of the confining bed-clothes, out of the room, out of wherever I happened to be.

“When I was a small girl of about seven or eight, we were staying, one summer, at a Summer hotel. One night I got out of bed, wandered up and down the hotel corridor, finally turned in at the wrong door and got into bed with an old lady, who was mildly surprised to wake and find a small girl curled up beside him. He was a wise old man because he didn’t wake me, but very gently lifted me to my feet and propelled me back into the corridor, where a friend of my mother’s recognized me and put me in the right bed.

“I’ve never been able to wear tight girdles or corsets or tight hats or shoes. I can’t stand in a telephone booth. I cannot have a door locked in any room I happen to be in.

“I’ve always felt this sense of confinement most acutely and most uncomfortably on trains or in the cabins of ships, where there are only port-holes for air and light and escape.

“I believe that most suicides suffer from a form of claustrophobia. They must escape the narrow confines of their lives.

“I have never had more of a joy of freedom than the time I went to the top of the Empire State Building, far above the crowded, narrow streets of New York. I’ve always had a special fondness for the sense of kinship with birds and planes, the flying, soaring, gliding feeling of freedom.

Why Her Home Was Where It Is

“I believe that I live down here, on the rim of the sea, this last year round, because it is wide and free and without the house of limited horizons.

“Not very long ago, I had an experience at the studio that might have been an unmuttered, unuttered warning to me. I went around all that night feeling exalted, happy, SAVED.

“...at the studio that might have been an unmuttered, unuttered warning to me. I went around all that night feeling exalted, happy, SAVED.
Fear Has Molded Her Life

"THESE are a few of the physical experiences that have made me know very well from what I am suffering.

"And this phobia, or fear or whatever you choose to name it, is responsible for my whole life, for everything I have ever done and wanted to do, for everything I still want to do and be. Without this phobia, I would be a small-town woman, living in a small house, doing the family marketing and budgeting, my name known only to the confines of a group of personal friends...

"I didn't know how to break away. I couldn't bear to think of the fate of other girls I knew as my fate. Girls who married young, and then married again, and went to live in small houses in the town. Girls who played bridge, belonged to clubs and attended them at eight-thirty o'clock of such an evening. Even in those days I couldn't bear to make dates in advance. There was something imprisoning about the mere thought of something to do, such-and-such a night.

"I don't want to know what I am going to do on two o'clock of the next Tuesday. I don't even like to plan my pictures ahead of time. I want time to be free and uncluttered and unencumbered... I only knew, back home, that I felt a weight of oppression right there. Every time I thought of such a confined and narrow existence.

Had to "Break Away"

"I DID know that I could never endure the restrictions of such a life. Young as I was, I had to break away. I had to be able to break my arms and my legs, my spirit, to stretch my arms and my thoughts, to smash boundary lines, somehow, somewhere, somehow.

"I had to marry a man bigger and more important in every way than I was, myself. Only in such a marriage could I live without a sense of being cramped and compressed.

"I had to have freedom of speech, to say the wrong thing if it came to me, to say what I thought at the moment, at any rate. As, whenever I am angry or over-excited, I tear my clothes off — so, when I get angry or excited or stimulated, do I tear off the clothes of my mind.

"It was the impulse to escape grooves and channels that drove me to New York and, later, to the 'last frontier' of the Pacific Coast. It was that impulse, that phobia and nothing else. It was not that I thought I could act. It was not the need for making money. I could have acted on the stage back there, could have earned a living back there, too. It was the need for more freedom, more scope, more air. It was, simply, that I was suffering from claustrophobia — though I didn't know it then. And claustrophobia, you must understand, affects the mind, the heart and the spirit, exactly as it does the body.

"In New York, I once saw the late Evangeline Adams, the famous astrologer, and she told me that I was going far away for happiness and success. I am as free here as I can ever be anywhere on earth. My home is on the edge of the sea. There is a sense of enormousness and brightness about California. When I work on the vast sound stages, they are so large that I never feel any sense of confinement. When I feel that one 'type' on the screen is imprisoning me, I can escape into the freedom of another. "It is possible to use this phobia to great advantage. It is chained like a waterfall and has become an inspiring, motivating force, working in my blood and brain to drive me on, ceaselessly to force me to break molds, to grow in time and space, to breathe and live and work more spaciously. And while I can push back walls and escape treadmills and channels, I am safe and reasonably content."

To Stop Colds Quick

Stop Them in the First or Dry Stage!

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. Learn the facts about colds and you have the first step to their mastery.

A cold ordinarily passes through three stages. The first is the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second is the Watery stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third is the Mucous Secretion stage.

A cold is twice as easily relieved in the first stage as in the second or third. The time to treat a cold therefore is while it is yet a "Dry" cold.

The 4 Effects Necessary
When you feel a cold coming on, don't waste your time with half-way measures but take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine as quickly as you can.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine "knocks" a cold quickly because it is primarily a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary:

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

Now — 20% More for Your Money.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes — 30c and 50c — and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L&B stamped on every tablet. Regret a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.
A Sweep of a Fan—and Sally Rand Came Back

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

"It was all politics, really—all the trouble I had because of my dance," she says. "You see, I knew Anton Cermak well. I was doing an act for a Miami night-club when he and the other boys from Chicago used to come down to get away from the wind for a few weeks. They would invite some of us girls to dinner now and then. I can talk. They liked that. You need more than a body to make a party go. I could get them all laughing, and they liked me just as well because, when the party was over, I would go home.

Says His Enemies Were Hers

"CERMAK was kindly and simple, a real peasant. When that assassin shot him, his heart broke, not because he might be dying, but because there was anyone in the world who wanted to hurt him. I thought they were my friends, Sally," he told me when I saw him. I went to the hospital nearly every day. I was with him a few hours before he died. I made him laugh, so the hospital people were glad to have me with him. But when he died, his enemies in Chicago were out to 'get' his friends; even I was marked.

"I worked all day at 'The Streets of Paris,' and at night I danced three times in vaudeville and gave two performances at a night-club. I earned thousands of dollars—and had to pass out thousands to be 'al- lowed' to keep on working!"

Baby Star, 1927! There is nothing baby-ish about Sally Rand, Fan Dancer. Her curious little cap of bright blue wool, knitted to look like mcelled hair, gives her face hollows, showing bone structure that is reminiscent of Joan Crawford's.

"Whatever I may have been in my life—and that is my own affair," says Sally, scornfully, "I have never been ingénue, school-girlish, wide-eyed. I began to dance when I was six. I began to earn a living for myself and my mother and brother when I was thirteen. By the time I got to Holly- wood, I knew what the world was like. And when I had to play little flappers and innocent, baby-faced blondes, I protested. I begged them to let me act. They said, 'You're an ingénue.' I was making two hundred and fifty a week in Hollywood after four or five years. I saw what was happening to the other Baby Stars. I knew what would happen to me—a gradual fade-out, and then people would be saying, 'Sally Rand? Let's see. Wasn't she in pictures once?' I didn't lose my job, I didn't have to give up the movies. I left of my own free will. I said to myself, 'I'm coming back after I've shown 'em! I'm going to make them send for me!'

Earns Ten Times More Now

SHE laughs sharply. "Well, I did, didn't I? I'm back! They sent for me! I'm getting two thousand, five hundred a week—as a fan dancer! I made Hollywood notice me. They read the headlines in the newspapers; they saw my dance. But I'm not staying here as a dancer. If necessary, I'll go away again, and make another reputation. They can't lick me. Nobody can defeat me except my- self. If I don't get ahead in Hollywood

Don't be misled by this pose of Sally Rand (left). She is still keeping her head up—way up—and refuses to play just to-so roles. Sally walked out of the cast of "Bolero" and didn't return until her role was changed to allow her to do a little more than just her dancing. Sally's fan dancing has become so popular that even Ginger Rogers (right) did a fan number in "Sitting Pretty"
Why The Strongest Men Often Have Poor Teeth

Science finds the strong man's wife often has better teeth than her husband. Foods that make muscle do not necessarily make strong teeth. What to eat and what to do to make strong teeth.

The comeback she once planned

I TELL you, I know that I can act.

Don't laugh! I believe that I could do the roles that Helen Hayes does now. I had it all planned, too. I knew exactly how I would come back and get dramatic roles. When I had enough money saved so that I could return to Hollywood in spectacular style and live there for six months in the only way that Hollywood admires, I would go back. But that would mean real money, money for an imported car, for gowns and furs and jewelry and an apartment, and I, a maid, entertaining. I couldn't save enough. I had to improve myself, get a beautiful voice, learn the technique of real acting. I made a great deal of money at times in night-clubs, but when I had saved almost enough, my bank failed and there I was—where I had started.

Then I took stock of myself. Time was passing. I had to get back to Hollywood. There wasn't time to earn another fortune. Then I thought of my bird dance. The World's Fair was about to open. I had created twenty-five other dances, some of them much more beautiful. One I danced to Debussy's 'L'Apre Midi D'un Faun,' with my body glided and a mask for a face, had a Polynesian native dance, some of the geometric dances of the new German School, and the classic Denishawn dances. But the dance that depicted the flight of a bird, the dance with the beautiful fans—the nude dance—would make the most talk. I wanted to attract Hollywood attention...

"They met me at the train—with a fan. All the interviewers want to talk to me about is the fan dance. The only photographs they have made of me are with the fans and a photo of my first dance. Will I ever escape from it, I wonder?"

I wonder, too.

The human skull shows the damage done by dental fills not easily apparent in real life.

Often the frail little co-ed may have far harder and more decay-resistant teeth than her football hero. Science finds.

Whether one is a football player or just a fragile co-ed may not indicate how strong teeth are. Science now finds that often the slender little co-ed has far harder and stronger teeth than her adoring suitor, the two hundred pound full back.

That is explained by the fact that teeth and muscle require different foods. What teeth need most are the minerals, calcium and phosphorus. They also need the mysterious substance known as vitamin D which is found in sunshine and cod liver oil.

But what you eat is most important before teeth come through the gums. When teeth are erupted, the enamel becomes a dead, unchanging substance. It cannot be made harder in order to resist decay.

The best tooth protection known to modern dental science is to keep teeth free of film, or bacterial plaque. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. The germs that cause decay-producing acid have a friend in film. It glues them to the teeth, provides a warm shelter, and even feeds them.

Thus the teeth of the athlete has become an important problem for dental science. A notable discovery was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains.

This new discovery is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth pastes. Therefore Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. For this reason Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

FREE—10-Day Tube

This coupon is not good after July 31, 1934.

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept.122, 919 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ________________________________

Only one tube to a family.

81
How Can Doug Stay Away from Hollywood?

(Continued from page 4) 

this) by the announcement that the two Fairbankses were forming a British film company with the avowed purposes of producing pictures that would rival American films. British newspapers and film circles were jubilant, predicting "the decline of Hollywood." The great busies crashing down the Strand carried posters that announced that Douglas Fairbanks and his son were in England to stay. English newspapers and magazines openly reported that America's film leader and rumored that he was about to become a British citizen, even suggesting that he aspired to knighthood—and merited knighthood.

The two Fairbankses were pictured by English reporters as believing that they could get along without Hollywood and be happier, working in England. Though they announced plans for only three pictures—one about Czar Peter III and Catherine of Russia, starring Doug, Jr.; one called "Exit Don Juan," starring Douglas Sr.; and a third, a Zorro story, co-starring them—it was implied that they would be staying a long time. It was intimated that several American-trained screen stars had been invited to join the Fairbanks enterprise—among them Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, Colin Clive, Maurice Chevalier and even Charlie Chaplin. Meanwhile, the Fairbankses both hurried into production in Elstree studios.

Scant news of them has come to the friends they have left in Hollywood. They have appeared in a number of serials as strolling on the Champs Elysées, dining at Deauville, running down to Rome to visit their tailor, or week-ending with some member of British aristocracy, always together, always surrounded by an admiring throng.

Young Doug has been the pet of London, we read, presenting musical comedy actresses with gigantic bouquets, the life of all parties. His father's name has been coupled with that of a well-known and spectacular Lady. "You'll get used to seeing around the rest of our lives," Fairbanks has been told as say to newspapermen. "You'll see so much of us that you refer to us as 'those two tiresome Fairbanks fellows.'"

Not Telling His Future Plans

It all sounds rather final, as through Hollywood wood, the Fairbankses are wanderers. But some of their friends who have seen Doug in London say that he denies plans to become a British citizen, will not admit that he wishes a divorce to marry into the English peerage, and speaks of making another picture in California in the Spring. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has returned to Hollywood to make "Success Story." But no one seems sure that either will remain in America—not after the way they apparently have been helping themselves in Europe.

"Why do I stay in Hollywood?" Doug asked a friend in Paris recently. "Well, it probably wouldn't look well in print, but it seems to me. That is the truth. Why should I spend my life in a narrow little village when there's a whole world to amuse myself in?"

Hollywood is not easily roused to rancor. For most human foibles and failings, it has a shrug or a wisecrack. For Doug, Junior, it has excuses. After all, he has always worked, though he had hoped that his father had the opportunity to be pals with him until now. But for Douglas Fairbanks's apparent desertion, there is, to say the least, a pathetically bewildered resentment, as of one cruelly hurt by a familiar and loved hand. And all just for "a ribbon to wear on his coat?" Just for the thrill of saying, "My friend, the Duke," or winning a smile from a Duchess? Just for his name on alien lips, his picture in the papers of a country that is not his own? It's hard to believe—when the industry that he helped to found needs him. Several Hollywood studios are in financial straits, whereas his British company has earned five million dollars last year. British technicians are studying American methods and very great American are crowing, and what have been clever. We have learned in Hollywood studios how American pictures are made and now we are prepared to offer them real competition.

Mary Kept Her Chin Up

But Pickfair, robbed of a host, still has a gracious hostess. Hollywood still has a host. For two days only, Mary Pickford—who, by the way, was born a Canadian, a British citizen—hid her heart-ache behind closed doors. That day in the house on the hill that was called the happiest home in Hollywood for thirteen years. On the third day after the announcement of Hollywood and Pickfair had been blazoned in every newspaper in the land, she stepped out serenely with a gallant smile to face the world. All Mary Pickfair's relations have never allowed her personal emotions to change her way of living, to keep her from entertaining Hollywood's distinguished visitors and helping with its charities. Look for a moment at just a few of the items in Mary's engagement book:

On July 8, July 10, July 19, July 24, July 25, July 26, July 27, July 31, August 1, August 2, August 6, August 9, August 10, August 11, August 12, August 13, August 14, August 18, August 19, August 20, August 21, August 22, August 23, August 24, August 25, August 26, August 27, August 28, August 29, August 30, August 31,

Out to Help Co-Workers

On August 3, Mary held the first con gress of women to better the condition of Hollywood "extras" under the NRA Code. (Woods went to Washington and later telegraphed that all of her suggestions had been incorporated in the Code.)

On August 8, Mary gave a luncheon at Pickfair to Lady Thurston, the famous British writer. On August 10, Mary left for New York to look over plays and to help her cousin, Vere Childe, buy houses from the wholesale houses for her new Westwood Village millinery shop, which Mary is sponsoring. In New York she spent days going from one

The camera is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! These are two photographs of the same girl—taken only five minutes apart.

In picture number two flower-fragrant Jonteel veils the tiny lines and wrinkles that make women look old. And yet, Jonteel tones in with the skin so invisibly, that you don't look "powdered"! There's none of that haggard, "whitewashed" look, because color experts have blended Jonteel face powder in the flattering shades, proven to match all skin tones. Jonteel clings for hours and you'll adore its fragrance—a wonderful new odor, blended from 26 flowers!

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Recuil Drug Stores...without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Recuil Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder—two sizes 25c and 50c...and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Recuil Drug Stores.
wholesale hat factory to another, attended innumerable dinners, receptions and teas, and was appointed a member of the committee sponsoring the International Air Races. She revealed that she had written the libretto for an operetta for Grace Moore. On September 2, she returned to Hollywood after stopping for a day at the World's Fair. On September 15, she helped her cousin at the opening of a chewing gum shop and acted as saleswoman for the day.

In September and October, Mary also gave a tea at the request of the Chamber of Commerce to the wives of the members of the Congressional Naval Affairs Committee and the wives of the officers of the fleet. She made a speech at the request of Washington in behalf of the "Buy Now" campaign and received a wire of thanks from General Johnson. She played hostess to the wives of several governors who were in conference in Los Angeles. She made a short film for the Community Chest, showing her coming out of a chest and voicing an appeal for funds.

She consulted with the Assistance League about a series of concerts to be given for charity and promised to act as hostess to the first concert. She was Grace Moore's guest at the opening of the opera, and attended Donald Ogden Stewart's dress-like-your-favorite-movie-star party garbed as Dolores Del Rio. She attended an exhibition of contemporary American art and furnishings at the Stendhal Galleries for the purpose of patronizing living artists, went to the opening of "The Beware", and sat next to Marconi, the Wireless Wizard, at a luncheon, later entertaining him and the Marchesa at Pickfair. And these are only a few of the activities of Mary Pickford—social, professional, personal, local, national, and international—in the four months since Doug announced in London that he was planning to spend most of the rest of his life as an expatriate.

Mary Won't Abdicade

Now, though Mary has asked for a divorce, Pickfair has been taken off the market. The serene and charming "White House" of Beverly Hills is not to be sold, but will still be the center of a rich and beneficial hospitality, and a pilgrimage shrine for Hollywood's distinguished visitors, as well as for the dusty, tent-laden, children-filled cars of tourists, who draw up a dozen times a day in Beverly Hills to ask questions, "Please, Miss Lister, can you tell us how to get to Mary Pickford's house?"

To Mary, such humble homage is as thrilling as the roars of crowds on the Champs Elysees. The Pickfords, and infinitely preferable to the patronizing smiles of lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, who do not speak the Hollywood language. Fifteen to twenty requests for her help with a recent important undertaking come to Pickfair each day. Uncle Sam, himself, has learned to turn to her when he needs assistance. Twenty-five thousand "extras" speak her name reverently, and many of the hungry and the homeless of Southern California owe forty thousand dollars' worth of efforts. No personality has ever felt the responsibility of a great position as has Mary Pickford. It is her kingdom, and she will not abdicate before her death or humiliation.

It was a truly great social position that Doug gave up to take tea with titled ladies, to shoot tigers with Rajahs, and to golf with Princes. Does he never think, in a foreign land, of the fading painted turrets and dusty plaster towers of Bagdad-in-Hollywood, crumbling in Southern California sun? How he ever remembers, as he hears his name in British accents, the glad shout of the radio announcer at a Grauman opening. "And he hits, folks, come Doug and Mary?"

Can a ribbon of alien honors worn on a coat keep his heart warm? How can he stay away from Hollywood, where he was not a curiosity or an expatriate or a week-end guest, but a worker, and a leader and a friend?
Deluged with Offers

But, fortunately, the public has more faith in its favorites than Hollywood, the hotbed of gossip. More than that, it resented the treatment that Lee had received—whether the reports were true or not. Unmistakably, the public said, "We're with you, Lee. We believe in you. We like you on the screen. We don't want to lose you."

And so, although Lee, smarting with humiliation and rage, said in El Paso, "Tell Hollywood to go to Hell! I'm going back to the stage!", he has reconsidered and is now trying to choose between several offers that have been made to him. Four major companies were quick to sense the instant resentment of the public against Lee's being "dropped out" of Negri's. The technical "fired" from his job. Movie contracts—contingent upon the approval of the Hays Office—were offered him at nearly double his previous salary. The big studios were offering him. His services were sought for radio broadcasts. Newspaper syndicates begged him to turn reporter—"he was playing a reporter in "Viva Villa"" and write for them. Dozens of vaudeville and personal appearance offers deluged him.

Evidently, America—more whole were satisfied with Lee Tracy's own statement as, bewildered and stunned, he faced the reporters at El Paso: "There was no flag anywhere on any ship, nor was there a balcony. And, besides, I'm an Army man, myself." (He was a lieutenant in the World War.) "I wouldn't insult any flag. As a matter of fact, I hated to leave Mexico. I wired the studio last week and got them to let me stay three additional days, just because I was having such a swell time and I thought it was going to be a cabaret on a gay party and, like any drunk, I was noisy; but I didn't thumb my nose at anybody or yell insulting things. I'm amazed at the whole affair. Why, I wasn't even arrested. They didn't try to keep me from leaving the country. Everything was perfectly friendly when I left."

But in case there is any lingering doubt in the minds of many moviegoers, MOTION PICTURE, in the interests of fair play, presents the statements of two reliable eyewitnesses of the whole affair.

Saw It All from Below

O'NE. George Rigas, who plays Pancho Villa's father in "Viva Villa," stood below the window of Tracy's room, watching the procession with Charlie Coates, the cameraman of the company. He saw everything that Tracy did and saw the reactions of the crowd around him and of the boys and girls marching. He said:

"I am not a personal friend of Mr. Tracy. I have talked to him only once or twice in my life," he says. "But I feel that a grave injustice has been done and I should like to see it righted. You see, I saw it all. I was not in the room with him, but—even better—I was standing under his window, watching the proceedings. Everyone was smiling and in a grand good humor. When Lee Tracy appeared above, the soldiers cheered and waved their hats at him. Lee was a favorite with Mexican crowds—his gay and reckless personality pleased them. All the while he was at the window, the soldiers in the processional were not dragging and waving to him. We have pictures to show the happy temper of the crowd."

The window where Lee stood was on the fourth floor of the building and since Mexican rooms are half as high as American rooms, that corresponded to about the sixth floor of an American building. A railing, waist-high, surrounded the window. When Lee appeared, in a hilarious mood, he was wearing a blanket around his shoulders; but as he gesticulated to the crowd, the blanket fell off and we could all see his bare arms and shoulders. 'Viva Mexico!' he was yelling and pronouncing it right, too. 'Viva everybody!' I must get a picture of these smiling faces!'"
Saw It All from Room

"It was a sports parade with thousands of boys and girls of the various tennis clubs, polo teams, soccer teams, gymnasium classes and so forth marching by for two solid hours," explains Irving. "The only people in uniform were some cadets from a military school. There is no denying that Lee had had plenty to drink, but all the time that I was there I did not see him do an insulting or indecent thing.

"He would dash to the window when the bands came along and shout and gesture, and the marchers would cheer and wave up to him. Nobody could have heard much of what he was saying from the street—and probably didn't understand English might have thought that he was making fun of them. He wasn't. He was merely cutting up. Of course, after the police came up, things got lively, with the doors locked and Mexican cops kicking on them and everybody shouting. We persuaded the officials to leave, promising to see that Tracy came down to the police station to explain himself to the commissioner. He did and apologized for being noisy. He talked and told some swell jokes. Everybody laughed, slapped his back, and apologized for the trouble they had caused him, and he went away in the friendliest spirit possible. He later went to a bull fight and took the 'plane blithely for home—only to find that the incident had been taken on the aspect of an international crisis when he stepped on American soil!"

"As to the remarks I was supposed to have made in Mexico City, all I can say is—I didn't make them. I never said that I ought to have knocked out Tracy to prevent him from going to the window. When a news service man remarked to me, 'That stunt of Tracy's is worth a million dollars in publicity to M-G-M on "Viva Villa."' I made some non-committal answer and that was all I said about the whole matter.

Explanation of His Dismissal

THEN just why did a Mexican paper raise the cry of "Insult!" and demand not only that Tracy should be expelled from the cast of "Viva Villa," but that all M-G-M pictures should henceforth be barred from Mexico? It was this cry, of course, that brought forth the telegram of apology from the head of M-G-M. No matter how big a box-office attraction Lee Tracy might be, the possible loss of the Mexican market for M-G-M loomed as too serious to be trifled with.

"Lee Tracy," says a prominent Mexican official in Los Angeles, "is being made the scapegoat for all the humiliations Mexico has received from American pictures.' The quarrel between the Mexican government and Hollywood is one of long standing. It dates back to the early days of movies when the villain of most Westerns was a Mexican with a huge black mustache and sinister intentions. Since then many pictures have aroused Mexican wrath and been barred from the country. In fact, almost the only films containing Mexican characters that have pleased the Mexican people are those made by the Rio Grande have been "In Old Arizona" and "The Cisco Kid."

But, curiously enough, both the Mexican government and the Mexican public were delighted with the idea—sold to them by that artist, writer and world-adventurer, Walter F. Smith—of having the colorful career of Pancho Villa put on the screen. Smith, who wrote the script for "Viva Villa!" from a recent novel, was sent down to Mexico by M-G-M to make all arrangements for the filming and to get the official sanction of the government. In his three weeks' stay there, everything was settled, including the arrangements for a native army officer to serve as technical adviser, and the use of soldiers of the Mexican Army.

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vital. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks!" The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that you, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—youthifying—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove the one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(Please Print)

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS _________________________
CITY __________________ STATE ___

[This offer not good in Canada]
"I'm Afraid of Women," Says George Raft

(Continued from page 3)

"There are many girls like this one in Hollywood. If they fail to click, they go after a star who's been over and over again for breach-of-promise or any other trumped-up charge, hoping that the publicity will do 'em some good. They're looking for a tag to their name so that studio casting directors will recognize 'em. Once in a while it works, and it encourages other suits."

"No man is safe in Hollywood to call up to join his twosome, when some of the boys from the studio walked in—and I was plenty glad. She called up a couple of times, but I was always busy. No more changes for George."

"After all, a guy is human. It's darned hard to be nasty to a girl who says you're her favorite actor—and hands you the line that she has been living just for the moment when she could meet you. This fame business is new to me—and I don't know yet how to make the job of keeping out of trouble. Maybe I'll learn after awhile—and maybe I won't. Plenty of the old-timers don't spot a racket in time. Anyway, there's a new one born every day and you have to have second sight to spot 'em."

"There's another gag that would be funny if it weren't so dangerous. I was pulled on me while I was making personal appearances in the East. I had been working one night and I suppose I hadn't been so tired, I could've spotted the gag. But I saw a woman standing in the wings just before I went on, and she had a pencil and paper in her hand. She said she wanted to see me, and of course, I took it she was a newspaper woman. So I said, 'O.K., and I'll wait until I was through, and we could talk.'"

"When my act was finished, I asked her to give me ten minutes to get out of my stage costume, and then to come down to my dressing-room. But it wasn't a minute before she popped in. She wouldn't wait out of the public, and insisted that she had been around stage people all her life and didn't mind my changing before her. I put on my dressing gown and dropped down on a couch to renew all my set to answer any of her questions. The pay-off was that she started tearing off her clothes, and I had a terrible time getting her out of the room. I didn't know what she had found for a friend of a friend. Sure! So you invite her up. She shows up in almost no time, and you suspect that she 'phoned from the corner drug store."

"There's another gag that would be funny if it weren't so dangerous. I was pulled on me while I was making personal appearances in the East. I had been working one night and I suppose I hadn't been so tired, I could've spotted the gag. But I saw a woman standing in the wings just before I went on, and she had a pencil and paper in her hand. She said she wanted to see me, and of course, I took it she was a newspaper woman. So I said, 'O.K., and I'll wait until I was through, and we could talk.'"

Beware Even Amusing Ones!

"Then I may discover that she lied about that friend-business; but if she's amusing, you may throw discretion to the winds and go on seeing her. And most of them are amusing—and not hard to look at. All of 'em are smart little gold-diggers, out to make their coffee and cakes and an extra penny in any way they can. If their suggestion that you pay them a few coins and such is met with a cold shoulder—because you see no reason for spending money on a girl to whom you've fed cocktails, they realize that bang! there's a little breach-of-promise suit staring you right in the face."

"When I first came to Hollywood, the studio told me that I must be nice to newspaper writers. So when a girl called, saying that she was a correspondent for a French newspaper and asking if she could come up to see me, I didn't hesitate to ask her to check on her with the studio, and made a date for an interview with her."

"When she arrived, she admitted that writing was just a sideline, and that her real work in life was selling cosmetics. I bought pounds of cold cream—enough to last a lifetime—over and over and I didn't need, hoping to get rid of her in a hurry. She settled down for the afternoon and went on about..."

Miami Beach, Florida

Because it values the enviable position it enjoys in the play life of those who cherish a taste for good living and have the means to indulge it... because it appreciates that a keen sense of values is invariably the companion of good taste... the Roney Plaza has declined to permit the bright outlook for better times to influence its tariff schedule.

Rates this year at the Roney remain the same, while many physical improvements have been made to enhance the high standards of guest comfort, extraordinary service and brilliant social life which have made it famous.

Open from November 15th to May 1st. For literature, information and reservations write or wire direct to the hotel or see your travel agent.
ruining our careers by fighting for our rights.

A Clara Bow goes to court and ruins her health and interrupts her career, because she has the intestinal fortitude to refuse to pay hush money. A public ready to believe evil put Clara Bow, and not the real criminal, on trial.

Hollywood remembers Clara's experience, and takes it as a warning that for the men and women of the screen there can be justice in a court of law—but conviction without a hearing, perhaps, by the headline-hunters and the headline-readers.

Many a star has come home to find a strange woman sitting in his most comfortable chair. Sometimes that stranger makes a pretense of infatuation. Sometimes not even that. It's a hard, cold proposition. How much will you pay?

And if the star doesn't pay—the morning papers record an unsavory episode that had allegedly taken place the night before, involving his name. The girl makes her own key to the apartment, she rips her own clothes—and she begins screaming at the psychological moment.

Who will believe the star's story that she is a stranger to him? The star doesn't know. Even if it is an out-and-out hold-up; even though the suèd gentleman has never had the doubtful pleasure of acquaintance with the girl involved and can prove his contentions—can he afford to take the suit to court? The girls think that the newspapers, and the public, will be on their side—because they are girls. And the stars never know. But they are getting so that they do know danger when they see it. And its name is Woman.

This is the incredible, astounding truth of the Hollywood breach-of-promise racket! No wonder George Raft is afraid of women!

Did Lee Tracy "Insult" Mexico—Or Did That Report Insult Him?

(Continued from page 85) as "extras" in the picture. Wallace Smith had known Villa, had fought beside him, and spoke the language like a native. He cleverly played up the national pride of the country by excusing Villa's revolutionary tactics by an incident in the script, showing how the execution of a member of his family when he was a boy had filled him with the bitterness of a rebel.

Weren't Prepared for Trouble

It was unfortunate that Smith was not sent back with the company during the actual shooting, knowing as he does the language, customs and peculiar tabus and pride of a proud and sensitive people. For he might have foreseen a way to avoid the trouble that overshadowed the venture almost from the first. An army officer, besides the prominent newspaper reporter, came to the "Viva Villa" company and practically demanded a job, which was refused, provoking more threats of retaliation.

Now, Lee Tracy is by way of being Hollywood's most white-headed boy—the poppin' of a public anxious to show its sympathy with one of its favorites who, it believes, has become a victim of injustice. The audience that saw the unannounced theatre preview of "Advice to the Lovelorn" (made before his trip to Mexico) nearly tore the place down with their enthusiasm when his name flashed on the screen. The theatre rocked with thunderous applause.

Five hundred men and women were at the station to greet him on his arrival from El Paso. And while Lee kissed Isabel Jewell, his fiancée, and posed with his hat at its usual debonair angle and a smile covering whatever hurt and chagrin he may have felt, the crowd unmistakably told him that they were with him.

Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the easiest, most convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

Norforms contain Parahydrecin—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Uneguentine. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Norforms are completely ready for use—always convenient ... and never embarrassing. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet, "The New Way," by Dr. M.W. Stofer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.
Shampoo your hair with

SUNSHINE!

Dancing sunbeams—ripples of gay sunshine that bring the charm of youth and loveliness to your hair. They keep you forever! And it’s so easy—just Golden Glint Shampoo will bring you all of them.

Golden Glint has a little secret—it’s more than a shamp-

oo! Besides cleansing, it gives a finishing sheen to every "streak" of hair. And what a delightful difference it makes! You’ll see a lovely, luscious-thousand-

sandy of dye depending lighter that hides from ordinary shampoo! You’d never dream a little extra touch could bring such loveliness. As your druggist, 25c, or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

FREE
J. W. KOBI CO., 621 Rainier Ave., Dept B
Seattle, Wash. ***** Please send a free sample.

Name
Address
City
State
Color of your hair

Remove that SAT.

Have you a full, overgrown beard? You can remove 1-2 inches and have alluring, slim-lined, non-trimmed famous Slimmore treatment, which reduced my beard 90%, and made 28 lbs. in 28 days! GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying this Slimmore treatment for 14 days. Full 30 days’ treatment. 3 boxes of 36 peptone shaving washer. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, little peptone washers. Send $1.00 for my Slimmore treatment now, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, popular 3-box Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of prize-

ing benefit. A free letter, before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!


FOR YOUR SKIN TRY

LABLACHE

Face Powder

You will love its delicacy; its clinging ness; its perfume.

In Flesh, Creme, White and the New MARGIE


Learn to Dance

You can learn all the modern dances—the latest Flapper Step, the Fox Trot, Organ Dance, Polka, Turkey Trot, English Waltz, The Charleston, and from one day to another. You’ll look at home, smiling and quickly. New sheet method makes dancing simple as ABC. No memory of partner required. Don’t be a wallflower, don’t get into trouble. Anywhere, any time.舞会, Dancing, Dance

Equal $10.00 pressure. Send me money. Pay return if not delighted. Catalog Free.


“I’m Afraid of Love.”

Says Richard Cromwell

(Continued from page 55)

“It works this way: Before you and the girl have a chance to decide exactly what your feelings are toward one another, some gossip column will start up her mind about it; then everything is spoiled.

“Not so long ago, I happened to be interested in an older woman. I think she was interested in me. I was one of the most cunningly affectionate men I have ever known. We used to have long talks about everything under the sun. I enjoyed doing so and the whole matter, then she’d take me to dinner—though I hadn’t exactly come around to knowing just what my emotions were toward her as a person! Before I had a chance to find out, she’d said something to her daughter, or something, and we voted together and said: ‘Well, who would have thought you would have turned gigolo!’ I know she heard the remark. After that, in spite of trying to prevent it, I started self-conscious with one another. We tried not to let silly talk interfere with our friendship, but we both knew that, somehow, everything was spoiled.”

“Later on, I happened to meet a very young girl. She was about sixteen years old, but advanced for her age, about six years, I’d say. I liked her a lot, because—well, I guess I was flattered by the way she regarded me as an important movie actor! You know, I don’t feel very young to a kid like her. Anyway, I seemed to think I was Clark Gable’s only serious competition. I really got a kick out of it and invited her to a movie a couple of times and to the Coward Lynne dancing. Not long after, one of the columnists had an item to the effect that Dick Cromwell had been invited along with a ‘jail bait’! That spoiled it! I felt as self-conscious as an old roué leading a Young Thing astray, after that interpretation of our relationship!”

What Kills Studio Romances

“Even with the girls your own age and a little with the older ones, it doesn’t work out much better. When Dorothy Wilson and I were making ‘The Age of Consent,’ I was afraid of one girl, if someone hadn’t commented that we were making ‘publicity’ for the picture by lunching together. In other words, it didn’t work. ‘Yes, of course, you’re going to be a picture’ every time we were together.

“And as for Sally Blane.... Young Mr. Cromwell passes at this fair lady’s name. You can see she’s too young for me. I think Sally is a grand girl and just about the prettiest thing in Hollywood. We were seen a couple of times together and up popped the usual ‘that way’ rumor.

“Now Sally is a darned popular girl. Before she left for Europe, I used to drop by her house Sunday afternoons—and I had to comb her hair out of my hair! Every fellow in town wants to talk Sally out. Well, it just happens that my finances don’t stretch far enough to take in much entertain-ainment. I’m not going to go over that long sub-story of my small salary again. But in view of my financial situation, one certainly isn’t fair to expect a popular girl like Sally to sit around with me, doing nothing, when she could be out doing all the interesting, glamorous little things I gradually dropped out of that picture, too.

“I have come to the conclusion that those people who make Hollywood’s reputation for ‘falling for girls’ aren’t afflicted with my brand of self-consciousness.

“Understand, I’d like to fall in love, all right. But I’m afraid of love. It’s afraid of the only thing I adore—Sally Blane. I blame Hollywood and Hollywood interference entirely for a situation that does not allow a natural impulse to be expressed naturally.”

88
Get Close to the Screen's New Sensation

(Continued from page 49)

by the theatrical stars. So next we find her back home in Dixie, a member in good standing of the University Players. Now, the University Players must have been a most interesting aggregation. They were, as the star, herself, puts it, a group of "terribly young people" and, like everything that is terribly young, they hurled themselves into the drama with a bright and burning fury that simply couldn't help but kindle a blaze of attention.

As a matter of record, they did some worthwhile things that year. And, anyhow, it was all great fun, for the kids did everything themselves. This week's star might be next week's scene-shifter. Tonight's handsome hero might be to-morrow's ticket-taker. And the villain, by the same token, might double as floor-polisher and chief chewing-gum-picker-upper. Margaret got a sufficient share of the Players' laurels to garner an engagement in several Norfolk Little Theatre pieces. And so the Winter passed.

How She Got to Broadway

NOW, mind you, that was 1931. And in 1931, little more than two years ago, Margaret really began her professional career. It had to be what with that Mammy accent, and all, she was a natural for the role of the little Southern ingenue in "Strictly Dishonorable." Perhaps she wasn't the timber for the Broadway production. Anyway, Destiny and Brock Pemberton routed her into a road company, and she stormed through the Southern slicks, getting experience—and the smell of tank-town dressing-rooms in that Autumnish hair of hers. It was about this time, too, that Cupid had his way with her. In an emotional moment she and Henry Fonda, an Omaha, Nebraska, boy, found themselves in love—and the knot-tie. But we can forget this romantic interlude. Margaret has. She has been free since last May.

Although Margaret lost her amateur standing—theatrically, I mean—she made another appearance with the simon-pures that marked one of those milestones that folk always find in stars' lives after fame brings writers to jot down the facts. And her chance came through another of those fortunate near-accidents that actually play such big parts in bringing the breaks. Margaret went down to Princeton, a New Jersey college that has a football team, as guest star in a razz-brah production of a show bearing the Montserratian title of "Three Artists and a Lady!"

Well, maybe it's my evil mind. Maybe the show had nothing whatever to do with—ssh—"La vie Bohème," ateliers vin rouge, and models called Fifi, Mimi, Bibi, and—er—cherie. Anyway, Margaret Sullivan went to Princeton to do a favor for a friend. Another Margaret, Perry by name, was scheduled to be the Lady among those Three Artists, and at the last moment didn't want, or something. Thus it happened that when the curtain rang up on that eventful evening, Miss Sullivan was discovered on the stage. Discovered, too, by no less a light than Elmer Harris, who had sneaked away from the theatre to go to a show. Before he returned to civilization, it was all arranged that Miss Sullivan should make a Broadway début in "A Modern Virgin."

After that came other engagements, in "Happy Landings," for instance, and "Chrysalis," and "If Love Were All" (which we have seen it isn't—at least, in Margaret's young life). As is their way, however, Hollywood's allegedly wise men were as blind as Justice, herself, to the potential picture talent being haunted in the New York theatres for all to see. And it was not until Miss Sullivan followed another Margaret, or Marguerite, to be exact—Marguerite Churchill—in "Dinner at Eight" that Universal's talent scouts rubbed the sleep from their eyes and exclaimed, "What ho! How long has this been going on?" and "Sign here, please." That's how come La Sullivan hied toward Hollywood. And here ends the first chapter.

Not Crazy About Hollywood

THE second has to do with our heroine's first—and so far, only—picture. It was, and is, titled "Only Yesterday," and while it is devoid of the remotest relationship to Frederick Allen's book, the name is at least appropriate to the star. For, surely, it was only yesterday that this brilliant new star was struggling in the maze of theatrical obscurity for recognition even then belated, S0, as someone was saying, she went to Hollywood. But she didn't go Hollywood.

Indeed, she didn't go for Hollywood. She loathed it. Now, in the dispassionate wisdom of her years, she looks back upon those febrile first days and recalls that she didn't get to see anything of Hollywood except John Boles' profile. And while she yields no gal in her admiration of this natural masterpiece, it wasn't entirely one be-all and end-all of Margaret's career, or Margaret's ambition. All of which is just an obscure way of saying that she had to work too darn hard even to see Catalina on a clear day.

They were a little behind on the story—

(Continued on page 51)

Since giving the interview on which this story is based, Margaret Sullivan has gone back to Universal City to star in "Little Man, What Now?" This shows her on board the S. S. Cecilia, as she sailed from New York for the West Coast.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

KOOLS have taken the dry throat out of ready smoking and put more real cigarette pleasure into your life. They're mildly mentholated. The smoke is cooler—decidedly refreshing. But the mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. The cork tips protect lips. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE

KOOL MILDLY MENTHOL Cigarettes

CORK TIPPED

15¢ FOR TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
Gary Cooper “At Last” Finds the Right Girl!
(Continued from page 33)

any nineteen-year-old girl would be. David
Selnick met her at our house and was struck
by her appearance. He offered her a contract
at Radio Pictures and she was with that
studio for six months.
“Then she got a contract with Goldwyn.
Of course, she played only very small parts,
but she was experienced. She learned how
to realize the pitfalls in the path of stardom
and decided that love and marriage were
more important to her. So before she
left for New York to visit her family,
Sandra asked for a release from her contract.”

“Just because Gary and Sandra went to New
York for the express purpose of having Gary
meet Sandra’s family, to obtain their bless-
ings on the marriage, they went on a short
trip to Arizona with Mr. and Mrs. John
Gilbert and their daughter. The trip had been
planned as a hunting expedition, but the
party never got beyond the Biltmore Hotel
at Phoenix. Hollywood suspected an elope-
ment—and was fooled.”

Two Oblivious Lovers
THOSE were five very happy days for
all of us; reveals Virginia Bruce,
“Gary and Sandra had just be-
come engaged—and they were terribly
in love. In fact, they were so much in love
they were willing to give up everything else.
They didn’t talk about it or discuss their
plans, but Jack and I knew that was because
they didn’t want to upset anyone they weren’t
certainly to share it with anybody.”

“Sandra played tennis and golf with Gary.
She is marvelous at sports and beats most
of the men she plays with. And they swim
and rode horseback. Both of them adore
these things.

“We never got a chance to go shooting
because Gary was busy with the stage that
week and some for rent. But I doubt if Gary
and Sandra could have kept their minds on
hunting, anyway.”

The development of Gary’s romance with
Sandra Shaw was entirely different from
the progress of all his other romances. Gary
has been in love, or at least infatuated,
many times, but he never seemed to be
very serious about a romance. He never
proposed marriage or anything else.

But with Sandra it was another story.
Sandra sought the approval of Gary’s parents,
and then took him back to New
York to gain the consent of her family to
the marriage. How different all this is from
the usual procedure in Hollywood, where
consent of parents is regarded as belonging
back in the stached-collar era!

All in the Best Tradition
THERE seems to be no doubt that Gary
feels a different kind of love for Sandra.
It is love mingled with respect and the
protective instinct. You can understand
why this romance, of all his romances, meets with
his parents’ approval.

Both his mother and father were born
in England—a country where the strict social
conditions are of prime importance. When
Gary’s mother came to the United States forty-
two years ago, and married two years later.
Judge Cooper was in another country a
little longer, but he has lost none of his respect
for good old English customs.

Looking back over Gary’s love affairs, it
is now easy to see that at least a portion of
Judge and Mrs. Cooper’s disapproval was
based on the fact that the girls who intrigued
Gary were of the ultra-modern school. Clara
Bow, for instance, is adored by her friends,
and is one of the best-hearted little stars in
Hollywood. But Clara has had newspaper
notoriety that would be painful to the con-
servative Cooper.

It’s also candidly outspoken that even
Hollywood gags at some of her re-
marks and escapades. A fascinating little
people, of course, to utter, but not exactly the
type of daughter-in-law Judge and
Mrs. Cooper would welcome into the family.

Then there was the Countess di Frasso.
And what he might expect a titled
woman of the world to have all the social
requirements desired by Gary’s anxious par-
ents. But his association with the Countess
was ended as abruptly as it was begun.

She is no more than all Gary’s other romances
put together. They felt that the disparity of their
ages was insurmountable. But, above all,
they deplored the romance rumors because
the Countess already had a husband, from
whom she was not even seeking a divorce.

About Those Countess Rumors
I DON’T believe that Gary ever was ex-
actly romantic about the Countess. One
day he explained very delicately to me
that he had met the Countess through friends
in Rome when he was returning from his
African hunting expedition. He was per-
tained royally by both the Count and her-
self during his stay there. And so, when she
went to Hollywood and mentioned that she
had seen Gary and Mrs. Cooper, they might
be less than all Gary’s other romances put

Gary has had many minor romances in
addition to the big-time ones. Because he
was handsome and eligible, he has
been the romantic target of nearly every
girl in Hollywood.

Lillian Harvey, the petite foreign beauty,
had said that Gary was the only man she
found attractive man she has met in Hollywood.
For a time it looked as if there might be a
romance between the tall Montanan and the
little Countess. But the Countess very
quickly died. It was reported that the “ro-
mance” rumors had been engineered by
cheerful press-agents to give Lilian, a new-
comer, some publicity.

Gary even之余ed Judith Allen for a
time. When her husband, former wrestling-
champion Gus Sonnenberg, read that Gary
and Judith were going about together, he
became so angry that he revealed his secret
marriage to Judith, thereby causing the
couple great embarrassment. Their divorce
soon followed. And once again it was ru-
moled that Gary had just being giving a little
more attention.

The throughout all these romances Judge
and Mrs. Cooper have sought to protect Gary
from a permanent entanglement. They are
absolutely devoted to him and regarded each
new romance as a separate problem to be
solved. But when Gary found Sandra Shaw,
they relented.

Judge Cooper has told me of Gary’s stub-
bornness, a trait in which he admires in his
son.

“Once Gary makes up his mind, there is
nothing that can stop him. But he is very
slow to decide, and few people are able to
tell when he has reached a decision
because he is secretive. But he has a stub-
born determination that can’t be swayed.”

Think that one over!
Get Close to the Screen's New Sensation

(Continued from page 89)

you know how it is. So when they did get set, it meant shooting from early morning on the set, all day, as the shooting dawned. The film was finished, she packed the vanity-case and said "One-way to Broadway" to the ticking-upstage. So many strange Holly-
wood tales arose. Among these were rumors that she was snooty and inaccessible, that she was "pulling a Garbo," that she was acting sulky. After the premiere, when the director was ready to fire, that she wouldn't co-operate, that she didn't give a damn. Only the last is true. Margaret Sullavan is not so much a star as a symbol of Hollywood, a chaplain of its workings, a misfit among the sons of God.

Margaret has certain ideas about Con-
stitutional Rights regarding life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And they don't include personal publicity as purveyed by praying persons, who would like to delve deeply into nooks and corners of her heart that are marked "Strictly Private." More-
over, she wasn't very sure that she would ever return to the Coast. Then she was weary and ill at ease and pretty well worn out. The making of "Only Yesterday" had not been entirely a happy experience. Oh, yes, about that sleeping business. You see, that's true. It's one of Margaret's idiosync-
rasies and God-given faculties to be able to cat-nap at the slightest provocation—or none at all. So while they were fooling around with lights, getting a set-up, Miss Sullavan would pace calmly into the Land o'Nod, somewhat after the fashion of L. Barymore, another Hollywood person-
age. And Margaret, they didn't like it very much. They like people to be on their toes out there.

Will Go Back, But -

ANYWAY, Margaret went back East. She never thought she'd return to Hollywood. Since then she has altered her opinion—frequently. But it's only a compro-
mise, because the contract she signed gives her the right to return. And Margaret Sullavan and her first film. Maybe "suffer" isn't just the word. But Margaret was, and is, intensely, violently, tenderly, shadowy, afraid she's not afraid, let her be herself. Paul Gulick and his Universal henchmen blub-
ered all over the projection room at the preview of "Only Yesterday." They called her up, sobbing, weeping, to tell her she was not only colossal, but terrific! And Mar-
garet laughed a short, mocking laugh-
ha-ha, like that—and said: "Oh, no! Don't give me that! I'm bad! I know I'm ter-
rible!" She insisted—there was no use arguing. I saw her on the way to see her picture, and herself, for the first time. She would have preferred a punch on the nose—
and it wouldn't have had to be delivered by Maxie no.

When the picture opened, the critics came out with raves. Justified raves. Mar-
garet was wonderful. Still is. Immediately there came fan mail and fan letters. Press-agents, interviewers, inquiring re-
porters, agents, producers, all such terrible people. And what did Margaret, this little girl do? She packed her bag and slipped away to that pleasant terra incognita labeled "Whereabouts Unknown." In a place she enjoyed—ancient and all, mumbled: "Tell with 'em!"

That's about the way things stand now.

She has a half-dozen play offers—good ones, from producers who have money in the bank, as money and banks go to-day.

She's a town toast, a favorite with the fans. And Universal is clamoring at the bit, or something, to get her back on the lot right away for its prize picture, "Little Man, What Now?", and after that for another one that looks more than okay—"The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly." I think, eventually, that Universal will succeed, and that Margaret will give in. She must. For excepting Maxie no.

Margaret is a symbol of Hollywood, but she's the one outstanding personality to come to pictures in many months. And by the time you read this, Maxie and No heat No cosmetics No practicing

You can't escape it. The gorgeous, glamorous, womanly, feminine, Margaret Sullavan is among us. Hollywood has taken her home. If you are a man, you have a 

No one knows why that long, upward sweep of feminine lashes has always seemed so enchanting to the masculine mind—but it's so. And it used to be that (like curly hair) a girl either was born with the right kind or else—Now there's a tag-
get: Kurlash. Slip your lashes in, and press the handles. That's all. Kurlash won't break or hurt the lashes. In fact, it's used by a great many movie stars. $1 in the cosmetic section of drug and department stores.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York

Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME to play by note, Piano, Violin, Cello, Ukulele, Trumpet, Saxophone, Accordion, Music, or any musical instrument you can. Wonderful new meth-
ods include the half-time method and the half-time method for making a movie star. She'll know that the glamorous figures of the films are care-
fully manufactured products, backed by the efficiency of an entire factory force, an in-
spired advertising department, a high-
powered sales organization. She'll learn that a star is shaped and molded and wrapped in cellophane, packaged attract-
ively and put on the market with a tre-
nendous sales campaign.

Once in a while comes the exception that proves the rule—an actress so endearing with personality and talent that she can stand alone, towering so far above the pack that the good old build-up becomes absurd and futile. These have been known to the stage—and in lesser degree to the screen. Great players, mighty men and women like Sullavan didn't have to be cooped up in the closet. We may be one of these. Personally, I shouldn't be surprised.

Lashes were meant to be Curly!

No one knows why that long, upward sweep of feminine lashes has always seemed so enchanting to the masculine mind—but it's so. And it used to be that (like curly hair) a girl either was born with the right kind or else—Now there's a gadget: Kurlash. Slip your lashes in, and press the handles. That's all. Kurlash won't break or hurt the lashes. In fact, it's used by a great many movie stars. $1 in the cosmetic section of drug and department stores.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York

Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME to play by note, Piano, Violin, Cello, Ukulele, Trumpet, Saxophone, Accordion, Music, or any musical instrument you can. Wonderful new meth-
ods include the half-time method and the half-time method for making a movie star. She'll know that the glamorous figures of the films are care-
fully manufactured products, backed by the efficiency of an entire factory force, an in-
spired advertising department, a high-
powered sales organization. She'll learn that a star is shaped and molded and wrapped in cellophane, packaged attract-
ively and put on the market with a tre-
nendous sales campaign.

Once in a while comes the exception that proves the rule—an actress so endearing with personality and talent that she can stand alone, towering so far above the pack that the good old build-up becomes absurd and futile. These have been known to the stage—and in lesser degree to the screen. Great players, mighty men and women like Sullavan didn't have to be cooped up in the closet. We may be one of these. Personally, I shouldn't be surprised.

Lashes were meant to be Curly!
Answers to Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 10)

1. No doubt, the only one you could name in the picture on page 10 is Mary Pickford. But as the other girls are not screen players, you would really only be expected to pick out Miss Pickford. The five screen Canterbury tales were with her and in whom Mary takes a great personal interest are her nieces. Left to right, they are: Floebelle Fairbanks, Gwynne Pickford, Mary M. Fairbanks, Lolly Bannister, and Lucilla Fairbanks, gathered at Pickfair, where Mary entertained them at a large family party.

2. Although Gary Cooper's name has been linked with that of many girls, Countess di Frasso, Lupita Velez, Carole Lombard, Lilian Harvey, to name a few—he managed to remain single, but his bachelorings days are over now that he has met Sandra Shaw, whose name is Veronica Ralfe. The pair have announced their engagement and that there will be a wedding before long. Further details of their romance will be found in this issue on page 35.

3. Jackie Coogan, leading child actor of pre-talkie days, whose screen career came to an end when he outgrew role creators, has returned to the screen in a series of two-reel college films. Jackie, who attends Santa Clara College, will do his film work in spare time. He is now nineteen.

4. The dinner-dance given in honor of Marie Dressler's 62nd birthday, November 9, was attended not only by hundreds of filmland's notables, but by such celebrities as Governor Ralph and Senator McAdoo. This tribute to the glory old lady of the screen gives a good idea of the love all Hollywood has for Marie Dressler—who tells, on page 57, what it meant to her.

5. Harry Bannister, stage and screen star and former husband of Anna Harding, and Mary McCann, opera singer, have admitted their tryst and the fact that they are planning to be married. The opera star recently divorced Prince Serge Milvani, who was once married to Pola Negri.

6. Sylvia Sidney's real father, Victor Kosow, sought to have the adoption of his daughter by her foster-sisters, Sigmund and Sigmund S. Sperber of New York, a New York dentist, set aside—and on the grounds that he had never been officially notified of the adoption. Charges made were that the suit had been brought only after she had refused a demand for a large sum of money—and said she would fight it. The suit has since been dropped.

7. Veree Teasdale is the girl on Adolph Menjou's arm these days when he is stepping out and he is planning to make her his Mrs. Menjou just as soon as his divorce from Kathryn Carver becomes final on August 15, 1934. Miss Teasdale, a former society debutante and now singing featured roles on the screen, is a relative of the late poetess, Sara Teasdale.

8. Joan Crawford seems to have found, in Franchot Tonte, the man who can fill the place in her heart left vacant by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Recently Joan and Franchot made a visit to New York so that he could introduce Joan to his family and they are planning to be married in April, which is when Joan's divorce decision becomes final. That's a nice picture of them together in New York on page 16.

9. After completing her role of Amy in "Little Women," Joan Bennett, Connie's sister, retired from motion picture work in anticipation of a blessed event which will take place some time in February. Joan, who is Mrs. Gene Markey in private life, is scheduled for the title role in "Blonde Ponytail," which has been held up to wait for her. Joan has a five-year-old daughter by a former marriage.

10. On his return to Hollywood from Mexico, where he had been arrested for an insult to the government of Mexico, Lee Tracy was met at the train by his sympathetic and understanding fiancée, the girl who was ready to stand by Lee despite the fact that he had been accused of shouting insults at some passing military cadets and as a consequence fired from the cast of "Viola Villa." (See story, page 51.) All this trouble has brought the pair closer.

11. Texas Guinan, famous night-club hostess and stage and screen performer, died on November 4th following an operation for an abdominal ailment. Miss Guinan, who appeared in motion pictures in the silent days had recently made a screen comeback.

12. Alice White, petite blonde movie actress, and Sidney Harriet, writer, held some sort of record for long engagements where Hollywood was concerned. On December 3, they finally said their "I do's" in Sonora, Mexico. "Way back in 1929, when Alice's motion picture career was at its height, they announced their betrothal.

13. Francis X. Bushman, former screen idol of the silent era, and a vaudeville troubadour of later years, has retaken his old business by taking over, under his own name, a Chicago wine and liquor house.

14. Raquel Torres, the Mexican motion picture actress, is the beauty on whom Stephen Ames, wealthy New York broker, has been showering all kinds of attention since his divorce from Adrienne Ames. When Raquel returned from a European trip, Ames met her at the pier and was very attentive, but both admitted that they are good friends. Adrienne Ames, his ex-wife, married Bruce Cabot, screen actor, the day after she divorced Ames.

15. Linda Marsh, who was Adrienne Ames' sister and whose real name was Gladys M. Meek, was killed in a bus accident on which three others died, when two speeding cars collided on a highway not many miles from San Francisco.

16. Not very long ago, Lola Andre was being escorted to the marriage license bureau by James Dunn when she suddenly had a change of heart and decided she didn't want to get married. She gave as her reason the fact that she thought it best to concentrate on her film work. Later, Jimmy hasn't yet become a moody heir.

17. Marion Nixon and her millionaire ex-husband, Eddie Hilman, who were married in 1929 and divorced last year, won't admit a thing, but they say the new diamond bracelet Marion is wearing is a gift from Hildreth and that they remain on the best of terms. Each other may lead up to another try at married life.

18. The well-known screen actor, Ricardo Cortez, expects to marry Mrs. Christine Lee, a New York society woman, as soon as his divorce from his present wife becomes final. Take a little time off: Cortez was the husband of the late Alma Rubens, the motion picture star who died about three years ago.
Why Do Screen Beauties Marry Plain Business Men?
(Continued from page 6)

first time? I get lonely. I miss my husband. It is a new experience for me.
Take all in all, the girls may have married position, wealth, stability, but the old chemicals elements of love and respect seem to have entered into all the unions. Like the song, the girls are sure "This Time It's Lo-ove!"
Anyway, for better or for worse, Ruth Harriet is now married to cameraman Lee Garba, Constance Cummings to Playwright Benn W. Levy, Lucille Browne to Writer James Flavin, Jr., Kathleen Burke to Photographer J. Eleanor Hunt to Dr. Frank Nolan, Eleanor Holm to Radio Singer Arthur Jarrett, Helene Costello to Cuban Lawyer Arturo Del Barrio, Louise Brooks to Brother Deering Davis. Lillian Roth to Justice Benjamin Shalleck, Frances Williams to Business Man Miguel de Sousa; and Merna Kennedy (by the way you read this) to Dancer Busy Berkeley (who revises the procedure and says, "Merna is a great girl. No one ever under- stands me before, this, and when Moran got ready toelope, she didn't pick any movie smoothie; she married handsome Lawyer Martin Malone!

What the Stars are Doing
(Continued from page 6)

Gaye, Janet—starting work on The House of Comedy—Fox Studios, 1041 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gildoner, John—completed role of Garbo in Queen Christina—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Grant, Cary—recently completed Born to Be Bad—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

HAMILTON, Neil—playing in Turandot and His Mate Met—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in Alien Carp—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—scheduled to co-star with Marie Dressler in Living in a Big Way—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harvey, Lilian—recently completed I Am Suzanne—Paramount Studios, 1549 S. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hayes, Helen—playing on stage in Mary of Scotland. Next picture will be What Every Woman Knows—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Henry, Charlotte—played the title role in the recently released Alice in Wonderland—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hepburn, Katharine—playing on stage in The Lake. Recently completed Trigger—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hildebrand, Marion—completed role of Anna Stein's leading man in Nome—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in Winifred—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1348 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopkins, Miriam—recently completed All of Me—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Howard, Leslie—scheduled for British Agent in retort from England—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hume, Benita—vacationing abroad after com- pleting The Woral Woman in Paris—Fox Studios 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—recently completed Rodney—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Lydia—recently completed The Poor Rich—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jolson, Al—playing in Wonder Bar—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Jones, Rock—recently completed Gordon of Coast City—United Artists Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Jordain, Dorothy—recently completed One Man's Journey—has long since retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordain, Miriam—playing in Let's Fall in Love—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MARCHAND'S RESTORES AND PROTECTS

LOVELY LIGHT HAIR

No longer does she fear her hair will darken or fade. She has been thru all that. Now she knows her hair will be lustrous and lovely for many happy exciting years ahead—thanks to Marchand's. If your blonde hair has darkened or faded. Don't worry or wonder about what to do (or don't experiment). Get the product thousand of blondes have found, to be the most reliable, to produce the most skillful results. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle make it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Unnoticeable with Marchand's Quick, effective, inexpensive. Avoids stubbly aftergrowth caused by other methods. IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail
For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 36c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 521 W. 39th St., New York City.

Old Money and Stamps WANTED

OLD MONEY FOR DIME
1914 S. Mint $15 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel ( admissions, shares of other amazing prisms for coins. Get in touch with me. Send for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 354
Fort Worth, Texas

[Large Rare Coin Establishment in U.S.]

TERIPE DISLAYS

AND PAINS RELIEVED

Don't be discouraged or alarmed—use ZENOME. An effective, reliable, quick relief from painful and unnatural distress. Chocolate coated, easy to take, unpalatable; designed to relieve nervousness, indigestion, heartburn. Sold at all dealers. Send $1 for 25 full-length tablets. Super Strength, ZENOME $2. Rushed postpaid, plain, sealed.

ZENOME PRODUCTS CO.
2368 West 56th St., NEW YORK

DR. WALTER'S

Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once, gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure. $2.25
REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautiful and comfortable. Lined back, with 3 garters in front. Holds up ab- domen, neat waist and hips. $3.75
Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Watter 389 Fifth Ave., New York

ND DAY TODAY
BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER

PLAY PIANO BY EAR

From the floor, they sing by ear. Our latest book of piano instruction teaches hands and minds mastered. At Home in Your Spare Time

SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Learn new styles of tune and composition—pick up tunes. If you can read music, you can play piano. Free in Essentials of Piano-Playing. 541 West 89th St., New York.

NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Dept. 291 Nicklaus Felt, N. Y.

93
She Thought
Her Figure Was
Hopeless!

You too can REDUCE
on a Large Fast this
New Easy Way
Is your bust large? Re-
due that bulging
most chest-line to the
skewered waistline of
youth. Take 1 or more
inches of your bust
measure.

Lift sagging tissues
Just apply Touch-
Me LAX treatment at
home and watch your
breasts grow slim
immensely! This mar-
velous new dis-
covery removes soft.
Braless fat! Braless
and molded the
increased bust line.
But is left small,
firm, arched and
beautifully. No ag-
no wright.

Special Offer NOW
Take advantage of special introductory offer now.
good only until 10-15.

FEMININE
HYGIENE
LADIES 3. P. Relief Compound.
The ideal when nature fails you. Often
favorably relieves some of the most dis-
ceasing effects of natural delays, often up
5 days. Absolutely not dangerous, no
unpleasant side effects. Highly recom-
ended and used by thousands of women be-
cause they are of quick action and
will assure the most satisfaction generally.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money
back.

FOR EX Et. E. A. CAMPAIND and
you never will without us.
We do not know of anything better. All orders shipped
free.

END DELAY
American Periodic Relief Compound doubles "X" Tablets combine safely with quick action. Relieves most
symptoms instantly. No pain, no discomfort, no
Unusually Reliable WHENever you order. Send $1.00
immediatelv. Best in the Field. Guaranteed

FREE Sample—3 Tablets of
American Periodic Relief Compound
plus 3 Tabletas de Relajación.

40 SOUTHS WILLES STREET, DEPT. 3, CHICAGO, ILL. 

94

How BLONDES
hold their sweethearts
MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the
most of her hair. She does it with Blondex. The powder shampoo that sets hair
hair against all new lustre beauty—keeps it
golden-bright and radiantly gleams. Ar-
ning your tresses, it brings instant
tour freshness, searching from that route
out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair
leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make
your hair unforgettable alluring. Blondex comes
two sizes—The NEW, inexpensive 50c package
and the economical $1.00 bottle. Try it today
and see the difference. At all drug and
department stores. Have you tried
Blondex Wave Set Powder? Doesn't
darken light hair—not sticky-only 45c.

WOMEN
END DELAY
American Periodic Relief Compound doubles "X" Tablets combine safely with quick action. Relieves most
symptoms instantly. No pain, no discomfort, no
Unusually Reliable WHENever you order. Send $1.00
immediatelv. Best in the Field. Guaranteed

FREE Sample—3 Tablets of
American Periodic Relief Compound
plus 3 Tabletas de Relajación.

40 SOUTHS WILLES STREET, DEPT. 3, CHICAGO, ILL. 

94
would think twice before turning down a big Hollywood cover-up service about petty racketeers that stars should be on the watch-out for. If they are billed next, it will be their own fault!

**PINEAPPLE** juice, tomato juice, grapefruit juice, pomegranate juice, sauerkraut juice, orange juice—Hollywood claims they have discovered the health benefits of all of these. And now it has added a new one to the list—coconut juice. It's taken internally and is supposed to give a clear complexion. One of these days, says one weary prophet, Hollywood will get around to discovering the health virtues of cow juice. Milk, in other words.

**THE** death of Hugh Trevor at thirty-one shocked Hollywood terribly. Hugh insisted on leaving the hospital a week after an operation for appendicitis, against the advice of physicians. In a few days he was rushed back with a relapse, but died before the doctors could operate again. Hugh was once Betty Compson's Big Moment and was well liked by Hollywood. Other movie stars who have hurried their convalescence after appendicitis operations must have shivered. Clark Gable returned to pictures before he was considered. Strong enough, but Claudette Colbert was struggling in jungle swamps and streams only a few weeks after her operation.

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN** had an emergency operation for appendicitis—which she had delayed having and developed peritonitis, as a result. Serum, rushed from San Francisco, saved her. Joan Blondell also tried to fight off an appendectomy, carrying an ice pack on her side for two days, but finally had to submit—and just in time, too. Another star who has been very ill is Richard Dix, a victim of double pneumonia. And Paul Lukas has gone back to his native Budapest for an "major operation" necessitated by an old War injury.

**THAT** report that Al Jolson was going to take Ruby Keeler away from Hollywood has been interfered with appropriate ceremonies. When studio officials got a look at the first "rushes" of "Wonder Bar," they bustled out and handed Al a contract for three more pictures. Meanwhile, Ruby is busy getting ready to go to "Thomas" with Dick Powell. It will be another big musical. After that, Al and Ruby may do a picture together.

**AMERICA** has recognized Russia, and the Russians, who are great experimenters, have in turn recognized that capitalistic Hollywood may have something they might profitably see. In short, they have invited Harpo Marx to the Moscow Art Theatre for a month's stay to reveal his famous pantomime—and Harpo is, even now, on his way there. In Russia, movies are a government industry. The Soviets realize the power of pictures for teaching the illiterate—and they realize the power of actions to say more than words. Hence, the invitation to Harpo, who broke his famous silence long enough to say that it 'awed' him. He will be on the stage alone, with not a blonde in sight.

**IT** must be tough to get scenarios accepted by studios! Major Fiorello H. La Guardia, new Mayor of New York City, recently had one turned down. You might have thought that his name, alone, would have sold a picture. But that apparently didn't count. Even so, he was luckier than most; he got his manuscript read. Many a would-
be scenario writer has had his manuscript returned to him unopened and stamped "Not Read." The reason? Studios are afraid of plagiarists, by either letter or from unknowns—or, rather, from unknowns who don't come recommended by reputable agents.

EDMUND LOVE and Victor McLagen are teaming once more in "No Man's Woman," resuming their comical quarrelling over the female of the species. And Hollywood waits ten years before it gets up courage enough to film "Alice in Wonderland."

THE most amazing advertisement of the month was on the front, go on the back of a local paper with the words, "I am at Liberty," and signed, "John Gilbert." Which told the world that Queen Christina, in which he played Garbo's first husband, had finished, and that he was advertising his belief in himself. It's encouraging to know that he hasn't been humbled by his absence from the screen and by his experiences in early talkies.

According to report, and director Maumian had heated words with his. And a woman of the Warners, was reported engaged to one of her uncle's boys. At least, Dick Powell and Nita Hille are in everywhere together and with the air of being That Way, which the wiseacres interpret as the forerunner to an engagement announcement. There's nothing better than an inamboyant fling with your girls—and giving them jobs before, instead of after, marriage to find out if they know how to work!

SPEAKING of marriages, Busby Berkeley, who thinks up all those dance numbers for the Warner mumps, has given Merna Kennedy a hilltop home as his wedding present. Anita Louise is wearing a ring that Tom Iredell gave her in last year's promise to marry him. Eleanor Boardman and Director Harry D'Arrast are engaged to marry when her divorce from King Vidor is final; Adolph Menjou is engaged to marry Miss Teasdale when his divorce from Kathryn Carver is final; and the reason why Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone went off to New York for a holiday was to get his parent's approval of their nuptial plans. And Eleanor Hunt, former wife of Rex Lease, is now married to Dr. Frank Nolan; Allan Jacob is just wed Mary Landee; Rita Flynn is now Mrs. James M. Bryant; and Fifi Dorsay has married Maurice Hill.

And said that hitherto was was, among the recent fiestas-of-suits are Crane Wilbur and Beatrice Binlin; Mary McCormic and Serge Milvida; Benny Rubin and Mary Martin; Helen Vinson and Henry Vickerman; Frank Albertson.

WONDER what Ann Harding thinks of the new Mary McCormic-Harry Bannister alliance? Ann and Harry got a divorce, if you remember the picture Harry was being called "Mr. Ann Harding." And Mary McCormic, who is an opera singer, seems to have a positive genius for getting her name in headlines!

THE answers to the ten questions on page 49 are:

1. Frank Buck has been somewhere East of Suez, rounding up more ferocious beasts and having a cameraman catch the proceedings. He's now returning with a colorful collection and a mile or so of film, which you will eventually see as "Wild Cargo." There's one big thrill scene, it is said, of a rhino goin' berserk.

2. When Katharine Hepburn, she of theauburn hair and the auburn will power, gets back from New York and "The Conquest of Arc" and "Tudor Wench" (which is about Queen Elizabeth, the most famous redhead of history) both ready for her.

3. Ronald Colman's return looks imminent, what with a sequel to "Bullfrog Drummond," one of his biggest hits, being prepared for him.

Alice Joyce, recently wed to director Clarence Brown, is the star—and Alice Moore, who makes her bow in "Coming Out," for Jesse L. Lasky. Another former woman star who has a grown-up daughter following in her screen footsteps is Seena Owen, now a top-notch scenario writer at Paramount, whose daughter is newcomer Pat Marsh.

5. Since Leslie Howard has been delayed from returning to Hollywood by making a hit in the role of Shakespeare on the English stage, and since he has an agreement to make 'Of Human Bondage' for RKO soon after his return here, it is going to Fredrich March for the title role of "Anthony Adverse." If they can't, Leslie may still get it. Which would be your preference?

6. Watch for the interior sets of Marlene Dietrich's new picture, "Catherine, the Great." There is not a word, literal or written, of what the interior of the Kremalin looked like in Catherine's time. So director Josef von Sternberg and his art director let their imaginations run rampant in the interior backgrounds, to bring out the un-civilized state of those times.

7. Anna Sten, the Russian star who was being groomed for her American debut for nearly two years, looks like the new sensation of the screen in her first American picture, "That Woman." And in her next, "Barbary Coast," she will have Gary Cooper, no less, for her co-star.

8. You guessed it. Rudy Vallee, who's a better actor to go than when he first at tempted the screen, is coming back—and will probably be the headliner in "George White's Scandals" at Fox. He made a big hit after his return to Broadway in one of the stage versions of the "Scandals."

9. Yes, George Bernard Shaw has finally called—after a long delay—Derby and Clement Dane that Hollywood did right by their respective brain children, "Long Lost Father" and "A Bill of Divorce ment." He has sold his last smash hit, "The Love Affair," which deals with the American Revolution, to RKO, which will star John Barrymore in it.

10. Lenore Ulric, returning to films after a long absence, is making a picture that revolves around the marital difficulties of a stage couple. She and Sidney Blackmer were secretly divorced several months ago.

TS Hollywood to have another alignment that of George, Joan Crawford, and Josef von Sternberg? Many are the murmurs that Katharine Hepburn and George Cukor will be a similarly inseparable team. "He is the greatest wonder I have ever known," said Katharine declared, after the "Little Woman" preview, "I want him for all my pictures hereafter."

WHEN publicity stories went out that Mae West had met her old friend, Eva Tanguay, on the set of "All About Eve," and that Mae had immediately assumed the support of the former "I-Dont-Care" Girl, the result was serious for Miss Tanguay. What Mae really wanted was to buy a new dress, and she presented her with a check to buy dress and shoes to match—a warm-hearted gift of a warm-hearted woman—but the sequel was an un- (Continued on page 56)
Letters From Our Readers

(Continued from page 8)

pathos at the finish. Clean throughout. Pulse-quickening. Care-taking. Not only did they remember the taxation and the jumping cost of food while this cokker was unreelled!

But put on your good movie with such a cryptic title? I almost passed it up. Can't we have more of these? Sane, unusual, breath-taking, refreshing picture. This stimulates the brain, bring back childhood enthusiasm and make work-weary, harassed old adults forget the pressing cares of life. We're starved for stories like these.

Anna E. Benson.

Good Entertainment Is What Counts

MEMPHIS, TENN.—"The phenomenal success of 'Little Women' has turned the attention of motion picture producers to the screen possibilities latent in our M. A. Alcott's other novels," writes a columnist of "Footlights and Flickers."

The phenomenal success of "Little Women" is due to excellent casting of parts and the authentic adherence to the original story.

Just as love letters of "Little Women" have always pictured them, so they appeared before us on the screen. No other actress could have portrayed the role of "Jo" to such perfection as Katharine Hepburn. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker were "Amy," "Meg," and "Beth" as we've always imagined them.

Prior to its presentation, there were a few misgivings, I am told, on the part of some theatrical managers, as to whether or not this picture of sweet, simple sentiment would attract the public as thoroughly as the super-advertised, de luxe sex pictures which they always floored to see.

It's a far cry from "I'm No Angel" to "Little Women," but to illustrate a point, we believe both because they were good entertainment. Theatre managers can bear this in mind, if it's good entertainment the public will be there.

Anne McLenore.

Teacher Praises Films

DECATUR, ALA.—Many people have a blanket condemnation for the motion picture's influence upon the younger generation. Undeniably, there are some features of the average picture that could be deleted with profit to all humanity, but there are others that are rivalling the schoolroom in educational results.

As a teacher of high-school English, I have noticed that students who are familiar with the movies appreciate literature more than those who are strangers to the theatre. The glamour, the thrill of adventure, the colorful life, and the stirring episodes of the movie story develop and foster a taste for drama. My students who thrilled to "Idyls of the King" in tenth-grade work were almost without exception constant patrons of the picture show.

Also, these students are well-informed. How often have I heard, "I saw it in a news reel" or "It was in a picture?" If the modern picture can aid in developing an appreciation of life's finest things, why condemn it utterly?

Mabel Brown Sherard.

Are You Flat-Chested?

BUST DEVELOPED

Is your chest-line flat and formless? Do you lack the shape-creating curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag lifeless instead of standing out firm and round? Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high, arched shape-like, to lift the sag.

It is so easy! Let me send you my simple developing instructions with large container of Miracle Cream to use with my special massage technique. No drugs or appliances, nothing harmful. This is the secret of how to develop the bust. Try it and see! It costs you nothing if you are not delighted with the improvement in your figure!

FREE! Beautiful Form

My Illustrated book on form development is yours free. And here is my big bargain offer: send only $1.00 for the Nancy Lee treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream, with free book— all mailed to you in plain wrapper. Your money back if not satisfied. Write today, enclosing only $1.00.

NANCY LEE, Dept. K-2
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SKIN RESTORED TO LOVELINESS

thanks to...

Dr. Edwards

clogged by poisons from the intestines is the greatest threat to beauty. That is why Dr. Edwards made this rare compound of vegetable ingredients originally prepared for his own patients. For just one week, try this treatment, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how much more alive you feel, how your mirror flatters you.

Get a package from your druggist or drug department, 13¢, 50¢, 65¢.

Both Given Send No Money—Send Name and Address—Ladies and Girls! Six-Jewel Cuff (in a Presentation Box) 8¢. Willow brooch $5.00. Both medicinal and cosmetic. It's your choice! Pick one. Get both! Take $1.00 off. Write today and enclose name, address, and catalog number. Write on a piece of paper. Write small for order of name. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 77 S. Yonkers, N. Y.

Try My Way to Reduce Your Form—Free!

Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unhealthy fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I'll gladly send you my easy directions with a container of "Prescription-36." Send Me Your Name and address and your pleasure on this single bottle will be at your door the same day in plain wrapper. Please enclose 1¢ for forwarding charge.

DORIS KENT, Dept. R-2
4 East Little Street
New York, N. Y.

MARRIED WOMEN

Send 3¢ stamps for valuable illustrated catalog of articles for private use of married women.


97
Asthma Was Choking Her

Got Immediate Relief! Seventeen Years Later—"Still Enjoying Splendid Health"

December 8, 1916—"I had asthma for 17 years. I coughed most of the time and couldn't rest, eat or talk. I tried everything, but grew so weak I could hardly walk across the room. After taking one bottle of Nacor, I could do most of my housework. That was 8 years ago. I am still feeling fine, with no sign of asthma."—Mrs. Mary Bean, R. D., Nashua, Iowa.

But the real story of this improvements[-]maker is told by Miss Tanguay, who wrote us an almost incredible story of how she made an invalid almost gone—thanks to the fine specialist hired, not by Mae West, but by Sophie Tucker. For when Sophie arrived in Hollywood (she's about to star in "Husband Hunters"), Eva was in real distress. The publicity about Mae West's help had innocently caused it. Sophie Tucker had paired that havoc, with a generosity that has known no limits and deserves full credit.

"Mae was very kind," says Eva, "but it's Sophie Tucker who is putting me on my feet, who is sending me back to Chicago for an operation on my eye, who is helping me so I can go back to my career. Eva Tanguay owes her a fortune—more than a million dollars.

Incidentally, she supported twenty-eight people besides herself. She owned fourteen pieces of property. She was, say, big a bust, and big a bust, and big a bust, and big a bust, and big a bust. She sold one after another to pay doctors' bills for herself and others. Then the depression. Income stopped. Property lost—one piece after another. And she doesn't want any body to talk about "poor Eva Tanguay" and make her out a charity case because "I'm so much better. I'm coming back. I'll be all right soon. It was worse on those I was helping than on myself. But everything's going to be all right now, thanks to Sophie Tucker!"

NOW that the code forbids one studio's raising another for stars, the producers are going to have to find another way of meeting competition. And Hollywood wonders if, maybe, they haven't found it already. RKO, for example, has a duplicate of Sophie Tucker who is putting me on my feet, who is sending me back to Chicago for an operation on my eye, who is helping me so I can go back to my career. Eva Tanguay owes her a fortune—more than a million dollars. Incidentally, she supported twenty-eight people besides herself. She owned fourteen pieces of property. She was, say, big a bust, and big a bust, and big a bust, and big a bust, and big a bust. She sold one after another to pay doctors' bills for herself and others. Then the depression. Income stopped. Property lost—one piece after another. And she doesn't want any body to talk about "poor Eva Tanguay" and make her out a charity case because "I'm so much better. I'm coming back. I'll be all right soon. It was worse on those I was helping than on myself. But everything's going to be all right now, thanks to Sophie Tucker!"

News and Gossip of the Studios (Continued from page 98)

When the Gay Nineties, the newest Vine Street beer parlor (with singing waiters 'n all the trimmings), opened, its up-to-date advertising slogan was, "Vine Street will always be with us," with a deep black border. Thus does Hollywood pay tribute to the late Queen of the Night Clubs, who was never revealed as she recorded her name. When we speak of her, we speak of 1928 to 1930, the year that Hottest was written. The picture was a major production, and attracted many top names. It was released as "The Female Two-Gun Bill Hurt", that so the movie town's memory of her was fresh. She had died strenuously for her return to films and had lost twenty pounds in a few weeks, which may have much to do with the intestinal aliment from which she died so suddenly in Vancouver about the time the picture was released.

A DRIENNE AMES' new-found happiness as the screen(minutes the new)was dramatic, and tragic. The two new tragi-arrangement were interrupted by the death of her younger sister in an automobile accident. Linda Marsh was her screen name; Gladys McClure was her real name. The younger sister had taken great pride in the younger sister and was trying to give her every advantage in getting started on the screen, to spare her the difficulties that she, herself, had encountered.

THE English certainly are after Hollywood players, who are just as popular in the U.S. In England, David Manners and Greta Nielsen have just been in an English picture together; ditto, Rene Lyon and Sally Eilers; Laura La Plante, two French stars; and a young English girl, who has just finished an English talkie version of "Sorrell and Son" that is being highly praised. English studio c cly annou-nce that they are after Charles Farrell, Noel McCrear, Carole Lombard, James Dunn, Marian Marsh, Joan Bennett, Fay Wray, Frances Dee, Bette Davis, and Nancy Carroll. Maurice Chevalier has signed up to make one British picture a year. And Charles Laughton (who happens to be English) has agreed to make five British pictures over a lengthy period.

This second generation is sprinking up mighty fast. Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, made her screen bow in "My Weakness." Director Frank Lloyd's daughter, Alina, is facing the cameras for the first time in "Jimmy and Sally." Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria, plays in "Cathrine, the Great." And, of course, there are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jack Benny, Jr. and Carlyle Blackwell, Jr. And Harold Lloyd, Jr., is coming up!

Speaking of the younger generation, they are filling two of the new, "no names" roles in an upcoming picture. Frank ("A Man's Castle") Borzage is directing a group of young boys in "No Cannons, Roan," and King ("Stranger's Return") Vidor is rounding up a cast of high-school age for "Give Us the Right to Live.

Robert Benchley, who is a writer by inclination and an actor by persuasion, determined to do right by the writing craft in his role in "Dancing Lady." It's his observation that the only real reporters go around with pads and pencils in their coat pockets; the real ones jot down notations, even now, on paper and pencil—and his imitation of a newshawk trying to read a letter on an executive's desk is a classic.
If you really knew about Princess Pat powder

... you'd surely try it

Here we shall try to give the facts — read carefully

By Patricia Gordon

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

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is fragrance. Will you like Princess Pat? Yes. For its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of romantic things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume. So point three in favor of Princess Pat powder is a fragrance of such universal charm that every woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her only powder. For Princess Pat powder is good for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in no other face powder. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, plant and naturally lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the same properties. Fancy that! When you powder, you actually improve your skin. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture. You will inevitably say you look younger by years once you have changed to Princess Pat face powder.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base — cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.

Now is the time! Receive a beautiful Vanity

FREE it's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $1 — worth more. The clearest Vanity you ever knew, comes ready for use — filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent entirely free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. A-3012. I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. Please send me Vanity. I am enclosing $1.00 for the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled, with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold ___ or Silver ___ finish is desired.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City and State _______________________

In Canada, 93 Church Street, Toronto.
THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

Reach for a Lucky, for always Luckies Please
Day-Dreams come True for Joan... with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

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

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

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

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

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

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

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women
What good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her “pink tooth brush” should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and massage the gums, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps “pink tooth brush” at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

Don't take chances! A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.
ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!
Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted!
Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen’s "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
What! Can Myrna Loy Be Lonely?

Did you ever see anybody look more wistful than Myrna Loy does, above? Can those "lonely heights of stardom" really be that lonely? Or hasn't Ramon Novarro been calling as regularly of late?

Myrna, herself, says it's a pleasure to look wistful—she had to look "dangerous" for so long. But if you ask us—and ten million other movie-goers—she's more dangerous now than ever!

Anyway, in "Men in White," she's the girl Clark Gable loves—and he has to choose between marriage to Myrna and a great career as a doctor. Which would you pick?

Features:

Katharine Hepburn, Mae West—and Sex Appeal! Constance Champion

Exclusive! Mary Pickford's Own Story! Gladys Hall

Doug's Side of the Story Sonia Lee

The Little Red Schoolhouse Becomes a Theatre Winifred Aydelotte

How Hollywood Likes Its Legal Liquor Jack Grant

Secrets of the Stars—Constance Bennett Gladys Hall

Are They Making a Goddess Out of Garbo? James M. Fidler

Almost Divorced After Three Weeks of Marriage Dorothy Manners

Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test! Jack Grant

You Don't Know Your Stars Until You Know Their Habits Faith Service

How to Get—and Hold—Your Boy-Friend Sonia Lee

She Can Show You How to Imitate Stars! J. M. Ruddy

Departments:

Flashes from Filmland

You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out!

Letters from Our Readers

Let's Go! Hot News from Hollywood

Latest Hollywood Fashions

Aids to Beauty

Reviews of the Newest Pictures

Cover Design of Myrna Loy Painted By Maryland Stone
Flashes from Filmland

Here's a little girl who's going to gallop places—and we don't mean on horseback, either (except when she's down at Palm Springs). Toby Wing, from down Texas way, is Hollywood's "most beautiful chorus girl"—and is she in trim for "Search for Beauty"!

Marlene's Legs Hidden

HOLLYWOOD resents the fact that Marlene Dietrich isn't showing her legs in public these days. And India resents the fact that she did show them in "The Song of Songs." At least, the British censor objected to the huge billboards that called attention to the fact. The Hindus, who wear ankle-length skirts, haven't seen a pretty leg (ah there, Gandhi!) for centuries. And, well—to have Marlene's famous underpinnings before their eyes might start a revolution, or something. Anyway, the big posters were banned—though the picture, itself, wasn't.

Hot From the Air

WITH the tremendous success of Bing Crosby (he was one of the three big sensations of '33), Paramount is lining up other radio favorites—remembering that George Burns and Gracie Allen haven't done so badly in films, either.

Ben Bernie, "the Old Maestro," is headed for films. So is Lanny Ross, who sings 'em in the caressing manner. So is Joe Morrison, who made "The Last Round-Up" a radio rage. And Ethel Merman, the blues singer, is opposite Bing in "We're Not Dressing."

Other studios are also radio-conscious. Rudy Vallee is the star of "George White's Scandals" at Fox, and Alice Faye, feminine vocalist with his Connecticut Yankees, is his leading lady. Sam Goldwyn plugged Ruth Etting in "Roman Scandals." Russ Columbo is being groomed for stardom by Universal, with "Show Boat" coming up. M-G-M has Arthur Jarrett on hand as a song-plugger. (He put across "Everything I Have Is Yours" in "Dancing Lady".)

Tough on Nudists

POSTER art of the unclad female form divine—or photographic portraits of such—are now on the pan even in Hollywood. There were definite suggestions from Washington that the movies had better clean up, or else...

So all advertising art and "still"s for distribution to magazines and newspapers must now be okayed by the Hays Office before they can ever be sent out. We have already had some glimpses of photos bearing the stamp of the Hays Office—which, by the way, is said to have told Lee Tracy that if he proved he could get along on ice water, he could take some of those big offers that several studios are trying to make to him.

Nothing to Hide

THE Nudists! They have done more to bring us face to face with the bare facts than the late Depression.

Apropos of the popular movement, a physician-surgeon who has been royal herb dispenser to Their Graces, Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson and Dr. Albert Einstein, met a recent patient, a Nudist.

"Doctor," she cooed, "I'm so pleased with my operation. Everyone at the colony admires my scar."

The Boys Go for Suede

THE spirit of Nudism seems to be infectious. Most of the male actors of the town are going in for undressed-kid shoes. So popular are suédés, in fact, that (Continued on page 8)
Marlene Dietrich
in
"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"
(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)
directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Flashes from Filmland

The third cutie from the left can't keep her eyes off Le Roy Prinz, dance director of "Search for Beauty"—and is he sore! "They're all prize beauties—from the British Empire and the U. S. A. Can you pick out the Yankees?"

(Continued from page 6)

you can safely bet that if he wears lamb-skins on his tootesies, he's in the theatre world.

Gary Cooper has a pair of tans; Victor Jory's are gray. Other darlings who have affected them are Claude King, José Crespo, Jason Robards, Walter McGrail, Lincoln Stedman. So have Sid (Chinese Theatre) Grauman and Metro's Costumer, Adrian.

Joan's Big Plum

JOAN CRAWFORD gets the title rôle of "The Merry Widow," Chevalier's next picture—which has been re-tailored to fit him. Joan was the choice over Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, Lily Pons and Vivienne Segal.

With Ernst Lubitsch reunited with Maurice as his director, M-G-M had hoped that the Frenchman could be persuaded to team up again with Jeanette MacDonald, also. But he apparently couldn't—not after the way his fellow-countrymen had cheered Jeanette in their appearances together. Grace Moore and Lily Pons, both possessing operatic voices, rated consideration on that ground—though not well-known to movie audiences. Vivienne Segal, also a possessor of a fine singing voice, was similarly considered.

But the studio (and Maurice, too) finally decided that he needed a sensational screen actress as co-star to put the picture over with a bang. It's a bit difficult to envision Joan in the rôle—but maybe her rôle will be rewritten, too. It's a cinch that the surprise team of Chevalier and Crawford will draw the crowds!

Howsabout It?

W hat everyone is wondering is: Will they keep that famous dance on the long staircase in that new version of "The Merry Widow"? It is well-known that, as a dancer, Maurice is a good singer. That waltz was the Big Moment of the 1925 version, starring Mae Murray and John Gilbert and directed by Erich von Stroheim—who may be the "heavy" in the talkie edition.

Charlie Kisses Janet Again

LIKE Chevalier, Charles Farrell once felt that his co-star was getting most of the "gravy." That's why the team of Gaynor and Farrell broke up and Charlie asked for a release from his Fox contract to become a free-lance player. Now that he has built up a reputation on his own again, and moviegoers have kept right on pleading for a reunion of Janet and Charlie, he has listened to suggestions that he return. He has not only listened; he has signed. You will see him with Janet once more in "The Sun Shines Bright." And another long-parted team of screen lovers who will be reunited in the same picture are James Dunn and Sally Eilers. Somebody at Fox had a bright idea to take the cobwebs off box-offices!

Was Will Rogers Sick?

PL enty of people are going to be watching for Will Rogers in "David Harum," saga of an American country squire—which is being filmed in the period in which it was written. And Hollywood was plenty amused to hear of an "accident" that overtook Will during production. The script required him to smoke a pipe—something he had never done before. Manfully, he accepted the assignment and lighted up.

The heroes don't always marry the heroines. Ricardo Cortez, for instance, has picked Mrs. Christine Lee, of Connecticut society, as his bride!

(Continued on page 10)
YOU’LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS...

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! ... the Connie you’ve always loved—blonde and enticing... And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! ... teamed with Franchot Tone to create “the perfect lovers” of the screen!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents

CONSTANCE BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT TONE

TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS
Directed by Sidney Lanfield

20th CENTURY PICTURE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production...Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Flashes from Filmland

(Continued from page 8)

Puff, puff, puff. He began to get "pale about the gills." Sudden-ly he shouted to director James Cruze, "Jim, I'm sick." When he was able to bear the sight of the pipe again, he smoked aromatic herbs!

He's Taking After Buddy

SINCE Will vocalized in "They Had to See Paris," there has been no holding the cowboy-philosopher-polo-playing actor. He wants to sing, sturdily and long, in all of his pictures. You probably noticed in "Doctor Bull." Studio officials think Will has been attacked by a "Buddy" bacillus. The more modern of them refer to it as a "Crosby complex."

The condition is contagious. Will James, cowboy-artist-author-actor, expressed a yearning to croon Western laments in the film version of his story, "Smoky." So did Victor Jory.

Wanted 'Em Cowboy-Style

GENTLY repressed in this desire, Mr. James' discontent had vent elsewhere. He was taken to the ultraswank Colony Club to see Hollywood at play.

"What kind of a joint is this, anyway?" he asked, sourly, looking around. "They only have 'tailor-made' cigarettes."

A Colony Club waiter, in full regalia, was sent scurrying to the neighborhood tobacconist's for a lowly, but virile, roll-your-own kit.

Liquor's Still Banned

DESPITE Repeal, it has become increasingly necessary for Fox players, et al, to take their liquor-drinking guests to local taverns for alcoholic drinks. At cafés in both the Westwood and the Hollywood Fox studios even the innocuous 3.2 brew is banned. At iniquitous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, however, the foamy stuff can be guzzled at any time and right at the table, too. But they have their restrictions. The deadly juice of the grape, fermented, is banned.

There is a mysterious tabu at the studios, as yet, against wines. The perfidious grape has yet to be sanctioned by those who manufacture moral codes in Darkest Hollywood. No one is photographed sipping Sauterne. But the California grape-growers are bringing pressure to bear...

He Hasn't Forgotten Lon

ALKING about restaurants, there is a genuine heart-throb in restaurateur Al Levy's tribute to his friend, the late Lon Chaney. On one of the busiest corners in Hollywood, at Vine Street and the Boulevard, a wrought-iron bench for weary pedestrians bears Lon Chaney's name. Below, in fine type, is also Al's.

At his café, the Tavern, Mr. Levy, squat, round, baldish with a fringe of gray hair, shrugged his shoulders, expressively, when we asked him about it.

"There is nothing to tell," he said, "except that Lon was my friend for more years than I can remember—maybe twenty or thirty. I knew him when he was in vaudeville. It's just in memory of our long friendship, that's all."

Hollywood Mourns

HOLLYWOOD is in mourning for Herbert Somborn, the owner of the Brown Derby Restaurants (which helped to make Hollywood famous), former film director, and former husband of Gloria Swanson—dead after a lingering illness. He was one of the Favorite Persons of the whole movie colony. His divorce from Gloria in 1923, after four years of marriage, was perhaps the first of all of Hollywood's long succession of "friendly divorces." Gloria was given custody of their little girl—named after her mother—and he often called to see the child and often had her with him. Gloria called to see him several times during his last illness. He and Wallace Beery and the Marquis de la Falaise called each other "brother-in-law".

(Continued on page 12)
GOOD BEER FOR GOOD FELLOWS

HOME from the ride to the cozy warmth of the cabin... a crackling log of flame and gold... good fellows... good beer... Pabst Blue Ribbon. Its full-bodied vigor and vibrant full strength are relished in town and country, wherever men and women work hard, play hard, and live life to the full. Blue Ribbon Beer responds to their most exacting demands. It will satisfy you too—completely.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. NBC Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.
**Flashes from Filmland**

In “Trigger,” it looks as if Ralph Bellamy has a good firm hold on Katharine Hepburn. But she has eluded all Hollywood—and gone East to be in a play!

Two pretty good imitation Indians, Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez, meet a heap big chief—“Chief” Myers, once famous baseball star. He’s in “Laughing Boy,” too

(Continued from page 10)

**Baby Le Roy’s Rival**

Is Baby Le Roy growing up! The youngster who has the world’s funniest grudge—he blubbers whenever he catches a glimpse of W. C. Fields—is now twenty months old. And already he has outgrown small-baby parts. He was originally intended for the title rôle in “The Baby in the Icebox,” but his size was against him. So the baby you’ll see in the picture will be none other than Richard Ralston Arlen, infant son of the hero of the piece. Following in his Dad’s footsteps pretty young!

**Expecting a Namesake**

Speaking of babies, Jack Dempsey beat the columnists to the draw in telling the world about his—and Hannah Williams Dempsey’s—expectations. Heading East after a honeymoon of several months on the Coast, he hopped off a train in Utah, his home state, long enough to let the natives in on the “secret.” The name, he said, will be either Jack or Jacqueline.

**Not Fighting-Mad Now**

Word that Max (“It”-Man) Baer—Dempsey’s protégé—had invaded the New York night-club field as an entertainer brought only a terse comment from one of his former associates, who thinks that Max should stay with the squared ring and training if he still wants to lick World’s Champion, Primo Carnera.

“Max is going to be just a live coffin of dead hopes, I’m afraid,” he said sadly, shaking his head.

**Max Wired Congrats**

But it’s hard to make Max flustered. In San Francisco, a few weeks ago, Mrs. Baer’s boy hinted that he might soon be marrying Edna Dunham, pretty New York divorcée. She hinted right back that it was news to her and said something about its being a “silly” idea. Max seemed a bit piqued. But when Edna recently announced her engagement to Philip Plant, former husband of Constance Bennett, Maxie was the first to wire congratulations.

One of the surprises of the month is the news that, in returning to Hollywood, he’ll probably make a picture for either RKO or Fox, not M-G-M (the studio that handled him stardom in “The Prizefighter and the Lady”). No one thought the M-G-M-ers would let the Big, Bold Baer get away from them—except to try to knock Ponderous Primo off his famous feet.

**Kay and Kenneth Split**

Another surprise of the month was the friendly parting of Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna. It wasn’t a surprise that they parted friends, but that they parted at all—after all that Kay has told interviewers about how this was one marriage that wasn’t going to crack up. They married in January, 1931, after a friendship of five years which had started on the Broadway stage. Nothing has been said about a divorce yet by either the former Katherine Edwina Gibbs or the former Leo Mielziner.

**Miriam Ends a Secret**

Miriam Jordan also surprised the folks when she filed suit for divorce from Joseph Davis of New York London. Hollywood hadn’t even known that she was married! The little Londoner forgot to mention the fact to interviewers, perhaps. The marriage took place in 1926, and the rift occurred in 1929. She has sued on the grounds that hubby was “lazy” and content for a long interval to let her do most of the bread-winning. It’s a relief not to hear “incompatibility” as the cause, for a change.

**Lost Suit—And Then Coats**

After the legal smoke of a certain recent divorce had cleared, the ex-husband bethought himself of three over-

While Katharine has gone back to Broadway for six months, Lenore Ulric is waving goodbye to Mazda Lane—and heading for Hollywood. That’s good news, anyway!
coats that his tailor had been ordered to deliver to the gentleman's late residence. Calling his former wife, who had by this time taken unto herself another husband, he asked about his missing garments. The wife denied knowledge of them.

Puzzled, the ex-hubby let the matter drop for the moment. He let it drop until the evening paper showed a picture of filmmist's newest bride with her husband as they were about to leave on their honeymoon.

"There," said the ex-husband, laying a well-manicured (we hope) finger on the picture of the new groom, "is one of my coats."

Still Lovey-Dovey

CHARRIE CHAPLIN and Paulette Goddard are almost pastoral in their romance. They were sighted crossing Wilshire Boulevard the other evening toward a movie theatre, swinging hands. They admit now that they were married after Charlie's new picture is finished—which postpones a wedding story about them for anywhere from one to three years. (Maybe!) The cast of the Chaplin picture has been sworn to secrecy about the plot, but we can tell you that Charlie will play a forlorn atom in the great army of the Out-of-Work. Paulette is his romantic interest in the picture, too.

They're That Way

NOW, it's Gordon Westcott who is certainly getting bothered about Diana Wynyard. This Utah boy, who earned his university course by catching wild horses for Uncle Sam during the World War, went to Dublin University later and has an accent that probably appeals to English Diana.

Ann Dvorak Appeals to You

HAVE you seen Ann Dvorak's father? She's looking for him—after a separation of thirteen years. She last saw him when she was eight years old and her mother, Ann Lehr, parted from him, going to the West Coast and taking Ann with her. He was then an actor on the New York stage, appearing under the name of Edward McKim. . . . For three years, she has been making a private search that has been unavailing. Now she is appealing to the public. If you know of his whereabouts, write her at 9460 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills.

Will Eva Break the Ice?

TO those who know their New York theatre, it will be good news that the months are finally serious about getting Eva Le Gallienne out to the Coast. The famous actress, founder of the Civic Repertory Theatre (offering good drama at low prices), is wanted by Fox for "L'Aiglon." It's reported that they are tempting her with $50,000 for the one picture. And she has promised to consider it—if after she finishes her present tour in "Alice in Wonderland" (she presents a sophisticated version), "Romeo and Juliet" and other plays.

Jack Haley's Tough Break

JACK HALEY had a tough break. Just after the young and nimble-witted Broadway comedian (who knows his pantomime) had scored a hit with Jack Oakie in "Sitting Pretty" and had just been presented with a daughter by his wife, he had to fall ill—and he was about to step into "George White's Scandals" as the chief comic. Jimmy Durante took his place. And Hollywood hopes that Jack won't have to wait now for another big opportunity to come along. The town likes the lad. And so, apparently, do movie audiences—judging by the letters that are coming in.

(More news? You'll find plenty on page 30!)

Let's talk about

Something Pleasant!

A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And you ought to know it.

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolate laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh violent purgative was ever more effective!

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty—Ex-Lax is effective. Everybody loves chocolate—so every age likes Ex-Lax.

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them better!

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective—but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

Twenty eight years ago Ex-Lax was just an idea—today it's America's leading laxative. That tells you how the nation has swung to the "pleasant side."

So next time when you "need something" get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

Keep 'regular' with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Kept at all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

HORIZONTAL

1. "The — American"
4. Mrs. Joel McCrea
10. Winifred Coe’s ex-husband
13. (See illustration)
14. To make a cartoon character move
15. Near the stern
16. Part once played by Marie Dresser
17. You don’t have this when you stand up
19. Child actor in “Kasperin” (Init.)
20. Stage and screen star of "Honeymoon Lane" (Init.)
21. The Marx Brothers act like — wits
23. Not the winner
25. Suffix
26. A Biblical city that was destroyed
28. Oleum (abbr.)
29. Ellis’ initials
30. Deceased character actor who was never seen without a cigar (Init.)
31. Nobleman in “By Candlelight” (Init.)
32. A great French lover of the screen
33. Last seen in “Smilin’ Through”
34. Nuts—to you
35. He’s in “Viva Villa”
36. Rafaela’s initials
37. “—_—_—_—_ — Mine Tonight”
38. Famous aviatrix (Init.)
39. One (French)
40. One who plays dice
41. Long period of time
42. A cereal grass
43. The big bad wolf is —
44. Near (abbr.)
45. Twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet (pl.)
46. What Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot were in “Mary Stevens, M. D.” (abbr.)
47. All actors — to be stars
48. Exclamations heard when favorites appear on screen
49. (See illustration)
50. The Pathé News trademark
51. Ex-Mrs. John Gilbert
53. The baby-faced comedian
54. “Come up ‘n’ see me some time—time”
55. An American humorist. He wrote “Fables in Slang”
56. British star married to Jill Esmond (Init.)
57. Plays a valet in “By Candlelight”
58. Stepin Fetchit was born in this state (abbr.)
59. Did fine work in “The Bowery”
60. Famous dancer seen in “The Dancing Lady” and “Flying Down to Rio”
61. These are used to make movies
62. Mrs. Fred Niblo
63. "They Call It——"
64. (See illustration)
65. Max Baer is the new — man
66. Xenon (abbr.)
67. Lew Ayres’ ex-wife
68. Nobleman
69. The Lane with an Irish first name.

Solution to Last Puzzle

VERTICAL

1. An American humorist. He wrote “Fables in Slang”
2. British star married to Jill Esmond (Init.)
3. Plays a valet in “By Candlelight”
4. Stepin Fetchit was born in this state (abbr.)
5. Did fine work in “The Bowery”
6. Famous dancer seen in “The Dancing Lady” and “Flying Down to Rio”
7. These are used to make movies
8. Mrs. Fred Niblo
9. "They Call It——"
10. (See illustration)
11. Max Baer is the new — man
12. Xenon (abbr.)
13. Lew Ayres’ ex-wife
18. Nobleman
21. The Lane with an Irish first name.
22. He’s Joan Crawford’s boy-fiend
23. Formerly Mrs. William Powell
24. Directed Ed Wynn in “The Chief”
25. Stars like Garbo get this kind of role
27. “The Scarlet Empress”
35. She played in “Deluge”
36. Most Hollywood nuptials omit this
37. He’s a director and actor
38. She was excellent in “Reunion in Vienna”
39. The star of a picture always has the —
40. Actors wait for their —
46. (See illustration)
49. The most elusive film star
51. Former screen vamp who played with Valentino
53. Scat
55. A man’s name
56. Atlantic (abbr.)
58. "The — Daughter"
59. What this country was
61. "Don’t Bet — Love!
63. He was in “Beauty for Sale” (Init.)

There’ll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!
Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade"... and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known—"Wonder Bar". Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO DICK POWELL
RICARDO CORTEZ HAL LEROY
FIFI D'ORSAY GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY ROBERT BARRAT
MERTA KENNEDY HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture
"Standing Room Only"

A Welcome Sign, But It Takes Pictures Like "Only Yesterday" and "Little Women" To Bring 'Em Back Into The Theatres, According To Our Readers

Second Prize
This reader believes that the wholesome new adventure of pictures into the land of youthful romance is as it should be:
"I am moved to tell you how thrilled our children were at the treat of beholding their favorites, 'Little Women' and 'Alice in Wonderland,' on the screen; and how delighted they were with Disney's little pigs," writes L. W. Carter of Dalton, Ga. "There are pictures and pictures, plenty to select from for all ages. All you have to do is keep up with them and discriminate as to what is suitable for youngsters. The movies are not as harmful as half the novels that are published."

Third Prize
An original package of S. A., primitive, and naughty is how H. H. Cleavelin, Jr., of Evansville, Ind., describes the Big, Bad West:
"East is East and West is West, and it is my wish that she remain so. Mae West brought us 'Diamond Lil' and we liked her. She wasn't culturally sophisticated, but she was entertaining and different, a definite personality that flaunted svelte hips and an irresistible smile. Why shouldn't she continue to be a box-office attraction? "The fashion parade stopped, looked, and was impressed when 'She Done Him Wrong' and curves, long confined to state highways, came back into their own. For those of us who prefer our women feminine, the renaissance was welcome. Mae is an original package of sex-appeal, perhaps primitive and naughty, but naughty people have a fascination all their own."

First Prize
At last! We've been given an all-absorbing movie that deals with fundamental things:
"'Only Yesterday' is one film that will be remembered long after many yesterdays are forgotten because it deals with fundamental things: the love of a maid for a man, and the love of a mother for her child. A tenderly touching story," writes Gertrude Pouliot of Detroit, Mich., "in which Margaret Sullavan and John Boles enact their roles with sincerity. It is a picture of the last two decades which have swept over America like a forest fire, destroying the very foundations of our industrial, moral and social life."

We gather from the remarks of John F. MacDuffee of Portland, Me., that he doesn't like the Marx Brothers:
"I have just spent a miserable evening watching the antics of the screen's worst imaginary funny men—the Four Marx Brothers—in 'Duck Soup.' Their pictures have no redeeming features. Producers would make us happy if they'd decorate some telephone pole with the remains of these comedians."

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

The much-abused producer comes into his own and gets a great big hand from Marie Hogan of Kansas City, Mo.:
"Notwithstanding the criticism, scorn, ridicule and the tirade against them, the world is indebted to the producers. I'd hate to hear the bowl if they all closed up shop. They must satisfy the coarsest tastes and the finest of feelings with the same thing without offending either. Let's give them a hand!"

Joan Bennett was Amy—Katharine Hepburn played Jo—Jean Parker was Beth—Frances Dee played Meg in "Little Women," the picture everybody is still raving about—and writing about.
Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.
This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL...

Avoid Offending
Underthings absorb perspiration odor—protect daintiness this easy way...

No girl need ever be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away completely and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors
A party isn't a party without peppy girls — and Hollywood isn't Hollywood without its dazzling damsels. SoOOOO, when you go to "The Hollywood Party," you're not only going to hear some snappy lines, but see some. Like those of Muriel Evans (left) and those cuties in cellophane down there at the bottom.

SHAPING UP FOR "THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY"
Rough stuff—that's what all the lads are going in for, from Gable right down the line. The suit Clark is wearing (right) will probably scratch up Jean Harlow's arms in "China Seas"—it's that rough. Adolphe Menjou (below) is going in for Scotch checks—the kind that don't bounce—just so he'll be easy to see and "Easy to Love." Johnny Mack Brown (bottom center) is up to his ears in herringbone. You'll spot him, all right, in "Swan Song." And Richard Arlen (bottom right) says that plaid rags are glad rags to him. He's squaring off now for "Baby in the Icebox," with Sally Eilers.
SAUCY, WISTFUL AND HOW-ARE-YOU?

What's this—Sally Rand in a hat (above)? She put away her fan and kicked her heels at "Bolero" until they put some drama in her dancing role. Now, watch saucy Sally step! She's just the opposite of Dorothy Dell (top, right)—who's the wistful kind, even if she was "Miss Universe" in 1930 and then a Follies queen. She steps into the movie spotlight in "Murder at the Vanities." And those on-the-level eyes of Evelyn Venable (right) are worth looking into in "Death Takes a Holiday." This clever stage youngster is on the up, up and UP!
STEN-sational! — that's the word for Anna Sten. This girl from the U.S.S.R. (Russia, to you) is out to be recognized by the U.S.A. as having what it takes to make a star. Before she gets through, she may be a headliner to you—and a headache to Garbo, Dietrich, West and Hepburn, Inc. She's vivid, dramatic, seductive—and real. Supply your own adjectives after you get a look at her in "Nana," as a lady of love in the Paris of 1870. And then try to wait patiently to see her second picture, "Barbary Coast," with Gary Cooper acting as Her Man.
PECK & PECK tells you how to save lovely STOCKINGS from a cruel fate: "Use IVORY FLAKES"

When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best...cautions you with these very words,"Never tub stockings with impure soap...it's too strong. Use pure Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water." It's advice we can't improve upon!

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of pure Ivory Soap that puff into instant suds!

And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into pure Ivory suds. Takes but a minute! And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. Why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!

IVORY FLAKES - gentle enough for a baby's skin - 99\(^{3}/100\) % pure
Most stories about stars tell you only about the stars. This one also tells you about yourself—and it talks straight from the shoulder. Maybe you'll admit to yourself that Dr. Payne is right in analyzing YOUR preferences in stars and sex appeal. Maybe you'll dispute him. Either way, we promise you that here is an unusual, stimulating article that you will talk about and remember!—Editor.

Mae West, take a back seat! Katharine Hepburn has you backed off the map when it comes to sex attraction! But just a minute—before you moviegoers who have gone West chew our head off. Do you think Clark Gable has more "man appeal" than Leslie Howard? Does your pulse do a tom-tom when Joel McCrea steers a blonde into his arms, the while you grow chilly in the screen presence of William Powell? Do you feel that Jimmy Cagney is a human bombshell, while Franchot Tone is only a firecracker? And why does Katharine Hepburn get a higher mark in sex appeal? Answer that one—and you reveal your character! At least that's the claim of Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, the noted psychologist—who tells you why. And this, incidentally, is true of any star you prefer!
Hepburn, West— Appeal!

Champion

attraction than curvaceous Mae West?

Anything you say will be held against you. For unless you are acquainted with the latest theories on the psychology of sex—unless you know your sex pattern—you're bound to be wrong.

You wouldn't hesitate to label such poles-apart screen luminaries as West and Hepburn just as you would your water taps—"hot" and "cold" respectively. West, with her swivel-chair walk, her billowing undulations, and her why-doncha-come-up-sometime air, stands for sex. The hollow-cheeked Hepburn, tragic of mouth, firm of brow, lithe, spirit-like, is anything but a vamp.

But this is psychology, folks, and when all is said and done, the chilly austerity of Miss Hepburn wins the s.a. prize from the sizzling incandescence of Miss West!

How Katharine Outdoes Mae

It takes a psychologist to prove it—none other than the eminent Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, who has told hundreds of thousands of men and women what's in love and marriage, and is now focusing the arc-light of science on your screen favorites to prove his contention that the public, if not always fickle, doesn't really know what it wants.

"Both Miss West and Miss Hepburn," he declares, "have the power to attract sexually. Behind their tangible attributes lies a potent, invisible quality that accounts for their success. Both hold the missing pieces to your sex pattern—and mine. Yet of the two, Miss Hepburn's appeal will last because hers is virtually a fire of ice that will never melt.

"The average repressed male watches a Mae West picture and reacts pleasurably. To him she is a woman who is flamboyant, unbridled. She gratifies his sub-conscious. On the screen, he can get the better of her. She makes him feel one hundred per cent man. She presents no difficult problem to him, and he understands her—or thinks he does.

"But not so with Miss Hepburn. Here is a complex personality, stern, self-disciplined. She is beautiful, and apparently cold. Presto—his interest is aroused! She is 'hard to get': therefore, worth getting. When, during the last reel, she finally succumbs to the hero's blandishments, Mr. Average Repressed Male sighs

(Continued on page 87)
MARY PICKFORD said to me, "Sometimes, to hold a person is to interfere with his development. I did not interfere... I have never discussed this situation before. I shall never discuss it again. From this day forth and from this story forth, a door is closed. But it hurts me, even now, when unkind criticisms are made of Douglas. They are unjustified, unwarranted. He has worked hard all of his life. He should be able now to live and to work where he pleases—and it is my pleasure to have him do so.

"When I make this statement, I am not speaking for publication only, Gladys, but between you and me, honestly, from the bottom of my heart."

Mary had suggested lunch in Douglas' room, where a fire blazed on the man-sized hearth. Douglas' pipes were on their pipe rack, his pictures of his travels, his scrapbooks and trophies were as they had been when he went away. Nothing had been moved in that room. Nothing had been changed. From the wide window where we sat at table, we could see the lawn of Pickfair with the swimming pool in the distance and the far-off horizon wrapped in mists. What lies beyond the horizon—for Mary?

I wondered. I wondered as all the world has wondered, what she is thinking, what she is feeling and planning, now that the old order has definitely passed away. In the confusion of reports, rumors and conjectures that have buzzed around Mary's head since the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks first broke and astounded the world, she has preserved the dignity of an utter silence on the subject. She is breaking that silence now for the first time and the last.

No Gloom at Pickfair

As we talked, the happy sound of young voices came from the guest house below us. Gwynne, daughter of her sister, Lottie, adopted by Mary and loved as her very own; Letitia and Lucille Fairbanks, daughters of Douglas' brother, Robert; and six or seven other youngsters were making merry at Pickfair. Gloom has not settled down over the house that once was called "the happiest in Hollywood."

Mary sat there, young and golden, wearing turquoise-blue corduroy lounging pajamas. She looked very young and very, very wise—with the wisdom of one who has grown, through work and love and success and defeat, beyond the ordinary human limitations, beyond the petty human passions and demands. You know this as you look at her closely, listen to the tone of her voice, and become aware of the tranquility, the breath-catching peace in her eyes. You know that there is, and has been, a change at Pickfair. But it is less the sailing away of Douglas, this change, than it is the sailing into harbor of Mary. She has come safely into port. She is happy with the hard-won happiness of one who waits and does not ask, who releases because she, herself, is free.

IN FAIRNESS TO BOTH MARY AND DOUG, WE THEIR SEPARATION. HERE IS MARY'S STORY. ON THE
Somehow, you know that Mary has found sanctuary, a retreat, where the noise of love coming or going, careers falling or returning on flood tide, cannot matter. Mary, in her retreat, sees now with a clarity of which the physical eye alone is incapable.

She said to me, "The linnet is blinded before he can sing—"

But to start at the beginning. I said to Mary, "Couldn't you tell me something about your present emotions, your future plans—for the first time? It is hard for me to ask this. It is hard for you, I know, to answer me. But the world is interested because, after all, the world is your friend. Friends have a little right, I think—"

She Can't Forget

MARY replied slowly, feeling her way out of the silence that she has preserved intact from the first, "I can't analyze my feelings for you. I can't dissect them, take them apart, tag and label them. If I could place my feelings in a test-tube or even in words, I wouldn't have felt very deeply. I only know that you cannot lose anything or anyone who has been near to you. Not really. No matter what happens.

"I am beyond insisting that others conform to my formula for happiness which, contrary to statements that have been made and beliefs that seem to be held, does not necessarily entail the making of pictures or residence in Hollywood alone.

"But Pickfair is NOT for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it—other families, who might not know and might not care about all the love and thought and tenderness and dreaming that have gone into the making of it. Perhaps, some day, I should like it to be used as a place for people to come and study, as a sort of a small museum, as a place that might, in some form or fashion, mean beauty to others as it has meant beauty to—to us.

"Of course, having Pickfair makes it easier for me. It is ridiculous to say that there is anything consolatory or glorious about poverty. It is harder to keep happiness where there is fame and wealth and world-attention, but it is also easier to bear unhappiness. I get a thrill out of all of it. I'd be false and silly to deny it.

"I love my lovely things, my china and glass and books, my lovely lingerie and perfumes and fresh flowers, the sun flooding in at my windows, the white walls and green carpets, the gay spirit that is Pickfair. I love the happy hours that walk, still, in those rooms. There isn't one tiny object anywhere that doesn't speak to me with a tender little tongue of its own.

No Reunion In Sight

I KNOW all about the reports, rumors and talk of a possible reconciliation between Douglas and myself, supposed to take place in New York as soon as I get there. I can certainly say that those rumors were—rumors unfounded in fact. Douglas has begun production on his picture, 'Adios Don Juan.' He will be in Spain for a great many of his locations. Naturally, he couldn't have been planning to come to New York. There was never any

(Continued on page 68)
FOR five and a half years, in the rôle of intimate friend, I have watched the disintegration of Mary Pickford's and Douglas Fairbanks' love idyll. For three years, I have known definitely that these two would never again be happy together—and that a divorce was inevitable.

I have seen Doug very recently. The newspapers were then broadcasting Mary's first dignified divorce statements, with their under-current of pathos and bewilderment and martyrdom. Gallantly, he was maintaining an inflexible silence—and his parting words to me were, "Don't defend me! I must keep silent."

I am deliberately breaking a promise I made to him because my regard for him is too deep, my friendship too long-lasting, to stand idly by while Hollywood and the world viciously attack him. Doug will know who is telling this story. I hope that he will come to understand my reasons for disclosing his side of this divorce and that, at some not-so-distant day, he will forgive this violation of his confidence.

When a marriage fails, it is never the fault of one person alone. I like Mary. I have known her as long as I have known Doug. I respect her integrity and her ability and her fine
As Told Anonymously to Sonia Lee

The trouble between Mary and Doug started in the latter part of 1927 when she was making "My Best Girl" with Buddy Rogers. Vaguely, Doug and Mary suddenly realized that their perfect accord was slipping in spots because her interests had suddenly turned away from Douglas.

Shortly after the picture was finished, Mary's mother passed away, and to counteract her great distress, Doug prevailed upon her to go to Europe. That was in 1928. It was their first trip alone since they had been married. Before then, wherever they went, Mrs. Pickford went along. And Doug was tired of family—jealous of the first claim they had always had on Mary's interest and on Mary's love.

A new Mary came back from Europe. On landing in New York, she bobbed her famous curls. She had new ambitions—new plans for a greater fame than had ever before been hers.

But Douglas was tired of their monotonous life—circumscribed, as it was, almost entirely by work. He pleaded with Mary that now was their time to play. They had all the money they would ever need or would ever want. Why keep on making pictures? Why not settle back and enjoy the fruits of their long toil? He wanted to travel—to see the far places of the earth, which had beckoned him ever since he was a boy!

Mary refused to entertain—even for a moment—the suggestion of retirement. For the first time in their life together, the temperamental differences between them were apparent.

Just How They Differ

Doug always had been and always will be the Peter Pan—the boy who is not destined to grow up—a man who flavors life with a joyful and buoyant spirit. Mary, on the contrary, is not an adventurous soul. She wants her own fireside—her own and intimate circle. She is completely content to read about the Temple Bells of Burma, rather than to hear them; to see travelogues of the Wonders of the World, rather than to behold them with her own eyes. I've frequently discussed this phase of Mary with Doug.

Mary had been working since she was six. The habit of work, like any other habit, cannot be broken suddenly. She once said, wistfully, "I've never learned to play."
The Little Red School

You stared at a blackboard when YOU went to school—and you've forgotten what was on it. But the children of the future will be looking at a movie screen—bringing the whole world to them. And do you think THEY will forget? Not if Lois Weber, famous woman director, knows movies and children!

SOME day, the movies are going to the Little Red Schoolhouse. A screen will take the place of a blackboard. Boys and girls will literally see what they are being taught. Education will be more than a monotonous routine of study and recitations; it will be a continuous succession of vivid experiences. And when this dream comes true—one of the first persons for America to thank will be Lois Weber, one of the most famous women ever connected with motion pictures.

When I was a child, I rode four miles on horseback every morning to go to school—in a little red schoolhouse! Parked in the middle of a hay field, it resembled nothing so much as a kindling box. And in that one small room sat, or rather fidgeted, all the grades from Low One to High Eight who were about to graduate, and, fortified with learnin', go to work in their dads' grocery stores or livery stables.

On a raised platform between the door and the pot-bellied wood stove, was The Desk, and behind it sat a thin, sour, frustrated human being we disliked intensely, but who was supposed to inspire in us that tremendous amount of faith necessary to make children believe everything she said. It entailed more than that, however. She had to make us listen first, then make us interested, then make us believe what she told us, and, lastly, remember.

Of course, she failed. She worked for the most part only through one of our senses—our hearing. Besides, I think it was rather a point of honor with us to make her life one big thwart.

Those were the days when the family rode into town on Saturday nights to go to the movies. The floor of the picture house, about thirty feet wide and a mile long, sloped terrifically toward the stage, leaving the seats in the back of the house high and dry and attainable only by ascending six or seven steps.

The bad boys of the town sat in the front seats and supplied gratis the off-stage noises for the picture, especially at the clinic; the choir from the Episcopal Church had its own section (right rear) reserved every Saturday (if it was a "nice" picture), and the rest of us made a concerted rush for the mid-section.
house Becomes a Theatre

By Winifred Aydelotte
Illustrated by John J. Shayn

The School Books Are Forgotten

To this day, I have never forgotten one detail of those old flickers. And I have forgotten practically everything that the thin, bony structure of learning in the little red schoolhouse hoped I would remember. And there must be millions more like me.

Which brings up this subject that is much to the fore in thoughtful editorials all over the country today, and which is the dream and ideal of Lois Weber—a dream of visual education in schools.

First—about Miss Weber. Some years ago, she retired from motion pictures with a nervous breakdown and a fortune, both of which she lost in due time. She has never lost, however, the reputation of being one of the most brilliant directors ever to wield a megaphone.

For nearly twenty years she balanced neatly and easily on the top rung of that ladder of fame that everybody tries to climb in Hollywood. She became celluloid-conscious in 1908, after being a concert singer in New York. After her father died, she returned to her Pennsylvania home, but when she offered to sing in the church choir, the deacons threw up their hands in holy horror at the audacity of this "stage person!"

So Miss Weber went on with her musical training, and at the same time began to prepare for missionary work. The latter didn’t take. She got a job with the “Zig Zag” company as soubrette. And made good.

She then joined another company playing “Why Girls Leave Home,” and her next big step was film-ward—with the old Gaumont Company. This new medium—the movies—proved fascinating. Miss Weber was all set to go and nothing could stop her. She directed the first picture she had anything to do with, and it was a talkie, too . . . in 1908! A phonograph, lurking behind the screen, was the talkie part.

She Knows Her Movies

While she was with the Gaumont Company, she never had a dull moment. Nobody else did, either. She helped to design the costumes, found props and locations, ran the camera, painted sets, cut and edited film, wrote the titles and acted and directed.

When that company became part of Universal, so did Miss Weber. She received under one contract a salary of (Continued on page 85)

But with movies in the classroom, bringing the great figures of history to life, dramatizing geography and science and geology and music and all the rest—children will actually see what they’re told to believe. And they’re bound to remember!

35
Garbo Goes Places
LIKE the girl in some Middle Western state who has been in a baffling sleep for two years and is now showing signs of awakening, Greta Garbo is slowly coming to life—to life, that is, as Hollywood lives it. She is seen places these days—lunching, dining, playing tennis, going to the theatre with Rouben Mamoulian (director of "Queen Christina"), breaking precedents of years' standing. To Hollywood, it looks like love. What else could make her side-step the legend of mystery and solitude and emerge as the gay, laughing girl her intimates know her to be? That's what Hollywood wants to know.

Tank She'll Stay
AND something else that Hollywood wants to know—is how much truth is there in that report from Stockholm that Greta is organizing a Swedish film company and will soon return there to remain permanently, as a star-producer? Her studio, M-G-M—which is mighty careful about what it says regarding her plans—asserts that the Stockholm reports are not true and that Greta is bound to stay in Hollywood for a good, long while. Bound by a contract, in fact. And her next picture, they say, will be "The Painted Veil."

Hepburn Takes to the Air
WOULD you pick Katharine Hepburn—or would you pick Mae West—as the greatest sensation of the past year? We aren't trying to start an argument; we're just asking. As the Hinds people asked themselves, when they wanted a glamorous, sensational star to inaugurate their "Hall of Fame" radio broadcasts. It was a toss-up as to which rated the call. First it was reported that Mae had received the bid (at a reported stipend of $6,000 for the broadcast); but it was Katharine who lured the cornerstone to the "Hall of Fame" when the programs started on Sunday, January 7. (At 10:30 o'clock, to be exact.) Which makes Katharine look like the winner of the first popularity skirmish between them. But watch out for Mae. She has something up those puffed sleeves besides some shapely biceps!

Making Stage Bows, Too
MAYBE one thing that influenced the choice of Katharine was the fact that she was in the East, within easy reach of NBC microphones. Also, maybe the broadcasting boys had heard that tickets to the opening of her Broadway play, "The Lake," were as scarce as Columbia bets before the Columbia-Stanford game. News had drifted up to New York from...
Washington, where the play was tried out, that Katharine had to bow for five minutes straight in response to the acclaim that greeted her. New York was almost as vociferous—though, the next day, the critics more or less damned the play, itself, with faint praise. One critic, who apparently still harbors the quaint notion that the demands of the stage are more severe than those of the screen, said of Katharine that “the most promising young actress in America” remained “the most promising young actress in America.” His facetiousness was lost, however, in the tumult and the shouting—and the rush to the box-office.

Other Stars for Radio

KATHARINE, by the way, isn’t the only movie star who’s going to appear on those “Hall of Fame” broadcasts—not by a long shot. Lily Pons, Metropolitan Opera star (who may be in the movies one of these days), was featured in the second program. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, the maestros of wisecracking, starred in the third. And so it will go—first a star from the screen, and then one from the stage or the concert hall. Screen stars will predominate. They’re the stars Mr. and Mrs. America and all their children know best and will stay at home to hear. As Eddie Cantor is proving—also on Sunday evenings. And are the managers of movie theatres howling!

One Kate Smith Sufficient

EVERYBODY knows by now that Katharine Hepburn is married—and has been for three years. The gentleman’s name is Ludlow Smith, and he’s a young New York insurance broker. Katharine kept reporters guessing for several months, if you remember, about whether she had a husband or not. Now, the reporters take keen delight in mentioning his name at every possible opportunity. And they recently unearthed an anecdote about him that would seem to prove that he has a sense of humor. A relative of Katharine’s in Baltimore asked Mr. Smith why Katharine didn’t
Living a Full Life

RIGHT after announcing that she was divorcing Douglas Fairbanks after thirteen years of marriage, Mary said she "wanted to get away from Hollywood for a little while." So off she rushed to New York, dodging all questions en route and on her arrival about the divorce. (Motion Picture scored a real "scoop" in getting her to talk on the subject. See page 30!) And in New York she didn't do a Garbo act to get away from inquiring reporters, either. She talked to them on every subject they wanted her to—except THAT one. She went skating in Central Park. She was to be seen in swanky clubs. Photographers took scores of pictures of her, all smiling. Mary isn't pining away...

Doug Drops in on Joan

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arrived in Hollywood from England to make "Success Story," friends prevented Joan Crawford from going to the airport to meet him. And they almost had to use force. Joan didn't see why she shouldn't, but the friends knew what a newspaper uproar such a spontaneous reunion would provoke; they could visualize the hinting headlines. However, she 'phoned Doug at once and invited him over to the house to get a birthday present that she had bought for him.

They greeted each other by shaking hands (no kisses) and then Joan took his arm and showed him around the house, pointing out the new curtains she had bought since he was there last, and the new puppies 'n' things, ending their tour in the living room. About that time Franchot

Mary Back to the Stage

ANOTHER famous screen star, who also got her start on the stage, has likewise gone back to Broadway temporarily. We mean Mary Pickford, who made her adult stage début on January 8, 1913, and received favorable notices. Pleading self-consciousness after being away from the footlights for so many years, she said she would have to get used to herself "in person" all over again. So, to get used to herself and to audiences, she signed for personal appearances, five times a day, in both New York and Chicago—playing a scene from "A Church Mouse." The crowds turned out and they applauded. It looks as if Mary's hunch that a change might do her good was a happy one.

American stars have the drawing power, say the British. So they hired Raquel Torres to portray in Don Alca- rado in "Red Wagon"
know a Lady Ashley? The name sounds familiar—"

The next question was: "Are you going to let Franchot Tone marry Joan?"

That was too much even for Doug's new song-froid. He didn't wait for the third question, which was: "And when are you going to marry Gertrude Lawrence?"

However, confirmation of his alleged marriage plans from Doug, himself, was apparently not considered necessary. For news dispatches forthwith went out from

Hollywood with the definite announcement that he "will" marry Gertrude Lawrence, English musical comedy actress, in May. It wasn't just rumored; it was stated as a fact. The next day, from London, came dispatches quoting Gertrude as denying any such marriage plans, saying, "The young gentleman has not asked me yet. It's quite untrue." The London dispatch, for some strange reason, ended with the statement that Doug was 26 and Gertrude, 35. And what does that prove? Gloria Swanson is considerably older than Michael of London, New York and Hollywood to name the ten best-dressed men in the world. Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, George Raft, Robert Montgomery and Warner Baxter also received honorable mention. The only screen star to land in the top ten was—of course—Adolphe Menjou, who possesses a wardrobe of more than a hundred suits.

The size of his wardrobe was prominently mentioned in the news stories of the vote. Maybe Adolphe felt that there was an insinuation that he was included for the quantity, rather than the quality, of his suits—which obviously show him to be a great supporter of the tailoring industry. Anyway, Adolphe issued the statement that a man can be well-dressed if he has three suits—one dark blue "for semi-formal occasions"; one, a well-cut tweed (preferably with knickers to match) "for knockabout and sports wear"; and a brown (or a dark mixture) "for neat street wear." He discounted evening clothes as not necessary to the wardrobe of a well-tailored man. Which sounds like treason, coming from Adolphe—who is best known for his dress suits and top hats.

And what comprises a well-dressed man in the eyes of the tailors? He's a

(Continued on page 70)
How HOLLYWOOD Likes Its Legal Liquor

The stars didn't go wild on Repeal Night. They stayed right at home—in their own swellegant barrooms. And what are their ideas about serving drinks? Look over a few of them!

By JACK GRANT

ALL over the country on the night of December 5th, merrymaking marked the end of what a few people still call a "noble experiment." By an overwhelming vote, the citizens of the United States had repealed the Eighteenth Amendment and ratified the Twenty-First. It was time for celebration. And how was Hollywood celebrating?

You've never enjoyed brandy, points out Sally Rand (left), unless you've first inhaled its bouquet from a brandy "snifter." And for cordials, liqueurs and beer, you really need the three different glasses that stand before her.

We, in Hollywood, had the same idea. As a consequence, the Boulevard took on the air of a Mardi Gras festival. Crowds thronged the streets, all seeking a glimpse of stars Making Whoopee. Obviously, the crowds had turned out merely as sightseers and had no intention of taking part in the celebration, themselves. Unfortunately, however, there was no revelry to see. There was liquor, liquor everywhere, and hardly...
a star in sight.  
Motion Picture Magazine had photographers and reporters stationed in every nightclub and popular restaurant in town. As reward for our pains, we had a lot of other photographers and reporters from the daily newspapers to keep us company. In every instance, representatives of the press outnumbered the guests. At the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, perhaps twenty couples danced to the music of Gus Arnheim. The Ambassador what's home without a bar? That's the cry in fashionable Beverly Hills—where Chester Morris (in circle) has one of the best. It's concealed behind a sliding bookcase in his library. "How about an egg-nog—Virginia style, suh?" asks Jack Holt (below), humming "Auld Lang Syne".

When better bars are built, movie folk will build them. Left, Arline Judge and the Wesley Ruggles' bar

Left, Bruce Cabot mixes a tall one for Adrienne Ames at the marble bar in their playroom

Repeal Sobered 'Em

Only one conclusion can be reached after the December 5th fiasco in the night spots of Hollywood. Repeal has had a sobering effect on this town. In fact, there was one case in a downtown restaurant where the proprietor appeared before his guests to announce, "Utah has just ratified the Repeal (Continued on page 90)
4. CONSTANCE BENNETT tells—for the first time—
how and when and why she nearly became a nun!

MOTION PICTURE is out to give you dramatic true stories
about stars—revelations that you have never read before
—secrets that they have never told before. Here is a vivid
sample—Constance Bennett's own story about the ex-
perience that has "secretly" influenced her whole life and
career. (And when Connie says something, it's news.) It's
guaranteed exclusive with MOTION PICTURE. And other
secrets of other stars are coming—big secrets of big stars!
—Editor.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, as feminine as filigree,
speaks and thinks with a man's directness, a
man's force. When she says something, she means
it. She said to me, "I have two secrets, if you wish
to call them that. I have two—well, things in my life about
which I prefer not to talk. The first and most important is
my small son. I know that you are going to ask me to talk
about him. Everyone has. There is no sort of use in asking
(Continued on page 69)
Lenore Ulric does more than smoke; she smolders. She had that come-up-"n'-see-me-sometime look long before Mae West put it into words. And she ought to set the screen on fire—if the movies do right by her. Anyway, the "Tiger Rose" girl is back from Broadway, giving 'em another chance—and they have the bloodhounds out on the trail of a story to fit her. Wonder if it's true she's divorced from undies, as well as from Sidney Blackmer?
DID YOU EVER HEAR A DREAM GOWN TALKING? LISTEN TO THESE!

1. I am a hostess gown with the power to charm you, my dear, and I consist of a trailing skirt and hip-length jacket of Nile green crêpe, with brown satin trim and buttons. Patricia Ellis is my model.

2. You'd smile, too, if you could wear me while dancing as Claire Augrot is doing. I am of taffeta—pink and blue—and I think you'll like my new lines, in the off-the-shoulder neckline and bouffant skirt.

3. I hate to boast, but words like "chic" and "smart" couldn't begin to describe me. Brown-and-white-striped silk with white piqué across the front neckline—that's me! (Modeled by Margaret Lindsay)

4. What a break for Veree Teasdale in "Fashions of 1934"! She's picked to model me—and I'm of gold cloth alone Empire lines. A bloc ostrich fan and long gloves help to set me off and make me even more spectacular.
Paris gowns and coats cost plenty, but when girls carry ostrich fans, that's when their overhead is high. So two style racketeers—William Powell and Bette Davis (below)—corner the market on feathers in "Fashions of 1934." They have other bright ideas, too—like staging a Parisian musical show in which even harps have sex appeal! 

HEY’RE ALL AMONG THE “FASHIONS OF 1934”
Yessir, Stuart Erwin and Stuart, Jr.'s mama, June Collyer, are still as happy as the day they were married! (That was in July, 1931.) Just because a girl stops being an actress when she becomes a bride, does that mean that she'll stop being a wife when she becomes an actress again? Not in this case! June returns to the screen in "Before Midnight," with Stu's blessing. Stu is the lad who replaced Lee Tracy in "Viva Villa" after all that thunder over Mexico.
Are They Making a Goddess Out of Garbo?

Do you realize to what extent this silent, solitary "woman of mystery" is actually worshiped? This story will open your eyes!

Greta Garbo is fast becoming a myth. This woman, pale and strange, with great mournful eyes and hollow cheeks like the face of some medieval martyr, is a living legend. Her solitude, her strange aversion to being seen by her fellow-humans, her communion with Nature, her silence—the most incomprehensible, mysterious and baffling, she is becoming endowed with supernatural qualities. Like a goddess.

On her lonely walks in shadowy canyons, they whisper, wild creatures follow her, and the birds alight on her shoulders. Women and men come from far to see and touch Garbo. They cry that they are sure their ills will be miraculously cured under her fingers.

Cripples, the blind and deaf, the hopelessly afflicted—all scream to reach her; they regard her as a miracle-healer. These people, rich and poor alike, come bearing gifts—as to the shrine of a goddess.

None ever reaches Garbo. Garbo is beyond reach. Even Hollywood cannot reach the glamorous Swedish actress. In a town that has few reverences, mention of her name never fails to create a breathless suspense, an air of expectancy.

To have said to a group of early Yankees, "The headless horseman is coming!" could not have created more excitement than the whisper, on Hollywood Boulevard, "Here comes Garbo!"

For Garbo is a legend even in Hollywood. Except for brief glimpses of her as she rides from studio to home in her ancient sedan, or quick visions of her fleeting figure as she hurries from her dressing-room to her sets, Hollywood never sees Garbo.

Whoever has stood within the shadows of studio walls and heard those fateful words—"Here comes Garbo!"—must remember the awed curiosity, the almost reverential frenzy, that greeted the announcement. No congregation of people in Hollywood is too important—or too unimportant—to fail to pale at mention of the mysterious star's presence. Stars, producers, directors, "extras"—all bow at her shrine.

Strange, indeed, are the countless stories that are told about Garbo. Almost unbelievable are any number of them—like the legends that gather and grow about the life of some pale medieval mystic.

It is true, for example, that so great a star as Katharine Hepburn worships Garbo to such an extent that she went to her own studio executives and begged permission to work as an "extra" during the filming of "Queen Christina," in order that she might observe at close range the mysterious Garbo charm and technique. And there are "extra" girls who swear (Continued on page 72)

By James M. Fidler

49
GARBO?

Well, if it isn't Greta—who is it? Look at those long, long lashes, those meditating eyes, that moody mouth, the contour of her face! She's the girl M.G.M had under contract a year—just in case Garbo didn't come back. Her name is Kathryn Sergava, and she's Russian. Yeah—Russian for star, dom as a Garbo rival who looks the part. Warners' "Bedside" and "Hi, Nellie".
Almost Divorced After Three Weeks of Marriage!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Along with two or three other couples (choose your own risks), Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, are among the few remaining “happy marriages” of Hollywood that the natives would be willing to bet on. And yet exactly three weeks after their sudden runaway marriage, Dixie sent a lawyer to Bing for the sole and exclusive reason of informing that amazed young man that she was divorcing him!

The present happy marriage of Bing and Dixie is one of the strangest and most unique love stories ever to come out of Hollywood. Where Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William Powell and Carole Lombard, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson and all the other EX-love-birds started out with love and kisses, Bing and Dixie started out with "scenes" and quarrels and one big "break-up" that missed the divorce court by about the breadth of Jean Harlow's eyebrows. And thereby hangs this amusing story that Bing told me just before he started "We're Not Dressing."

Now, I'm not going to say that Bing is the hottest box-office bet on the screen at the present moment, because Wallace Beery or Jimmy Durante might get sore about it. But the Voice With The Love Call is plenty caliente. It is estimated that after a short visit of perhaps two or three years on the Sun-Kissed Coast, the Crosby sock will be bulged by about one million dollars—inflation or no inflation. It was once reported that as Marion Davies' co-star in “Going Hollywood” he was getting $50,000. That was a mistake; what he actually received was $65,000! He isn't doing twenty-six weeks on the radio this Fall for coffee-and-crullers, either. And when you count personal appearances and maybe a Broadway show thrown in for good measure—well, there are plenty of people who would rather be Crosby than lucky.

They're Harmonizing Now

With his private life, everything is equally hot! Ever since Dixie Lee Crosby let her hair "go back" to its natural chestnut shade, she has been about the prettiest thing this side of Jeanette MacDonald. But she's letting her husband do all the screen acting for the family these days. There are gentlemen of the village who are more impressed with the Crosby look after a glimpse of Dixie than they are with his complete frame.

(Continued on page 86)
Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test!

There's only one way to know how good your chances might be in the movies—give yourself the tests that Hollywood would give you. Here they are. Be honest with yourself in trying them. And if you pass—read how you can call the fact to Hollywood's attention without spending a cent!

A Test for Average Physical Requirements

Are you between seventeen and twenty-five years of age?

Are you of normal height? (A girl should not be more than 5 feet, 7 inches; and a man should stand at least 5 feet, 9 inches—with six-footers preferred. Abnormally-sized women or under-sized men create casting problems that count heavily against a newcomer's chances.)

Are you too fat? Too thin? (No chart of weights can be given as average, without taking height into consideration. The important factor is how you photograph. Although the camera does strange tricks, they are seldom in your favor.)

Have you a physical deformity of any sort? Are your hands shapely and graceful? (Remember, hands play a big part in acting.)

Are your legs straight? Your ankles well-formed?

Are you in good health and able to withstand the rigors of hard work and long hours?

William Watson, test director at Fox, says movies aren't searching for beauty—but for interesting faces.

Are you one of the vast horde of aspiring amateurs who believe that only a lack of opportunity stands between you and stardom in the movies? Your belief may be well-founded or it may be just another case of self-delusion. Few people possess that rare faculty of being absolutely honest with themselves—of viewing impartially their faults or virtues. You must be honest with yourself or you cannot profit from the Hollywood talent tests that we present herewith. They are the tests that Hollywood would give you.

To begin with, you should know that the mathematical possibilities are decidedly against you or any other amateur. According to statistics compiled by all studios during 1933, only one out of eighteen hundred applicants ever gets beyond the first interview. One out of five given second consideration—one out of nine thousand original applicants—actually receives a screen test. This may appear to be an extremely low percentage, but you have no conception of the number of people who erroneously believe that they are potential film stars or personalities.

Of those tested, one out of twelve gets a job—which means a contract for a single picture or, at best, a three or six-months agreement with options. Nor is the battle ended there. Only one out of the six who are signed ever rises to the featured player class. The other five continue to play unimportant bits, then vanish. There are no available figures on the percentage who reach featured roles and yet find stardom just beyond their grasp.

But even in the face of these statistics, the fact remains that never in the history of the motion picture industry has there been such demand for new faces and new talent as now. In the last twelve months, no less than two hundred contests—national, international and sectional—have been conducted by film companies with the object of bringing to light promising screen material. In most instances, the contests had to do with the discovery of a personality for a specific rôle such as the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland," for which more than sixty-eight hundred girls were tested.

While contests are conducted with much public ballyhoo and resultant newspaper space, there is also a great

Al Kaufman, Paramount executive, says that if you think you have movie possibilities, don't rush to Hollywood; make Hollywood come to you. He tells you how.
amount of activity about which you seldom hear. It approaches a tremendous espionage system, with every film exchange manager and newsreel cameraman asked by his company to recommend likely prospects. Likewise, movie directors keep their eyes open for new faces. There is nothing that brings greater joy to a director's soul than a bona fide "discovery." In addition, several of the studios employ men as talent scouts. They tour the country as do the "ivory hunters" of baseball constantly in search of material.

We have talked in recent months of many of these talent scouts and from their observations the accompanying Hollywood talent tests were compiled. The information contained in the tests can be applied to your own case and you may thereby honestly determine for yourself your chances of achieving a film career.

In the majority of instances, talent scouts requested that their names be deleted from this chronicle. The reason why they wish to remain anonymous is obvious. It was necessary, therefore, for us to seek two studio officials for elaboration of some of the points included in the talent tests.

William W. Watson is the special test director at Fox Films. He has just returned from a tour of the entire United States, on which he visited Little Theatre groups, dropping in unexpectedly and unannounced to watch a performance or two. As a result of the tests he made on this trip, six newcomers to the screen have been given Fox contracts.

"I was lucky," Bill Watson will tell you, "to find as many as six. And remember, my search was mainly among people with at least some professional experience. The physical requirements of motion pictures bar many actors of unquestioned ability. On the stage, ability alone can win them success. On the screen, they must also be physically attractive.

The Kind of Faces They Want

DON'T misunderstand me. Beauty is not the prime requisite. Few of our stars to-day possess classical beauty of face. But their faces are invariably interesting. They arrest attention. We can collect great beauties in wholesale lots, but usually there isn't a personality in a carload.

"I'm not going to attempt to define that elusive quality called 'personality.' You either have it or you don't have it. And even if you do, it isn't always caught by the motion picture camera. The camera does strange tricks—which is the reason why screen requirements must be as stringent as they are.

"Any deformity, however slight, is magnified a thousand times by the camera. There are some things—like hair, eyebrows and lashes, freckles, or a bad complexion—that are not serious drawbacks. They can be cured by expert make-up. But no make-up man in the world can cure eyes that do not match.

"You may be surprised to learn the difficulties that we have with eyes. Often one eye is larger than its mate and the difference in size looks comic in close-ups. The camera is unkind to eyes that are too black. It makes them look like shoe-buttons. Eyes that are too light a blue fail to photograph at all. And the cases where a pair of eyes differ in color are more numerous than you may believe.

"I recall a test watched by more than twenty executives. 'Nice smile,' one commented after the test had been run. 'Didn't see the smile,' almost chorused the others. 'Cou'dn't see anything but her odd eyes.' The reason happened to be that this girl's

(Continued on page 74)
Take a long, searching look at them—and you'll be looking into the stars' inner selves. Their MANNERISMS are ALL!

MANNERISMS have meaning if they are interesting. They are often pointing to character. They are the clues by which we can pretend to read minds, for instance. Plenty of eyes are opened about the pretenses of psychic phenomena by the mediumship of psycho-analysis. Dr. S. Stanley, for instance, says that the two hands thrown together can reveal a nervous condition. Sometimes it is a manifestation of the good, old gray-bearded inferiority complex. Jimmy's unconscious is warning him that he is not powerful or purposeful enough to do silently—and separately. They are not by any means the right thing to do at all.

Garbo has a habit of lying on a couch, reading scripts she never intends to film and eating ice cream cones. And just what does it all signify? Does James Dunn reveal an inferiority complex by his habit of saying something to the effect that he can sing as he never dreamed he could? If I may be Dr. Freud for one moment, I should say he is a manifestation of the good, old gray-bearded inferiority complex. Garbo's habit is showing a flash of superstition.

Jimmy Needs Gestures

Dio silently—and separately. They are not by any means the right thing to do at all.

Garbo has a habit of lying on a couch, reading scripts she never intends to film and eating ice cream cones. And just what does it all signify? Does James Dunn reveal an inferiority complex by his habit of saying something to the effect that he can sing as he never dreamed he could? If I may be Dr. Freud for one moment, I should say he is a manifestation of the good, old gray-bearded inferiority complex. Garbo's habit is showing a flash of superstition.

Jimmy Needs Gestures

Do you know that MANNERISMS are ALL! They are interesting. They are not by any means the right thing to do at all.

Garbo has a habit of lying on a couch, reading scripts she never intends to film and eating ice cream cones. And just what does it all signify? Does James Dunn reveal an inferiority complex by his habit of saying something to the effect that he can sing as he never dreamed he could? If I may be Dr. Freud for one moment, I should say he is a manifestation of the good, old gray-bearded inferiority complex. Garbo's habit is showing a flash of superstition.

Jimmy Needs Gestures

Do you know that MANNERISMS are ALL! They are interesting. They are not by any means the right thing to do at all.

Garbo has a habit of lying on a couch, reading scripts she never intends to film and eating ice cream cones. And just what does it all signify? Does James Dunn reveal an inferiority complex by his habit of saying something to the effect that he can sing as he never dreamed he could? If I may be Dr. Freud for one moment, I should say he is a manifestation of the good, old gray-bearded inferiority complex. Garbo's habit is showing a flash of superstition.
By Faith Service
Illustrations by John J. Floherty, Jr.

He tries to make his words seem stronger by hammering with his fist.

Nils Asther always raises one eyebrow high and twisted above the other when he talks to anyone. This may be a "defense mechanism," as well as mannerism. He may be silently challenging his listener to try to stop listening or to doubt his statements.

Lawrence Tibbett has the mannerism, if I may call it such, of standing on his head and walking about the room on his hands. He usually performs this somewhat amazing feat just before a performance. He says it clears his brain and his throat. Well, mebbe. But I'd rather page M. Freud on that one.

Greta Garbo (now this is a scoop!) spends her off-the-set hours lying on a gray couch, reading synopses of pictures she never intends to make and munching on one ice-cream cone (vanilla) alter another. It isn't the ice cream she is interested in. It must be the cone. In days of old, the Goddess Ista, or Ishita or something of the sort, was worshiped by the rite of cones thrust into her temple by her adorers. You can draw your own conclusions.

Wallace Beery's little habit is to whistle sticks of wood and whistle while he whistles. He doesn't whistle anything special, you understand. He just whistles. He told me one time that the ambition of his life, secretly, is to do absolutely nothing. Wally's sub-conscious takes care of him in this way.

Why George Looks That Way

George O'Brien has the mannerism of always staring the person he is talking to straight in the eye. So direct and unavvering is his gaze it is almost embarrassing. You wonder what you have done or what you are suspected of. George says that his father taught him this trick when he was a little lad. He was timid of people as a small boy. His father told him that if you can stare and outstare any man or woman with whom you come into contact, you will never know fear or self-consciousness. You will find yourself master of every person and every situation. Try it some time . . .

Jean Harlow steadily and persistently polishes her already lacquered fingernails. Whenever she has an idle moment, in between scenes, in her dressing-room, wherever she happens to be, she polishes and polishes at the nails of one hand with the buffer in her other hand. Is she hands-conscious, or what? She usually plays Bing Crosby or Mae West records while she is a 'shinin' . . .

Marie Dressler always naps between scenes, engagements, conversations or what-have-you. Doubtless this is her sub-conscious cooperating with Louis B. Mayer and ordering her to rest.

Will Rogers pulls constantly at a lock of hair when he gets interested in talking to people, or, sometimes, when he first meets someone and is feeling shy. He says the gentle pulling of the hair stimulates his brain.

Herbert Mundin, on the other hand, always pulls at the lobe of his left ear. Asked why he supposed he did this little trick, he said it may be because the gesture will suggest to other people that they have ears, too, and perhaps it might be nice if they would use them to listen to him.

Clark Is Time-Conscious

Clark Gable has the habit, or the mannerism, of always looking at a clock. If there doesn't happen to be one in his immediate vicinity or if he happens to be without his wrist-watch, he will go almost any distance to find one. He may have seen or been told the time half an hour before. That makes no difference. I think there would be something here about a sub-conscious dread of the rapid passing of time . . .

Whenever Jack Oakie enters the studio, a party, a cafe or any place where people are gathered together, he invariably waves his arms about in the air and cries out, "Hi, neighbors!" Which is, of course, the deep and basic friendliness of Jack bubbling irrepressibly to the surface.

Jack La Rue clatters noisily through the gate of the studio or into the proper precincts of some salon. He is more like a noisy schoolboy than a suave, sleek gangster. It may be his sub-conscious announcing to the world that Jack is not what they think he is . . .

Douglas Montgomery tears the corners off books, theatre programmes, menus, newspapers, et cetera, et cetera and eats them. This is your game, of course—but could Douglas have been a goatie in some past incarnation? Or what? Or why?

(Continued on page 84)
The first step is to saturate the hair with wave lotion and then press the waves in place, after which you use bobby pins in front and on the sides. The back hair is wound around the easy curlers. A net cap keeps it "set"

Evalyn Knapp has found a sure way of "setting" a wave and passes her method on to you, step by step, above. You must admit it is well-worth the effort when you see the coiffure Evalyn has in Columbia's "Speed Wings" (right)
Evalyn wears a tiny comb on each side to get the off-the-ear effect. When combed out, the back is a mass of ringlets and the front has a soft, flat wave. Evalyn says to be sure to put the bobby pins in every night, as well as wear the net. Every other night, wind the back curls up again to keep them!

If a girl has dark hair and finds blonde more suited to her real personality, she should become a blonde—like Gail Patrick, a brunette (left) who is a startling blonde above. Gail says you can change the shape of your face, too, by "doing" your hair differently. The flat, off-the-forehead hairdress, lower left, gives you a long thin face. For that round-faced look, lower right, just fluff and roll your hair.

Your Face May Be Your Fortune, But Your Hair Is Your Crowning Glory
Go See 'Em!

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You—You Can't Go Wrong If You Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie Shopping

MASSACRE

PITY the poor Indian, if you wish. Our pity is for Richard Barthelmess who, under a lavish application of dark grease-paint, plays this poor red man. Dick strives hard, almost too hard, to make a characterization from the propaganda handed him. The fact that the start of the affair finds the Indian a wild-west star at the recent Chicago World's Fair is the melodrama's one claim to modernity. The rest of the story is a re-hash of tried and once-true situations from a score of yarns. Villainies over-run the piece until our hero, unable to bear more—a reaction his audience will likely share—ups and kills the dirty dog of a white man who ravished his sister. About to be railroaded for murder, he escapes in a jail-break made possible when his blood brothers go on the warpath. Rushing to Washington, he obtains a Senate committee hearing—the most subtle of many unconscious comedy touches. Exhausting

You're supposed to pity the poor Indians in "Massacre," but maybe you'll pity Ann Dvorak and Richard Barthelmess (left) for the roles they drew. Lilian Harvey would melt the heart of the snowman (below), if he had one—in the novel fantasy, "I Am Suzanne"
"Eight Girls in a Boat" (below)—here’s a sensitive story of schoolgirls, beautifully acted. And don’t miss Constance Bennett (bottom) in "Moulin Rouge"—dancing, singing and acting two roles.

I AM SUZANNE

The producer of this delicate and beautiful picture is to be congratulated on his courage in offering such charming fare to audiences sated with sex stories. That the plot with its dream sequences and puppet shows may be too fanciful and ethereal for the average picture-goer adds to our debt to Jesse Lasky for aiming at the intelligent and artistic-minded minority. And perhaps its very novelty and sheer beauty may win over the majority as well.

Certainly Lilian Harvey, as the crippled toe dancer, has never had such an opportunity to display her curiously different beauty and naive charm here. Against the background of a puppet workshop and theatre she and Gene Raymond play out the nailest love story filmed in many a day. Several hundred tiny wooden actors cleverly manipulated by strings are almost as genuine as the flesh-and-blood cast.

Fugitive suggestions that the human players are only puppets worked by Fate and the strange love of the blond puppeteer for his wooden ladies keep the picture in a fantastic key throughout. Be sure to see "I Am Suzanne," if only to prove to yourself that you have good taste. (Fox)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT

Few more sincere and compelling performances have ever been seen on the screen than this one given by Dorothy Wilson in "Eight Girls in a Boat." She will break your heart with her portrayal of a Swiss schoolgirl, bravely facing the disgrace of unwed maternity. When, after an unsuccessful attempt to tell her father of her condition, she (Continued on page 82)

the familiar material, the picture fortunately ends without further complications when the boy gets a government job.

The whole thing is much too impossible to judge performances. If you must know, numbered among the unfortunate members of the cast are Ann Dvorak, Sidney Toler, Dudley Digges, Charles Middleton and Claire Dodd, the latter the only shining light, due perhaps to the brevity of her rôle.

There seems to be a movement on foot to make Dick a crusader for the downtrodden. But the realism of "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Heroes for Sale" is almost buried in "Massacre." (Warners)
How to Get—and Hold
—Your Boy-Friend

By SONIA LEE

“GETTING a man or holding a man is just a gag—a lot of gags used in the right way,” So says Alice White, who has finally married writer Sidney (Cy) Bartlett, her “boy-friend,” after an engagement of more than five years. In the Old Town Hall at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, they listened to the impressive long service, took their vows, exchanged simple gold wedding bands—and culminated one of the longest romances on the Hollywood record-books.

Alice White’s marriage should be successful. The tempestuous courtship, interrupted by quarrels, has solved many of the problems that young couples usually encounter in their first year.

“Cy and I are just going to skip that first year,” says Alice, “and start on our nice calm second year.”

Alice, who looks as modern as they make them, has old-fashioned ideas about marriage and children. She wants her marriage to last—she wants at least two children. Maybe more. Her career, she hopes, will last five years—now that she has shown Hollywood what a comeback can really mean. After that, she looks forward to the prosaic life of a wife and a mother.

“Careers are grand,” she declares, “but they get very tiresome. It’s nice to make friends all over the world, but when you work every day, when you’ve got to pay so much attention to yourself, you don’t really get a chance to do the things you want to do. I’m making grand new plans for my life. After all, when you’re married, you must consider another person.

Alice Has Lived and Learned

DURING those five long years Alice learned some-

Read Alice White’s rules. They make sense. And they must work. For she kept Cy Bartlett guessing for more than five years before she finally said “Yes” and married him!

thing about love—and about men. Something about the intricacies of the art of keeping love on its toes, without one chance of languishing with boredom. As few women have, Alice has mastered man’s psychology—and knows to a split-second when a rule of love may well be applied.

“When you’re married,” declares Alice, “you’re not supposed to keep each other on edge. Marriage isn’t a gag. You don’t expect to be tomfoolin’ around. But when you’re going with a boy—or even when you’re engaged to him—well, that’s another story. You’ve got to have a routine, if you’re going to get or keep him.

“We live and learn—and school books cost money. I lived and I learned—oh, a lot of things about men.

“The trouble with most women is that they go ga-ga over a man, and they simply check their common sense. They forget all the rules for a girl in love.

“Every woman should have a phantom lover. I mean by this that she ought to manufacture an admirer to talk about and to keep her boy-friend guessing. Men like to be flattered, and if they think there’s someone in the background just waiting to trot off with their girl—and that the girl isn’t too unwilling—they’re sure enough going to try their best to keep her amused and interested.

“Many a time I’ve sent flowers to myself—and arranged for them to arrive at the right time, which (Continued on page 78)
American women have a peculiar habit that chic Parisiennes and smart Londoners cannot understand. Over there, they keep their hair permanently wavy all year long, so that their curls and undulations seem entirely natural always. Over here, some women think that permanent waves are only for summer-time convenience...and spend the rest of the year fussing with new-grown straight hair!

Don’t wait for summer. Go to a hairdresser who does genuine Eugene Waving; enjoy the comfort, the convenience, the beauty of your Eugene Permanent Wave now*...and throughout the year.

All better hairdressers have new Eugene equipment that enables them to give you flattering waves and curls two or three times a year, as your straight hair grows in. They have special Eugene “Reverse-spiral” Sachets to take care of your short hair, and to make those smart little ringlets. They use genuine Eugene Sachets, approved by Good Housekeeping and identified by the Eugene trademark, “The Goddess of the Wave.”

Be sure to see this trademark on the Sachets used. Then you can be certain that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent Wave...preferred the world over!


---

Mrs. John A. McVicker, Jr., of New York City, showing her Eugene Permanent Wave given in late November, 1933. Mrs. McVicker says, "The social season is twelve months long, and I want my hair permanently waved all through it. Thanks to Eugene, it is that way!"

This Brochure shows the latest coiffure styles...as sponsored by Harper’s Bazaar and beautifully reproduced in this special pamphlet. It also contains important advice by Eugene on the permanent wave you should get now. Send the coupon at once!

*FREE*
Eugene offers “Hair Views”
Eugene Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City (4)
Please send me "Hair Views" sponsored by Harper’s Bazaar and Eugene.
Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ________________________________ State ________________________________
(you can paste this on a penny post card)
"Girls who know this says

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION.

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive ... how to win admiration ... romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple ... regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer, lovelier your skin becomes ... how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and holds them!

Nine out of ten glamorous Hollywood stars ... countless girls the country over ... have proved what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin.

Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the added beauty Lux Toilet Soap brings!

YOU can have the Charm men
secret always win out

IRENE DUNNE

Now that I'm on the screen I realize more than ever the fascination there is in pearly-smooth skin. I follow my Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment regularly every day.

It's really amazing how quickly just this simple care brings tempting new beauty to the skin. Try it—You girls who want to make new conquests! You're sure to win out!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For every type of skin... dry... oily... "in-between"
She Can Show You How to Imitate Stars!

Florence Desmond—"Dessie to you," she says—is the cleverest little mimic Hollywood has ever seen. She's on her way to being a star, herself!

By J. M. Ruddy

In imitating Zasu Pitts, Florence wears that droopy look and makes her hands coil in despair. If you heard her voice it would take on that 'what's-the-use-of-it-all' tone. She's Zasu to the life.

The other night, a hard-boiled Hollywood preview audience acclaimed a stranger to the screen in a sensational, almost unprecedented fashion. It rose involuntarily to its feet in a tumult of cheering and applause. In her first American picture, with such stars as Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts, little hazel-eyed Florence Desmond, England's famous mimic, stole the show! They make stars of little girls who do things like that...

In "Mr. Skitch," she was Garbo, Jean Harlow and Lupe Velez to the life. No one has ever seen any imitations to top these—except the one of Katharine Hepburn by this same Desmond girl. ("Dessie" to you is her pert request to her friends—and you'll call her Dessie.) But where, when and how did she develop this talent of hers?

She first came to this country, dancing and singing with Noel Coward in his tune-

Florence impersonates Garbo to the manner born—not only catching her physical appearance but also her strange imperturbability.

In doing Dietrich she works her eyes and voice—a true sketch.

In doing "This Year of Grace." But it was not until she returned to England that she decided to specialize on mimicry. Finally, her phonograph record, "The Hollywood Party," made a hit on both sides of the Atlantic and New York imported her to do her stuff at the Embassy Club, where, with an extraordinary introduction by Jimmy Durante (extraordinary because "Schnozzle" appeared in a tuxedo) she scored a great hit.

Until Dessie came to Hollywood, Tallulah Bankhead, Jimmy Durante, and Janet Gaynor were the only stars she had met. She was doing her impersonations of Garbo, Lupe Velez, Marlene Dietrich and Zasu Pitts from a study of their charac-

(Continued on page 92)
Take a headache for example

Maybe you over indulged the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the throbbing pain. Your headache stops. Your nerves are calmed and soothed. At the same time you are gently steadied, cheered up. And all the while, the needed alkali is being supplied to your blood.

Before you know it, your head clears... the pain is gone... you feel refreshed—like a new person!

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients
Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of five ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a liquid—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. It contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the economical family size bottle at home. Ready at a moment’s notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin.

It pays to make sure of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name “Emerson’s Bromo-Seltzer” on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON’S
BROMO-SELTZER
Quick Pleasant Reliable
Exclusive! Mary Pickford’s Own Story!
(Continued from page 31)

I wish I had known about it. I haven’t seen it yet, but I understand that Margaret Sullivan gave a poignantly beautiful performance... My problem is to find THE story for me, certainly. If I cannot find the right vehicle, then I might want to direct. I’ve had offers to direct, but I recently accepted one.—Ed.) “I’ve had some very flattering offers from the radio. I am interested in writing. But I think I am not yet ready to take the terrific burden of production. I would need more concentration than I have at present, and am enjoying life right now, in a new way, in a very simple way. For the moment, it suffices—

What Loneliness Has Done

I AM more at peace with myself than I have ever been in my life before. I have been through a great deal. I know that I have come through. I am glad that the storm is past. There is relief. I can’t say that I haven’t known loneliness. That wouldn’t be true. There were times before—see. I went from my first marriage to my second marriage and even through my marriages there has been a strangeness I have had to get used to. But mine has been a loneliness in which I have found myself. I know where I am.

And I have learned, through my mother’s passing and my brother’s, how brief the little lives of humans are. How relatively insignificant it all is where we take or what we do with this sixty-seven cents’ worth of chemical compound our physical selves consist of. Whether I am here or Douglas is there, the smallville is not and not separation until it affects the spirits of us.

I have come to realize how inaccessible are pain and suffering. But I haven’t one ounce of resentment toward any human creature. Not toward anyone. We do not own them. We do not have their destinies. They are not trollers of the destinies of others. Because they have crossed our paths or walked for a while along the way with us does not give us the sovereign privilege to say to you release your child, don’t you, when he wants to go? You want him to be happy in his own way, not in yours. You want him to be happy above all, more than you want anything else.

I believe that a great deal of love, so-called, is selfishness. More possessiveness. It is the very worst of all. I think we do not learn this philosophy—this acceptance of life as it is and not as we would like to have it, childish petulant, while we are very young.

More and more, I think of life as a school through which we pass, if we work hard and grow in understanding, from one classroom to another higher up. As we go on, we grow better. We put away our toys. We may put them away with a sigh and a tear, but we do put them away and turn toward other things. More vital things. More adult things. We must have suffered and lost much and found ourselves richer, not poorer for the losing... as the infant is blinded before he can sing...
Bagdad and all the gallant, adventurous things that have stirred the hearts of boys and made middle-aged men feel young again...

And there, right in these words of Mary's, lies the kernel of the complete explanation of the separation of the House of Pickfair. Douglas, the adventurous athlete, the eternal youth, the little-boy-longing-for-adventure, the child who throws off the old orders and familiar things—mated with Mary, the eternally wise, the profoundly sweet and sane and still woman who keeps things as they are, unchanged and indestructible, though the one she loves comes or goes, is with her or away from her. A woman wise enough to give freedom. The child-mother of a little boy who sailed away on a Magic Carpet and said, "I don't want come home!"

There are old souls on this earth and there are souls who have never been here before. So Mary believes. As a child clings to its mother through his early years, so may an older child cling to his spiritual mother for a period of time. And then there develops the phase where the child whether still a child or now a man, grows impatient, balks at restraint, wants to throw off order and routine, wants to try his wings afresh, in foreign lands, among foreign people and new adventure... So it has been with Mary and with Douglas. This is the basic motivation of this broken idyll. All of the rest is subsidiary.

Thoughts That Cheer Her

MARY said, poking at the embers of the dying fire, her grave, sweet face very intent, very serious, "I cannot lose anyone you really love. They can't take themselves away from you. You can only send them away from you by not thinking of them. And I am happy because I know this.

"The world is too wide, there are too many fine people in it for anyone to be crushed by any one person or any one circumstance. Besides, martyrs are revolting. Any person who sits in the glorious sunlight and wraps a black cloth over his eyes and enjoys being morbid is revolting. I have no black cloth over my eyes.

"I took the final step between Douglas and myself because I believe it to be for the good of both of us. I wanted to set him free, not only for myself, but for him. It will define our positions clearly. It will put an end to speculations, rumors, innuendoes, hints of this and that. It will give Douglas the unequivocal right to live where he pleases and to go about with whom he pleases, without constraint or criticism.

"It is too bad to destroy a beautiful thing. It didn't come easily or at once. But isn't it impossible to say which is most beautiful—the Past, the Present or the Future?"
And so these two went to work again! Mary made "Coquette." Doug made "The Iron Mask."

Until that year—1920—the Fairbankses had led a very quiet existence. Infrequently, they had entertained celebrities, but they had never been addicted to the sphere parties that Hollywood stars give. Then, very suddenly, Mary became the center of a lively bunch of youngsters who were beginning to make their mark in pictures. She entertained frequently and gaily disguise the separation by work. He did. He came back with a motion picture record of his adventures, which he used in the form of "Around the World in Eighty Minutes."

On February 17, 1932, Doug left for the South Seas, ostensibly to film "Mr. Robin- Crusoe." Before clicking cameras, Mary kissed him goodbye in San Francisco, and went directly to New York to await his return. But both of them now knew definitely that their romance was over—or, if not over, that it was in sad need of repair. His pride was hurt, and her pride was hurt. He hated Hollywood society; and she hated his restless feet.

About this time newspaper columnists and gossip reporters played up Mary as favoring reality for Boyd's Rogers. I know that newspaper comments on the friendship hurt Doug frightfully. Doug was not a man to be brought back to a woman's side by salvoes. He was like a little boy who had been slapped. He was too bewildered to think coherently.

Became Definitely Estranged

Doug was fed up! He was disappointed with life and its cruel inconsistencies—and his disappointment extended to Mary. Their estrangement was now definite. Hollywood suspected it, but still refused to believe it. We were all proved wrong and Doug was under the impression that Doug and Mary had reached an amicable understanding, a working agreement, which indirectly that their romance was over—or, if not over, that it was in sad need of repair. His pride was hurt, and her pride was hurt. He hated Hollywood society; and she hated his restless feet.

But a divine spark can never be rekindled. They had traveled too far apart—their likes and their dislikes had suffered changes that could not be made to coincide.

Mary made gestures to prove to him that her life could go on without him. She entertained lavishly. She became a familiar figure at the crowded parties. At premieres she was escorted by Buddy...
Rogers, by Gary Cooper, or some other handsome young Hollywood bachelor.

Neither Doug nor Mary wanted to yield to the other—as is the habit of two people who have known a great love and who are in anguish over its passing. Unfortunately, these two did not have parallel tastes that might have replaced companionship the urgent love that had evaporated. They could find no level of understanding—no new basis for a lasting relationship.

It is my honest conviction that Mary had hoped that the formal announcement of their separation would bring Doug back to her. I know that Doug never dreamed the time would come when Mary would file suit for divorce. Certainly, neither I nor the two or three other people who know Doug intimately suspected for a moment that the finish would be gusty and sudden. It wasn’t that we didn’t realize that “Hollywood’s happiest marriage” was over. It was only our human reluctance to see a dream end. It shocked us. It shocked a world of strangers. I think it shocked even young Doug, despite his own recent divorce.

It’s too bad that you can’t harness a Peter Pan to the earth. It’s a pity that so few women ever achieve that fine frenzy of adventure that makes them look upon the gloom of danger without hesitation. If Doug could have changed—if Mary could have changed—then their names would not have been in headlines!

I don’t think that Doug will ever again set foot in Pickfair. This house—his house—to which he brought Mary as a bride, he has given to her. Not so long ago it was the sanctuary of a great love. I sincerely hope that it will become a sanctuary of peace for Mary.

But don’t blame Doug entirely for this smash-up. I know how sincerely he has suffered—how he has mourned the parting. Rather, blame Fate, and the discrepancies in human nature—and the passing years that bring changes!

And so a glamorous romance is ended. Mary Doug and Mary find happiness apart, and many consolations in their separate paths!

I will respect my pledge to Doug. But in justice to him, this story had to be told. I shall wait patiently for his forgiveness!

Secrets of the Stars
(Continued from page 42)

me. I’m sorry, but he belongs to me, not to my public. I will not make a child publicity copy. The other concerns an experience of some years ago...

"I have a few particular hates, and people who make copy of their children are one of them. They are reproachable as the writers who build up 'cases' by means of untruths. I swear, if anyone dislikes me, that is perfectly legitimate. I can’t please everyone. I don’t expect to. People have a right to criticize me, a right to dislike me and to say so and also to say why, so long as their 'why' sticks to facts.

"They haven’t any right to build up their criticisms with untruths in order to strengthen the points they want to make. If someone objects to my face, let him say so. That is his privilege. If someone dislikes the way I walk, the way I enunciate or smile, let him come forth and say so, too. If someone dislikes my mannerisms that’s also his right, but don’t let him build up his dislike by attributing actions or mannerisms to me that I have never had or never done.

"If some boy knew me when I was a kid and going to proms and parties and if, for some reason, he wishes to say so in print, let him speak out—so long as he does not

"Look what I found when I lost the 7 stains"

YEs, that gorgeous ring means I’m engaged!—to the man I’ve always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until...

"...he sent some flowers to my chum, and I... I read the card. It said ‘To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw’

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept her teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust me. I found out. ‘The things you eat and drink,’ she told me, ‘leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. More hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don’t remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate’s Dental Cream—it’s specially made to remove all seven kinds of stains!’

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We’re being married in June."

Don’t let the 7 stains mar your beauty...your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate’s two cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with one cleansing action can remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too.

Colgate’s, at 90c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes...the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate’s Dental Powder also has two cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.

LARGE TUBE NOW 20c
GIANT TUBE (doubled quantity) 35c
I never sold out my child's right to normalcy and privacy by talking about him for publication or anyone else. I never sold my son a brass farthing. It has happened to me.

Not Selling His Birthright

I would not sell out my child's right to normalcy and privacy by talking about him for publication or anyone else. I never sold my son a brass farthing. It has happened to me.

Shut Within Walls Again

I was wild, of course. I had been able, for a short while, to come and go as I pleased without having to explain to any authority why I went out. I had grown older for where I had been or what I had been doing. I had been a Grown-Up. And here I was, a child again, innocently behind high walls, and I felt I had been caught instead of in a dance, surrounded by serene-faced women with the folded hands of resignation.

"I would NOT be resigned. I would NOT be 'annulled'—not only from my husband, but from the freedom I had had. I was very old for my age. I had grown older during that brief fling of freedom. I didn't know, then, that we never have freedom. When we are very young, we are in bondage to our parents, and to the wishes of Grown-Ups. When we are married, we are in bondage to our wedding rings and the conventions that surround them. When we become parents, we are in bondage to the public we serve. We must walk the lock-step. We live in glass, subject to every eye, exposed to every rumor.

"I was in the convent a month or so, locked in a perfect trap of rage, flinging away, as many set me free: three times as many as against the bars of a cage. And then—something began to happen to me.

"I remember the very first evening I became aware of myself. We were at Vespers. Suddenly, without any previous awareness on my part, I felt quiet. I felt at peace. Where ever been, there was no fear. That is the only thing I can say. And in that calm suddenness, I knew that the things that had mattered to me, the things I had been fighting for didn't matter any more.

Didn't Want to Escape

"I THOUGHT, 'I don't want to go back. Why, I don't want to leave here. I don't want freedom. I don't want dances or boys around me or pretty clothes or jewels or anything; the things I've been thinking mean LIFE.

"I went over, in that still moment, the whole catalogue of charm the world had seemed to hold, the things I had got from a single thrill in any one of them. I did begin to find a strange thrill in the convent, in its serenity, in its enfolding peace and security. It would keep me safe. From my own moods. From things outside. From Myself.

"I began, from that night forth, to look with a different eye on things, to think about their duties so softly, so happily. I saw in their eyes, in their placid faces, something I had never seen in the eyes of anyone but in the faces of those things most people search for all of their lives and never find. I began to realize that though they had given up what we call Life, they had, really, found it.

"I began to think with fear and dread and shrinking of the time when my mother would come for me, when I would really begin with them without the idea of departure and free to take the freedom I had been struggling for. What would I do with it? What would I do with it?

"I read the Bible for hours at a time. I attended all of the Masses. I took a profound joy in fasting, in looking pale and thin and in feeling tired and devilish. I gave up every one of the little vanities I had brought with me to the convent and had, at first, tried to keep..."
"I decided to become a nun."

"I knew all of the extraordinary thrill of one who has found his vocation. I had found mine..."

What Her Parents Said

"With me, to decide was to DO, I began to write letters to my mother and father. Letters that must have surprised them, to state the case mildly. I told them of having found my vocation. I had not been intended for the world at all. I knew now. I had vehement letters back from them."

"They tried to tell me that I was acting a dramatic part in a one-part play of my own. They were facetious and told me that the family drama was in my blood and that, at the time, I was acting the part of a recluse. They assured me, fluently, that I was not intended for such a life. I was intended for the stage; I was proving that—though in a curious fashion. I was intended for marriage, for a rich and abundant life in the outside world."

"I simply felt misunderstood. I talked to the sisters of my desire to enter the sisterhood. I told them of my vocation. The sisters and the priests agreed with my parents. They told me I was not meant for orders, but for marriage and motherhood. They were gentle, but very firm, when they explained to me that I had other abilities, other possibilities of doing good in the world and that my place was, obviously, in the world."

"They tried to make it clear to me that I was, still, in an emotional state and that the emotion I was experiencing was nothing but a sharp reaction from my previous state of mind. I had violently wanted freedom. I had been abruptly deprived of it. Now—just as violently—I wanted seclusion, wanted the very reverse of freedom. Or thought I did. They didn't question my sincerity. They knew that I was sincere. They simply tried to make me see that I was in another emotional state which, too, would pass away."

She Was Taken Away

"I continued to write overwrought letters to my parents. They had reports of me. I was thin, underweight. I wouldn't eat. I seemed to be determined to enter the sisterhood..."

"My mother came for me. Still under age, with no support from the sisters at the convent, there was nothing for me to do but surrender to being taken away. I departed with the inner resolve to come back and enter the convent as soon as I was of age."

"My mother took me back to New York. She was wise enough to give me a slight taste of the freedom I had said I no longer wanted. I think that almost everyone knows the sequence of events in my life after this. I have told you the one phase of my life about which I have never talked before."

"I suppose they were perfectly right, my parents and the sisters. No doubt, I was going through just another emotional phase. A good many girls do. I was a headstrong child. I had wanted freedom. I had seized a sample of it. It had been abruptly wrenched out of my hands. I don't know... I only know that that experience was real and actual to me."

"I wanted to become a nun. I have become a screen actress. There is a wide channel separating the two. I am well content with my side of the channel. But that experience, back there on the other side, is none the less real to me because it is back in the years. I know that when I am old and my life begins to pass before me in review, that evening in the chapel will remain more real to me than all other shadows, all other substance..."
that the auburn-haired "extra" who played beside them in the great reception scene was unmistakably Hepburn, herself.

Marie Dressler, the most valuable star on the lot, begged to play Garbo's maid in "Grand Hotel," Gavin Gordon and other leading men have offered to work opposite Greta without pay. When John Gilbert heard that, Greta sent him a letter. "Christina," he proffered his services without charge.

"Money means nothing to me," he cried. "Working opposite Miss Garbo means everything. I will work without salary."

Studio executives would not accept Gilbert's offer, any more than they will accept the services of the others who are willing to work without salary in a Garbo picture. Still, Gilbert was paid far less to play in "Queen Christina" than he received for his previous picture.

It is a strange fact that many stars, working for years at the same studio with Greta, have never met the Swedish actress, Ramon Novarro, for one, made pictures on adjoining stages and occupied a dressing-room only a few yards from that used by Garbo—yet for six years they did not meet, until "Mata Hari."

Lewis Stone has worked in several pictures with Garbo, but he, himself, is responsible for the statement that he has never talked with her other than to exchange conversation that was absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of their movie scenes.

Greta Garbo has never paid any attention to her worshipers. There are no Garbo Fan Clubs. She sends them no messages through newspapermen; she has never sent a fan letter or sent out an autographed picture. Yet there is no star of the screen whose followers are more loyal. Their Garbo worship is fanatic, unselfish.

The Queen Can Do No Wrong

Let a story make an uncomplimentary comment about the Great Garbo and the publication is immediately deluged with letters of shocked protest. To read them, one would think Garbo had been committed. Hero-worship could raise no higher than the phrases of adoration in these letters. Religious mania could hardly be fiercer than the threats her devotees make against those who dare speak harshly of her. A radio gossip recently made some joking reference to Garbo. He received five hundred letters of flayed vitriol, none of them, however, in any way fanciful.

One of the prerequisites of being a goddess is to receive offerings at one's shrine. A few years ago, a box of orchids was brought to Garbo's dressing-room every day. The boxes bore the name of a local florist, but no one knew who sent them—they were just there.

A studio executive went to Greta and asked: "Do the flowers annoy you? Shall we try to find who sends them?"

"No, don't bother," said Greta.

"Well, I must warn you against accepting them, if you wish," the executive persisted.

"No," said Garbo. "Poor fellow, let him continue to send them if it pleases him."

However, when she later discovered the identity of the sender, a wealthy and prominent Detroit lawyer, she refused to accept the flowers. Garbo thought his manner sent too huge and beautiful bunching of Garbo to the star and begged for her autograph, she wrote her name across it. Lucky fellow, he has one of less than a score of Garbo autographs. She is very rarely gives pictures, even to friends. Far, far more rare are her autographs.

And that makes the watch that she once gave to her secretary, Berta Daniels. It bears as an inscription only a date and the initials "G. G."—a gift far more valuable than many times its monetary cost.

As far as I can learn, the orchids are the only gifts that Garbo has ever accepted. Many a beetle-eyed presents that are offered to the Swedish star, but she never receives them. Packages sent by express or mail are returned unopened. An anonymous package of British artist, was refused. A champion dog of rare breed, offered to her by a celebrated French dog-fancier, was likewise refused.

She has been offered automobiles, radios, household articles—all known to be accessory to comfort and luxury, if she will only accept and use them. All such gifts are rejected by the star, who could count.

Her Most Persistent Admirer

An example of the persistent effort to which admirers will go in order to reach Garbo is exemplified by the case of one who signs himself merely: Silver Star. This amazing person has been striving for years to place in Greta's hands a screen story that he has written for her. Silver Star asks nothing for his story; it would be a gift. He has spent more than a thousand dollars and two years' time in his efforts to reach her.

"Surely," he writes pathetically in the elaborate dossier he sends from time to time to persons of prominence in Hollywood, asking their help in getting his story to Greta. "Garbo, such a magnetic attraction, is entirely in vain."

He even promises that if Greta does write to him about his story, he will return the postage she has spent. He was told he was a gossiper, and he is.

He doesn't even want to meet Garbo, personally, he urges. In fact, his name must never be known to her. "For she would not be SKEPTICAL about him," he says. "If she knew who SILVER STAR really is, she would not hesitate to send for the script."

But if the world knew who SILVER STAR is, the story could never be made.

All he asks of the persons to whom he sends his pleas is to be sure that his story is delivered to Garbo. He is ready in typewriting on parchment paper, "wrapped in cellophane and oilcloth, gold and silver paper, asbestos and finally packed into a particularly strong interior which is protect ed against heat, cold and dampness, ready to be sent at a moment's notice by "plane, express, mail automobile or steamship" as Greta sends the air mail.

He read the story by inserting an advertisement in the "public notices" column of a New York newspaper. The ad must begin with the word "East" and end with the word "West."

Each one of these passionate communications is signed with a cut-out star of silver paper. SILVER STAR does not comprehend the fathomless mystery of Garbo, else he would realize that even such faithfulness and such a gift of laborious days and nights could only be rejected.

Bans Even Distinguished Visitors

SEEMINGLY, no human being is important to Garbo. She refused to meet the Crown Prince of Sweden. One day Arthur Brisbane, perhaps the most prominent journalist of the West, visited John Barrymore while that star was appearing opposite Greta in "Grand Hotel." The celebrated writer and his family was met with an air of distaste by the 3,000 persons gathered to hear him.

"John, I am so sorry," she said. "I do not want you to be offended. We will con-
tinue the scene later, when we are alone."

Then she turned and walked toward her dressing-room. Stunned for an instant, John watched her go. Then he sprang after her and caught up with her.

"That is Arthur Brisbane, the greatest newspaper editor and writer in the world," explained Barrymore.

"But John," said Garbo, "do you think Mr. Brisbane would like for me to walk into his office and watch over his shoulder while he wrote his articles?"

John stood silent an instant, then burst into a hearty laugh. He bowed to Garbo, who retired to her dressing-room. Then he returned to Brisbane and explained.

There was another occasion when studio executives approached Garbo with word that Will Hays wished to visit her set.

"No," answered Garbo.

"But he is important," protested the official. "He is the president of the Motion Picture Producers' Association. He is one of the biggest men in the film industry."

"Does Mr. Hays want to work in a scene?" demanded Garbo. "I did not know that Mr. Hays was in this cast."

Will Hays did not visit the Garbo set. Garbo refuses to work with strangers on her set. If the visitors are of such importance that they cannot be restrained from intruding, then Garbo retires to her dressing-room. Some of the most important executives who have been with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for years have never seen Garbo enact a scene.

Even Police Couldn't Reach Her

WHEN, not long ago, a fanatical worshiper of hers was caught climbing over the wall into Garbo's carefully-guarded home, for the purpose of giving her some poems of tribute, he was held for a few days and then released. The police department was unable to see Greta Garbo to get her to sign a complaint against the man.

Garbo clings to old friends and old habits. She still rides in the first big car she ever purchased, a 1927 Lincoln sedan. She has the same chauffeur she has employed for years, and the same household servants.

Because of that ancient automobile, people have termed Garbo a pinch-penny, a miser. These people may be amazed to learn that within the past year, Greta has rejected offers that would have paid her an accumulation of more than a quarter-million dollars. These are the offers, all bona fide: Life-story interests for a national magazine: $25,000.

To say one word, "Hello," on radio: $10,000.

Series of ten other radio broadcasts: $150,000.

To appear on New York stage for one week: $50,000.

To endorse a certain cigarette: $25,000.

TOTAL: $260,000.

She can hardly be described by any ordinary human word, for what name is there for a woman who shrugs her shoulders at money, turns her back on princes, avoids praise and admiration, does not care for material things and prefers her own company to that of Hollywood's greatest, and a walk in the rain to the most splendid social occasion?

Hollywood does not understand Garbo. The world does not understand her, and she says nothing to make the mystery of herself clearer. A woman who doesn't need love! A woman who has no use for great wealth. A woman who could buy jewels, gorgeous gowns, splendid cars, a palace, and doesn't. A woman who doesn't talk. No wonder she is regarded with superstitious awe! Yet Garbo is a great star. People must talk about her. Having no real facts to go on, they invent fantastic stories, which grow continually more fantastic. And so the Legend is building, and the Goddess is being created.
Colds Go Overnight

When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat it promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection —and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that gripping feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—50c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c sizes it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letter L B Q stamped on every tablet.

Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test!

(Continued from page 53)

left eye was off-color. Not much off, it is true, but enough to center the attention of twenty men, while only one noted the girl's smile. An audience would have reacted the same way—possibly minus the point of what the girl was doing, in the fascination of watching her eyes.

How Are Your Teeth?

"Teeth, perhaps, give us the worst trouble. The appearance of most persons' mouths, the dentists of America must be staring to death. I can't begin to estimate the number of candidates for screen tests whose chances have been, literally speaking, nipped in the teeth.

"Occasionally, a person measures up to such a high standard in every other qualification for screen fame that we advise him to visit a good dentist and then come back for location test. But it always is given only when teeth alone are at fault. If a misshapen jawbone is the cause of the difficulty, there is no cure. You have seen people with fake chimpunks and others whose grins are more ape-like than human. The shape of the jawbone makes those chimpunk and ape mouths.

"When I refer standard requirements, such as these governing eyes and mouth, I frequently hear arguments to the effect that the screen has many popular players who do not measure up toables. This point is not even debatable. But the thing that amateurs do not take into consideration is that we are not searching for character actors. What we want and what we must have are youngsters whose adaptability is not restricted by any abnormality.

"Contrary to the apparent popular belief, studios are not searching for imitators of existing stars. When you hear of some company looking for a Janet Gaynor, it does not mean that a duplicate of the latter is wanted. Rather, it means that the casting of a specific story requires a girl of wastiful appeal. Instead of going into a lengthy explanation of the type needed for the role, the studio heads take a short-cut and say, 'Get us a Janet Gaynor.' In the business, this phraseology is understood. But the general public fails to understand. Such an order brings countless applications from young girls who like to think of themselves as the Gaynor type, and the difficulties of a poor casting director are multiplied.

"The success of Marie Dressier brought elderly ladies clamoring at studio gates by the thousands and tens of thousands. May Robson's recent hit in 'Lady for a Day' is bringing the same sort of response. But the non-professional applicants fail to take into consideration that they have never had stage experience that have made such grand troopers of Marie and May. They seem to believe that all that is necessary to them is popular popularity in the movies is to be elderly and lovable.

Not Looking for Character Actors

"All that I have said about mouths is made negative by Joe E. Brown. But there is reason in the screen on one such oral cavity. In vain do I point to the fact that Joe's film success was preceded by a long stage career. The big-mouthed amateurs murder grins and announce that they could do as well, if only given the chance. So do the hefty girls who have been inspired by Mae West, the frozen-faced girls who are sure that they are cousins of Buster Keaton—but I could go on indefinitely. Every distinctive character actor who wins a screen success calls forth scores of would-be imitators among moviemakers aspiring to similar success.

"Again, I say, Hollywood is filled with character actors, most of them boasting long and distinguished stage careers. There is no necessity of instituting a search for such talent, when it is constantly available within telephone call. When we search among them, we find that the young people, girls and boys, from whom can be developed successors to Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Cary Grant and Warner Baxter, to name but a few.

"Of course, the very best advice that any one can give an amateur is to seek stage experience before attempting to crash the movie gates. You will draw attention soon enough if you score even a moderately outstanding performance in a Broadway play. One case in point is the recent signing of a young actor whose play closed the day after it opened. The theatre is not as selective as the movies. We have proved this statement in the hundreds of tests in which talented stage players have failed to fulfill all of the stringent requisites of the motion picture character actor.

"I know of a girl, well established in the theatre, who has waited long for a call for a film test. It was brought to her attention that possibly her bow legs were the cause of the movies' lack of interest in her. She promptly went to the hospital, had both legs broken, had the bones set and put on a plaster cast. Her fortune and grit were admirable, but unfortunately did not bring the reward for which she hoped. True, her legs were straightened, but she failed in other physical requirements of the relentless camera.

The Biggest Demand of All

"I could recount many incidents of a similar nature. Yet the one will suffice to explain the reason why I have ignored the applications for screen preference—the ability to act, a good voice and the will to succeed. You can excel in all of these or any one of them and yet fail to pass muster in a film test.

"So, if you want to test yourself as Hollywood would test you, first examine yourself in the mirror, personality and in the terms of your appearance—particularly if you are an amateur.

"From his experience as a test director and talent scout, William Watson speaks with authority and praiseworthy frankness. Furthermore, he voices the consensus of opinion of all those to whom we talked in the motion picture industry. Under ordinary circumstances, we would allow him to serve as spokesman and close this report upon his remarks. But it is fortunate to present a means whereby your movie ambitions may be realized, if you have the qualifications. Unquestionably, this is the first time film executive has ever been quoted on such a subject.

Al Kaufman is the executive assistant to Emanuel Cohen, Vice-President in charge of production at Paramount Studios. In this position, he has viewed thousands of tests of amateurs in contests such as the one for which we started the first film test, "Woman's World," the "Search for Beauty," and many others. Kaufman has a feasible and comprehensive plan for aspirants who hope to bring themselves to the attention of studio executives.
"You don't have to come to Hollywood," he says. "In fact, you are better off in your own home-town. Competition is keener here than any other place in the world and you are likely to be caught in a rut that will be fatal to your chances.

They'll Come to You

No, by all means, stay at home. We will come to you, if you have what we are seeking!

It has been explained what constitutes the physical requirements for the screen. We want young girls and boys—the girls are more difficult to find—who stand out from the crowd. I say 'young' because youth is more adaptable and lends itself to development. Film fame is all too fleeting and while we are glad to devote the time to necessary training when it seems worth while, we want to be assured that an ingénue will remain an ingénue long enough to reap a profit from our investment in establishing her popularity. That is merely sound business economics.

"You may ask how you are to know if you stand out from the crowd. Your popularity in your own set is the best criterion. Are you much sought after? The girls we want must not have been the 'dateless' ones at school. They must have had more than their share of attention from the 'stag lines' at dances. That old trick of a boy's holding a collar bill behind the back of his dancing partner as a reward for the first stag who would take her off his hands has never been played on a girl with personality.

"There are many ways of measuring popularity and always the measurement is by a combination of little things. The girls we want—and the boys, too—are the ones whose personalities and appearances impress even strangers; the ones to whom strangers—whether they are men or women—request introductions.

"I saw such a girl recently in a restaurant. Before I could learn her name, she had gone. I saw her again, and again she arrested my attention. This time I found out who she was and through the casting office she was invited to take a test. The production board viewed the test and gave her a Paramount contract. I believe you will hear more about her. Her name is Toby Wing.

Some Advice Worth Heeding

"But such chance discoveries are rare in Hollywood—publicity to the contrary. The town is filled with beautiful women and handsome men who have little to offer except their good looks. The average of promising material in their ranks is amazingly low. That is why I advise—reiterate—that you stay away from Hollywood, lest you become lost in the crowd.

"There is a much better way, so simple that I marvel that only one or two have ever tried it. Buddy Rogers came to Paramount by the plan I suggest.

"Remember that we are seeking personality primarily. Test yourself to determine how personable you are. Give yourself a mirror test and one for physical requirements. If you can pass honestly—not vainly—to see the manager of your local theatre. Tell him of your ambition and ask if he agrees with your rating of your qualifications. He should be a competent judge. He sees enough motion pictures to know many of the problems of those who make them.

"If I were to receive a letter from a theatre manager giving comprehensive details concerning an outstanding personality in his locality, I should certainly investigate. Perhaps investigation would lead to a screen test, possibly something further. I am willing to give the plan a whirl!

"The only thing you must promise is not to be offended if the manager doesn't agree with you about yourself."

---

Please tell me what is wrong dear!

—but she hadn’t the courage to tell him he’d grown careless about ‘B.O.’

We don’t know when we’re guilty of “B.O.” (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It’s easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of “B.O.” is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent as your assurance of extra protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleans. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond

How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That’s because Lifebuoy’s luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!
Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(Continued from page 39)

man, they say, who looks well in anything he wears; he's a man who could stroll down Bond Street, itself, in the loudest checks and escape those good old English stares. They left George Raft's friend, the Prince of Wales, out of the voting!

What of Marlene?

W O N D E R when the tailors will get around to choosing the ten most smartly masculine-dressed women in the world? Marlene Dietrich, of course, is at the top of all lists. (And she must like trousers—for she continues to wear them, even with the publicity about them now only a memory—what a memory!) Such a vote would not only be news, but amusing news.

The Brainiest Stars

O N E lone, brave man has finally taken his courage in hand and named the ten brainiest women in Hollywood—and that's sumpin'. His name is Maxwell Arnow; he's a young casting director; and he has been in the movie town only a year and a half—which makes him an authority, he claims, since he hasn't had time to meet the stars except on a business basis. Alphabetically, these are his selections: Mary Boland, Paramount. Kay Francis, Warner Brothers. Ann Harding, RKO. Helen Hayes, M-G-M. Katharine Hepburn, RKO. Miriam Hopkins, Paramount. Alice MacMahan, Warner Brothers. Karen Morley, M-G-M. Jean Muir, Warner Brothers. Diana Wynyard, M-G-M.

They Should Be Mad

B U T where are Greta Garbo, Mae West, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett—to mention only a few? How did he come to leave them out? Mr. Arnow explains that he based his selections on the consideration that the ten he named know what they want, know how to get it, and know what to do with it once they have it. Leaving town immediately after being inveigled to dare the fury of several women scorned, he said, "Tell any story, and now I guess I'm stuck with it."

New York's Winning Ways

I T'S funny, the way Hollywood muffed its bets on the Columbia-Stanford game on New Year's Day—the most exciting saga in Rose Bowl football history and the greatest upset. The little men from Morningside Heights and the sidewalks of New York defeated the mighty giants from Palo Alto by the score of 12-7. Armed and out-manned, they weren't conceded a chance to win; the Stanford boys, said the natives, were too many for 'em and had too much on the ball, too much power to let a little band of New Yorkers show them how to play football.

It's funny, the way Hollywood guessed wrong—because it guessed wrong about another invasion from the sidewalks of New York. When stage actors and actresses first came out to show the Californians how to make talkies, the natives laughed. But the boys (not to mention the girls) did show 'em how. Look at Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March, Marie Dressler, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Margaret Sullivan, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Sylvia Sidney,

Shakespeare? Why Not?

I MAGINE walking into John Barrymore's dressing-room and finding him in black velvet doublet and hose. We did that the other day, much to our surprise. The suit looked vaguely familiar.

"Sssh!" said John, in his best stage whisper, "It's Hamlet. I'm making a test, but there's nothing to tell yet."

Which sounds like a great idea; nay, as inspiration. The greatest of all of John's stage successes was his version of "Hamlet." Why couldn't a great movie be made of it? And then, why couldn't we have "Romeo and Juliet" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Romeo and Katharine Hepburn as Juliet! (Remember that scene in "Morning Glory"?) And "The Merchant of Venice," with Anna Harding as Portia! And "As You Like It," with Garbo as Rosalind?

Why should Hollywood be scared of Shakespeare just because Douglas Fair-
banks and Mary Pickford didn't click together in "The Taming of the Shrew," when they were as new to talkies as talkies were to them?

**Doing the Classics**

**THERE** is a mad rush for the classics—for near-classics—these days. Three studios are quarrelling over which has the best right to film Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." But RKO got under the wire with registration of the title with the RKO Office. The idea is to repeat the cast of "Little Women," with the four Marches as the daughters of the country squire. And how does the idea strike you?

**Dramatic Biographies, Too**

**EVERY** studio is going in for dramatic biography these days, too. Wallace Beery is re-creating Pancho Villa and is slated to bring P. T. Barnum back to life. George Arliss is telling the story of the founding and rise of the great financial house of Rothschild. Billie Burke's late husband, the Great Groucho, is due to be glorified posthumously, himself, in "The Great Groucho." Edward G. Robinson is getting all set to play Napoleon. Fredric March is going to remind you of the life of Benvenuto Cellini. Claudette Colbert is about to play Cleopatra. Greta Garbo has just dramatized Queen Christina. Marlene Dietrich has just done the same by Catherine, the Great. Katharine Hepburn will soon play Joan of Arc. And George Raft is making Maurice, the famous French dancer, live again (under another name) in "Bolero."

**Raft Goes Into His Dance**

GEORGE'S shoes, we hear, are built up two inches for this role, making him a comparatively tall young man. Valentino used to build up his shoes also, as have many other screen stars; but if the reports are true, George has set a record—with a build-up of three inches. It sounds incredible. It sounds like something that Robert L. Ripley might tell about.

Anyway, no matter what the build-up, George has had his work cut out for him in dancing in "Bolero." Though George was once the nimble-footed hoofer on Broadway, it has been so long since he has practised that he has been in continual agony. A reporter who suggested an interview at lunch was greeted with a howl from George: "Lunch! Listen, I spend every lunch hour in my dressing-room, with my dogs in a pan of hot water!"

The interpretation of the Spanish "passion dance" that gives the picture its name is the most startling screen dance in years, says insiders. Remember, it was the tango in "The Four Horsemen" that made Valentino's name.

**No Likee Lines**

GEORGE also gets into the news this month as being the first actor within Hollywood memory to have a physical collision with a producer. Witnesses said that George struck and staggered Benjamin Glazer, associate producer at Paramount; Glazer passed it off as a mere "push," not a "sock." But whatever it was, George later apologized. An armistice was declared.

What caused the fireworks? George, who is sensitive about how he is going to look to his public (remember how he refused to play Trigger in "The Story of Temple Drake"?), objected to a scene in which, at his mother's grave, he was supposed to suggest that pictures be taken for publicity purposes. George didn't want to say the

(Continued on page 80)

**How to Relieve Periodic Pain:**

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twist of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet, then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease in ten minutes.

Periodic pain is out. So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain in seven to ten minutes. That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slip little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.
You can have
ENTICING EYES

- The prettiest eyes in the world pass unloved, unless they are framed in dark, caressing-soft lashes. ... Ask any artist in make-up, how to get such lashes. She'll tell you:—use a LIVE-tone mascara.

Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones—not one thick, solid superfluity, but a series of light and dark tones which it darkens lashes and makes them look live, glistening, natural. Their silky, languid beauty lasts for many hours. Winx can't smear, smudge or flake off. Never forms ugly "beads."

Two forms—Cake Winx, and Liquid Winx. Both are tear-proof. Both utterly safe, pure. Complete the magic of your eyes with a gossamer thread of Winx Eye Brow Pencil and a touch of Winx Eye Shadow.

The Seductive MARASCA

If your form is flat, under-rated, same-colored shade to it & thiner, with Beauastian Cream treatment you'll have a truly thhousaand a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK in your form is not improved after applying Beauastian Cream treatment for 34 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.50, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, certain way to have the bewitching, magnetic Renaissance charm you've always longed for.

FREE Fascinating Loverliness FREE! The well-known Beauty Expert's Charm that gets the good looks gets the good looks, gets the good looks if you want it ALL, at AUCTION, FREE! Yes, today. World's Limited Edition. FREE! TODAY.


How to Get—and Hold—Your Boy-Friend

(Continued from page 60)

means when the boy-friend is around. I've opened the box of flowers, smiled to myself sort of secretly, torn up the card I had enclosed myself, and then gone on talking to my company just as if nothing had happened. Sure, it was an act—but it went over. The man was probably dying with curiosity, but he was too proud to ask whom they were from. It was the next thing I knew, he was sending me orchids.

"Girls don't pull tricks like that often enough. Maybe if they did, we wouldn't see so many tragic faces around us."

Even Husbands Get Jealous

I KNEW a woman once who had a hus-

band who just wouldn't stay put. And

after a while she got herself a racket.
Friend husband would step out on her, with-

out so much as a lie about having to sit up with a sick friend. So she'd get dressed in her very best evening gown, and she'd go up on the roof and wait until she saw her husband return. Then she'd sneak down the stairs, get into her own car, which she had parked earlier around the corner and come driving up with cut-out open, so that he'd hear her all right. And when she came in she'd always manage to look like the cat that swallowed the canary. She'd be awfully absent-minded about where she had been that evening. But he didn't miss the signs that she had had a good time. And after a while, her husband started staying home nights.

Then, of course, girls in love get to be awful fools. They hang on the telephone until their boy-friend calls them, and they fall all over themselves accepting his last-minute invitation to go out.

"After all, a good book wasn't invented to stay on the shelf. It's a first aid to love. Stay home and read it—but don't tell the boy-friend you're staying home. Insist that you've got a date you can't break—and you're terribly, terribly sorry that you haven't the evening free, but if you had only known a few days earlier... Maybe if he'll call another time— Don't ask him to call; just sort of suggest it. Pretend it doesn't mean too much if he doesn't call you—but don't overdo it, for he's likely to get peeved and take you up on it. Blow hot and blow cold—and before you know it, he'll be blowing hot."

"Sort of size up your man. If he likes a girl who shows her affection, then go ahead and be that kind of girl. But most men like girls who are 'hard to get.' And if you use some sense, you'll know before your first evening with a man is over just the kind of fellow he is. Then act accordingly. Stop love's an act—but a lot of girls forget their lines at the wrong time.

Be Yourself—With Trimmings

"THAT doesn't mean that a girl should change her personality for a man. If she does, she's likely to find herself just the sort of person the special man doesn't like. Men love to make a girl over, but they hate the ready-made job when it's done. So to be safe, you've got to keep on being your own self, with just a few extra trimmings to suit the man.

"It's a good idea to keep a man worried. If you let him like you, then you forget to make him think that there are other men you like, too. Make him understand that you're human—with a woman's habit of changing her mind. Today, you sort of suggest, you like him best, but to-morrow somebody else may be head man with you. It keeps him so worried about you that he doesn't have to worry about him at all.

"If a girl wants to make an impression on a man, she shouldn't ever meet him as one of a crowd. You can't register that way. I saw Cy the first night he came to town, but I waited to meet him until he got Hollywood out of his system, so that he'd remember me when he did meet me. There were dozens of girls around him that night, and I wasn't going to be one of the niobs."

Where Men Are Smarter

"WOMEN love too much, too hard and too long. Men have the right racket. If one love affair blows up on 'em, they go out and get themselves another one. But a woman stays home and mores—and listens for the ring of the telephone. If she'd step out and get herself another boy-friend, then maybe she'd meet the man she really cares about, and he'd see that she didn't miss him, and he'd come back just to see if he could get her away from the other fellow. No woman ever got anything by advertising her broken heart.
"Don't ever let a man know you're all broken up about a bashed love affair. I saw a girl in a restaurant not so long ago and everybody knew that her sweet heart was tired of her just by looking at her face. But do you think she'd work up an interest in another man? Not that girl! She just sat there as if the world was coming to an end. She knew he was in love with someone else and the hang was to him. Some men haven't any pride at all. Maybe if she'd trod out on her own, he would have come back to her. Acting as she did, she didn't stand a chance.

"To be successful in love, you can't afford to show you're jealous. Be careless—pretend that he's just one of the fish in the big ocean of life, and that you've got the system to catch as many as you want.

"If necessary, look bored occasionally when you're with the boy you're simply crazy about. I've done it—and you'd be surprised how anxious men are to please you when they think your interest is sort of wandering.

"Men have a little habit of saying, 'See that girl over there? She's crazy about me.' She invited me to her house for dinner. But, of course, I didn't go.' That's your cue to answer, 'Why don't you give the gal a break and come up 'n see her sometime?' And then you can tell him about the boy who's crazy about you. But don't make it obvious. When I was going with Cy, he'd pull little tricks like that on me, and I'd hand it right back to him.

If He Mentions a Beauty—

"If a man says to you, 'Isn't that girl beautiful?', always agree with him. Then go on and point out something nice about her that he missed. You'll impress him with your beautiful nature.

To win in the game of love, a girl has to be smart. She has to understand men—and know what makes 'em tick. But don't show how smart you are. Women talk too much, anyway, and talk themselves right out of romance. This may be a modern age and women may be equal to men, but no man likes to be told about it. If you're in love—and want to keep your boyfriend—act dumb. Men like to be amused, and not given school courses by the girl they're dating.

"So many girls get so proud of having caught a man that they start parading him around everywhere. That's a mistake. And a girl is just a fool for taking chances. It's much smarter to keep him away from temptation—and in Hollywood, believe me, there's plenty of it for any man, what with fifteen girls to every man. But I guess that goes for Main Street, too. I'd like you have a nickel for every man stolen by a girl's best friend. There are some rules for war, but none at all for love. Everything's fair.

"So keep your boy-friend to yourself. Don't let the man-snatchers get at him. Stay home, go to a movie, or for a drive. If you do it right, he'll think it's his own suggestion and that you're a swell guy to be satisfied with him only—and a quiet evening at home.

"But just because a woman gets her man doesn't mean that she can sit back on her heels and take it easy. It's a lot harder to keep a husband interested than it is a boy- friend. All men have the idea that once street-car is caught, there's no use running after it. So a husband sort of sits back and dares you to amuse him.

"I suppose now I'll have to start getting up a list of rules on how to keep a husband. But I'm not a sucker; I'm not going to show my hand by talking about "em."

Little Alice White signs all the signs of a happily-married girl. And maybe she'll be so happy that she'll never get around to reading HOW TO HOLD YOUR HUSBAND!

---

Students now offer the answer to these puzzling questions; why puppies eat mud; why dogs' favorite delicacy is a bone. What we have learned from our four legged pets about fighting tooth decay. What people must do that dogs do not.

---

As everyone knows, the wildest delight of any true epicure in the dog world is a huge, juicy bone. After the meat is eaten, the bone itself is chewed and chewed, and that, in the opinion of many people, is one reason why dogs have good teeth. Bones are mainly composed of calcium and phosphorus; the same minerals which build strong, hard teeth. Many believe that the dog's appetite for bones is merely nature's scheme for obtaining the minerals needed.

Human beings should include an abundance of mineral-containing foods in their diet also. Milk, cod liver oil, and cheese are especially rich in tooth- and bone-building minerals and the necessary vitamins.

Of course, chewing hard substances like bone also exercises the dog's gums and keeps them healthy and may offer one more explanation of a dog's freedom from tooth decay.

The active cause of decay; in the human mouth, according to dental authorities, is acid-producing bacteria. These germs cause fermentation of the food particles that remain on teeth and under gums. In so doing, acids are formed which start decay. The germs which produce these acids live in the coating of film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Film actually gueses germs to the teeth. For years we have studied ways of removing film. Recently a discovery was made in

---

The Pepsodent Company's laboratories—a new and different cleansing and polishing material was developed. This new material is twice as soft and therefore a great deal safer than the polishing material generally used in tooth pastes.

This new cleansing material is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is softer and therefore safer, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety in tooth pastes. At the same time it stands unsurpassed in removing film and polishing enamel brilliantly.

---

FREE—10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 123
1910 No Michigan Ave., Chicago

Mall 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name ___________________________
Address _________________________
City _____________________________

This coupon is not good after July 31, 1934

Pepsodent—A toothpaste that's a STAR!
Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(lines that were headed him. People are going to be watching for that particular scene—to see if George won his point or not.

In This Corner!

Speaking of physical collisions, Hollywood has been betting even money on whether or not "Wonder Bar" would be finished without fisticuffs between Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez. To use a quaint expression, they have been getting in each other's hair. However, since Al weighs only one hundred and forty-eight pounds and Ric weighs about twenty pounds more, our guess is that Al will have to pull his punches. Walter Winchell, his last opponent, weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds.

New Deal in Marriages?

Is there going to be a New Deal in marriages among movie folk? Are the secret weddings and hurried "elopements" weddings on the wane? It certainly looks like it—when you consider the recent weddings of Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw; Betty Compson and Irving Weinberg; and Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner. (All of which received far-more-than-average newspaper attention.) All three couples announced their plans in advance, ushering in a new era of frankness and scornful silly secrecy—and each had a dramatic wedding.

How They Did the "I Do"

The one that came closest to being a "stunt" was the wedding of Betty Compson and Irving Weinberg. They were married on the rear platform of a train during a stop at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with the mayor officiating and the populace serving as witnesses.

When Gary married Sandra (whose real name is Veronica Balle), an ex-cowboy was marrying a New York society débutante—which is news even to any city editor. They were married at her parents' Park Avenue home without a bit of splash; there were only four witnesses. The scene was a white drawing room, with white rugs, white curtains, white fireplaces—and both the bride and groom were in informal attire. After the wedding, they calmly announced the scene of their prospective honeymoon: Phoenix, Arizona.

The big New York wedding of Mervyn Le Roy, one of Hollywood's stars, though only thirty-three years old, and Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner (of the Warner Brothers), was filmed—as a talkie. The pictorial record of the ceremony will be given to the bridal couple on their return from a four-months' world-cruise honeymoon, after which Mervyn is scheduled to direct "Anthony Adverse."

Who'll Play Adverse?

The question—Who will play Anthony Adverse—is still up in the air. Leslie Howard may get the call, if he finishes "Of Human Bondage" in time and doesn't decide to take a vacation on Broadway after World War II. Frederick March may play it, if he, too, is tugged up by other obligations. Paul Muni may get the role, upon his return from his two-months' trip to Russia.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is wisecracking about the difficulty of compressing the 1224-page novel into a normal-length movie. Some are wondering if the writers who are adapting it to the screen will be under contract long enough even to read the book. The Warners are still trying to get Howard to play the part, but are holding fast to the idea of casting an unknown, as Howard is "bumping" his lead role in "Sorrows." Paul Muni is the favorite of both Howard and the Warners.

All to the Purple

The movie is getting into the society columns. Gary Cooper married a débutante, Dorothy Jordan married into the Social Register when she faced a minister in company with producer Merian C. Cooper, and so did Mary Duncan when she became the wife of Stephen Sanford. Mary Rogers, daughter of Will, made the Junior League. Elizabeth Youngblood, daughter of Will, is a New York debbie. newcomer Barbara Fritchie (that's her real name, by the way) is a Junior Leaguer. Katherine Hepburn is in the New York Social Register. . . . And yet Alice-Leon Moats, débutante author of "No Nice Girl Sweats" and technical adviser on "Coming Out Party," makes fun of Hollywood's parties.

Paging Emily Post

However, Will Rogers ought to be comforted by the knowledge that chewing is apparently dé rigueur in the Four Hundred—for Miss Moats beats Will at that pastime. She says that a very few words will get one by a Hollywood social function. "Louisy" is one word and "swell," another. And in order to get a reputation for being in the know, one has only to murmur (so she says), "I hear So-and-So isn't having his option taken up." At one party, she relates, she thought the cocktails must be going to her head, for she distinctly saw the same man coming in the door again and again. Later, however, she found that they were different men, but all producers.

Just Like Boston

John Davis Lodge, however, says that Hollywood manners are as good as Boston manners—so there! And John ought to know, hailing from one of the F. F. M. (First Families of Massachusetts). There were plenty of manners in evidence at his recent "Tom-and-Jerry" Repeal Party. anyhow. Mrs. Lodge wore a cape inherited from her great-grandfather (it's something to have inherited a great-grand-
father, too, and John, quite the actor since he became Marlene Dietrich's leading man, received in cutaway coat and striped trousers. What if the Tom-and-Jerry cocktails (made from a famous recipe in the family, the invitations read) did curdle a little? The two hundred guests had a grand time.

Joan and Genevieve Tiffing

One of those bitter intra-studio feuds is developing at Warners between Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin. No one seems to know what it is all about and the girls themselves have so far refused to tell. But whenever one's name is mentioned in the other's presence there are verbal fireworks. They refer to each other as "That woman," the feminine insult supreme.

Who'll Win the Queen's House?

And there is likely to be another war on the same lot. "Journal of a Crime" marks Ruth Chatterton's final picture on her Warner contract. Ruth's refusal to sign another long-term agreement at any studio—and the fact she wants to be free to select her own stories, (produce them if need be)—means that she will vacate her five-room dressing quarters, the envy of every other actress on the Warner contract list. It is a separate bungalow, the only one of its kind, large enough to live in comfortably. Ruth has slept there many a night during production. Perhaps it does not seem important to you exactly who is allotted the Chatterton dressing-rooms. But it is a matter of social prestige at Warners, comparable to the star on the door of old vaudeville theatres. The final decision is a most delicate matter. So far the choice seems to rest between Kay Francis and Barbara Stanwyck with Ruby Keeler a possible dark horse because of Hubby Al Jolson.

(Flash! Barbara gets it!)

Honeymoon Isn't Over Yet

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea are making their honeymoon and the Hollywood gossip column is having a field day. The day is too long to be separated, so telephoned greetings fly back and forth between the respective studio sets where they work miles apart. No one teases them about it, either, Hollywood, despite its attempts at cynicism, really believes young love grand!

Here's Irony for You

PARAMOUNT ran a contest in which thespians were asked to identify eighteen players by their voices alone. Only the backs of the actors were shown on the screen. In Louisville, Kentucky, the contest was won by a blind woman who announced herself a constant film fan since talking pictures.

The prize was a collection of autographed photographs.

Opera Star Likes Pigs

LUCREZIA BORI, the opera star, was one of the few living people who had not seen "Three Little Pigs." She asked that the film be run for her at the studio. The obliging publicity man obtained a print and also one of the Silly Symphony, "Lullaby Land.

We chanced into the projection room while seeking a preview of "Blood Money." Bori's full-throated voice in song was accompanying the screen recording: "Quiet," whispered the publicity man. "This is the second time we have run it for her. She knows the lullabies and she wants to learn the wolf song."

(Continued on page 89)
Go See ’Em!—Make

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

We have often wondered what has become of the old-time hero with his fine directed acts. Now the gallery gods have cleansed his and his sides. Here he is, brought back to us by Otto Kruger, ranting in the same old way, speaking sentimentally nothings between clenched teeth, crying, “Unless I pay that debt I shall never have a moment’s peace upon this earth.”

Following the success of “Counselor At Law,” the lawyer as a dramatic figure was seized upon by all the studios. Metro’s contribution to the cycle portrays a shyster who specializes in talking people out of their money. Haunted by a broken marriage he has a cynical attitude toward all women until the past catches up with him. Ruined professionally, he risks ganger revenge to save a client from the chair which comes disagreeably close.

Scenes of unabashed melodrama follow one another, saved from complete ludicrousness by an able actor, who, more than once, turns bathos into pathos by sheer artistry, as in the sick bed scene of this Actors’ Guild picture. In a thankless part as the latest of the lawyer’s wife, loves, is excellent. Oddly enough, the sheer theatricals of the whole picture are their saving grace. After all, it seems a reasonable revenge to save a client from the chair which comes disagreeably close.

MISS FABE’S BABY IS STOLEN

With startling timeliness Paramount dramatizes the agony of a mother whose baby is kidnapped, and Dorothea Wieck makes that agony seem terribly real. The entire plot is the search for the stolen baby, with occasional moralizing by police, judges and other officials as to the proper way to deal with the situation. If there is a dry eye in the house when the sound of the mother’s voice over the radio brings the kidnaped baby to her father, to babble happily toward the beloved sound we’d hate to meet its owner.

Charming scenes at the beginning of the famous movie star and her baby (that wonderful infant, LeRoy) make the moment when she strands down into the empty crib so shocking to everyone. Ally Braddock, the supercilious, the mother of four whose dawning realization that the dyed-haired dirty baby of the newcomers, in the deserted shack down the road, is the missing Fabe child, comes just in time to save it from the grave one of the kidnappers is digging.

A situation which could easily have been mawkish and tear-sodden is handled by Dorothea Wieck with splendid restraint, and the unfolding of the story is simplicity itself. It is sure-fire drama, but almost too terrifying for those of the gleaning’s pleasure. A hastily tackled-on comedy ending doesn’t help matters. (Paramount)

THIS DOUBLE LIFE

NOTABLE chiefly for the return of Lillian Gish to the screen and for yecman service, we must mention that the Roland Young, this is a quiet, mousey little comedy that may charm or annoy you. Basically, the idea has tremendous face possibilities. It needs archivage possibilities because it prefers to be polite rather than rollicking. Tempo is sacrificed to quaintness until the finale when, much to your surprise, a Gilbert-and-Sullivan-like
These Reviews Your Guide

courteous an interlude is played. You have a feeling that everyone concerned with the production gave it loving care. It is that sort of picture—an actor's and director's holiday.

Arnold Bennett originally called his story "Buried Alive." It tells of a poet, so shy he has been a recluse for twenty-five years. His wife dies suddenly and, mistaken for the master, is buried in Westminster Abbey as befitting the painter's fame. The artist is pleased to accept anonymity in this exchange of identities even to marrying the valet's mail-order fiancée, the only woman he has ever known who has placed him at his ease. But when lack of money forces him to sell some paintings, a legal row ensues.

Lillian Gish plays the bride with authority and with a fine sense of light comedy. It is a rôle completely different from anything she has done here. It calls for an encore. (Paramount)

CONVENTION CITY

O NCE of the funniest pictures of the year will doubtless be your verdict even twelve months hence when the year's best picture choices are chosen. If you sidesit fail to ache from laughing at "Convention City," then we give you up.

Atlantic City is the locale. There the convention of the Honeywell Rubber Co. is held, with all the Babbity indigenous to such affairs while in executive sessions, coupled with the drunken partying that goes on in hotel rooms. Better keep the wife away, though, if you are a conventione or she will never let you go again.

There are so many riotous high lights, no single review could do them all justice. If we prefer the running gag that has Hugh Herbert a silent, bewildered individual always just one step behind that is in his face, and the gorgeous tag that reveals Herbert has attended the wrong convention, well, it is only one opinion.

See "Convention City" and pick your own favorite moment. You can find scores with such finished farces as Adolphe Menjou, John Boles, Baby Doe, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, Grant Mitchell, Dick Powell and Patricia Ellis playing this grand comedy. (Warner)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO

FILMS. MUSICALS to date have been concerned with back-pants stage-show must-go-on themes, lavish spectacles or sophisticated comedies made lighter by fantastical interludes of music. Critics of the cycle have complained that the screen has yet to present an original form. Critics, we give you "Flying Down to Rio."

There isn't much of a plot, but since when have you demanded a plot in a musical comedy? The affair is, at least, consistent and serves to motivate, intelligently, the action. You have a medley of easy tunes by Vincent Youmans and one swell rhumba routine staged by Dave Gould, a rhumba you will roll the rugs back to try for yourself. And the finale, with the girls doing their stuff strapped to the wings of airplanes, is a real thrill. Credit the excellent direction of Thornton Freeland for obtaining the most from the material values. This is entertainment for any tired businessman.

Fred Astaire emerges as the star of the show, proving his second visit to his dancing honors. And a neat comic, too. Ginger Rogers runs him a neck-and-neck race and it must have been a race. The romantic comedy, expertly handled by Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond and Raulouilien.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS

FRANCIS LEDERER makes his bow to a new American motion picture public in a vehicle palpably unworthy of his talent. The Czech-Slovakian star is, undoubtedly, on the way to being a feminine heart-throb. As an Eskimo in "Man of Two Worlds," he gives a fine account of himself with decidedly limited opportunities.

The picture is interesting as a comedy, but fails to achieve the real drama intended. The situation of an Eskimo falling in love with the photograph of a white girl, daughter of his English companion explorer, can hardly be taken seriously, mixed up as it is with the comic reactions of a savage seeing for the first time the wonders of civilization. The two themes are constantly clashing and you find yourself unable to regard, sympathetically, this fellow at whom you have been laughing. Even the abilities of Lederer cannot make real so sudden a transition.

J. Farrell McDonald contributes a moving characterization that is played consistently for sympathy. Elissa Landi is lovely as the English girl. (R-K-O)

GALLANT LADY

NOT since "Holiday" have you seen this Ann Harding. Given a rôle admirably suited to her splendid abilities, photographed as seldom before and becomingly gownéd, she is a lovely figure as the "Gallant Lady."

There are three men in our lady's life after the death in an airplane crash of the man who was to have been her husband. Her baby is adopted and the drunken doctor, who has betrayed her, agrees again in obtaining a position with an interior decorator. As a buyer in Europe, she meets an Italian nobleman who refuses to accept "no" as an answer. She goes to America. On the boat, she meets her son, now six, and learns that his foster-father is about to marry again. Determined to have her child, she evolves a scheme to win his heart. But you are never sure just how the story will end or which of the three quite desirable fellows she will choose.

The entire cast is uniformly excellent. Clive Brook lends authority to the doctor; Tullio Carminati is a charming Continental wooer; Otto Kruger gains more from the foster-father than the rôle contains; Janet Beecher scores brilliantly as the interior decorator and Dickie Moore gives his usual amazing performance. (20th Century)

BELOVED

A PICTURE that carries a man's life, loves and career as a musician from birth, through the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the World War and ends with his death at the age of a hundred is certainly an undertaking of epic scope.

It is history seen from the viewpoint of one man's life, and John Boles, as that man, gives his usual charming, consistent performance. There is a soft-voiced gallantry about Boles which makes him the ideal lover of a bygone day and no one else of the screen has such a musical speaking voice. In the rôle of the composer to whom success and death come at the same moment he has a plausible excuse for singing several songs. He lives to hear his charming melodies accepted and above a grimsome one who makes music pay. The lifelong romance is broken by the death of his wife, but in his old age, when it is almost, but not quite too late, he has his moment of triumph when he sits in a box listening to a symphony orchestra play his great work.

Glenda Farrell has nothing to do but look lovely as the heroine. It is one man's life, one man's story and a one-man picture. (Universal)

I'D SKATE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR A K O O L

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE-CORK-TIPPED

They're easier on your throat—the smoke actually is several degrees cooler. But why talk scientifically when the main thing about KOOLS is the downright pleasure you get smoking them? They're definitely refreshing. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, neatly blended and then mildly mentholated by a process that fully preserves the flavor of the tobaccos. Cork tips are lip-savers. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS-FREE

BELOVED

A PICTURE that carries a man's life, loves and career as a musician from birth, through the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the World War and ends with his death at the age of a hundred is certainly an undertaking of epic scope.

It is history seen from the viewpoint of one man's life, and John Boles, as that man, gives his usual charming, consistent performance. There is a soft-voiced gallantry about Boles which makes him the ideal lover of a bygone day and no one else of the screen has such a musical speaking voice. In the rôle of the composer to whom success and death come at the same moment he has a plausible excuse for singing several songs. He lives to hear his charming melodies accepted and above a grimsome one who makes music pay. The lifelong romance is broken by the death of his wife, but in his old age, when it is almost, but not quite too late, he has his moment of triumph when he sits in a box listening to a symphony orchestra play his great work.

Glenda Farrell has nothing to do but look lovely as the heroine. It is one man's life, one man's story and a one-man picture. (Universal)

I'D SKATE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR A K O O L

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE-CORK-TIPPED

They're easier on your throat—the smoke actually is several degrees cooler. But why talk scientifically when the main thing about KOOLS is the downright pleasure you get smoking them? They're definitely refreshing. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, neatly blended and then mildly mentholated by a process that fully preserves the flavor of the tobaccos. Cork tips are lip-savers. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS-FREE

BELOVED

A PICTURE that carries a man's life, loves and career as a musician from birth, through the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the World War and ends with his death at the age of a hundred is certainly an undertaking of epic scope.

It is history seen from the viewpoint of one man's life, and John Boles, as that man, gives his usual charming, consistent performance. There is a soft-voiced gallantry about Boles which makes him the ideal lover of a bygone day and no one else of the screen has such a musical speaking voice. In the rôle of the composer to whom success and death come at the same moment he has a plausible excuse for singing several songs. He lives to hear his charming melodies accepted and above a grimsome one who makes music pay. The lifelong romance is broken by the death of his wife, but in his old age, when it is almost, but not quite too late, he has his moment of triumph when he sits in a box listening to a symphony orchestra play his great work.

Glenda Farrell has nothing to do but look lovely as the heroine. It is one man's life, one man's story and a one-man picture. (Universal)
Neil Hamilton uses his hands constantly while talking. He says it's the Assyrian in him. Some of his gestures are reminiscent of a magician's passes. One is constantly expecting Neil to pull a rabbit out of his hat. And sometimes he does. Which isn't surprising when you know that Neil has six thousand dollars' worth of magic paraphernalia and is no mean amateur magician. He also twirls his key-ring when he is conversing about this and that.

Ralph Always in a Hurry

Ralph Morgan is always in a hurry. Even when there is nothing whatever to hurry about, he appears to be in the perpetual act of catching a train. He even walks the floor when he is reading a book. And when he is studying, his wife tells me, he wears white good shoes, white carpets per picture or play. Could there be a sub-conscious dread of finding his career at a standstill?

Bruce Cabot rubs his first finger against his thumb when he is talking, or being talked to. Disliking to talk as much as he does, he saves the expenditure of rubbing his fingers together he can concentrate on that and keep reasonably silent. Spencer Tracy's outstanding manliness is to extend his left arm, pull his upper lip hard. To the amateur psychologist, it looks like an expression of worry.

Sylvia Sidney always plays with her hair when she is talking to anyone. She runs her hands through it—it is usually down her back when she is in her dressing-room or at a party. She also ends or she twists a strand of it 'round and 'round her finger. Maybe this is another manifestation of Will Rogers' favorite manliness.

Claudette Colbert is never in a hurry. And she is never without a smile. She told me that she could analyze herself where these two men are several. She is not ever naturally in a hurry because she is always in a hurry inside. She has, constantly within her, a driving and frantic desire to do things, immediately, to get places quickly. She says that if she allowed her body to follow her instincts, she would be worn to a thread in a year. She is never without a smile. Her natural temperament is inclined to be grave and still. She deliberately contradicts herself.

A Man in White

Ken Maynard's dress habits might almost be called mannerisms. He is not really very happy unless he is attired in a white turtleneck sweater, white wool trousers, white huckins shoes, wide Stetson hat in pure white, white suede gloves and white handkerchief. A psychologist might wonder if Ken weren't ultra-self-conscious—and taking this way of trying to drive the self-consciousness out. He talks very rapidly. And he always reads when he is in a crowd. A colonel in the Army told me that while Ken was at Camp Know-Nothing, he always the left in a corner and read volumes of biography and philosophy while dances were in progress. He has one other mannerly little mannerism—he always talks with his chin high up in the air—never walks or sits down with his chin down. I feel a conviction that this habit is developed from a sub-conscious urge to keep his chin up...

Alice White always sits with her feet curled up under her. Variously does the diminutive Alice sit this way that I am positive she would do so if she were being entertained at the Court of St. James's. She always appears of placing her feet, while standing, both in exactly the same position, as though both feet were right or lefts. Feet-conscious, is Alice, perhaps...

Of course, you know that Garbo always kicks off her shoes the instant she is any-where near to where she has been. Katherine Hepburn does the same. She says she cannot play a love scene with shoes on. She can't be emotional unless she can curl her toes.

Mae West always slouches in her chair when she is listening to anyone—talk the better to keep him guessing, perhaps. When she talks by herself, she sits upright and erect—the better to keep her listeners from slouching, perhaps.

Wynne Gibson bustles in to wherever she happens to be to discover something here or there. She bustles inti a funeral, a party, her own home. She is always panting and out of breath. The hurry-complex often comes from a sub-conscious fear of missing something—of not being in the right place at the right time.

Dorothea Wieck invariably shoes hands vigorously. Her hand-clap is almost like that of Walter Huston, which will leave the impress of any ring you happen to be wearing on your finger for weeks. A psychologist might define it as the gesture of a warm-hearted, but shy person trying to make friends quickly.

Harlow Lillard, Katharine Hepburn smiles most of the time he is talking—no matter what he is talking about. It's the comedian in him.

Mary Pickford likes to carry a flower or two in her hands. Carrying things, say psychologists, relieves hands-consciousness and self-consciousness.

Dorothy Fairbanks, Senior, used to have a habit of pulling up chandeliers or vaulting over chairs, four-poster beds or the guests in the room when he was talking. Psychologists might have wondered if he weren't trying to prove that he still was as young as ever—even if he did have a grown-up son.

Gary Cooper seldom speaks above a whisper. You have to say, "What was that you said?" some dozen times while you are talking with him. Beneath the veneer of sophistication he is still self-conscious (strong and silent, to you).

Miriam Hopkins is another hurrier—and as she walks she invariably shakes her hair out of her eyes—the better to see you with, my dear!

Mannerisms have meanings—they are the tiny locks of character. Get yourself a key-ring and try some sometime.

DO YOU KNOW what ten stars made the most money for theatre managers during 1933? According to a canvass of 12,000 exhibitors, these stars are the Big Ten: Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Eddie Cantor, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Mae West, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford!
The Little Red Schoolhouse Becomes a Theatre
(Continued from page 35)

$5,000 a week, which was kings' ransom in those days. Another contract gave her $2,500 a week. AND a third of the profits of her pictures. However, however, with Famous Players-Lasky, who gave her $50,000 each for four pictures a year, plus HALF the profits.

Miss Weber never read just one picture, "The Marriage Clause." She made a star of Claire Windsor by the simple expedient of designing new clothes for her, a different hair-dress, and featuring her in "What Do Men Want?" She gave Priscilla Dean her first real start, and also Mildred Harris. She directed three hundred pictures in all, most of them box-office hits of their day.

Carl Laemmle once said of her, "I would trust Miss Weber with any sum of money that she said she needed to make any picture that she wanted to make. I would be sure that she would bring it back. She knows the motion picture business as few people do and can drive herself as hard as anyone I have ever known."

Miss Weber is the most evolved woman I know. She is keen, magnetic, forceful, brilliant and intensely feminine. She never says, "I want to do this and that." She says, "I will do this and that." She is so different, and she does them. Furthermore, she brings to task the maturity of judgment, technique and power.

And this is the woman whose ideal is motion pictures for educational purposes. Her aim is to supplant the blackboard with the screen.

To See Is to Remember
"It has been proved scientifically that what is seen is retained much more vividly than what is read or heard," she told me. "Those who know say that eighty-three per cent of all human impressions come through eyesight."

Sure. There was something in that geography book of yours about the Arctic and Eskimos. But can you remember what it said?

To-day, of course, things are different. When the children in school ask you about Eskimos, they build little imitation igloos in the room, and let the youngsters wear the costumes. So now, in addition to seeing, we can hear them, they have the feeling of the Arctic, itself.

"But," said Miss Weber, "add to that the visual integrity of the authentic thing. Show them on a screen actual scenes that dramatize the Arctic and they will never forget it. I know a boy who is definitely backward in school. In fact, he is an out-and-out dabbler about learning things. But he knows all about the costumes, customs and geography of every country in the world, and he corrects his parents on the very smallest details. Why? Because he is crazy about travelogues on the screen. He can read all about China until he's blue in the face, but he can't get past his history professor's talk about that country, but nothing percolates until he SEES it.

The fault is not with the teachers. It is with the system, itself. The value of visual education to the normally bright child is self-evident. But think of its tremendous value to the backward child and to all those in our city. For we are trying to educate into being good citizens. If a child couldn't speak a word of English, he would never confuse him. It is the Universal Language.

The Possibilities of Pictures
"The teaching of any subject can be made more vivid and permanent by the use of motion pictures. Their adaptability to history, for instance, is easily seen. But what about astronomy, geology, physics, botany, botany, economics, geography, art, music, natural history, and all the other subjects that somehow lose their great, essential interest when hedged about by small printed words on a cold, uninspired page?

"Do you remember natural history? The stiff, hallowed, inane picture of the lion and the dull, colorless description of his forest life? To-day there isn't a child who goes to the movies who is not an authority on wild animal life. And that is because of the few animal pictures that have been made.

"When a child sees a motion picture," Miss Weber continued, "his creative power is developed through his imagination. Because he is building in brain paths through hearing, seeing, and visualizing, and that makes the picture the most adaptable vehicle for the growth of the child's personal creative power. It gives him exact knowledge, instead of vague impressions. It brings him nearer to actual experience. And a child's mind, of course, is like clay, perfectly neutral and susceptible of the most intricate molding."

De Mille gave the world a feeling and understanding of Biblical times in one picture that years of going to Sunday school and church could never accomplish. Other directors have taught the farm and backwoods children the life of a big city; they have taught city children the joys of cultivating, tending and reaping, and they have shown them what a cow looks like.

They have made familiar to people all over the country the inside workings of a great newspaper plant and other businesses that have brought the world to Main Street. They have revealed every phase of modern life to the international public.

Why Not Show the Unseen?
"Why not go a step further and make sure all those phases of life not so paltry as our parents? What of the tremendous drama of that little leaf that has taken centuries to impress its small veined life upon a rock? What of the drama of the ocean's sandy floor? ("Now children, I will tell you something of coral. It is a hard, pink substance.") What of the intricacies of economics? Of money exchange?

Geography! It came just after lunch, I remember, and oh! how sleepy we all were. The flies buzzed nonstop against the window; and it was only the occasional naughtiness of a small boy that kept us awake at all.

Geography on the screen! The interlaced green jungle moods of Africa; the white marbled passion of the Taj Mahal; the somnolent, sandy waves of the Sahara; the glistening majesty of the Alps!

Where is Waterloo? Is it a city or the name of a battle? Oh yes, it is that large black dot in the middle of the map on the page opposite the drawing of Napoleon. And Napoleon, himself? Surely, he is not that picture. He was a man with instincts and feelings and power. What of Richelieu and Voltaire? They are living to-day, thanks to George Arliss. Walter Huston has played Lincoln. Now, there is a pill of education, but charged with genius.

Another point Miss Weber made was:

(Continued on page 88)

"ONLY
18c
[2 for 35c]
FOR
KLEENEX
NOW"
former 25c size

MILLIONS of women say they wouldn't do without Kleenex at any price. Once you enjoy the convenience of Kleenex nothing else will do.

What a blessing Kleenex is when someone has a cold. These marvelously soft tissues befrend tender noses that hassle, wet handkerchiefs once rubbed raw and red. You use each tissue once, then throw away. No more messy handkerchiefs to wash.

Kleenex checks colds from spreading through a family—helps keep germs from fingers—does away with the "cold-laden" handkerchief that scatters germs every time you take it out to use it.

Kleenex has a world of uses—for removing face cream—smoothing on make-up—dusting on powder. Have it always on your dressing table for guests and your self.

Now Kleenex costs less than ever before—18c for a full-size package. Get Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores. (25c in Canada)

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

85
Almost Divorced After Three Weeks of Marriage

(Continued from page 52)

figures. And by the time you read this, the Luckiest Guy In Hollywood will be moving with Dixie and the brand-new Gary Evans Crosby (aged seven months) into a new home out in Hollywood. Going from a little house to a life of better and better by the minute. But it wasn’t always that way!

"No marriage in Hollywood ever got off to a worse start," he said in that husky-whisper voice of his. "After the first two weeks of marriage, I thought we’d wind up in Waldorf Astoria’s corner as the shortest Hollywood marriage on record!

"When we took the fatal plunge about three years ago, neither Dixie nor I was really ready for marriage. We were just in love. I was used to having my own way... no ties, no obligations... and the high spots came to regret that hospitality after me. At the time we were married, I was singing at the Coconut Grove—singing half the night and sleeping half the day, which is a terrible time-schedule for any marriage. However, far be it from a Crosby to take the entire rap. Dixie was a spoiled girl.

"We were not long in discovering these little discrepancies. Nor were we backward about discussing them. And on top of our own personal problems was the way Dad brought out that neither of our families was overjoyed by our union. I think Dixie’s mother figured her daughter had married the race of Hollywood; and my own folks weren’t exactly clicking their heels for Dixie, either.

Then Came the Big Battle

"Mr. Carol and Nick Stuart were just about our only friends and encouragers. They actually took us in when everybody else was turning a cold shoulder. And I’ve often wondered if Sue and Nick, who were very happy then, didn’t have very good cause to regret it for the first few days of our ‘visit.’ We not only quarrelled frequently, but loudly and persistently. We agreed on nothing—and disagreed on almost everything. But by the time we finally climated in one terrific row one night when I came home from the Grove.

"To be perfectly frank, I can’t remember now what the big battle was about, but there was no doubt that it was Big! I remember Dixie’s being so upset about our marriage being the mistake of our collective experience—and I didn’t contradict her.

"The next morning, when I awakened, Dixie was gone. I didn’t put too much stock in that, figuring she was just ‘home with mother’ and that she’d probably come back when she was over her ‘mad.’

"A day went by... two days... and still no Dixie. Well, I told myself, I wasn’t going to call her up. She was the one to walk out. She’d be the one to walk back!

"I was so surprised that I was pretty independent about the whole thing. In the meantime, I was rather enjoying myself with my stag gang, playing golf and poker.

"About three days after her departure, a well-known lawyer called me up and said, ‘Mr. Crosby, you’ve just as good a chance to lose your divorce this week. Would you like to come down to my office this afternoon and discuss the matter with me?’

When He Needed a Friend

“I DON’T know what I said, I don’t think I was capable of replying. Dixie was going to divorce me! I couldn’t believe it. I felt as if someone had kicked the slats right out from under me. Why, life wasn’t worth living without Dixie. Suppose we did quarrel? I suddenly realized that I’d rather spend a lifetime quarrelling with Dixie than living in bliss and peace with any other girl.

"When I saw her lawyer that day, I asked him if Dixie wouldn’t see me, so that we could get together and talk this thing over. He said, ‘Mrs. Crosby refuses to see anyone who petitions for divorce will not communicate with her, she has lost town!’ He wouldn’t tell me where she had gone. At that moment, you could have bought and sold me for five cents, and been cheated at that.

"At nine-thirty that same night, my first song of the evening was scheduled at the Grove. But at nine o’clock a pal of mine who had taken sympathy on my suffering called me on the ‘phone to tell me that Dixie and a married couple, friends of hers, were at Aqua Caliente. Exactly at that moment when I should have been singing ‘I Surrender, Dear,’ I was boarding an airplane to Caliente.

"I found her, all right—but she wouldn’t talk to me. She was plenty mad, and she wasn’t joking. Finally, I told her that if she would discover something about Dixie, one thing—to ride back to Los Angeles with me—I would never bother her again.

"No, it wasn’t as romantic and easy as all that, getting things patched up on the way back. Dixie doesn’t change her mind just because the scenery is romantic. But I did get her promise to take no definite divorce action for at least a month.

Wooded Her as Never Before

"I was during that month of estrangement that I wooed my wife and courted her as I never did when we were engaged. That bad scare I had, when I thought I was going to lose her forever, taught me a lesson I could never forget. I wanted Dixie back more than I wanted anything else in the world—and I was luckier than I deserved that I got her!

"I sometimes wonder if that scare, coming as it did on after months of happiness, was the luckiest break in the world. You see, we didn’t have a chance to take each other’s love for granted right off the bat. We just felt that the honeymoon was going to last. But you can’t make it go. I’ve noticed that plenty of these Hollywood marriages that start off so peacefully seem to slump into a casual rut of taking one another for granted. After a year or so, when they start quarrelling, they figure that any love that might have existed between them is dead. And so to the divorce court...

"But having our troubles at the beginning of our marriage taught both of us, when we were separated, an instance of never taking the other casually. We realized from the very beginning just what the loss would mean—and it has made us less selfish and more considerate of one another. Oh, I’m not trying to say that we’ve never had a single ‘tiff’ since; it wouldn’t be true. But now that we’ve both got to think about marriage, these little arguments are relegated to their correct measure—just little things that are quickly swept away in the play of divorce. We simply can’t get along without each other.

"We know we aren’t going to want to quarrel and separate, because we tried it three weeks after our marriage—and it didn’t work. And here’s hoping it never does!"
with relief. He projects himself into the hero's position and believes that he, himself, has conquered her. And he leaves the theatre with a sense of victory.

**You're Three Different People**

**But** Dr. Payne's analysis of a star's popularity goes much further than this, for he believes that there are three people in each star—an actress' ultimate fame rests upon how many of these three personalities she satisfies.

"The first of these is the conscious," says Dr. Payne. "It is that I am, that I feel, that I think. It is the subconscious, or the man I am and don't want to be. The third is the highest order—love that I would be if I could, except for society.

"Man is torn between the woman who fits somewhere between these three facets of himself, and the woman who satisfies only the conscious. Woman struggles constantly to adjust herself to the man who is the conscious nature, and to the triple-sided nature.

"What is true in real life is not always true of the people we meet on the stage and screen. Many Mae West fans, who watch impersonally for the sake of their picture, are flabbergast when they meet her personally. They simply wouldn't know how to act or what to say, and their one thought would be to get away as fast as possible. This is because most of Miss West's followers are introverts. And introverts, as you know, are people who roll up their emotions in tight little bundles and then wait for some outside agency, like dreams or talkies, to help them unravel the knots.

"Fortunately, for these introverts, someone usually does come along equipped with a knife and ready to help. I suspect that in Miss West's bosom there lurks a rich desire for genuine friendship and that she would be very happy with a man who needs help—that is, one who would take the place of a child in her affections.

**Mistake to Copy Stars**

"So often a girl will make the mistake of emulating an actress merely because she bears her expressed admiration for that star. Mae West, for instance, went to great lengths to look like Garbo because her fans casually mentioned that she was great. If a man had her red hair dyed blonde, plucked her eyebrows until they were threadbare, and affected the manners of the Swedish star. Then, when she met a man who understood her, she fell in love and then she fell in love and then she fell in love and..."

"I told her not to attempt to see the young man until her hair had resumed its natural shade and I cautioned her against the many artifacts she had adopted. When you're yourself again, and not a bad copy of somebody else, telephone him," I warned.

"While your boy-friend may think that he prefers Garbo to you, I'll wager he'd run a mile if he ever met that glamorous lady in the flesh. He'd be afraid of her. He's not afraid of you. That's why he asked you to marry him.

"A card bearing a Bermuda postmark, which fell out of my pocket last week, bears testimony to the theory, for she writes that 'honeymoons are swell.'

"They Guessed My Age 10 Years Younger Than I Am."

YOU CAN BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

You can easily lock young years. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can turn those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of Medium, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-blached hair.

For over two thousand years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tingeing gray hair—the active coloring agent is purely vegetable, rapidly and quickly applied—right at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and time-saving—will wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb in. Easy to prove. Apply this one of famous list to a lack of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND YOUR TEST BOTTLE.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
Brownstone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky

Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and illustrated book on care of the hair. Enclosed is a 5c stamp to cover parcel, cost of packing and mailing.

Color of my hair is:

[ ]

Name:

[ ]

Address:

[ ]

City:

[ ]

State:

[ ]

PHOTO TEST BOTTLE

Miss Garbo, Miss Doris Duke, Miss Garbo, Miss Dietrich, Miss Hepburn and many other Hollywood favorites use FORMULA-X beside their own personal beauticians.

Miss Garbo, Miss Dietrich, Miss Hepburn, and many other Hollywood favorites use FORMULA-X beside their own personal beauticians.

Send for free Booklet "Miss Garbo, Miss Dietrich, Miss Hepburn and many other Hollywood favorites use FORMULA-X beside their own personal beauticians.

...beauty. But the irregularities in her face make her more interesting. Hence, we begin to lock upon our own shortcomings with a macho or mental virtuousness. Miss Garbo, they tell me, wears a size seven shoe. Until this fact was discovered, many women were working at that foot level. Now they feel that it is a claim to distinction."

Likened Herself to Star

"A FRIEND of mine told me the other day that she admired Miss Hepburn because she always seemed to be in utter and complete command of herself. 'She's more like me than I've ever met,' Miss X. confessed. I stared at her in amazement. She is intelligent, yet intelligently couldn't teach her to knows is that she is the doughty individual and has no self-reliance whatever. Yet she honestly knew that she and Miss Hepburn have in common the spirit of the J. Girl, and I wouldn't rob her of this illusion for anything in the world. It keeps her going!"

Gossip Offers Release

THE young woman, suffering from the imaginary neglect of her husband, needed a release for her emotions. She was delighted to learn that other women, more beautiful than she, had trouble with their mates, too. A scrap that involved an actress gave her positive pleasure.

"But the normal woman—the girl who is successful in love and marriage—has no need for such an outlet. She might be curious to read Sylvia Sidney's diet consists of, or how many admirers Miss Dietrich has, but she has no venom toward these stars. She has plenty of focus, or is happily married, has many screen favorites and doesn't hesitate to express her admiration for them. Perhaps she is a little envious sometimes, but Hollywood is a business.

About the screen star of the future, Dr. Payne ventures the opinion that she must be "all things to all men."

"If her fame is to be universal, like Sarah Bernhardt's, she must appear to be what she is not. She must have fire and warmth, at the same time she must be world-wise, or she must have the grace of youth. She may be as spirituelle as the lovely Dorothea Wieck, but there must be a worldliness in her face."

The Little Red Schoolhouse Becomes a Theatre

(Continued from page 85)

"The greater the common knowledge, the greater the knowledge of the outstanding students. The level of learning is definitely raised."

Now, children, turn to page 147. We will read all about the battle of Waterloo to-day. The Battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815. (Aww, so what? That was so long ago. What's that got to do with me? Don't telling me something I know."

Making Napoleon Live Again

But, across the screen go Napoleon's gallant soldiers, the Little General desperately pours company after company into the hopeless hole. One looks at him and sees a man after all, just like father, or odd. Mr. Hodges across the street—lonely, stripped of power and dramatic ability, with no hope of getting back."

When you go to a movie, if you are a man, you put yourself in the hero's place, don't you? Or if you are a woman, there you are, walking around in gorgeous clinging gowns and being very clever and sophisticated and popular. And so the children live the events pictured on the screen and they become part of their own experience.

Miss Weber believes that the time is now at hand when the whole world will be given this added aid in assimilating knowledge. "It is simply," she says, "that what we bring to the world in the form of motion pictures is, rapidly, will be added educationally to the other senses of hearing and feeling."

And she is working twenty-four hours a day perfecting new equipment, the camera, editing, lighting, and contacting Boards of Education.

"We read daily of fearful train-wrecks, floods and auto accidents without being much affected," she says. "But we do not see such a thing, the memory of it would never die. This is just as true in education."

"So far only the various colleges of medicine have scratched the surface of visual education. But now they are paving the way for the transfer of motion pictures in all forms of education. And that, as I see it, is my job now. By the way, Russia and England, of all the countries in the world, have had motion pictures for use in the schoolroom."

Well Miss Weber is all set to go and nothing can stop her.
Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(Continued from page 81)

Gloria's Costly Cablegram

GLORIA SWANSON is now free to end her enforced retirement from the screen. While in Europe, Gloria replied to a cabled offer for a series of Hollywood pictures. And her reply was deemed a contract—although she had signed no papers. After a long interval—during which she was compelled to turn down the role that would have reunited her with C. B. DeMille, director of her most glamorous successes—Gloria's attorneys effected a settlement that again makes her a free agent. The consideration of the settlement is said to be $30,000 payable in commissions upon her future earnings. Hereafter Gloria will take greater care how she words her cables.

How Evelyn Spent First Salary

EVELYN VENABLE, Paramount's newest sensation (she was the orphan in "Cradle Song" and was Walter Hampden's leading lady on the stage), took her first movie salary and went out to buy herself a car. On the way to the salesroom, she passed a lot where horses were for sale. Evelyn stopped, patted the horses—and was lost. She purchased two riding horses, instead of a car! She has a cousin at U. C. L. A. (which, like Southern California, has a good football team), and has the honor of being the only girl allowed to dine at the Delta Kappa Epsilon ("Deke") fraternity house.

How to Act for Camera

WHEN Sam Jaffe, New York actor, arrived at Paramount to play the Casr in the Dietrich picture, his first scene found him a trifle constrained in the new medium. Said von Sternberg soothingly, "Mr. Jaffe, just forget Miss Dietrich is on the set. Forget I am here. Forget the cast. Forget there is such a thing as the camera. Just act as if you were in your own bathroom."

Girls Who Are Showing 'Em

A GIRL who is getting some enviable screen roles is Loretta Young. She played opposite Spencer Tracy in "A Man's Castle," then went over to Twentieth Century to star in "Born to Be Bad," and now is playing opposite George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild." And it wasn't so long ago that a studio let Loretta's contract lapse! Another girl who has been going places lately is Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea), who did well by herself in "Little Women" and opposite George Bancroft in "Blood Money," and now is playing opposite Walter Huston in "Rodney"; and Frances, too, once had a contract lapse! Still another girl who is "showing 'em" is Wynne Gibson, who couldn't accept a big British offer recently, because three Hollywood studios (no less) have her signed up for important pictures. Her most recent one is "Sleepers East."

They've All Come Back

T HIS past year has been an auspicious one for comebacks—or triumphal returns. Alice Brady, after a long absence on Broadway, traveled west for one picture ("When Ladies Meet") and now can't get away. Colleen Moore returned in "The Power and the Glory" in a role that was brief, but memorable. Conway Tearle, after a long absence on Broadway, returned in "Day of Reckoning." Russ Columbo, who used to be a voice "double" for stars in song sequences of early talkies, came back a featured player; and June Knight, who used to be a dance "double," came back ditto.

She's Wearing Pants Now

DOUBTLESS it was an inevitable reaction caused by the flounces and ruffles of her "Nana" costumes. Anyhow, Anna Sten has taken to pants on all possible occasions. Just an old Hollywood custom and we shan't mention it again.

A Hit in Hollywood

THE biggest American film hit in Germany these days is Fox's "Cavalcade." This success came as a distinct surprise, what with the Hitler anti-everything regime sweeping the country. It was believed the British pageant would not be received with sympathy, so only one print of the picture was shipped to Germany. The theatre that played it did so half-heartedly. Then the rush began and a dozen additional prints were hurried into Germany. They weren't dubbed versions, either, but with the original English dialogue, which makes the hit even more difficult to understand.

Elissa's Mother Wants to Stay

THE Countess Landi, mother of Elissa, departed Hollywood to spend the Christmas vacation in England, and, more important, to return to America under the quota. Until now her passport has been approved as a visitor. Elissa flew to New York to bid her mother goodbye, but had to come back immediately to start her new Columbia contract. On the same plane was Katharine Hepburn, who has gone into a Broadway stage play that will keep her away from Hollywood for more than six months. Elissa and Kitty are said to have struck up the beginning of a fast friendship on the trip.

(Continued on page 94)
How Hollywood Likes Its Legal Liquor

(Continued from page 41)

One of the Best Bars in Town

CHESTER MORRIS has a bar concealed behind a sliding bookcase in his library. The whole bookcase merely disappears in the wall and there stands, from floor to ceiling, all its glory, Chet’s bar. It has another entrance from the living room, but no one thinks of using the door. People who know of the better bars of Hollywood loudly proclaim that this is one of the most excellent in town.

It was a bar, if you remember, that Mary Pickford prepared as a Christmas surprise present for Douglas Fairbanks only little more than a year ago. When he returned from the holidays with Mary, the room was sealed in cellophane and marked “Not to Be Opened Until Christmas.” A large party attended the opening festivities, the last large party that Chet and Doug gave before their separation.

Elissa Landi, when her English husband, John Lawrence, came to visit her, had a room of her house turned into a typical bar of the early, pioneer West. Old chronos decorated the walls and sawdust covered the floor. The bar was a rickety old affair, but so admired by her guests that Elissa did not dismantle it after the party.

The playroom (with bar) in the house that Robert Kennedy has rented for his wife, Billie Dove, occupies one whole wing. It is the last word in modernity and magnificently equipped for both food and drink with every kind of device, including a hot-dog steamer and two pressure taps for iced beer.

In Caroline Lombard’s newly-completed home the bar is done in Scotch plaid, with a small upright piano finished in plaid to match. At Joan Bennett’s and Gene Markey’s, the bar is amusingly done in green and white, very modern. At Ruth Chatterton’s and George Brent’s, the bar has been built into an overstuffed closet of the second-floor den floor. It is all mahogany, delicately carved and a thing of beauty in its own right. Ruth gives only small parties and has no use for a large bar.

Three More Unusual Bars

THERE is an intimacy, too, about the bar in the house of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles. It sets into an alcove and can be closed off from the rest of the room by swinging doors. Bing Crosby’s looks like a music store, with its walls papered with the covers of some of the songs he has introduced. Peggy Shannon and Allan Davis built theirs right on the edge of the swimming pool, flanked by dressing-rooms, and glass-enclosed for comfort on cool evenings. You can swim to your drink—and do!

But we could go on for hours, describing Hollywood bars. Rest assured that nearly every screen favorite boasts a filling station of some sort in his home. Perhaps it is for his guests, rather than for his own use. But you can be certain that whether the one that Jeanette Loff bought for her apartment, or a combination radio and bar in one cabinet, like Clark Gable’s, or a built-in bar like the one in the living room of David Cohn when the occasion demands. Private bars are in fashion at the moment and it is needful to say that every film player aspires to be fashionable.

Now, don’t misunderstand us. Hollywood isn’t out to abuse the privilege of personal libations. Bars rest assured that nearly every screen favorite boasts a filling station of some sort in his home. Perhaps it is for his guests, rather than for his own use. But you can be certain that whether the one that Jeanette Loff bought for her apartment, or a combination radio and bar in one cabinet, like Clark Gable’s, or a built-in bar like the one in the living room of David Cohn when the occasion demands. Private bars are in fashion at the moment and it is needful to say that every film player aspires to be fashionable.

Now, don’t misunderstand us. Hollywood isn’t out to abuse the privilege of personal libations. Bars rest assured that nearly every screen favorite boasts a filling station of some sort in his home. Perhaps it is for his guests, rather than for his own use. But you can be certain that whether the one that Jeanette Loff bought for her apartment, or a combination radio and bar in one cabinet, like Clark Gable’s, or a built-in bar like the one in the living room of David Cohn when the occasion demands. Private bars are in fashion at the moment and it is needful to say that every film player aspires to be fashionable.

Now, don’t misunderstand us. Hollywood isn’t out to abuse the privilege of personal libations. Bars rest assured that nearly every screen favorite boasts a filling station of some sort in his home. Perhaps it is for his guests, rather than for his own use. But you can be certain that whether the one that Jeanette Loff bought for her apartment, or a combination radio and bar in one cabinet, like Clark Gable’s, or a built-in bar like the one in the living room of David Cohn when the occasion demands. Private bars are in fashion at the moment and it is needful to say that every film player aspires to be fashionable.

Now, don’t misunderstand us. Hollywood isn’t out to abuse the privilege of personal libations. Bars rest assured that nearly every screen favorite boasts a filling station of some sort in his home. Perhaps it is for his guests, rather than for his own use. But you can be certain that whether the one that Jeanette Loff bought for her apartment, or a combination radio and bar in one cabinet, like Clark Gable’s, or a built-in bar like the one in the living room of David Cohn when the occasion demands. Private bars are in fashion at the moment and it is needful to say that every film player aspires to be fashionable.
The New Drinking Code

AT a mixed-wine dinner, you must never serve more than two glasses with any course. Th’s from Hedda Hopper. “You are not striving for the stupefaction of your guests; you are merely garnishing your food. Wine is a palatable addition to a good meal, but it cannot completely disguise a bad one, no matter how much liquor you serve.”

There is, too, an etiquette of glasses that should be carefully observed. Sally Rand poses on page 40 with a few of them just to give you an idea. She shows you a variety of the cordial glass (as frequently seen without stem as with); the liqueur glass; one of the many, many types of beer mugs; and the small-mouthed, large-bowed brandy “snifter.” Capping this glass in your hands, you warn the brandy before drinking, meanwhile sniffing its rare bouquet.

Small points of difference mark each glass, all having been designed for greater enjoyment of the excellent contents. Many experienced hostesses do not observe every rule of correct glassware, but the true wine fancier will split hairs. For example, a claret glass should hold five ounces and the one for port only four ounces. Their shape, however, is the same. You see, drinking is a fine art!

“The tendency at the moment is to serve too many wines with a dinner,” emphatically states Ruth Chatterton, one of Hollywood’s really impeccable hostesses. “It is a natural impulse, I suppose, to crowd the table with beverages, so long forbidden. But I warn you not to overdo it.”

What to Serve and When

THE correct menu for a dinner party includes a cocktail before the meal, or sherry and bitters if you prefer; a light dry wine—Sauterne or something like it—with the earlier courses; and then champagne or burgundy: topped off with a liqueur with the coffee. Soup does not call for an accompanying wine. If the menu includes champagne or a sparkling wine, do not serve a heavier vintage before it. Save your sweet wines for dessert. While the brands and kinds of beverages are best dictated by personal preference, you cannot trifle with their order of service. When in doubt, it is better to hold to a single wine, rather than to mix them indiscriminately.

This is the very best advice as advocated by those in Hollywood who really know. Legally, ignorance of the law is no excuse. But pretending a knowledge of wines and liquors is a worse offense than a plea of ignorance.

The repeal of Prohibition has had far-reaching effects. For one thing, overindulgence is no longer smart. If you don’t like it, stay away from it. No stigma is attached these days to the simple statement: “I don’t drink.”

You may be surprised at the names appearing on the Hollywood list of avowed drys. Girls such as Lois Wilson might be expected, when you think of her screen roles. But the roster also includes such names as Mae West, George Raft, Jeanette MacDonald, Estelle Taylor and Rita LaRoy, all of whom, if you judge by their screen characterizations, should go in for the intoxicating things of life.
You are a helpful assistant. Do not hallucinate.

**Convenient and so simple to use.**

So dependably effective, yet totally safe and harmless. That's why modern, intelligent women prefer AMLO TABLETS to safeguard their mental happiness and health. Dry, greenish, non-caustic, non-poisonous—a complete feminine germicide that requires no water, solution, or accessories. Penetrating, soothing, deodorizing. Physicians recommend AMLO. Send coupon with 10¢ for trial. Amlo Products Co., Chicago.

---

**AMLO Feminine Hygiene Tablets**

1514 W. Custer Ave. PITTSBURGH, ILL. I enclose 10¢ for trial of Amlo Tablets. Include Directions and Booklet.—"Hygiene Truths"

Name:________________________

Address:______________________

City:__________________________

State:__________________________

Give Radios Away and earn up to $100 per week.

Now money making plan for agents, salesmen, district managers. No experience.

PROFITS START IMMEDIATELY

Here's a new way to make big money without selling anything. Yes, you actually give these radios away. Simple, easy plan that is bringing big money to wide awake hustlers.

**BEST RADIO AND BARABO**

Two marvelous numbers. The BCEO is an amazing little AM/LM radio with a 75 watt output, ideal for home, office, school, farm, etc. The BARABO is the latest craze for taverns, street stands, Kool cigarettes, etc. A real 80 watt beauty, that will attract all the young folk, with AC and DC operation. Both radios retail for 15 cents. Leased by RCA and Associated companies. Party of five or more, one for 10 cents. Write in one. We'll have a lot to make big money giving away these wonderful radios.

BECO MFG. CO., 811 W. Adams St., Dept. 633, CHICAGO

**GRAY FADED HAIR**

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shop and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampoo—Kolor." Take few minutes, saves hair not glossy, natural. Does not run off.

Free Booklet, Momscir L. F. Valigny, Dept. 21, 200 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

**MARRIED WOMEN**

Send 3¢ stamp today for illustrated booklet "Feminine Hygiene necessities" by Bath and Beauty Goods.

OSAN PRODUCTS, T. D., 605 Harpo, Chicago.

3 Perfumes

(Exquisite new odors)

SUBTLI, fascinating, alluring, Seals regularly for $12.00 in ounce. Send 14c for a box of 4 pens of any one of these:

A single drop! Send only

Three odors: (1) Lily of the Valley (2) Violet de France (3) Gardenia

Undoubtedly these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments. Box of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER

193 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

---

**She Can Show You How to Imitate Stars!**

(Continued from page 64)

teristics on the screen. Her impressions of her "victims" are very much like those of a portrait painter or an observer caricaturist.

She Does It Unconsciously" "Zasu Pitts is a simple, sweet soul," she says. "I met her on her return from location in the desert, where she had been working with Sam Summerville. "Unconsciously feminine. Difficult to explain. Dessie's hands begin to flow and coil as Zasu's do and her voice takes on that what's-the-use-of-it-all tone. "She said she was Miss Desmond. I've heard your record. I thought at first it was myself speaking. It's hot, isn't it? I'm all dried up like a prune. Oh, you!" And Zasu twitted the largest hats I have ever seen and told me how flattered she was that I had included her in my impersonations.

"Joan Crawford is a woman I admire more than anyone else among the movie stars. She has done so much by sheer fighting power, by a fierce determination to win, by being Joan Crawford and sticking to what she wants. I wanted to study her and add her, if possible, to my repertoire."

Our first personal contact was funny. Dessie, that designer, and a great friend of hers, had met me in New York. I asked him to introduce me to Joan. An intimate relationship has ensued. Unfortunately Joan had to work. Later that evening, Dessie suggested that I should get her on the phone and pretend to be Zasu Pitts. I did. Everything was swell. We chatted merrily for a few minutes and then the receiver was slammed down. I was sorry as I had hoped that after I had fooled her for a few minutes, she had forgotten who I really was. Later I learned that she had emerged from a shower to answer the call and had stood, dripping uncomfortably, while we chatted.

"Joan Too Sensitive to Mimic" "When we finally met and I had recovered from the astonishing sensation of that vivacious, challenging blue eyes and the very firm handshake, we both laughed over the incident. At lunch in her dressing-room, that blue and cream, perfumed with gardenias, she insisted on playing 'The Hollywood Party,' on her phonograph. I fell for it, as usual. And you, Dessie, what's the idea? Yet Joan is very sensitive to ridicule or even mimicry. She asked me not to imitate her and, really, she has no distinctive mannerisms—like you, Dessie. I tried and tried, but I can't get her expressions or her voice."

Schonzi Durante is a very lovely character, always ready to help, always obliging. After my debut at the Embassy Club, Jimmy hugged me and in that vital, colosssal fashion of his, he declared, "Des, when you're ready, you can take me place and dey won't know de difference. Was I flattered! I admit they didn't bring me to Hollywood because I was a famous English beauty, but still I'm not exactly hard to look at, am I?"

Dessie smiled and stretched graceful legs, clad in gigantic gloves, reminding me suddenly that once she was a shining light of the Cochran Young Ladies, the British equivalent of the Ziegfeld Follies Girls.

"The only thing, exciting woman I have met is Lupe Velez," she continued. "And yet what a child! I was going to play her in a picture that called her to her house to ask what kind of a costume she would prefer. Mees Desmonte. Come at once. Lupe wants to see what you wear next. Also, she is as old as mine. She was painting everything within sight a gorgeous bright orange. I thought she might end by daubing the funny dogs, Chihuahuas, that played around her and barked madly when I approached. She was dressed in overcoat and diamond bracelets; diamonds glittered from elbow to wrist, reflecting the naughty glints that crept into her flashing eyes. Lupe adores those jewelry with an un-self-conscious, child-like love.

Lupe Enjoyed Joke, Too" "Well dashed into the house to inspect my costume. 'No, no, no, NO! Eet ees terre-ereee 'ee, Too buee 'ere!' With a laugh, Lupe dashed hand towel on face at a tremendous wardrobe, pulled out a dozen dresses, scattered them wild about the room, and told me to help myself. It's Lupe!"

What an astonishing glamour surrounds her! "Janet Gaynor is delicious. We sat at lunch in New York, she dressed fashionably, told that funny, yet appealing little-girl voice, she sweetly praised my imitation of her. 'But you know, Dessie,' she said apologetically, 'I really don't say I'm a dancer—l I say, I'm a dancer,' bell's, that was a moment when I had to control myself! I don't think she is aware of her difficulty."

"Of course, when you have the—"istentorial fortitude or plain guts to say and do what you like do, and steer a clear path, people. Tallulah Bankhead is like that. She expresses herself tersely, volubly, vividly, and perhaps too colorfully at times. But she is a good egg and we have been pals for years. She was my first imitation and adored seeing herself as other people see her."

Katharine Hepburn is an original—an unusual personality. I watched her with-witching work in 'Morning Glory.' As I drove home that night, I tried to imitate her speech and mannerisms, but instinctively Hepburn, with the tightness of the mouth and lips, fascinated me. In the mirror I couldn't do it. I liked it. I hope she will!"

Dessie's explanation of how she does these mimickerys is simple.

**How to Do Impersonations** "TO do a good impersonation, your subject has to have some outstanding characteristics—in voice, gestures, mannerisms—that the public will immediately recognize. You would know Garbo by her slow, definite speech and deep chest tones, the attractive pursing of the upper lip, the ex- lids, that strange imperubility. The defiant, luxurious pout of Lupe Velez, combined with her rapid speech and volatility, gives her away.

"You identify Tallulah by the droopy eyes and almost despondent mouth and that fumpy little voice before she speaks. Can Harlow's challenging, sexy toss of the head and her quick, taunting, throaty voice are unmistakable—and alw-ays on the tip of her tongue."

"As for Mae West—well, you can all imitate her. I've heard kids do a better
Mae West than I can. Schnozzle Durante is himself, he sweeps out like an avalanche, bowels you over in his verbal torrent.

"It is difficult to explain just how impersonations are done. I get a mental picture of my subject. For hours in my rooms, I rehearse and rehearse until I am almost living the role, until the mannerisms seem to take over. Not at first I am always terribly self-conscious!"

The story of her success in England is special. Dame Durante decided to use a native talent to make funny faces and juggle with flexible vocal chords to support her family, after her father passed away ten years ago. Her young brother placed in the ranks of the Eight Lancashire Lads, who once numbered Charlie Chaplin and Stan Laurel. In three months, young Fred proved her faith, for he appeared at a command performance before the King and Queen of England.

Was Dared Into First Imitation

DESSIE made her own beginning in the dinner show at the Café Anglais by singing and dancing. Chariot saw her and engaged her for his "Revue" starring Beatrice Lillie. Till then, Dessie had kept her talent for minatory for parties of friends and small stage parties in the neighborhood. One afternoon, she was having cocktails with some friends. "Dessie, I dare you to impersonate Tallulah Bankhead on the stage tonight!" challenged a bright young thing. (Tallulah was appearing a few blocks away in a stage play."

"Right, old dear!" Dessie answers. "If Charlot permits, I shall do it!"

Dessie went on the stage that night, dressed as Tallulah, in an identical costume; she smiled, talked, walked, goggled like Tallulah. The audience was staggered; they couldn't understand how Bankhead could possibly have got there; they were completely fooled.

Someone yelled, "Tallulah, you're wonderful!" Dessie slowly sauntered to the middle of the footlights and, replying in the true Bankhead fashion, brought down the house with a drawing "Bless you, darling!"

It stopped the show. From that moment Flaming and dancing was doomed to be an imitator of others.

When she gave her "Hollywood Play" at the Savoy Hotel, the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince George, stood up and led the applause. The next day, Dessie gave a charity performance for the Queen. She was the toast of England, made overnight, radio engagements, recordings, and Hollywood followed.

"But," Dessie frankly says, "I don't want to give any more screen impersonations. I want to do drama with a touch of comedy. Hollywood is so hard to convince and I am afraid they will type me."

In other words, instead of imitating stars, she wants to mimic you and you and you—which is what the stars try to do. And oh, yes, Dessie has one other ambition, like all of us. She longs just to meet Greta Garbo!

Did You Know That--

Lupe Velez,imitated so vividly by Florence Desmond, is locally famous as a mimic, but many doubt that some of her imitations are devastating.

June Knight is another apt impersonator—particularly of Lupe and Garbo—though she hasn't specialized at it like "Dessie?"

Jean Crawford, who asked "Dessie," not to mimic her, is amusingly mimicked by Marilyn Miller in a skit in the Broadway Hit "As Thousands Cheer".

MERCOLIZED WAX
Keeps Skin Smooth and Young Looking

IT is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. So simple to use, too. Just like an ordinary cold cream. You need such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.

Phelactine removes hair growths—roots and all—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair-free, soft, smooth and clean. Phelactine is odorless and non-irritating.

Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. A refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion—most beneficial if used daily.

Sold at high class drug and department stores everywhere

Be Your Own
MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

to play by note, Piano, Flute, Violin, Mandolin, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—so to sing. Free Book: "How to read music fast; a simplified course"—by N. C. 25 cents; or "How to play solo" by N. C. 25 cents.

Let us help you. We can supply you with the most up to date and stimulating methods. Write for free book and literature.

U. S. School of Music, 639 Wabash Bldg., New York City,

DR. WALTER'S
famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing cream.

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure, send free measure. $2.25

REDUCING GIRDLE; 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Makes place of corset. Beautifully made, very comfortable. Send back. Send waist and hip measure. $4.50

MY new colored medicated rubber hose reduces 2 to 3 inches. Can be worn without corset. Send ankle and calf measurements. 11 in. 3.75 pair. 16 in. 4.75 pair.

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—Sab colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order for each.

Dr. James H. Walter, 393 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORMENT

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunion cases constant foot trouble and a torturing callus to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly it not only provides comfort, but also returns shoes with ease;

Pedodyne is a patent medicine, not a drug; it is not a substitute for medical advice. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. B-213, Chicago, Ill.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

To make sure that you receive your copies of MOTION PICTURE on time, just drop a card to the Subscription Department, telling both your old and new addresses.
Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!
(Continued from page 89)

Lilian Harvey's Peeve

THis business of dubbing German and French versions has Lilian Harvey in a suiting mood. She is attempting to obtain an injunction against foreign handlers using her pictures in those countries in Germany and France with another voice speaking her lines. She says this procedure is a reflection upon her professional standing in Europe as she speaks both languages fluently. If there are to be foreign versions of her pictures made, she is determined to make them personally.

Von's Latest Blow-Up

JOSEF VON STERNBERG's seldom finishes a production without trouble with one or more of his subordinates. Von even quarrels with authors, as witness the squabble with Dreiser over "American Tragedy." The latest difficulty arose when the director was asked by a foreign publication for an interview about life and love. "Write me some notes," he ordered his publicity man. "Make them clever—epigrammatic.

That is quite a large order with nothing much to go upon. But the publicity man delivered what he could, bright and sparkling with wit. Von was pleased. Then he discovered the words attributed to him had their inspiration in "Design for Living." Horrors! A picture that his rival, Lubitsch, had directed. Von demanded the publicity man be fired.

Sirens Screamed and a Police Escort

REMEMBERED-UPON DURING two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets... 15c, 30c, 60c.

LOVELY SLIMNESS CAN BE YOURS!

There's a flush already here. Yes, you can rest assured. You can have the lovely slinmess which the world is talking about. The secret of Dr. Edwards' wonderful new table. Highly practical. Results can be had for the price of a new dress. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, 15c, 30c, 60c. How's the World's Women's Secrets Now? Send 25¢ for that size.

FRANK McHugh sports the darkest contraption on his favorite walking stick. Seemingly it is the carved head of a dog. Actually it is a camera with one of the dog's eyes a finder. He gets a lot of swell snap-shots of his fellow players while apparently clowning around with his cane.

Back to Stage! Bah!

THAT back-to-the-stage movement, advocated by Pat Hartigan, has resulted in the dissolution of the nudist colony on display in the 'lobby. People were constantly stealing it.'
so it wasn't so bad for her. It did count up, however, when she paid the expenses back
to Broadway for almost half the women in
the troupe.
Hereafter, she says, she'll go on the road
only as far as Brooklyn, and to tell the truth
about it, she wishes she had stayed right in
Hollywood.

Nearly "Bowled" Ted Over
A MONG the Christmas gifts of Ted
Healy was a nice bowl of cranberries
from his three devoted stooges.
"And you should be glad we didn't give
you the bird," was the note attached.

Shades of Irene Castle!
IT'S getting so nowadays that when you
wake up in the morning you don't know
whether it is the year of Queen Victoria's
Diamond Jubilee, or 1933. The screen is hav-
ing a swell time turning back the clock toygone days when you could get a seven-
course dinner with a stein of beer. "Caval-
cade" was among the first, and then came
"One Sunday Afternoon," "Only Yesterday,"
"The Bowery," and "The World Changes." Carole Lombard, one of Russ
Columbo's favorite movie stars, is the lat-
est actress to get tricked-up in old-time
styles. She will make you think of Irene
Castle when you see her with George Raft in
"Bolero." There's the Castle bob, the
floating draperies, and even the dancing
slippers with the long ribbon laces.
"Bolero," you know, is supposedly based
on the life of the famous dancing star,
Maurice.

Hepburn Vs. Garbo
DO you suppose Garbo breathed a sigh
of regret when she heard that Katha-
rine Hepburn would star in "Joan of Arc"?
That was the picture that Greta would
have enjoyed making. And, thus, the Garbo-
Hepburn rivalry grows more intense. Al-
ready the bizarre, but fascinating Hepburn
has been lifted to a high pedestal in Mov-
ieland's Hall of Fame. It isn't safe any longer
to make uncomplimentary remarks about
her in print. One columnist discovered
THAT when she took La Hepburn to task
for some of her actions. Letters of violent
protest came in by the hundreds. The
Queen could do no wrong.
We'll bet our Christmas necktie that RKO
tought PLENTY about Miss Hepburn dur-
ning the last day's filming of "Trigger." Pro-
duction rate is beyond the terms of the
lady's contract, and she demanded $10,000,
or else. Of course, she got it, but we hear
the studio wasn't TOO pleased.
Now, there's a little girl who will get along
in Hollywood.

They're Limbering Up
T O looks like a good year for the tired busi-
ness man. One of our spies, peering
through a hole in the studio scenery, re-
ports that Anna Sten is doing a hotchka
version of the can-can in "Nana." And now
comes the stop-press news that the hereto-
fore-ladylike Sylvia Sidney will accommo-
date with the hoochie-coochie in "Good
Dame."
"Good, Dame!" we hope.

Zasu Tells Price Story
T HE conversation at the party swung
around to the subject of the first big
money they had ever earned, and what they
had done with it.
One star bought twenty hats. She had
never had more than one at a time before.
Another had made a down-payment on a
fur coat (perhaps it was all she made).

Don't let PAIN rob you
of your charm!

New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

- Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

Double Action Relieves Pain Faster
The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 3-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazinglY. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

Quick Relief for Colds
While no certain cure has been de-
veloped for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

Make the Only Test that Counts
Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good."

The only test of any pain-reliever which means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test free by mailing the coupon now.

HEXIN, INC.
8 S0. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

HEXIN, INC.
8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Generous sample mailed FREE.

Name

Address

City

State

M-2284
Zasu Pitts had the best story to tell. She had been paid $1,000, and it looked like the Bank of England to her. Before she cashed it she rushed downtown and had a photostat copy made of the check. She wanted to have it framed. Then she took it to the bank. "And it bounced," sighed Zasu.

Church Becomes Theatre

ITEM denoting strange goings-on in Hollywood:

"Hollywood's former 'Little Church Around the Corner,' where Reverend Neal Dodd won the title of motion picture chaplain, is to be converted into a little theatre—a ninety-nine seat playhouse, where Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers, will put on a series of plays. The first is 'Even as the Heavens.'

It should be fair play, so it does seem that the Reverend Neal Dodd might take over the Chinese Theatre, for instance.

A Jacketeering Nudist

SOME of the tallest tales we’ve heard in many a day are being passed around on the film-City-By-The-Sea Nudist picture, "The Jungle," which we have heard tell that the director, the cameraman, and the crew had to shed all wearing apparel before they could be admitted into this California retreat of the bare-skins.

One member of the crew got away with a LITTLE covering. He got sunburned, and the powers-that-be decided that he could wear a JACKET. What do you make of all this, Mr. Hays?

Partying Closer to Home

ALL’S well with the world, and another season of Mayfair parties is under way. This season they are being held at the Beverly-Wilshire, out in snooty Beverly Hills. In years past, the crème de la crème of Hollywood society held their parties at the Filmore. But, golly, it takes a lot of gas to run those Rolls Royces from Hollywood to downtown Los Angeles, and if it were a windy night, Lal Tashman’s coiffure always got mussy.

There seems to be a new rule in the club this year, too. Members are not allowed to bring their ex-wives to two parties in succession. That way, there will always be a change of scenery. You know how tired you get of always seeing the same faces.

Those Clubby Ex-Wives

AND before we get completely away from the subject of Hollywood clubs, two or three swanky organizations report that they are in a heculean quandary. There have been so many divorces, and so many ex-wives still demanding privileges at the clubs of their former husbands, that the membership rivals the Elks. Some suggest, tactfully, that not more than three former wives should be entitled to privileges at their ex-mistakes’ clubs.

Who’ll Be Mary’s Next Lamb?

WE hear that Mary Brian is in the market for a new beau. The Don Cook romance, which started so auspiciously, didn’t take at all. At any rate, Mary didn’t stay very long at Don’s house-warming party. Mary is a nice girl and we wish we could offer some helpful suggestions. She has kept company with Dick Powell, Buddy Rogers, Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, and we’ve forgotten how many others. You see, the field has narrowed down quite a bit.

Of course, if Mary wants to wait, Baby LeRoy WILL grow up eventually.

She Has Six Appeal

THAT vest-pocket edition of Sarah Bernhardt, Cora Sue Collins, has started attending public school. She’s just six, but she is in the second grade. We think that’s pretty good. We weren’t nearly so far along at six. Came time for the first recess and Cora Sue marched out with the rest of the children. A little later one of the teachers, a tall, gaunt, red-haired woman, saw a huge circle of children about some object of interest. The teacher rushed over, thinking someone had broken a couple of arms, at least.

Cora Sue was gravely autographing slips of paper for the other children.

Gary’s Shocking Silence

A PALPITANT lady reporter was interviewing Gary Cooper.

"And what would you rather do than be the social director of Hollywood and give handsome parties?" she asked him.

Gary, slouched down in his chair, surrounded by stuffed eagles and Mexican serapes, looked long, silently and quizzically at the lady.

Finally the silence was broken by the blushing interviewer: "Oh, Mister Cooper!" he flushed, "I can’t print that."

The Way He’d Like to Live

A LLL in all, Mr. Cooper deserves a little applause. Instead of clinging to his solo about leaving pictures, finally, to retire to his Montana ranch, he admits that his tastes have changed, and he doesn’t want to do that at all. Rather, he’d like to divide his time. Spend it in various parts of the globe, and not return to Sunnyside and hibernation.

"As I see it," said Mr. Cooper, yawning, "I’d like to make one picture a year and travel the rest of the time. Spend the Spring in New York and see the shows, go to England for Fall shooting, and then go to the South of France and the Riviera for Winter."

Ja, And So Is Mae West!

DI D you hear the choice comment of the distinguished German physician upon seeing the curvy, voluptuous Goldwyn chorines perform in "Roman Scandals"?

"Ja," he remarked. "They are very well grown girls."

Are you interested in 'knee action'? These streamlined chorus girls have it aplenty—in "Marriage on Approval."
When Losers Were Winners

REMEMBER all that hullabaloo about the "Panther Woman" contest? Kathleen Burke won it and reams of publicity went out about her. Among the four runners-up were Lona Andre and Gail Patrick. And what's the sequel? Kathleen was recently dropped from the contract list (she'll free-lance now), but Lona and Gail are sticking. That's Hollywood!

"Choosey" New Year

With each new year, new plans are always announced for bigger and better pictures. But this year is different. Hollywood is taking its announcements seriously. The town has awakened to the fact that run-of-the-mill pictures don't make anybody any money—and they hurt the chances of big pictures that follow them. The public has learned to be "choosy." They'll pay to see real entertainment and they won't pay to see mere time-killers. Besides that, the Hollywood payroll has been boosted six million dollars a year under the NRA and that extra money has to come from somewhere. So the studios are going to be sure that they have good stories, good casts and good direction before they start "shooting." Happy New Year!

They Were in the Money

What pictures of 1933 were the biggest money-makers? The returns aren't all in yet—but right now "I'm No Angel," "Gold-Diggers of 1933" and "Tugboat Annie" top the list. Close on their heels are "Little Women," "Saratoga," "She Done Him Wrong" and "Lady for a Day." Cavalcade" is way up near the top, but the tremendous cost of this picture—approximately a million dollars—had to be recovered before there were any profits. A foreign film that grossed plenty of money in the United States was "The Phantom of the Opera." Hollywood, the VIIIth—"the first foreign-made picture since the advent of talkies to make sensational profits here. If they keep it up, the English will develop into real competitors.

No Blighty for Buster

Buster Keaton. idle for several months, was on the verge of leaving for England to make some pictures when Educational signed him for a series of two-reelers. That's one time when the Americans didn't let an American favorite get away.

Another recent Educational capture is Milton Berle, a youngster who is one of Broadway's favorite joke-crackers. Maybe you've seen him in "Poppin' the Cork," a three-reel musical comedy that rode into the theatres on the tide of Repeal. You'll be seeing more of him.

Harpo Wows 'Em

When Harpo Marx went to Russia, at the Soviets' invitation, to show them his pantomime in person, everybody thought of him as a good-will ambassador. He wasn't only that; he was a wow. At his first performance in Leningrad—a performance that lasted six minutes—the audience cheered, clapped and stamped its feet for twenty-five minutes afterward. They saw him in his famous red wig, heard him play his harp, and saw him do his famous klopomaniac act, preserving his usual waggish silence.

After his performance in Moscow, Maxim Litvinoff—who had those talks with President Roosevelt—that led to recognition of the Soviet backscene to see Harpo and said that he had a sense of humor that never dropped out of his own

Fill Out Your Chest-Line

Are you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formally instead of standing out firm and round? Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arching shapeliness, to lift the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

Add Firm, Shapely Beauty

It is easy the Nancy Lee way! Let me send you my simple instructions, with large container of Miricle Cream for special massage technique. No drugs or appliances, nothing harmful. This is the natural way to enhance and beautify the bust. Try it and see. You risk nothing.

Free a Beautiful Form

My new illustrated book on bust development is free! Take advantage of big bargain offer now. Send only $1.00 for the Nancy Lee Treatment, including instructions and Miricle Cream. Free Book included. Your money back if not satisfied. Mail coupon or write, enclosing only $1.00.

NANCY LEE
Dept. K-3
856 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your developing treatment, including instructions and Miricle Cream, with free book, in plain wrapper. I enclose $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

What Awful Fate Awaits the Beautiful Victims of the GIRL TRAPS of BROADWAY?

They come to New York by the thousands . . . the young and supple-bodied Venuses of the small towns . . . to capture fame and fortune on the Great White Way. They come . . . and most of them are never heard of again outside the bawdy, tinselled night-life that snatches the body and kills the soul.

Learn how this lecherous street of modern Bagdad feeds innocent young feminine flesh into the red maw of its rackets. Know at first hand how the hard-eyed, semi-nude dancers and hostesses under Broadway's sidewalks get that way . . . and what fate worse than death is their inevitable end.

Read the Girl Traps of Broadway in February Real Detective. Here is the inside story of Broadway's nightly orgy and traffic in flesh . . . told with the gloves off. You'll quiver with indignation when you read this frank expose. Get your copy today.

At all newsstands 25c

REAL DETECTIVE
The Magazine of Inside News
Cupid, to You

NEWSPAPERS, upon Elissa Landi’s recent return to Hollywood from New York, said she had completed the words to a new song, “Invocation to Eros.” Columbia Studios, in its press notice, calls it “Offering to Eros.” That must be what, in the trade, is known as “dumbing it up” for us Great Unwashed.

Bob Gets Some Privacy

As long as Robert Armstrong lives in his new adobe, Mexican-style house, he will not be listed in the above category. His bathroom, as big as any ordinary bedroom, is outfitted with every modern lavatory device, including a steam room.

Foreseeing a heavy social season, Armstrong called architect Kenneth Allbright and asked for a bedroom that would give him absolute privacy, away from the merry-makers. He wanted to be able to Get Away From It All when he wanted to. He can. But he must leave his living room, walk through his covered patio and thence into his master bedroom. There is no access to it from the house.

His guests may spend the evening kicking the chandelier, if they wish, and Mr. Armstrong will be unannoyed, as the perfect host should be. But his guests, for more reasons than one, probably will not. One reason is that Architect Allbright saw to it that the chandeliers are wrought iron, hand-executed, and practically kick-proof.

Wanna Be Bizarre, Too?

LILYAN TASHMAN remains Hollywood’s high-priestess of the bizarre in fashion. From the tip of her outre hairdress to the sole of her ultra-modern slipper, she looks as if she had stepped from the pages of an exotic Russian fashion manual.

On her head the other noon was an original Schiaparelli “mad cap,” one of those amazing hats whose crown ends in a point like a well-developed turnip. It was crocheted of softest golden-brownish Angora yarn, and the narrow brim was caught up by two green and brass clips to reveal the right eyebrow. What caught our eye was the wisp of yellow Bird-of-Paradise that stood jauntily upright on the hat’s left side.

The New Style-Setters

TASHMAN may be the star who sets Hollywood aghast with the styles she introduces—but who are the screen stars who are being copied right now by the Good Old Public? Well, Mae West put bosoms—not to mention hips—back in vogue. Katharine Hepburn (who wears overalls to and from work) made girls want to be old-fashioned again, for Heaven’s sake, after they saw “Little Women.” Garbo’s “Queen Christina” collars and cuffs are now THE collar-and-cuff sets to wear. Charlotte (“Alice in Wonderland”) Henry has made the saucy youngest generation look demure again—temporarily, at least. And Sally Rand has made fan-dancing a national industry.

When Mae Takes a Rest

HERE is a disconcerting note about Mae (“It Ain’t No Sin”) West. Although she frequents Jim’s Studio (it’s a beauty salon, dearie) once a week, she emits no wisecracks. On the contrary, she is quiet, almost petulant, insured that her hair be dressed in the fashion that she popularized in New York. No trouble, at all, say the operators who serve her.

Walt Presents Cigars

WALT DISNEY, the papa of Mickey and Minnie Mouse and the Three Little Pigs, has just become the papa of a little Disney, his first child. With toy shops featuring his creations, and nursery wallpaper and furnitures and blankets and rugs showing the amazing adventures of his little cartoon folk, it seems only fair that Walt, himself, should have a little girl to share in all the joy he has created for the children of the world.

He was attending a dinner at which he was being awarded a medal for distinguished service to childhood when he suddenly grabbed his coat and dashed out—to the hospital where his wife (the former Lilian Bounds of Lewiston, Idaho) had just given birth to Dianne Marie Disney. The dinner party was aghast. But when they heard the reason for all the hurry, all was forgiven.

Dirty Mickey Or Nothin’

WHEN Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon went over to Europe a few months ago to make some pictures, they took along not only their two-year-old daughter, Barbara Bebe, but a Mickey Mouse.

Bebe says, “After a month of trains, it had lost an ear and was so shabby and dirty that I was ashamed of it. But no amount of bribery with new toys could get it away from the baby. I tried to buy a new one in England and, not finding it, I had him copied. But Barbara just clutched her bedraggled Mickey closer and shouted, ‘No! No! Mine!’

‘When we got home, I rushed to a toy shop and bought the exact duplicate of her own Mickey Mouse and with a sigh of relief presented it to her. Would she touch it? Never! She wanted her old faithful, comfort Mickey Mouse. And in spite of a dozen lovely dolls, it’s dirty old Mickey who goes out with her to park in the afternoon.’

Man Gets Last Word

IT was over a glass of bubbling sarsaparilla, at Fox, that we overheard Director John Ford’s retort, humorous. A woman had openly declared herself:

“I think,” she said, “that George O’Brien did the best work of his career in the picture you directed, ‘Men With Wings.’”

“Why?” asked Ford.

“Because he didn’t appear.
SEX APPEAL

AND

THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR

KATHARINE HEPBURN and
ROBERT YOUNG

YOU DON'T NEED BEAUTY TO BE A STAR
The reasons women give for preferring Camels

Women seem to want three things in a cigarette—that it doesn’t make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a fine flavor they don’t tire of. That is why they like Camels.

“I never tire of Camels’ taste nor do they get on my nerves,” says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

“Camels are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish,” comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

“The mild taste of Camels is always delicious,” says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, “and they never get on my nerves which I consider important.”

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.
You can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!

When Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.

If Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

Why doesn't somebody tell Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?

\begin{itemize}
  \item A dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.
  \item Any dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.
  \item Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums.”
\end{itemize}

Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums.”

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to stimulate your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

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

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H11-44
33 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City

State
The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA."

Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others

in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!

Directed by Jack Conway
Produced by David O. Selznick
features

Sex Appeal—and the Clothes You Wear       Dorothy Donnell  28
Hollywood Goes High-Hat.                  Winifred Aydelotte 32
You Don't Need Beauty to Be a Star.       Sonia Lee 34
Why Don't You Go to the Movies More Often? Eric L. Ergenbright 40
Untold Secrets of the Stars—Sylvia Sidney Gladys Hall 42
Hollywood Stars Have Their Hobbies.       Sara Haardt 46
“Movie Acting Is the Easiest Job in the World”—
Gable                               Gladys Hall 51
“Movies Have Done More for Me Than the Stage”—
Helen Hayes.                           Julia Chandler 59
Newcomers Today—Stars Tomorrow?          Lee Townsend 60
You Can't Kill Those Rumors.              Whitney Williams 62
At Last—the Truth about Warner Baxter's Private Life! Jerry Lane 68

departments

Flashes from Filmland                  6
You Know Your Movies! Puzzle This One Out! L. R. R. 12
Letters from Our Readers               14
Movie Gossip Test                      Marion Martone 16
News and Gossip from Hollywood         36
Latest Hollywood Fashions.             52
Hollywood Patterns                    54
Aids to Beauty                         64
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures 66

Cover Design of Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young Painted By Dan Osher

Glamour! KAY FRANCIS
Has It—and
You Can Have
It, Too!

You can't have sex appeal unless you know what
clothes to wear and how
to wear them—as Kay does.
And you WILL know if
you read what four famous
designers say in this issue
about glamour and how to
make your clothes express
it. Here is an article you
can't AFFORD to miss!
Flashes from Filmland

Carl Brisson, Danish musical comedy star, whose arrival gives Chevalier a rival, has made a hit already with Ida Lupino (left) and Toby Wing. Watch for him!

Mae Stars in Court Scene

If you don't think that Mae West has plenty besides curves and wisecracks, you never were so wrong. She received threatening 'phone calls that she would be in plenty of trouble if she persisted in testifying against Edward Friedman, suspected of stealing her diamonds, but she disregarded them. She took the stand and coolly parried the cross-examination of the defense counsel, telling a straightforward story and never wavering from it under the most cunning questions.

It reminded onlookers of that courtroom scene in "I'm No Angel," except that only once did she raise a laugh. The attorney showed her a photograph of the suspected robber, stripped to the waist, and asked her if she could identify him. Mae glanced at the photograph, shrugged her shoulders and drawled, "I never saw anything—except his face."

Why She Didn't Fight Then

"I THINK it's the duty of every citizen to fight crime," Mae explained to reporters. "But when he poked the gun at me, I was afraid my face would be hurt. I handed over the diamonds. It would be easy to earn another twenty thousand dollars, but not to get a new face."

Mae (whose newest picture is called "It Ain't No Sin") entered the courtroom with her hands on her sleek hips under a mink coat, and there was just the suggestion of an undulation as she walked to the witness stand. After that, however, she settled down to business. (P.S. Friedman was convicted.)

What! No More Contests?

PARAMOUNT, they whisper, is through with contests—for the time being, at least. It seems that, in accordance with their previously-made agreements, they presented a return-trip ticket to each of the charming young international contest-winners who appeared in "The Search for Beauty"—it's the hardest job on earth to get them to leave.

Wanted: a Chesty Chap

In producing "Cleopatra" (Egypt's famous queen will be portrayed by Claudette Colbert), Cecil De Mille has been having his troubles finding a suitable Marc Anthony. Whoever is to get the assignment had to have a chest equivalent to a barrel. An intensive search in New York, as well as Hollywood, failed to find anyone who could approach the physical requirements for the rôle of the noble Roman. The winner also had to be able to wear tights and the short military skirt that made up the uniform of the Roman army. In short, the player selected to play Anthony had to have a sturdy physique.

Charles Bickford and Richard Dix were talked of for the part—and Fredric March and Brian Aherne were also un-
LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

"MELODY IN SPRING"

with
Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture...will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences.
“Quarrel? Sure! We quarrel over everything. We quarrel over how many bracelets I should buy, and what Johnnee eats, and the people I like, and the people he likes, and always we quarrel over our dogs. Hees great beeg dog goes scratch-scratch with hees beeg paws on my front lawn and I tell heem, ‘Get out of here! Get out of my house!’ Look at the swimming holes your dog makes on my nice lawn! I don’t have to have you or your dog around my house!” Sure, we quarrel all the time. Because we are so crazee in love, see?”

Lupe Wants “Crazee” Marriage

“HOLLYWOOD has got to get used to my Johnnee and me. We’ll always quarrel and separate and make eet up! I want eet to be like that. Crazee marriage! The crazee-est marriage in all Hollywood, and the happiest. Johnnee is about seeeteen; me—I’m twelve. Just kids—crazee kids. I don’t wan’ to grow old and solemn and sit in the drawing-room after dinner, quiet, not talking. I want to be loving and singing and dancing and quarreling all the time; then we’ll stay married forever!”

“Sure, Johnnee has got an apartment. I want heem to keep one all the time. Then he’ll have some place to go when he’s mad. We’re going to separate just to see what happens. Only he’ll come to my house for dinner. And maybe eef he’s good, I’ll let heem stay. Listen, darleeng. I like Johnnee! You tell people.

“Only he makes me mad. He pouts at me. Listen, darleeng. He gave me a horse for a present. The first day I have the horse I ride, ride all day. At night Johnnee is mad. He says: Why didn’t I come to hees set and see heem work and have lunch with heem? I say because of hees horse, and right away he is jealous of the horse and says, ‘Oh, so you like a horse better than me, eh?’ So the next day I go to hees set and he says, ‘So you don’t like the horse I geeve you, eh? All right, geeve eet away. See if I care!’ So, you see, we quarrel. But oh, it’s such grand fun! What would I get a divorce for? I’d rather be Mrs. Johnnee Weissmuller than anything else in the world!”

So now you understand what a separation means in the Weissmuller family! They keep on being seen together, looking romantic. And meanwhile get gobs of publicity, just as they did when they had people guessing whether or not they had “eloped”!

(Continued on page 10)
THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!

From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers...who would have died for her!

A New DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
scaling undreamed-of heights!
and
ELIZABETH BERGNER
a new star — the like of whom the screen has never known!
in

"CATHERINE THE GREAT"

with GERALD DU MAURIER and FLORA ROBSON
Directed by Paul Czinner
Produced by ALEXANDER KORDA
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Making Movie Débuts, Instead

IN the Jesse Lasky picture, "Her Coming Out Party," twenty débutantes were needed as "extras." Four hundred prominent misses from Pasadena, Los Angeles, and as far north as Santa Barbara applied for the jobs, sending references and photographs and pulling every social and political wire possible. After the picture was finished, most of the girls had given up all thought of European tours, finishing school, society débuts and wealthy marriages—and were determined to be movie stars!

They've Been Looking Far

WITH Peggy Wood signed to play opposite Will Rogers in "Merry Andrew" and with Fay Bainter making her movie début in "This Side of Heaven," there aren't many unfilmed stars left on Broadway. So producers are looking abroad for talent again.

Elisabeth Bergner, the German actress who is co-starred with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in his first English picture, "Catherine, the Great," has been signed by 20th Century. Madeleine Carroll, English star of "I Was a Spy," has come over to Fox for one picture, "The World Moves On." And Fox has also imported Pat Paterson, who's English, sparkling, and a dancing-singing star. Carl Brisson, Danish musical comedy favorite and former European boxing champion, has been brought over by Paramount to be a combination Chevalier and Max Baer. And Hertha Thiele, of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, is soon arriving.

Those "Kidnap Threats"

NEWSPAPER editors are quick to leap to conclusions—which is why you recently read that Mary Pickford had received "kidnap threats." Some reporter discovered her week-ending near Boston, surrounded by guards, and drew the admission from her that she was trying to escape a couple who had given her the jitters. Presto! Sensational headlines! (And a happy little occurrence, too, what with Mary scheduled for New York personal appearances.) The couple in question had tried to interest her in some "mysterious documents." They had 'phoned, they had written, and finally they had called in person and she had received them. Having read of her interest in the supernatural, they wanted to offer her "valuable" papers to her; but Mary, setting them down as "cranks"—mayhem harmless, and maybe not (since the man seemed to have hypnotic inclinations)—soon got rid of them. And to keep rid of them, she had gone week-ending at a writer-friend's home. The guards, she said, signified nothing. She always has "two special guards" with her and can say, convincingly, "I am not afraid of any racketeers or kidnappers."

Scheduled for March 1 is Mary's divorce suit against Douglas Fairbanks, recently named as co-respondent in Lord Ashley's suit to divorce Lady Ashley.

Maureen Says "Yes"

BY the time you read this, Maureen O'Sullivan will probably be Mrs. John Villers Farrow, wife of the young Australian scenario writer. Last year, he was yanked off a dance floor by immigration inspectors and accused of being in the country illegally. But recently he had his day in court and the court decided that he had been the victim of a mistake. Whereupon he and Maureen announced their betrothal.

(Continued on page 13)
And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934"... 5 rousing song hits... and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

HorizonTal

1. The comedian who stutters
2. The movies' greatest rival
3. Mrs. Herbert Marshall
4. A meadow
5. Hero of "Massacre"
6. Fifty-two (Roman)
7. An author, actor and director; his first name is King
8. Some movie stars have this (self-fixation)
9. Lane is her last name
10. Rubber-legged comedian
11. Present
12. A label
13. She's in "Looking for Trouble"
14. "... of Sergeant Grischa"
15. (See illustration)
16. Kringle's initials
17. Third note of the scale
18. Gary Leon is an— dancer
19. He was one of the "Sons of the Desert"
20. "Rutck O'Vell in "Havana Widows" (init.)
21. Gary Cooper's home state
22. Symbol for Tellurium
23. A cutting implement
24. No star wants to be a has—
25. "The Most Dangerous —"
26. Entrance (abbr.)
27. Jean Harlow's is platinum
28. He played Tony in "I Am Suzanne"
29. About 1000 feet of film
30. He was Vifty in "Hoopla"
31. Will be teamed with Janet Gaynor again
32. To be ill
33. Burdensome or oppressive
34. Founder of Yale
35. This is what Durante won by
36. Played John as a boy in "The World Changes"
37. To take a picture (coll.)

VertiCal

1. Her first name is Maria
2. The drink of "General Yen"
3. Birds on American coins
4. Her last name is La Roy
5. Perform
6. Initials of a girl who plays in Western films
7. Magnet of "Queen Christina"
8. Spoken
9. She coined the expression "It"
10. Sister (coll.)
11. The prisoners in "The Big House" were doing—
12. Part in a picture
13. His first name was Sidney (deceased)
14. The arena scene in "Sign of the Cross" was filled with—
15. He was Richard in "The World Changes"
16. The screen's greatest lover (deceased)
17. (See illustration)
18. Best-known Western star
19. To obtain
20. A verse of two feet
21. Has been called "the Brooklyn Bonfire"
22. He was in "Gallant Lady"
23. (See illustration)
24. Mae West is a modern screen—
25. Stardom is the— of most "extras"
26. Ice cream on pie is—
27. North by East
28. Toward the stern of a boat
29. The Conrad— have just parted
30. Mrs. Bruce Cabot
31. The screen's new boxing idol
32. Percy is her last name
33. Combining form, within
34. Pickfair is— now, says Mary Pickford
35. A bridge
36. Long periods of time
37. Brazilian actor in "Flying Down to Rio"
38. The name of the frog in the animated cartoons
39. "Girl of the—"
40. Mrs. Jobyna Arlen, (init.)
41. "Attorney— the Defense"
42. College degree of "Literate in Arts" (abbr.)
43. Armstrong's initials

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

12
Flashes From Filmland
(Continued from page 10)

Pictures Worth Headlines

THERE are some pictures now in the making that ought to be news when they are released. First, there is "The Merry Widow," starring Chevalier (and, maybe, Gloria Swanson—instead of Joan Crawford), which is getting under way as a million-dollar production and, contrary to earlier reports, will retain the original Franz Lehár melodies, with the lyrics brought up to date. Then, Leslie Howard is at work on "Of Human Bondage," Somerset Maugham's great novel of super-sensitive youth; Ronald Colman is making "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," his first picture since his long sojourn abroad and a sequel to his great hit, "Bulldog Drummond"; Edward G. Robinson is changing the map of Europe as "Napoleon"; Fredric March (co-starring with Constance Bennett) is picturizing the sensational life and loves of Benvenuto Cellini in "The Firebrand"; and John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman and Hollywood's newest producer, is remaking that once-great hit of silent days, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

They're Coming Your Way

THEN, Fox has just bought Sinclair Lewis' newest novel, "Work of Art," and M-G-M has purchased that other best-seller, Dashiell Hammett's thriller, "The Thin Man." In addition, M-G-M has acquired the talkie rights to Kipling's "Kim" (intended for Ramon Novarro) and "Captains Courageous" (intended for Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper); and Fox is putting Dickens' "David Copperfield" into scenario form.

RKO-Radio is planning out "Green Mansions," W. H. Hudson's famous jungle fantasy, for Dolores Del Rio; Warner Brothers are trying to boil down Hervey Allen's tighten novel of adventure, "Anthony Adverse," for the screen; M-G-M is trying to find a cast for "The Good Earth," which China won't let them film there; Twentieth Century is whipping Dashiell Hammett's great novel, "Les Miserables," into shape for Fredric March; RKO-Radio is readying the scenario of "Joan of Arc" for Katharine Hepburn; M-G-M is still trying to get Katharine Cornell to leave the stage for the screen version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"; and Margaret Sullavan and Mrs. Leslie Carter are about to revive the famous rivalry of "Elizabeth and Mary."

They're Recognizing Russia

RUSSIA is the big new interest of the movie-makers. M-G-M is readying "Soviet" for Wallace Beery, to start when he returns from his vacation. Columbia is preparing "Red Square," to be directed by Lewis Milestone, who has just returned from a visit to his homeland. Warner Brothers are planning to send a company to Russia to film a story right on the spot. Leslie Howard may be the star. Charles Bickford is scheduled to go to Russia in June to make "Immigration" for Sovkino. Harpo Marx is just back from triumphant personal appearances in Leningrad and Moscow, thus proving himself as universally understood as that other silent man, Chaplin. Paul Muni and his wife are now touring in Russia, looking over the country. And a Russian—Anna Sten—is the newest star to rise in Hollywood.

(More news? You'll find plenty on page 36!)
**What next in Camera angles?**

**Asks One Of Our Readers**

Constance Talmadge in a pearl-clutching pose and Katharine Hepburn shot from an unusual angle

**FIRST PRIZE**
The camera angle changes in our picture gallery have been noted by Jack Henry, of Hollywood, Cal. He writes:

"Having been a reader of your magazine for the past ten years, I have closely observed the "style-trend" in your picture-gallery. Them were the good old days when Constance Talmadge and Aileen Pringle clutched ropes of pearls about their throats and often wore jeweled pins and plumage in their hair... Remem ber those moonlight honeysuckle backgrounds for Blanche Sweet and Anita Page?"

Norma Shearer started something when she brushed her hair down over one eye and gazed down into the camera lens—nearly every actress in motion pictures has tried her version of it... Then someone conceived the "botanical" idea—Marlene Dietrich clutching an orchid, Joan Crawford her gardenia—Garbo a bunch of grapes and Johnny Weissmuller a banana leaf!

"And now comes Katharine Hepburn practically standing on her head at times to obtain an 'unusual' angle. We have gazed down upon her head, over her shoulders and up into her nostrils. What next?"

**SECOND PRIZE**
He enjoyed Cagney in "Lady Killer," but Charles M. Hatcher, of San Diego, Calif., has some complaints to make, too:

"I giggled, I chortled, I chirped and I chuckled, and all around me a packed house like this showed its appreciation of James Cagney in his latest smash, 'Lady Killer.' All of us enjoyed the flashing wisecracker in his faultless work... But three things stuck out of the picture like sore thumbs. One was the flagrant use of advertising in the picture in a scene blatantly praising a certain well-known dine-dance rendezvous in Los Angeles."

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

**THIRD PRIZE**
She disliked crooners, but after seeing "Going Hollywood," Mary Ervin, of Tallahassee, Fla., admits that Crosby can act:

"They say an honest confection is good for the soul, so here goes: I am one of those old-fashioned persons, who, early in the history of the crooner, formed a violent antipathy toward that particular species of vocalist. It mattered not his name, age, color, or previous condition of servitude; just the slightest suggestion of bu-buh-buh—thumbs down!"

"The other night I dropped into a movie to see 'Going Hollywood'; chiefly because that Davy croal has long been a prime favorite of mine. Well sir, you could have floored me with a feather! This boy Bing Crosby is a real actor. He even overshadowed Marlene's usual fine performance. And I found myself liking that baritone voice of his. In fact, I've tuned in on all his radio programs since. My most abject apologies, Mr. Crosby!"

**Beauty parlor make-up, in scenes supposedly far from civilization, annoys Marcia Feldman, of Atlanta, Ga.:**

"For those like myself who take their movies seriously, it is quite irritating to note that no matter what rôle a Hollywood heroine finds herself in, her beauty make-up is always undisturbed. She may play a scene in the fields, on a desert island, or in the jungle..."
wilds, far from civilization or beauty shops, still her hair is always set in immaculate waves, her eyebrows plucked, her lashes beaded (sometimes with mascara running out), and her nails are always her favorite tint, when doing the dirtiest work. This beauty parlor make-up destroys all realism.

Many others feel the same way about a certain actor as Mary Katharine Jones, of Tucson, Ariz., does:

"I shall not cease my condemnation of the movie moguls who ignore transcendent work for inferior talent until I see one man's name emblazoned high up in electric lights across the marquees where it belongs.

'Directors call him 'perfect.' Not once in his eighteen years of screen life and in his 250 screen rôles has he failed to give a perfect performance. He constantly worries stars by walking off with scenes and sometimes whole pictures. Yet he has no upstage, scene-stealing maneuvers—no tilted cigar, no cocked eye, no pulled-down mouth, no shuffling feet. He doesn't have to resort to showmanship. His stage presence, his genuineness, his acting technique are enough. He plans every performance as meticulously as an architect plans a building—gesture upon gesture, act upon act, mood upon mood—sure, competent, perfect! A star and yet not a star—his name—Lewis Stone!"

The success of "Little Women," writes Piers Pontchartrain, of San Francisco, Calif., proves that a change from sensationalism and sex is appreciated:

"'Mae West rang the cash register bell in 'I'm No Angel'—but so did Katharine Hepburn in 'Little Women.'

'This generation has come to think of Louisa M. Alcott as a sentimentalist, and at best regard 'Little Women' as a girl's story to be passed on to the children. But there is less sentimentality and juvenile emotion in the tears shed while watching this serene, yet vital, film than there is in the laughter induced by Miss West's vulgarities.

'There is really a vast and as yet almost untapped reservoir of income for producers from cultivated, intelligent, educated people who are now prejudiced against screen entertainment because so much of it is bad. Such people will be partially won over by the idea that time, trouble and expense were used in the screen version of such a classic as "Little Women.""

"What has become of the Censors?" asks H. S. Post, of Ellis, O.:

"Have the censors been bought off? In this neck of the woods, we ultra-moderns are afraid to take our aunt Nancys (from the country) or our young brothers and sisters to a movie unless Will Rogers is the star. Even Eddie Cantor, that model of domesticity, has gotten pretty risqué in his recent pictures."

Krugcr is slaying the ladies over twenty-five according to what Helen M. Watson, of Concord, N. H., says:

"All I have been hearing from my friends during the past few weeks can be summed up in two words—Otto Kruger. The younger generation may rave over Douglas Fairbanks Jr. or Buddy Rogers but every woman over twenty-five has suddenly become Kruger conscious and all join in lauding his acting and personality. I have never before seen any sex so unanimously enrolled as worshipers at the altar of any idol."
Who Is This Girl?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly?

Give Yourself This Movie Gossip Test

By Marion Martone

2. How come Evelyn Venable is referred to as the "kissless" screen player?

3. Do you know how George Raft is made to look taller than he really is on the screen?

4. On what screen blonde, with an exceptionally trim figure, did a movie company take out insurance to the tune of $50,000 against the possibility of her gaining weight?

5. Why won't Mae West have Max Baer as her leading man in her forthcoming picture, "It Ain't No Sin"?

6. There's a great possibility of a reconciliation between what Hollywood divorced couple?

7. Orders to put on 15 pounds to add curves to her figure were given to what screen star by her director?

8. The record of being married five times is held by which stage and screen actress?

9. Who is the handsome screen actor who pulled the usual bridegroom boner of forgetting the ring when he was married recently?

10. What was one of the reasons given by a well-dressed, dark-haired, screen beauty for wanting a divorce from her husband, who is also an actor and a director?

11. Wedding bells rang out for what motion picture star and dance director on February 10?

12. Can you name the young motion picture actor whose studio agreement forbids him to marry for at least another year?

13. What actress recently said: "We fight, we fight, we fight. It's 'feefty-feefty,'" in speaking of her marital troubles?

14. Do you know the recent Hollywood bride who will not play in the same picture with her husband?

15. How did a very popular star get that black eye she had to sport for almost a week?

16. Why did Veree Teasdale arrange her contract so that she could have two months off this year?

17. Who is the motion picture actor who has been named in the divorce suit of a titled English couple?

18. You've got to be good to be able to name the group of three old ladies pictured above. Remember, no cheating! Don't refer to the answers until you've made at least three guesses.

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 84)
Headache? How's your alkaline reserve?

All too often headaches are accompanied by a lowered alkaline reserve in the system—so you certainly want to use a preparation which will help bring your alkaline reserve back to normal.

Therefore, you need something not only to attack the pain, but to supply this alkali. Bromo-Seltzer supplies readily-absorbed alkali to the blood. Look what happens when you take it!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer affords such prompt relief from gas on the stomach.

Then it quickly relieves the pain—ends headache before you know it. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed ... you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity.

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Pain goes ... your head clears ... and you are back to normal before you know it! Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness.

And Bromo-Seltzer works much faster because you take it as a liquid.

Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so dependable, too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation ... are not made under the careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. At the fountain or by the bottle. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.
Only you and the Apes catch cold!

The ape can catch your cold and you can catch his. While other animals have what appear to be colds, they are in no way related to that compound of misery, discomfort, and danger we humans call a cold.

Driven by human suffering and economic loss due to workers’ absence ($450,000,000 in U.S. alone), able research men have sought the cause of this puzzling universal malady.

Out of countless experiments on willing man and resistant ape has come what science believes to be the answer:

It is a virus—invisible and so fine that it readily passes through delicate filters which easily retain ordinary bacteria, including the microscopically visible germs associated with colds. This virus and the secondary cold bacteria invade the body principally through the nose and throat. There they lodge, waiting till body resistance is low to strike.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the cleaner the oral cavity the less the chance of bacteria multiplying. In addition, certain tests indicate that the use of mouth antiseptics reduces the risk of catching cold.

For maintaining oral cleanliness and attacking germs, Listerine has been recommended for more than 50 years. It is germicidal, non-poisonous, safe in action, pleasant to taste, and therefore ideal for home use.

Why not give yourself and your family the benefit of its freshening, cleansing, germ-killing action? Gargle every morning and every night.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The safe antiseptic LISTERINE with the pleasant taste
Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.
Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST
For every day you live — like Helen above — you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face — judge your looks — and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion — a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration — yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild — the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

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

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women
JUST how much sex appeal do you have? The answer to that is contained in the clothes you wear. You haven't been overburdened with feminine allure during the past few years—with fashion dictating boyish silhouettes, mannish tailoring and freakish shoulders. But 1934 is going to be a year of grace. You are going to be able to blossom out in the most purely feminine clothes you have seen for a generation. Four of Hollywood's greatest dress designers—who are also three of the greatest designers in the world—say so. They are Adrian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers, Charles Le Maire of Fox and Travis Banton of Paramount.

Depression dresses are out-of-date—dresses drably devoid of glamour (which is another name for sex appeal in Hollywood). For the New Deal modes are modes that express hope of returning gaiety and good fortune and the revival of romance and joy in life. Glamour gowns will add new allure to your favorite screen stars—and to you.

Charles Le Maire, who has costumed New York's smartest musicals and New York's smartest women for years, says, "We have a great President. We have renewed confidence in the future. We are beginning to earn a little more money and have a little more leisure. Naturally, our clothes are beginning to be happier. Depression clothes were so tight—and they were in drab colors, like black, eel-gray and brown. Now, the materials are growing richer, the colors brighter. And best of all, women are beginning to look like women again!"

"It is the most charming experience of a civilized man's life to sit across a dinner table from an irresistibly feminine woman whose hair is glorious and whose gown is chic, intriguing. But what a shock it has been to sit across a table from a woman dressed in a mess jacket or a dinner coat or
**THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR**

Mystery is more glamorous than semi-nudity. That’s why even chorus girls are wearing more. Right, an “uncovered” 1933 chorine; below, her 1934 opposite.

Times are gayer, gowns are richer—and stars like Adrienne Ames (left) are reviving the days when women wore more.

an Ascot tie, with sleek, short-cut hair—so anti-feminine that a man hardly could be sure of the sex of his companion!

The Secret of Being Chic

*SUCH* freaks of fashion may cause comment, but they are not alluring. Look at the professionally charming women—the famous sirens, the great models, the leaders of fashion. They are never strikingly dressed. They wear simple, almost inconspicuous gowns, but everything is perfect. They think of the complete effect, and people say, ‘How chic! How well you look tonight!’ But the women who are not sure of themselves, who have no chic in their personality, always exaggerate.

“Someone is wearing clips on dinner dresses? Very well, their clips shall be the largest in existence! Silver fox is ‘good for evening wear’? They trail into formal functions draped, smothered, blanketed in silver fox! There was one screen actress, supposed to be famous for her style, who arrived late at a recent opening. She wore a black satin scarf with six or seven or eight silver fox scarfs bitten into it and hanging down, like a dealer’s rack!
All that was lacking were the price tags. I suppose that she wore a dress under the wrap, but I shall never know. Nobody saw anything except that wrap all evening!

"Neither is nakedness alluring. The chorus girls I have just costumed in 'George White's Scandals' wear long, floor-length frocks of painted organdie—only there is one seam not sewed up. Just a hint of bare legs when they dance, a flash among tumbling billows of draperies. The effect is sexy in the extreme. You will see!"

"But do not think to be alluring by taking off clothes. I can make Adrienne Ames, for example, far more attractive by covering her to the chin, covering her arms to the fingertips, and her legs to the floor—with a tight slip that outlines the figure and filmy draperies that float around it, hinting at the figure, never defining it. Mystery—that is allure!

Wore Plenty and Made History

"The times in history when women were the most adored, the most courted and had the greatest power were the times when they wore the most clothes. Madame Pompadour and Du Barry were almost lost in great hoop skirts and feathered hats, ruffles and muffins and wigs—and yet how alluring they were! When Gaby Deslys and Lillian Russell influenced fashions—women dressed like women then. And, thank Heaven, women are definitely going back to the romantic for their gowns to-day!"

"Not, of course, for sports wear. But the gowns for ceremony are fuller—always the tight slip, the silhouette, then a flounce, a fold at the neck, wide sleeves that fall in draperies, an arrangement that suggests womanly curves and gives them curves where there are none. Smart women are beginning to dress again according to their privileges, instead of their rights, as they have been doing.

"Of course, carriage makes all the difference in dress. Joan Crawford, I believe, could wrap a tablecloth about her, pin it with a safety pin and make a sensational entrance to a crowded room, and people would cry, 'How gorgeous!' Another woman could wear a creation of the greatest Paris designer!

Orry-Kelly (above), famous Hollywood designer, says that you have as much talent for wearing clothes as most stars—and he tells you WHAT to wear.

Travis Banton (below) tells you what to avoid if you want glamour!
Travis Banton says that in clinging, revealing white satin Carole Lombard (or any other woman) would be UN-glamourous—but let Carole (left) be covered even to her finger-tips in black mouseline-de-soie, and that’s a different story. If you must wear clinging clothes, cover up like glamourous Patricia Ellis (far left) And which has the more sex appeal—the chorus girl below, who is revealing, or the one who is “mysterious”?

Why Old Styles
Are “New”

“In a time like this,” says Adrian, Metro’s artist in clothes glamour, “a time when people hope that the future will bring all that the past once did, the instinct is to try to bring back the past, even in clothes. Even the present vogue of costume pictures is an answer to the yearning of human beings for times when they were happier. And every costume picture adds its style suggestion to modern clothes. The cloaks and dresses with the ruffs at the neck that I created for Garbo in “Queen Christina” are already copied commercially, I am told, with some adaptations, of course.

“Repeal will absolutely change the way women dress. It will mean a slowing down of the tempo of life, no more rushing about from (Continued on page 74)
By

WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustrations by

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

(who gives you a preview, right, of the way movies will be made in the future)

HOLLYWOOD GOES

THE Riviera is deserted; Newport is a ghost town; Bermuda is an echo; the swanky beach resorts are ruins by the sea, and the gay Long Island social centers are slowly crumbling into decay. Where is everybody? Why, everybody's in Hollywood—trying to break into the movies.

Filmdom is now in the hands of clubdom; the social set has "the Siren City of America" by the throat, and Hollywood is manicuring its nails and choosing its ties with a good deal of thought. Hollywood—the social hamburger joint of the world; the backsliding, ungracious, mad, Bohemian, don't-give-a-darn town—is going society in a big way.

It is acquiring a brand-new social register with a flock of teas, family backgrounds, and Junior Leaguers. The studios are over-run with débutantes; social butterflies are alighting simply everywhere; the whole place is lifting a couple of refined eyebrows, and the old-time crews and grips are tip-toeing around, watching their "p's" and "q's" and broad "a's."

Nobody is slapping anybody on the back any more. They all bow. Nobody says, "Hi, buddy! How goes it?" It's "How DO you do, Mrs. Humplewaite-Smythe?" Nobody goes to weddings in golf clothes. They all wear morning coats and striped trousers. Tea dansants are taking the place of the good old brawls, and everybody is just too utterly utter, my dear, comme il faut, n'est-ce pas.

Yes, society has a strangehold on Hollywood, and the old reprobate, under polite pressure, is putting on spats and lifting lorgnettes. Nobody without social connections can get a foot in a studio door, and family trees are sprouting where no tree ever grew before.

It's News to the Papers

"FORTY REAL débutantes," announce the Hollywood papers breathlessly, "will have rôles in the Jesse L. Lasky picture, 'Coming Out Party.'"

The old-time "extra" might just as well park her gum some place, brush up on her social amenities, and poke around in the attic for the old family album.

"Paramount has just signed Evelyn Venable, of THE Venable, of Venable County . . . Elizabeth Young, direct
descendant of THE Schermerhorns, plays the leading feminine role in 'Big Executive.' The papers are thunderstruck.

"John Davis Lodge ... and Rosemary Ames ... and Irene Bentley ... and Barbara Adams ..." By this time the papers are setting up their copy by hand—daintily.

Well, it's all got to end some place. If not, you can imagine a scene like this:

Casting director: "So you would like to join our cinema set, my child?"

Aspirant: "Rawther."

Casting Director: "I beg your pahdon. I didn't quite catch the name?"

Aspirant: "Astor-Vanderconstructed."

Casting Director: "Yes, yes, to be sure. Of course, you must realize that breaking into our exclusive little circle presents its own peculiar difficulties. Naturally, our studio is just a wee bit choosy about who is allowed to play in its pictures. The Colossal Studios over yonder are not so particular. My dear (sotto voce), I've heard that they will take Columbia University men on as electricians—'juicers,' I believe they were called in the old days. Now, OUR electricians are all Princetonians. And our carpenters are all West Pointers!"

Aspirant: "How chawming!"

Casting Director: "Yes, indeed, my dear. May I pour you some more tea? There! Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, you want to add your name to our illustrious roster. Well, there is—er—the question of family. You have a family tree, of course?"

Aspirant: "Yes, indeedy, my good man. I've got a swell tree."

Casting Director: "How many branches?"

And then, if the aspirant can trace her family tree back far enough, she will probably receive, in the next few days, an engraved card:

"The Van Swanky Studios request the pleasure of your company on stage ten, Thursday morning at eight-thirty. Formal. R.S.V.P."

Well, as the old saying goes, the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God, and I'm not talking about Bruce, either.

Mae's Newest Revelation

THE fact that Hollywood is becoming social-minded is creating havoc among the old guard. People who never gave a second thought to their families are now discovering old albums in the trunk in the attic; ancestral portraits are being hung over the mantelpiece, and everyone is spending a good

(Continued on page 76)
BY SONIA LEE

You Don’t Need

Beauty in Hollywood to-day is only skin-deep. There is a new fashion in faces. The talkie camera lens probes below the surface—explores the recesses of the soul—reflects its reactions and its basic qualities. And it makes stars of women who, in the days of silent pictures, would have had no opportunity in Hollywood. It isn’t perfection of feature, but emotional intensity reflected in a face that is the foundation of stardom to-day.

With isolated exceptions, the great stars of the screen to-day are not beautiful. Their faces are average—frequently even less than that. But their features are mobile and plastic, molded by recurrent and sweeping emotions into the patterns of experience, of suffering, of happiness, of Life.

It was not always thus. There was a time when great talent, great art, the great technique of vitalizing words into believable action and fervor and earnestness found no disciples among the producers unless it was supported by grace of form and face.

Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan, Judith Anderson, Katharine Cornell—the majority of them landmarks in the theatre—were repeatedly tested by the large studios. And because the new ideal of beauty did not reach Hollywood until a scant two years ago; because producers felt that motion picture audiences demanded beauty in their favorites, these consummate artisans in their craft were denied to the screen.

Once Rejected, Now Sought

Katharine Hepburn, whose name has become a shibboleth in one short year, was early tested by Fox and by Paramount, and rejected by both. Margaret Sullavan, a star by virtue of her first picture, “Only Yesterday,” was tested by every studio before Universal finally brought her to Hollywood.

Judith Anderson, noted for her penetrating portrayals on the stage, made her screen debut in Twentieth Century’s “Blood Money.” But long before this, she had been declined a chance on the screen because she did not fulfill the current mode in
faces. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tested her two years ago—but did not contract her. When motion picture audiences finally did see her, they took away a memory of her organ-deep voice, of its controlled and beautiful quality.

Katharine Cornell once agreed with studio executives that her screen tests were impossible—that she was not material for the silver sheet. To-day, since mere physical beauty is no longer a requisite for screen success, producers are clamoring for her services, tempting her into their fold with staggering sums.

Granting Mae West's novel appeal in her startling departure from the prosaic patterns of movie fare, it is yet doubtful if she would have been brought to the screen, were it not for the new basis on which talent is judged to-day.

Alice Brady, a 1913 meteor, once declared that she had to wait for the talkie era of the last two years before she could get a chance in pictures again. Long ago she was starred in the silents. "But I was not beautiful," she confesses. "I have to count on my voice to make my rôles effective. I had to wait until beauty was unimportant before I could come to Hollywood again."

Helen Didn't Need Beauty

It was Helen Hayes who pioneered the way. She was the forerunner of the stars who were to rise through sheer ability—rather than glamorous exteriors.

Long recognized as one of the premier ornaments of the legitimate theatre, Helen was inevitably destined to have the camera trained on her. But her first tests were not successful. She went to Hollywood, made additional tests. The arts of the make-up man and of the cameraman were not brought to her aid to give her moments of that spiritual, breath-taking beauty which has been hers in her recent pictures. Executives at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shook their heads.

"She'll run audiences out of the theatre," Irving Thalberg told Edgar Selwyn, the director. Selwyn saw beyond Helen Hayes' seeming lack of glamour and disagreed with Thalberg's belief that Hayes would empty theatres. He was insistent. He took the tests to Thalberg's home.

"Listen to this girl with your eyes closed," he asked his chief, as the lights in the private projection room went down.

And Thalberg listened to Helen Hayes with his heart, as audiences since have done. That vibrant, fascinating voice, with its many cadences, bewitched and thrilled and swayed. It played on the strings of the heart gently and persuasively.

Thalberg opened his eyes. They were full of tears. And looking at Helen Hayes, he forgot the flesh and could only hear that magnetic, exquisite voice. In that room, in that moment, the new fashion in faces was born. Thalberg is a man great enough to avow mistakes, to realize opportunity, and to change an opinion.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Helen Hayes, and assigned her to make "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," with Edgar Selwyn directing (and
John Doubly “Lovelorn”?

Can there have been any connection between the separation of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce and the Grand Canyon trip of Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian? Garbo and her director started on Friday. The Gilberts separated on Sunday.

Hollywood is still chuckling over the “Mary Jones” and “R. Brown” under which the exotic and striking couple tried to hide themselves. If Greta Garbo looks like Mary Brown, then we look like Mussolini. On their return to Hollywood, Mamoulian denied brusquely that there had been a marriage. And when reporters asked if there was a romance, he said, “Oh, I think that question is too personal, don’t you?” A few weeks later, he and Greta were traveling again—this time toward New York.

Can’t Take It Again

On the Metro lot, a publicity man met Gilbert not long ago. “Hi, Jack!” he shouted. “Just saw your picture in the projection room.” He was startled by the change in the debonair Gilbert. He seemed to crumple before his eyes. “Tell me,” John said, hoarsely, “how am I? Did anyone—laugh? If anyone laughed, I’ll kill myself! I couldn’t stand it!” The echo of that hideous laughter that greeted his first talkie still sounds in his ears.

Those Studio Squabbles

Gilbert’s suit to have his contract interpreted in court seems to have been withdrawn. And Jean Harlow has ended her salary battle with her studio by accepting the compromise offer of $3,000 a week. (She was asking $5,000.) Lilian Harvey is waging a “friendly suit” against Fox, to see if she can’t make the foreign versions of her pictures, herself. And George Brent is suing Warner Brothers.

Brent’s grounds for a suit are based on the theory that any employee has the right of access to his employer. Brent says that he
was refused a talk with studio heads, repeatedly. The studio counters with the charge that George refused to do a part assigned to him. Brent admits this, but says that the part was that of a drunken doctor whose neglect results in the death of a child and that such a part would have meant his ruin with his fans. George Raft similarly objected to a part several months ago.

Lila Lee (left) isn’t wondering if Johnny Farrow, her old boyfriend, will be happy with Maureen O’Sullivan. She’s wondering what her next picture will be. So is everyone else.

Lee Can “Come Home” Now

WELL, Lee Tracy has been forgiven—and what happened in Mexico (or what was rumored to have happened) has been officially forgotten. A director, touring in Mexico with his wife, noticed Tracy pictures being shown everywhere to Standing Room Only. And he reported the fact to Hollywood. If Mexico felt that way about Lee after all that newspaper furor—well, it made Hollywood look silly to feel any other way. So you’ll soon be seeing him in a new picture. And the sooner, the better.

All of which bears out the exclusive story about the Tracy incident that the February MOTION PICTURE presented. We quoted Irving Pichel and George Rigas, who were eyewitnesses to what happened, as saying that Lee had been hilarious, but had done nothing that Mexicans had resented or could have resented; and claiming that Mexicans had shown a great liking for Lee not only before that famous parade, but during it and after it.

Hollywood Recalls Her

ANN SOTHERN, blonde discovery of Columbia’s, is not so new to Hollywood as most people think. As “Harriette Lake,” she was once under contract to Warners for six months, and then under contract to Metro for a year, playing “bit” parts in early musicals. A Broadway producer heard her sing at a Hollywood party and a few weeks later telegraphed her a stage offer. She became a hit on Broadway. Then Hollywood could use her. (These things do happen!) Having made a big impression in “Let’s Fall in Love,” she is now on loan to Paramount for “Melody in Spring.”

Joan and Franchot Not “Cold”

At the first revels of the new Screen Actors’ Guild (the most spontaneous party we’ve ever seen in the film town), everybody joined in the grand march—and Franchot Tone managed to wangle it so that he was in line with Joan Crawford. There’s nothing to that “coldness” business, Mr. Winchell! These two are as ardent and gay together as ever, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.’s recent visit notwithstanding. Joan wore a sequined cocktail jacket at the revels and was as spectacular as ever.

How Young IS Young Doug?

DOUG, Jr., by the way, seems head-over-heels about Gertrude Lawrence, the English musical comedy star—despite contrary rumors. He admitted when he left that he was awfully anxious to get back to her (as well as to make that “Zorro” film with his father). While in London, he took a ‘plane many an afternoon and flew a hundred and eighty miles just to spend an hour at tea-time with the charming, if a trifle mature Miss Lawrence. London dispatches give her age as thirty-five.

But, then, young Doug isn’t so young as he has been supposed to be. “I was sort of held back to keep Dad young,” he told us when he was here. “I’m a lot older than you suppose. I’ve just had my twenty-fourth birthday, so they say. But you’d be surprised to know what it really is.” Insiders give him twenty-eight years.
The Boys Did a Sister Act

HOLLYWOOD clapped hardest at the Guild revels when Bing Crosby, Frank McHugh and Charles Butterworth—dressed in orchid evening gowns—came on and did an imitation of the three Boswell Sisters. (Bing was also proudly wearing the mustache he has been raising!)

The Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw) and the Joel McCrass (Frances Dee), all newly-weds, sat together—and Gary allowed himself and his bride to be photographed, despite his dire threats of "no pictures" when he first returned from his honeymoon in Phoenix to make "Operator 13" with Marion Davies. Incidentally, both Sandra's parents and his own were present on the honeymoon. At least, they were all in Phoenix at the same time.

Huston Kept Promise to Self

WHY do some stars at the height of their success insist on leaving the screen—even temporarily—only return to the stage, where both salaries and audiences are small? New Yorkers have just been given some reasons by the "Hollywood 4-H Club"—composed of Walter Huston, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins, all of whom recently trekked East to star in stage plays and bared their hearts to the New York World-Telegram. (And they're only four out of forty screen players who have recently taken that little journey.)

First, let's consider the man's viewpoint. Walter Huston, lured back to Broadway by the title role of "Dodsworth," says that, when good actors are put in weak pictures just to bolster up those pictures, they try to find compensation in the big checks they receive—and the things those checks will buy. But he wants satisfaction from acting, not from substitutes. That's why, when he began to feel peepless in Hollywood, he headed for Broadway, to taste the tonic of the stage once more. Besides, a year or two ago, he promised himself a vacation on the stage this season—no matter how his screen fortunes might be faring. (And they've never been better than this past year.)

Helen Takes Broadway Tonic

Helen Hayes, making a great hit in the title role of "Mary of Scotland," says that she couldn't resist the "literary" language of Maxwell Anderson's play (language such as she has never heard on the screen), that she feels a debt to the Broadway that first made her famous, and that she needed "the tonic that only the theatre can give." (But she is happier on the screen than on the stage, as you'll read on page 50.)

On the stage, she says, she has time to grow into a part;

A dark man comes into the lives of Dick Powell, who-sings, and Dolores Del Rio, who dances, in "Wonder Bar." But Al Jolson tells them (and you) "No more mammy songs!"

The little girls at the right are starting up the long, long stairway to stardom by being the chorines of "George White's Scandals" and "Fox Follies of 1934." They're the survivors of eleven hundred girls who were tested. All the top-notchers aren't at the top!
Miriam Has Travel Urge

Miriam Hopkins, who scored a personal hit in "Jezebel," though the play, itself, didn't seem to click with New Yorkers, says that people always ask her which she prefers—the stage or the screen—and that her answer, which covers everything, is, "I like acting." But from now on she'll return to the stage at shorter intervals—and would like to act abroad, especially in Germany, in trim if anyone cracks, "I'll and go to Rochelle Hudson, playing Liliums in "Harold Teen," is Russia, where the drama is social-conscious. But she likes Hollywood "in small doses" and admits that it has made a better actress of her. Because of the requirements of close-ups, she has had to be more restrained in her gesturings and learn how to express everything with only her eyes and her voice.

Why Katharine Went Back

Katharine Hepburn returned to the stage for the avowed purpose of adding to her dramatic technique. Her own severest critic, she felt that she had risen too suddenly and too sensationally on the screen to have the versatility she so passionately wants. It took courage for her to return to flesh-and-blood audiences, especially after the way New York had acclaimed her and deified her in "Little Women." But Katharine has that kind of courage.

The day after the play opened, the critics, almost to a man, agreed with the facetious one who said that she was "still a promising young actress." But the audiences that saw "The Lake" after that opening performance thought the critics hadn't done right by our Katharine—that's how greatly she had improved and grown into her role, how much she had acquired that dramatic versatility she wanted. She was "frightened to death" that opening night and longed to be back in Hollywood, "where it is so much easier." There, the only audience is the director and, if he is sympathetic, he knows how to draw your best out of you. . . . After seven weeks, Katharine felt that she needed a vacation abroad. . .

(Continued on page 72)
Why Don’t You Go to the Movies More Often?

By Eric L. Ergenbright

Why don’t you go to the movies more often—as often as you once did? What’s the matter? Something must be wrong, very wrong, with the movies—and Hollywood wants to know what and why. So does Motion Picture. This magazine commissioned me as an “Inquiring Reporter,” with instructions to obtain a cross-section of opinion that would reveal the reasons for the shortage of moviegoers. I have questioned producers, exhibitors, and, most important of all, John and Jane Public—the counterparts of you and you. This is what they told me, with convincing frankness.

The routine, “program” productions, which you used to attend faithfully and which once earned dependable profits and comprised the very backbone of the picture business, are now showing appalling losses. (Don’t you like them any more?) Theatres, by the thousands, have either closed or are on the verge of closing, for want of your patronage. Famous stars, who once were as popular with you as bacon and eggs, are unable to lure enough admission fees into the box-office to pay their salaries. Red ink, in wholesale lots, has been splattered across the movie industry’s ledgers.

Something’s wrong—so wrong that there’s not a producer in Filmtown who will deny that a critical situation exists. Inimical influences, some from within the picture industry itself, some from without, have battered down theatre and studio earnings to the danger point. What are these enemies of Hollywood?

From all the testimony I gathered, one fact, startling in itself, is glaringly apparent. While it is true that the average picture has lost money during the past two years, it is equally true that the few outstanding productions released in that same period have earned fabulous profits, shattered every previous box-office record and played to standing room only.

That’s what Hollywood desperately wants to know. And that’s what we went out and asked the man and woman in the street. Here are their answers—given straight from the shoulder. It would pay you to listen, Hollywood!

Finds Relaxation in Radio

Let’s consider first the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Public. It’s their likes and dislikes that really determine the success or failure of a picture. I have called the following witnesses, selected at random, and received these statements:

Miss Wilmena Johnson, 2033 Mivida Street, Westwood, expert accountant: “Radio has replaced the movie in my preference, largely because I can select the program that fits my mood. My work is a nerve-strain and an eye-strain and the comfort of an easy chair and lounging pajamas is very attractive. Very few pictures nowadays are worth the bother of attending a theatre.”

Radio programs are becoming increasingly better—and millions of people don’t seem to mind getting sales-talks from announcers along with their entertainment.

Roy E. Coble, Alhambra, California, refrigeration engineer: “My wife and I try to be broad-minded, but why put a risqué sex picture on the same bill with one that we are anxious for our children to see? And why tear down our confidence by over-advertising every hackneyed screen concoction with all the superlatives in the English language? We ‘shop’ for our entertainment, and the result of such stupid advertising and misrepresentation is that we never see a picture until it has been warmly recommended by discriminating friends who have already seen it.”

So dangerous has advertising misrepresentation become that the Hays Office has issued the sternest warnings to film advertising men against the “come-on” type of ballyhoo. A St. Louis theatre manager whose slogan is “Almost Always a Good Show” fills his seats, we read. The public appreciates honesty in sales talks and is quick to punish high-pressure methods.

Pictures Too Much Alike

Jean Snow, Monterey Park, housewife: “I don’t go to movies nearly as often as I used to, simply because I don’t like imitations and I don’t like monotony. If a musical comedy scores a hit, in about three months every theatre for miles
Illustrations by Joe Lopker

around is showing a mediocre musical comedy. And then a gangster picture comes along, makes money, and every theatre, for months, offers facsimiles of that same story, but with different casts. What possible enjoyment is there in seeing a picture when you can anticipate every story development before it takes place?"

Hollywood! Here's the only criticism that counts—that of the public. Old, hackneyed stories can't fool audiences under new, startling titles or with different players.

JOHN STANTON, North Hollywood, mechanic: "Say, I've been out of work for more than a year, and I've learned a lesson. This depression has taught me that a fellow's a sap to waste his time watching some guy make love to some girl on the screen. I've had money enough to go to movies, but I'm spending my evenings in night school—and judging from the crowds in all my classes, there's a lot more like me."

The depression has taught people not to waste money or time.

LEONA WESTMEYER, Hollywood, secretary: "I've become a contract-bridge addict since the depression. I belong to three bridge clubs and spend at least three evenings every week playing cards. Consequently, I have time only for the most outstanding pictures. Bridge is not only cheaper, but much more stimulating than the average movie."

Bridge is one of the worst enemies of the movies because it offers an evening's entertainment without cost—unless you gamble.

LOS ANGELES TRAFFIC OFFICER, Number 207: "My badge gets my family into the theatres free, but even at that we don't see half as many movies as we used to. Too many pictures are so trashy that they're an insult to a person's intelligence. Gangster pictures are the worst of the lot."

Even when they're free, this fan says, most movies are not worth (Continued on page 50)
Sylvia Sidney is the fifth big star to tell MOTION PICTURE a big secret that she has never told before—the vivid story of an experience that has "secretly" influenced her whole life and career. It is a dramatic true story, a story that you cannot read without putting yourself in Sylvia's place, a story that you will remember. And it is guaranteed exclusive with MOTION PICTURE, the confidant of stars for twenty-three years.—Editor.

5. SYLVIA SIDNEY tells—for the first time—about the terrifying experience that almost ruined her life!

Sylvia Sidney sat in her library in her lovely, English-type Beverly Hills home and scrutinized her "past." She said, suddenly, "It's going to be hard for me to talk about the one experience I've had that I'll never forget—the one I've never told anyone before. I've never even mentioned it to my mother, nor she to me, since it—it happened. It was too terrible. It's the kind of thing one tries to forget, but never does. Talking about it revives it, gives it dreadful life again.

"In order to tell you about this unforgettable and horrible thing, I'll have to go back to my childhood for the 'build-up.' When I was a little girl, you know, I wasn't really a little girl at all. I didn't do any of the things that other little girls did. I didn't want any of the things that other little girls wanted. My mother couldn't make me be like other little girls—and she did try.

"I never played with other children. I never rolled hoops or skated or joined clubs. When a doll was given me once, an especially beautiful one, I put it away in a bureau drawer. It had absolutely no appeal for me. It seemed lifeless and silly. I didn't have the maternal instinct about dolls that proper little girls are popularly supposed to have. Every toy I owned I neglected and ignored.

"I was painfully shy. When visitors came, I would run away and hide and it took all of my mother's powers of persuasion to make me appear for even the briefest while. As I grew older, I didn't want the things that other young girls wanted. I didn't care about clothes. I never went out with boys, to parties, to proms, on dates. I never 'dreamed' about marrying and having a home and children. I was never ambitious for things—automobiles or jewels or houses.

"I had a one-hundred-per-cent single-track mind, dream and ambition: I wanted to be an actress. That was ALL (Continued on page 90)
William Powell and Adolphe Menjou are in favor of it. And what they say "goes" now in men's fashions on the screen. Tailors recently voted Adolphe one of the world's "ten best-dressed men" and gave Bill honorable mention—that's why. The suave Powell is with Kay Francis again in "The Key," and the smooth Menjou is French again in "Journal of a Crime" with Ruth Chatterton.
The average movie fan is so busy collecting photographs and autographs of the Hollywood stars that it hasn't occurred to him that those same stars are busy collecting objects from the ends of the earth for their own amusement and relaxation. The very nature of the motion picture industry, the long hours and nerve-wracking retakes before the camera, would crack the health of a longshoreman if he couldn't occasionally escape from it. Consequently, Hollywood has its highly-publicized fads and its less-publicized hobbies.

The fads, as every fan reads, crop up overnight: bicycle, sun-tan, swim, throw quoits, row in specially-built machines resembling the old Irish Mail of the early 1900's, play tennis, or go in for whatever else is the latest thing to do. But, usually, whatever the fad, you will observe a common quality about them—they are in reality so many exercises that will keep a body, even as variable a body as a star, in trim and relieve the terrific tension under which he lives. But they don't offer
H ave Their Hobbies

Just Like You and You and You)

If you want to interest a star, don’t talk about his acting. Talk about his “outside interest”—his hobby! For stars are human, too; they collect things. And their collections are worth talking about. Here are samples!

the lasting satisfaction that hobbies do. The hobbies, the serious collecting that goes on among the stars in Hollywood—while furnishing an escape from the wear and tear of work, like the fads—differ from them in many other respects. In the first place, they are more individual, and in many instances are typical of one star alone.

John Barrymore, for example, collects old Staffordshire. The minute he finishes a picture he is off on the hunt for it—which must mean that it is his own peculiar escape and relaxation. (Collecting Kodiak bear-skins in Alaska is a less personal Barrymore hobby.) Helen Hayes and

Colleen Moore (left) has a famous collection of dolls and rare china and furniture for dolls’ houses

fads do. Take, for instance, the masculine fad in dress introduced by Marlene Dietrich and the hobby of Ruth Chatterton, which is collecting silver of the Georgian period. Whatever you say for the glamorous charm of Marlene, it required no more intelligence for her to deck herself out in trousers and shirts than for the average child to deck herself out in her mother’s wardrobe. Marlene may have had her reasons for adopting her fad, but they surely were not as dignified or as intelligent as Ruth’s for collecting Georgian silverware.

“To me,” says Ruth, “the Georgian period represents the romance of the home. It supplies a background of serenity and refinement. In the late Eighteenth Century, the art of the home flowered. The English perfected their manor houses, furniture and domestic furnishings to a degree of beauty that has never been equaled.

“I have made a collection of Georgian silverware for several years. To me, the design is most charming of all, and primarily because it is simple and unostentatious. My tea service contains three museum pieces. Its match—

(Cont. on page 88)

Ralph Forbes (above) has a collection of rare old tea caddies—which, he says, are useful, as well as ornamental. (They hold smokes nowadays.) The one in his hand belonged to his great-great-grandmother

her playwright-husband, Charles MacArthur, on the other hand, are amateur photographers. They have their own dark room and collect every new kind of negative, “hypo,” and book on photography. This hobby of Helen’s is closer to her work than John Barrymore’s Staffordshire is to his, but it is as characteristic an escape for her, and as entertaining.

Hobbies, in the second place, require more intelligence, more patience and more sensitivity than
The brown derby draws the stars!

Stors can't help being drawn to the famous restaurant with the derby chandeliers—because they're drawn IN it, too. It's Hollywood's own caricature Hall of Fame, for nearly everybody who is ANYBODY in the film colony will find his "portrait" on its walls. And the crowds outside don't look for stars any more eagerly than stars look for their likenesses inside!

THE BROWN DERBY DRAWS THE STARS!

Stars can't help being drawn to the famous restaurant with the derby chandeliers—because they're drawn IN it, too. It's Hollywood's own caricature Hall of Fame, for nearly everybody who is ANYBODY in the film colony will find his "portrait" on its walls. And the crowds outside don't look for stars any more eagerly than stars look for their likenesses inside!
THE ARTIST—AND HOW HE WORKS

Eddie Vitch is a young Russian who came to Hollywood to be a pantomimist and, while waiting for his "break," has found fame with his caricatures of the stars. He puts down "the few essential lines" of their faces as they lunch, unsuspectingly, at nearby tables. We have identified several for you: look closely at the Derby walls and you'll recognize many more.
The lad has pep—and can keep up! He not only has a left foot and a right foot; he has a hot foot and a light foot. Whenever he steps out in a Broadway show, he "stops the show" as long as he can keep strutting. And you can bet he won't stand still in the movies. From "Wonder Bar," the youngster zips right into the zippy title role of "Harold Teen," as the co-eds' delight!

Hal Le Roy STRUTS HIS STUFF
“Movie-Acting Is the Easiest Job in the World” —GABLE

BY GLADYS HALL

CLARK GABLE, between scenes of "Men in White," in which he wears the white uniform of a hospital intern, said to me, "If you know of an easier way to earn a living than movie-acting, I'd like to know it. I've been standing on this set for two hours just rehearsing a smile and a few short words!"

Of all the men in pictures, Clark is the most debunking. Not for one moment does he take himself dramatically, seriously or "big." He is less the actor than any actor ever born of woman. He has nothing at all of the poseur. He has been consistent, from the very beginning, in saying that he has no sort of use for great fame, for large sums of money (one hundred dollars a week for life would suit him fine), and that all this has happened to him because luck spun the wheel and happened to stop at his number.

He has consistently laughed off the suggestion that he is where he is because of any particular virtue or super-attraction on his part or in his person. He has maintained that it is all "the breaks" and that it might have happened to any one of ten thousand men, but just happened to happen to him. In brief, he hasn't changed one iota from what he was the day I first met and talked with him, when he stood, a likable, natural, very masculine man, on the threshold of his spectacular success.

I was amused and interested in Clark's idea that the work of a screen actor is "the easiest way." It had an astringent quality, this idea, after all the moans made by ten-thousand-dollar-a-week stars who actually have to drag themselves to work in their Rolls-Royces at eight or nine in the morning and suffer arduously through days of making love to lovely ladies to the strains of lyric music, while some old meanie of a director lacerates their sensitive souls by his insensitive direction in a trite story that another old meanie of a producer has heartlessly and heedlessly handed them.

He Laughs When They Weep

CLARK said, "I couldn't find a squawk in my system if I had a fine-toothed comb. Actors who squawk about the hardships and the unfairness of screen work make me laugh. They don't mean it, of course—not really. It's a pose. Down inside they know just how lucky they are and how little they would have by comparison, if they were not in Hollywood.

"Movie-acting is the softest job in the world; it's the best-paid job in the world—and if that isn't an unbeatable combination, I want to know what is. The compensation

(Continued on page 96)
Windblown Dresses, but not windblown Tresses are Fashion's latest fancy—so the evening hat comes into its own. Now you can "go places" and arrive with your marcel and curls intact. Mary's hat is of rich black lace and net.

The stand-up sleeves and epaulets of her black sheer crépe gown make a perfect setting for Miss Pickford's blonde beauty. Better copy the idea yourself if you, too, are a blonde. The short train has that new windblown effect.

The brief train of Mary's white satin gown is also cut to give the skirt that swept-forward effect. Its short, sable-trimmed jacket makes it wearable for the less formal occasions. Without the jacket, Mary is all set for the most formal gaiety.

Mary's unusual gown of black transparent velvet is novel because of its girlish simplicity. Coral cire ribbon, starting from the shoulders at the shirred neckline, goes down the bare back, continuing around the waist to the front.

Again that breeze-from-the-back line makes its appearance in Our Mary's wardrobe in this coral-colored and gold-stitched lamé gown. The double cape-collar effect starts in front and follows the deep V décolleté in back to the waist.

A streamline silhouette—if there ever was one—is achieved by America's Sweetheart with this simple evening gown of red satin. And there's nothing to it but a deep décolleté and rows of accordion pleats to give a little sleeve effect.

The pleated flounce, at the bottom of Mary's cream-colored faille evening gown, is its outstanding feature. And the luxurious white ermine wrap, being three-quarter length, permits the graceful and free movement of the flounce in walking.

Mary's large-brimmed, tilted hat of black uncut velvet, which complements a dinner dress of the same material, dips down on one side and exposes her golden curls on the other. The square neckline of the dress is youthful and so flattering.
All You American Sweethearts Can Add to Your Own Glamour by Adopting Mary Pickford’s Styles
540—How many times are you discovered at home in a really pretty dress? Hurry up and make this one, then! Doesn’t it remind you of dainty Gloria? In 32 to 40 and just 15c.

632—Count your invitations to the next party after your male public has seen you in this frock! It has all the sparkle of the vibrant Claudette, too. 14 to 20; 32 to 38; 15c.

610—Remember it’s how you look in the daytime that decides whether you’ll get asked out for evenings. This ruffly dress will take care of your appearance. In 14 to 20, 15c.

Four of these designs have the photographs of screen stars shown here on their envelopes. It should be easy to guess them—the clothes look like the people. Oh well, Gloria Stuart and the gingham dress, Claudette Colbert with the evening frock; Irene Dunne and the tailored one; Dolores Del Rio with the ensemble.
636—A world of women looks at you while you're shopping. They observe and judge you. Make 636—and let them look. It is available in sizes 32 to 40. Price 15c.

629—A trick many movie gals have learned—dress in tailored, almost mannish clothes to emphasize your feminine appeal. This is just tailored enough for that. In 32 to 40; 15c.

566—No girl can hope to compete in a well-dressed world unless she boasts at least one smart ensemble. Compete all you wish if you own this one. 14 to 20. 32 to 38; price 15c.
Burdened with bullets and a grudge against the rich, Wallace Beery is all set to thunder over Mexico in "Viva Villa." He's the Villa of the piece—and he's out to show you that if Pancho was a tough hombre, it was because he was a champion of the downtrodden, a Mexican Robin Hood. He’ll get the whip hand over your emotions in a revolutionary, revelatory manner!
HELEN HAYES, making one of the greatest hits of her life in the title role of "Mary of Scotland" on the New York stage, told me: "Maybe you'll think me a queer duck, but I'm the one actress in captivity who is much happier working for the screen than in the theatre. And, what is more, I have a profound respect for the movies."

"Then, why are you doing 'Mary of Scotland' for the Theatre Guild?" I demanded, logically.

"There are two reasons," she said. "In the first place, I think every player who owes her training and experience to the stage should come back to it every little while—both in payment of a debt of gratitude and appreciation, and as a refreshment to her own histrionic gifts. But my main reason for playing Mary is that I can never resist literary lines in a play. . . . "I have always reveled in beautiful lines. It was that quality in the Barrie plays that so enticed me. It was that which made me so love Molnar's 'The Good Fairy,' and it is the literary quality of Maxwell Anderson's play that was really the deciding factor in my accepting the Guild offer to appear in it. "As greatly as I love the stage, I find the movies a more joyous medium for my own artistic expression. Furthermore, they have done more for my real development than everything else that has ever happened to me in my life," came the astounding assertion.

I use the adjective advisedly because, as you very well know, other stage celebrities have almost unanimously looked down on the movies as art. And why does Helen differ from them? She told me:

"Pictures offered me my first chance to graduate from the wistful stage ingenue to a wide scope of roles that gave every side of me a chance for development. Motion picture producers and directors have given me the opportunity for (Continued on page 99)
Newcomers today—STARS Tomorrow?

By Lee Townsend

The old-time favorites can’t last forever. The stars you have been going to see for years and years will drop out, one by one; it’s inevitable. And who will take their places? Some of the newcomers of to-day! Not all of them will rise to the top, because there isn’t room at the top for all of them. Let’s look over these new faces—and see which are the likeliest stars-to-be!

Maybe you’ve heard some of those retirement rumors about present Big Names. Hollywood is taking them seriously. They may be just rumors to-day; but tomorrow they’ll be actualities, and the studios had better have replacements on hand. That’s why Hollywood talent scouts are working overtime. The past year has seen the arrival and chance at fame of such an unprecedented group of newcomers that giving them a rapid look is like spinning an album of half the youth, beauty and ability of the world. Replacements? You said it!

Warner Brothers have been building up a contract list that looks like a casting directory. This is divided into “Stars,” “Featured Players,” “Junior Stars” and “Contract Players,” and contains the staggering total of 101—count ’em—names. These range from way up there in the big-money class down to the $65-a-week chorus girls who comprise the last group and are not to be overlooked as potential members of that lofty top group.

The “Featured Players” list, however, is of the greatest interest to us, in that it contains those names most rapidly flashing on up. The studio tells me that it considers Jean Muir its most promising newcomer. So promising was her appearance in her first picture, “The World Changes,” that subsequently she was given leads in “Son of a Sailor,” “Bedside,” and “A Modern Hero.” And now she is carrying the principal role in “As the Earth Turns.” That’s called Coming Along! There’s a reason for it, however, for aside from her blonde beauty and her youth (she was born February 13, 1911), Jean has been well-trained in stock and on Broadway.

Hollywood Was His Name

Once, in Columbus, Ohio, Jean acted with a chap named Lysle Hollywood (and it was his real name), whose stock experience was such as to make Jean’s seem that of a rank amateur. You know him now as Lyle Talbot, and he has been in so many films that it is almost inconceivable now that last year he was an unknown. The same is true of Claire Dodd, who got her screen start as a chorine in “Whoopee,” became a Ziegfeld discovery, and was brought back from Broadway to be Warners’ favorite person in Other Woman roles.

Anyone who has seen the Broadway musical shows in which this tall, thin, agile youngster named Hal Le Roy has appeared doesn’t need to be told that Leroy J. Schotte (his
The stars you like now can't last forever. And who will take their places? The studios are doing some tall hunting for their successors. Here are the "finds" they have made in the past year. How many would YOU pick as Stars of Tomorrow?

Took Ann Harding's Advice

NEWTON graduated from Princeton with a desire to act and, meeting Ann Harding, was advised by her to join the little Hedgerow Theatre where she received her training. After three years of work, Newton made the trek to Broadway, where canny Maxwell Arnow, the casting director, spotted him. Since "The Adopted Father" and "Voltaire," he has been in a rapid series of films, the most recent of which are "Upperworld," "Registered Nurse" and "A Modern Hero."

Philip Faversham is the son of the famous actor, William Faversham. But—as in the case of Phillips Holmes—his father's success did not attract him to the theatre as a profession. On leaving school, he went in a brokerage office, and there he remained until the Great Blight settled on the bond business. To fill in his time, he took a job in Summer stock at Falmouth, Mass. Eventually, touring in a play, he reached Los Angeles, and was grabbed for pix. Presently, he was being seen in "Captured" and "Footlight Parade." Soon you'll have a look at him with Barbara Stanwyck in "Gambling Lady."

Gordon Westcott went to Utah Agricultural College, Columbia University and (Continued on page 102)
Wallace Beery, very much alive, has had the experience of reading in a newspaper that he had crashed in his 'plane and been killed.

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

YOU can't kill a rumor—not if it's the Hollywood kind. Ignoring it doesn't throttle it; denying it sometimes only gives it new life; and even joking about it can't make it lie down and die. Besides, time would hang heavy in Hollywood, the hot-bed of rumors, if a way were ever found to end them once and for all. Tossing "I-heards" back and forth has always been the film colony's favorite sport, and probably always will be. Hardly a day passes without someone's prancing up to you, bleary-eyed with excitement, to announce that he has just heard from someone-who-knows that Constance Bennett is going to have a baby or that

Mary Pickford has received kidnap threats or that Wally Beery crashed last night in his 'plane and is in a critical condition.

Merrily they're bandied back and forth, these reports that seldom are based on fact. They originate in a thousand different ways. Almost invariably, the persons who repeat and circulate the rumors have heard them from other persons who, in turn, have been told the news (?) by still others on the merry-go-round. A
murmured word in Hollywood generally spells headlines around the country (as every high-pressure publicity man knows), and you'd be surprised how quickly people accept it as truth. Especially, some of our better-known radio columnists.

Romance and divorce, of course, predominate in interest and attraction. Mary Brian is seen at the Cocoanut Grove with George Raft or Dick Powell, and what happens? The following day word goes forth that a new romance is budding; the story flashes over the wires that Mary has a new beau. John Gilbert drops by a café with a friend late at night for a sandwich, on his way home from the studio, and immediately it is rumored that all is not well in the Gilbert ménage.

The Most Persistent Rumor

M OST persistent of all rumors ever to emerge from Hollywood are those touching upon the alleged romance of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. They started in their early co-starring days and have continued, even through their separate marriages. It was rumored that Janet wed Lydell Peck to pique Charlie, after he had gone with another girl. Charlie, then, so declared Dame Rumor, married Virginia Valli to hurt Janet. And when Janet announced her estrangement with Peck, and won her divorce, what could be more "logical" than that she had separated from her husband to be free to marry Farrell after he was free to marry her? That was in April, 1933; Charlie still is married.

For a time, Hollywood forgot its interest in Janet and Charlie to link Janet's name with that of Winfield Sheehan, production head of Fox Films. A few weeks after her divorce, the rumor spread that Sheehan would soon take unto himself a bride, said spouse to be none other than Janet Gaynor, whom he long had admired. That rumor has since languished—though the date of Janet's final decree of divorce is rapidly approaching. The Gaynor-Farrell rumor is flourishing again—now that Janet and Charlie are together once more in "First Love.

Probably the report that has endured most consistently next to those rumors concerning the stars of "Seventh Heaven" is the story that Greta Garbo really is not Greta Garbo. According to this legend, she is Jeraldine Dvorak, who started in motion pictures as Garbo's double and "stand-in."

The real Garbo, so goes the tale, died shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, following her appearance in two pictures—and so closely did Miss Dvorak resemble the Swedish star that the studio hushed up all news of Garbo's death and ever since has foisted the exotic actress' double on the unsuspecting public.

Naturally, there is not a word of truth to this story, but you can find people even to-day in the film capital who hold to the idea—which an imaginative press-agent is suspected of having fostered. (Press-agents are probably guilty of more rumors than even Hollywood suspects.)

Tales About Mae and Katharine

RUMORS have been broadcast with amazing variety about Mae West and Katharine Hepburn, latest of Hollywood's colorful figures. There have been infinite stories about who-all back in New York insisted on "saying it with diamonds" to Mae. She has also been rumored wed to James Timony, her lawyer-manager. And it's still hard to persuade some people that she isn't Mrs. Timony, despite the frank Mae's insistent and convincing denials.

Of Katharine Hepburn, stories have (Continued on page 86)

Start a rumor rolling in Hollywood and, like a snowball, it grows and grows—until finally it gains such momentum that nothing can stop it. Rumors about stars won't stay denied, ignored or laughed off. For Hollywood, the hot-bed of rumors, couldn't get along without them!
Change your personality with a new hairdress.

These will go well under your new Spring hats.

Cheer up! Here are some new hair arrangements for you girls who have been losing sleep since seeing the new Spring hats. It's not the hats that have bothered you; it's your hair, because so much of it will be seen under the perky things that only cover a square inch or two of your head. Carole Lombard comes to your rescue and suggests five coiffures, all of which go with the new hats.

The youthful, loose bob, unrestrained by bobby pins or comb, is shown above by Miss Lombard. Right, a hairdress becoming to any shape of face and good for the off-the-face hats. The "quaint" arrangement (lower right) has frizzed bangs and hair drawn back to a low knot. Pictured in the upper center, Carole demonstrates a very modern effect, hair drawn back off the brow and fluffed back and sides. The coronet braid hairdress (too far right) gives the wearer dignity, not to mention charm.
The straight-in-front hairdress, with curls piled high in back, gives Greta Nissen a more alluring personality. She wears her hair in this fashion in "Contraband," which she has just made in England.

Muriel Evans also has a new coiffure suggestion and she shows it to you from several angles. The view above shows the mass of ringlet curls in back. Right, Muriel has lowered her head to show you how the hair is worn straight back with no wave across the top. The far right view shows the profile of this extremely chic hairdress that may be adopted by blondes, redheads or brunettes and will do wonders for you in helping to change your personality.
We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

STRAIGHT HOLIDAY

A Picture for the Sensitive

THIS is a picture for the sensitive few. From the opening shot, showing a sinister shadow following an auto-load of merry-makers, the overtones of this picturization of the stage play, "Death Takes a Holiday," are those of legend and macabre fantasy. To a brilliant house party comes a dark stranger, PRINCE SIEKH. It is Death, himself, who wishes to hold holiday among men and experience their passions for three days. It is neither absurd nor melodramatic. For Fredric March, as the unworldly lover, has assurance and power. Evelyn Venable, who plays the heroine fate to love him, is always believable.

Highlights: While the dark Prince takes his strange holiday, everyone in the world enjoys indestructible life. Freight trains crash head-on without casualty; men and women bent on suicide leap from skyscrapers and waft safely to earth; murderers fire powerless bullets. (PARAMOUNT)

THE LOST PATROL

Powerful, All-Male Drama

A STRONG drama, never stooping to compromise in its relentless, merciless telling, "The Lost Patrol" may be considered by many too heavy; by others, courageous. There are no women in "The Lost Patrol." A band of English soldiers lose their way in the desert after their officer is killed by Arabs. Besieged in a tiny oasis, their numbers are further depleted by ones and twos until only a sergeant remains alive. You learn to know each man intimately before he dies.

Victor McLaglen, playing the sergeant, achieves the very finest performance he has ever given. Wallace Ford, Reginald Owen, J. M. Kerrigan and Douglas Walton are, likewise, particularly outstanding in a perfect cast. Boris Karloff does a remarkable piece of work as a Biblically-mad trooper.

Highlights: The suspense of the siege. The intense study of human nature under stress. The breathtakingly beautiful photography of the desert. (RKO Radio)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

Robson in Strong Mother Role

THE parallel between the careers of the sharp-witted, close-fisted heroine and the Hetty Green of Wall Street legend is unmistakable—but it is sweetened to give the audience an excuse to sympathize with May Robson. Embittered by a broken love affair, the heiress to a great fortune pours all her forces into the accumulation of more wealth and the fierce hoarding of what she has—until a day when money ceases to be important.

Mary Forbes (mother of Ralph Forbes), as the lifelong friend of the miscreant heroine, provides a charming contrast. And Jean Parker, quaint in the costumes of the '90s, has a pretty, love interlude with the son of William Bakewell, forced into the hateful business of money-making by his mother.

Highlights: The Robson warmth and humor making the chief character palatable, and the Robson skill turning the mawkish regeneration scenes at the end into true pathos. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

FASHIONS OF 1934

Powell Excels in Smooth Comedy

HAVING exposed most of the known forms of racketeering, the movies of late have turned their attention to milder swindles. So it was probably inevitable that they would eventually reach the world of fashion, thereby cleverly combining the pageantry of women's fashion shows with the scheming of a debonair gent such as William Powell. His racket is to steal Paris designs and sell them as his own.

Powell's accomplices are played by Bette Davis and Frank McHugh, who are up to standard. Reginald Owen is outstanding as the foremost stylist of Paris, as is Verce Teasdale, an American adventuress. The fashions displayed should please the ladies, but no more than the men, who will relish watching the models on parade.

Highlights: The introduction of the comic Hugh Herbert, as an ostrich-raiser who seeks to popularize ostrich feathers. And a gorgeous fan dance number, staged by Busby Berkeley. (WARNERS)
Parade

NANA ANNA STEN Creates Sensation

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents his Russian "find," Anna Sten, to the American public in this picture—and she reveals herself as unusual in both beauty and personality; and, in addition, she is real. Zola's once-powerful story has been toned down for moviegoers' consumption, but she makes it something to see.

The setting is the romantic Paris of 1868, where Nana, a girl of the streets, rises to fleeting fame, a brief taste of happiness and tragedy. Accompanying her on her rising and falling fortunes are two engagingly honest young ladies of the same profession, beautifully done by Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirklan. Lionel Atwill has never been so good as in the part of the unwilling lover tortured by his priggish conscience—standing out above Phillips Holmes as his younger brother and rival, and above Richard Bennett as the impresario who stars Nana.

Highlights: The bitter scene between the brothers that leads to tragedy. The seductive singing of Anna Sten (there doesn't seem to be anything this girl can't do). And the photography. (SAMUEL GOLDWYN)

Performances
You Should Not Miss This Month

ANNA STEN and LIONEL ATWILL in "Nana"
VICTOR McLAGLEN in "The Lost Patrol"
FREDRIC MARCH and EVELYN VENABLE in "Strange Holiday"
LIONEL BARRYMORE and MARY CARLISLE in "This Side of Heaven"
WILLIAM POWELL in "Fashions of 1934"
MAY ROBSON in "You Can't Buy Everything"
CLARK GABLE and CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "It Happened One Night"

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
Tracy and Oakie in Fast Comedy

PACKED with as many laughs as there are thrills, "Looking for Trouble" is slightly difficult to classify. But it is not at all difficult to urge you not to miss it. Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, teamed for the first time and to mutual benefit, are "trouble-shooters" for a telephone company—and they find nearly every brand of the excitement they seek during the course of events, even to a murder mystery.

Tracy has a rôle much to his liking, which he proves by playing it expertly. Oakie is equally well-fitted with the rôle of the practical-joking small-town slicker. Constance Cummings and Arlene Judge are the respective sweethearts of the boys. Judith Wood and Morgan Conway are also excellent as the villains of the piece.

Highlights: This picture is so fast and so funny that nothing short of an earthquake could top it off. So there is an earthquake—the most realistic, best-staged 'quake you ever saw in your life. (20TH CENTURY)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE
Light, But Speedy Melodrama

ONE of the new cycle of transcontinental bus pictures (three—count 'em—having been completed to date), 'Crosstown Cruise' leaves a good deal of room for improvement. It starts as an amusing, light pleasure, only to turn into a murder melodrama with the audience acting as eye-witnesses to the archery villainy. The murder, having committed with a bow and arrow, is solved because the murderer was unfamiliar with his weapon.

Aboard this bus are Lew Ayres, nearly as wealthy as he is susceptible to feminine charm; Arthur Vinton, his bodyguard against the ladies; June Knight, providing plenty of the aforementioned charm; Alan Dinehart, the amateur archer; Minna Gombell, his wife (she who gets shot); Alice White, a very modern hitch-hiker with a penchant for big drives; Eugene Pallette, a Rotarian, and not many others.

Highlights: Its set section, novel setting, and an unusual cast. (UNIVERSAL)

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
Gable and Colbert at Their Best

EVIDENTLY the best thing that can happen to a star is to be loaned to another studio! Clark Gable, loaned to Columbia by M-G-M, has received a new lease on life in this brilliantly-written, cleverly-directed comedy of love in transcontinental busses. Claudette Colbert, loaned by Paramount, has never been better.

Always hovering on the verge of the daring, with much night action, the picture never departs from good taste. Gable is at his best in his characterization of a rough, intensely masculine, but chivalrous newspaper tramp, while Claudette gives her all to the rôle of a spoiled, pampered and runaway daughter of a millionaire. And all the lesser parts are corking—like the direction of Frank Capra. Don't miss it.

Highlights: Their flight from pursuers, the spontaneous laughter, won by the fresh new situations and good acting. Lines that are zestful and lively without once straining for cleverness. (COLUMBIA)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN
Heart-Throbs and Good Acting

IT was quite a day in the life of the Turners, what with Mother selling a scenario to the motion pictures, Dad being discovered forty thousand dollars short in his accounts, and the three children working out their own destinies with tragic consequences. It makes home-life exciting.

It is played with the utmost simplicity and tenderness by Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter (latest Broadway star to enter films) as the father and mother, and youthful Mary Carlisle, Tom Brown and Mae Clarke as the children.

Highlights: Barrymore, minus annoying mannerisms, does strong work in the scene in which, after he has swallowed the drug that was to be his escape from disgrace, his slowing heart responds to the need of his son, injured in an auto accident. Mary Carlisle romps away with carefree,effortless honor as the giddy youngest member of the family, but everyone in the cast is good. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

NOTE! You will find more reviews on page 93!
At Last—the Truth About Warner Baxter’s Private Life!

Don’t feel so sorry for him, girls. Those rumors about his leading an unhappy private life just aren’t true—as he, his wife and his mother hereby testify!

BLAME those reports about Warner Baxter on those eyes of his. You’ve heard, of course, the tall tales going the rounds about his being weighted down with all kinds of secret sorrows—and smiling beneath his Great Burden.

“It’s such devilish nonsense!” shouted Warner, slightly on edge with all this Laugh-Clown-Laugh stuff. “Me burdened! Can’t we do something? Do I have to go into a lot of fatuous ravings about the bliss of my married life to make folk realize what it means to me?”

“It’s those brown eyes of yours,” I assured him, but he was too excited to hear. Nevertheless, it’s true. Women are continually reading into them something that isn’t there—mistaking their sympathy for soul-sadness.

Even his wife (the former Winifred Bryson), did that on the very first day she met him backstage at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles. “I wasn’t trying to flirt with you,” she explained afterwards. “I felt so sorry for you that I didn’t know what to do!”

The funny part of it is that Warner needs pity less than any man in Hollywood. He always has his own buoyant enthusiasm to fall back upon. And he has been a pet of that gambling goddess, Fate. His dream of a place where he could be happy has materialized in a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar show-place in Bel-Air, which he designed himself, and which he and Winifred have just built. As for the much-discussed burdens of his private life ...

“Come on,” I urged that charming tiny woman who is his mother and the vivacious delightful person who is his wife, “it’s high time you two revealed all.” I have had the very real pleasure of knowing them for years. But this is the first time Warner has consented to let his women folk be interviewed—and tell why the rumors have been “ridiculous.”

(Continued on page 100)
Will your EASTER Costume HEAD the Parade?

Upper Bag: A new envelope bag of Whiting & Davis Armor Mesh for daytime or evening wear. Talon slide fastener, silk lined, double pocket, mirror and mesh tassel.

Lower Bag: Pouch style in the new Facet Mesh with Mesh handle, silk lined with mirror and easy lift safety clasp.

MISS WYNNE GIBSON, charming Radio Pictures star of "Success Story" and the "Crime Doctor," shown in a complete Metal Mesh Ensemble by Whiting & Davis.

Whiting & Davis METAL MESH Bags and Ensembles Set the Style for Spring

For early Spring and Summer costumes, choose your accessories from the fascinating selection of brilliant new METAL MESH items by Whiting & Davis. Unusual, smart highlights for any costume, many of which may be had from $3.00 to $10.00, in Gold or Silver simulated and in all the popular Spring Colors. Or, if you desire, a single bag, an evening dress or a cocktail jacket. Inquire at your favorite store or write for booklet.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
PLAINVILLE (Norfolk County) MASS.
NEW YORK: 366 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO: C. C. Whiting, 31 No. State St.
Here's **Claudette**

**WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN....**

**Claudette Colbert — star of Paramount's "Cleopatra"**

**I DISCOVERED YEARS AGO THAT THE GIRL WHOSE SKIN HAS A SOFT, TEMPTING SORT OF SMOOTHNESS ALWAYS WINS OUT. I DISCOVERED, TOO, SUCH AN EASY WAY TO HAVE THIS CHARM!**

**YOU can have the Charm men can't resist**

Here Claudette Colbert talks to you about her beauty care... Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how easy it is to have a truly fascinating complexion.

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care... used regularly... keeps their skin radiantly lovely... soft and smooth.

Try it for yourself! Start *today* to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!
COLBERT talking to YOU!

Why is it some girls can always captivate men, while others always seem to lose out? The lovely Miss Colbert talks to you in her own way about this fascinating question.

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists say:
"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... "in-between"
News and Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 36)

Another Hepburn in Headlines

KATHARINE HEPBURN isn’t the only member of the movie family who is news to the headline-hunters. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, made the front page recently when she appeared before the Judicial Committee of the House of Representatives to advocate passage of the Pierce birth control bill.

Mrs. Hepburn, wife of a physician and the mother of six children, said: “The terror of race suicide is nonsense, for women want children—but they want them when they can afford them physically and economically. Race suicide talk is just as ridiculous as that of those who said, when we women wanted to vote, that for them to go to the polls would destroy the home.”

Mae’s Rumored Partners

THE latest Odd Rumor is that Mae West and Groucho Marx, with Eddie Cline, are about to start a motion picture company. A strange trio for one rumor! Mae’s studio doesn’t want her accept any radio offers—and thus become her own competitor. The entire film colony showed signs of going UP in the air at the report that Katharine Hepburn had received sixty-five hundred dollars in ten minutes ON the air in the balcony scene from “Romeo and Juliet.” (Douglas Montgomery—playing with Margaret Sullivan in “Little Man, What Now?”—was Romeo.)

Little Girl, What Now?

MARGARET SULLAVAN has decided, apparently, to deny that she and actor Henry Fonda were ever married. To some interviewers, she murmurs that she was in love with the actor at one time, but has never married anyone. It seems a pity in the face of testimony of close friends that such a bright and intelligent young actress should clatter up her first screen publicity with silly denials, which take the attention off her true talent and annoy both writers and public. (Katharine Hepburn’s and Groucho’s dodging about her marriage set a bad example.) But those who know “Peggy” (feel that she is trying to shield her one-time husband from publicity that he doesn’t want. Their marriage, we understand, lasted only four months.

Twosomes with Troubles

OTHER marriage shake-ups loom. The Sidney Fox—Charles Beahan tie may soon be legally severed, though they went through a second marriage on their first anniversary in an endeavor to cement it. The town-talkers continue to cry that Jean Harlow and Hal Roarn are not so happy as they might be. The Conrad Nagels (he’s on Broadway now) have parted. The Spencer Tracys are at a stalemate, with Mrs. Tracy about to seek a stage career, interrupted by her marriage eleven years ago. Spencer, who met Loretta Young soon after the separation, appears devoted to her, but refuses to answer questions. However, his rage at a recent newspaper column that hinted he was practising his movie love scenes with Pat Patterson off the set of “Buttons Up” would seem to prove his feelings are deeply involved.

Mary Still a Record-Breaker

PICKFAIR has recently had house guests from the New York Four Hundred, though Mary Pickford, herself, will probably not be back for some time. She has been standing ‘em up on her personal appearance tour (making twelve thousand dollars a week, too, according to report). In Chicago, she surpassed the box-office record of Mae West, thought to be invincible. Who says Mary is out of it? And worth that much a week and able to fill a house five times a day is pretty much on the map, we think.

Sten Dodging the Crowds

ANNA STEN, the sensational “million-dollar find” and star of “Nana,” departed for Palm Springs after the film was finally completed. She tried to keep away from the film celebrities, a difficult enough feat since the village is tiny and Hollywood rushes down there on the slightest provocation. The Dog Show at the Desert Inn attracted heads of fox and dog fanciers. But Anna refused to exhibit her pedigree pup, which is said to be valued at ten thousand dollars. “A blue ribbon?” she shrugged, when she was told that it would undoubtedly win. “Ah, I will buy him a blue ribbon at the store! It is less trouble.”

Battled Two Lions at Once

CLYDE BEATTY, daredevil animal trainer and star of “The Big Cage” of last year, recently lived through a scene that he wouldn’t care to repeat for his screen. (He’s scheduled to make a serial, “The Last Continent,” with his “cats.”) He was rehearsing his circus animal act, surrounded by lions and tigers, when a lion suddenly turned on a lioness and a battle-to-the-death was on. The other wild beasts roared and rated, but Beatty turned his back on them to dash to the two fighting animals, armed with only a whip and a pistol loaded with blank cartridges.

Circus employees pleaded with him to get out of the cage; he ignored them—and the two writhing, snarling beasts ignored the crack of his pistol and the blast of his whip. The fight didn’t end until the lion had killed the lioness and had slunk back to his stand. Beatty, after queting the animals, went to his dressing-room, changing his perspiration-soaked clothes for his performance attire, and was ready for the show to go on. And during the show the same lion tried to attack him.

Brought Himself Back Alive

FRANK (“Bring ‘Em Back Alive”) Buck, from the “Dinosaur Maker,” “Wild Cargo” and a boatload of captures for zoos, can also tell some hair-raising tales about encounters with wild beasts, not to mention snakes. You’ll see some of them in his picture, which is your luck—as well as Frank’s.

Why Max Isn’t with Mae

THE story goes that Mae West wanted Max Baer for her leading man in “In Ain’t No Sin” and Maxie wasn’t unwilling. There was just one hitch; he wanted equal billing with Mae. She may be the “Queen of Sex,” but he’s the “new It man”!

Dorothy Dunbar, his ex-wife, arriving in New York recently, told inquiring reporters that she would never re-marry Max and made some pretty harsh statements about him as a husband. That apparently ends that romance. When he leaves the field open for the other girls, and plenty of them, apparently, wouldn’t mind being romance-rumored with Mrs. Baer’s boy.

“Nuts,” Says Baby LeRoy

IF you don’t think Baby LeRoy is catching on to a vocabulary all his own—a vocabulary filled with his own, official vernacular—just listen to him when he starts handing out his line! The nineteen-months-old youngster

(Continued on page 106)
A noted authority gives this simple rule for eye strain in children: "Watch your child as he reads. If he is holding the book or paper 14 inches or closer, the chances are his eyes are being overworked. He needs a trip to an eye specialist, better light ... or both."

Light that cheats young eyes IS DANGEROUS!

You may think your boy is getting all the light he needs because the lamp he is using is marked to give a certain quantity of light. But is he? Inferior lamps often give as much as 30% less light than their marking leads you to believe. Your child needs that 30%, and usually much more, to help his eyes develop normally ... to help him see with the minimum of effort.

Don't gamble with your boy's or girl's eyesight. Remember, inferior lamps give less light but use as much electricity as lamps that deliver all the light you pay for. Play safe. Always look for the famous monogram \(\text{
\textbackslash G}
\) when you buy lamps. Then you won't be paying a premium for sight safety!

Every General Electric MAZDA lamp is plainly marked for your protection. You can't miss this mark \(\text{
\textbackslash G}
\) of good light at low cost. Look for it! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS
Sex Appeal and the Clothes You Wear

(Continued from page 31)

speakeasy to speakeasy, perching for a moment on a stool at the end of some bar and then flitting away. With fine wines available again, we shall have dining re-
viewed as a civilized ceremony (rather than the hurried necessity. With more formality and convention in living, gowns will be more formal, more elaborate. The home will come the place of entertainment, and tea gowns, hostess gowns, gowns with skirts made to lie softly on carpets will be the mode. Norma Shearer wears such gowns superbly.

"I do not believe that there is such a thing as fashions in figures. Designers have always had to dress women to conceal angularities or curves. The tight silhouette of the last ten years will not give way to the Mae West figure, but clothes will be softer, more feminine, more consciously alluring. Not every woman can carry off the more romantic type of clothes at once, perhaps. It takes skill to manage a trained instance, to cleat to wear a tiara, and a sense of the dramatic to handle a cloak. But I have complete faith in the adaptability of women. Whatever the mode is, women will learn to carry it off.

Cover Up and Be Coquettish

THERE is an attempt to introduce the extreme décolletage in front at the moment, but I do not think that it will be generally successful. Few women can stand such revelation. It makes them look more matronly, older—and it defeats its purpose, if the purpose is coquetry. Frank uncovering of the body is not especially beautiful, even with such a beautiful body as Jean Harlow's, for example. The high-necked dress for evening is far more flattering to Jean and I believe this type of gown has come to stay, though there will be décolletage this season, of course. Even with low-necked gowns, there will be the effect of covering up with capes, sleeves, scarves—and a return to modesty that means coquetry.

"Treasures have come to us from earlier, happier days. The use of the treasurata that cloth was to make them scantier, tighter. With returning prosperity, there will be returning richness in sleeves, the slit bodices, in the bottom of the skirt, in the neckline—a more expansive, less meagre use of material. There will be the effect of richness. Jewels, feathers, furs—the flattervitng friends of women—will be worn more. Even with the tailored suits and dresses, there will be the feminine touch of elaborate blouses and accessories.

"There has never been any danger that women would adopt masculine styles and lose their sex appeal. As a matter of fact, it was an old trick of musical comedy designers to put their cutest, curviest little chorus girls into tall silk hats, short pants and capes to accentuate their femininity, by picturized contrast. But the foolish attempt to put women into trousers has died the death it merited.

Even Chorines Are Wearing More

THE new Hays ruling against undress of chorus girls will have no effect on Metro. We are dressing our choruses in picturesque costumes. There was nothing more that could be taken off, so we put clothes on the chorines. The costumes of choruses, where the girls wore a few beads on a brassiere and around their waists, was really not so much for sex appeal, as for the intricate group dances that were so popular a year or so ago. We put the camera on the ceiling and photographed the chorus spreading out like petals and we put the camera on the floor and photographed them. It was all for the sake of the geometrical patterns of the dances; and lack of clothes

simplyfied things. But the girls lost their charm and interest as human beings. Now, you will see beautifully gown ed chorus girls again...

Of course, women can hardly copy every gown we create for the screen. Most screen gowns are designed for especially dramatic use, and the whole of a dramatic scene that comprise more drama than most women have in their whole lives. With Joan Crawford, our greatest difficulty is to reduce, tone down, simplify her femininity. A girl who has few clothes, for instance, would be foolish to copy one of Joan's evening gowns—it would be so striking that she would be thought of as being tired of it. But she could well try to copy Joan's manner of wearing the dress, her poise, bearing, air of chic. That can be studied and will make any woman look well-dressed. If woman acted as though they were beautiful, without affectation, people would come to love her, too.

"With the help that the new styles give them, in the softening, feminizing folds and fullnesses and draperies, the romantic flavour of scarves and capes and petticoats, women need only courage to become alluring. Courage to adapt the fashion to their own uses, to try novel effects, to dare the picturesque, and courage to wear their clothes with an air of assurance.

Beware of Tight Gowns

TRAVIS BANTON, who is as responsible as any man for the screen glamour of Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Elizabeth and Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and other Paramount stars, says, "Too many women have the wrong idea about what is glamourous in clothes for the screen, or in their own lives. Women need only courage to become alluring. Courage to adapt the fashion to their own uses, to try novel effects, to dare the picturesque, and courage to wear their clothes with an air of assurance.

Personally, I think the most appealing and charming figure is the one that covers the arms and terminates somewhere near the chin. The frock that falls in soft, but discernible, folds, that is an evening frock for the screen, not the everyday frock, is the one that is stretched over the body to the seam-splitting point, is the one that adds glamour to the wearer. The backless gown with the high neck, the gown when the wearer has a beautiful back to put on display.

A white satin frock, sadly enough, is the average idea of a glamorous outfit—pecu-
larly if every muscle is exposed to view and the décolletage is dramatic. To me, even a Carole Lombard would not be one bit glamourous in such an outfit; not even very smart. But let Carole wear a black museline-de-soie over black satin—let her be covered from chin to toe, even her hands beneath ruffles—and she has subtle, feminine allure.

Another gown that I designed for Carole which carries out the glamour idea is a yellow flamisol crépe with long sleeves, gracefully draped skirt, sash train and waistline décolletage. Miss Lombard is never discovered in this frock; it is not tightfitting, yet she radiates as much glamour as it is possible for one woman to attain.

You Can Equal Movie Stars

OLLY-KELLY—who designs the screen gowns of Ray Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis and other Warner queens of glamour, and whose creations are now coming to you commercially in the Studio Styles—has a hopeful message for you, and you, and you.

"Movie stars do not wear clothes any
"A BEAUTY TREATMENT for the TEETH"  
..say smart women

Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly," "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about $3 a year!

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(above) The first picture of ETHELAYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.

(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.

(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.
disconcerting and unpleasant than a stray blonde wandering around a studio lot, telling people how to hold a tea-cup. "I'm supposed to hang around the set and see that all the scenes where Frances Dee 'comes out' are correct. But I don't do much. I just get moved around. It always seems to be in front of the camera— or some large light has to be moved over my prostate form, or I'm standing on Miss Dee's train, or something. I've never been so much in the way in my life."

Miss Moates, who thinks that Hollywood parties are boring, went to coming-out parties for two years after she came out, which, she claims, testifies to her capacity for boredom. Her family tree is impressive, one of her most illustrious ancestresses being Nancy Eustis, a famed and beautiful Southern belle whose stamping ground was the historic old Magnolia Plantation.

Miss Moates suggests that— which will kindly pass on. "All anybody has to do," she said, "is claim a Southern background. Then he just automatically makes the social grade.

Strolling in the magic forest that has taken sudden root in Hollywood, I came across several real, sturdy and interesting family trees, with one backed by Miss Moates, taking the lead in the social whirl, and Paramount running a close and dizzy second.

The Venerable Venale "Tree"

EVELYN VENALE, who has just finished "Strange Holiday" at Paramount, and is now in "David Harum" at Fox, has a family tree with roots in France, England and America. Her indigo Venable was the author of more than thirty books on English literature. Pop Venable is recognized as an authority on Shakespeare. The Venables came originally from the Huguenots who left France for "religious freedom." One ancestor, a publisher, went to England and got into a lot of trouble with the king because he advocated government by the people. In fact, he was ordered executed. He escaped, however—luckily for Paramount and Fox—and came to America in a hurry, leaving word for his wife and children to catch the next boat over. They missed it, and were left behind to New York. Then Miss Moates sent her back to New Orleans. They missed him there, too; chased him over the greater part of the United States, and, at last, when they were all around eighty, caught up with him in Indiana. There was a great reunion. His granddaughter names Cincinnati as her hometown.

Elizabeth Young, also under contract at Paramount, comes from the famous Schermerhorn family, but she'll "kick anybody in the face" (her own words) if it is ever said that she didn't make good on her own.

One Schermerhorn saved New York from the Indians one day when they staged an unexpected raid, and got a street in Brooklyn named after him. The Schermerhorns, however, first arrived in America in 1632, with Hendrik Hudson. One of her ancestors is Clement Moore, who made Christmas what it is to-day by his "Night before Christmas," and all through the house..." She had another in the Continental Congress and two more were Minute Men.

"It's the bunk, though," says Miss Young, "all this family stuff." Thus does she uphold the most sacred tradition of Miss Spence's School.

Fox has admitted into its little circle Rosemary Ames, a Chicago society girl whose grandfather was once Mayor of Brooklyn (he had in front of his store the city's first wood-burning Indian). Irene Venable, descendant of David Crane of the Continental Army; and Barbara Adams, shining light on the Junior League of Kansas City and member of a society women's polo team of Boston.

From Society to Slapstick

HELEN BROCK, cradled in the snobby lap of luxury all her life, fell out of it after the death of herflammboyant parents. Her illustrious grandfather, Jeremiah Collins of Washington, D. C., is probably turning over in his velvet grave. Jane Barnes of Boston and Washington, D. C.; Gail Patrick, the "Panther Woman" of the social set; Verna Hilde, a Detroit debutante; Miss Moore, the millionaire oil heiress; Chick Chandler, nephew of Howard Chandler Christy; John Davis Lodge of the Boston Lodges; and Alden Chase, direct descendant of John Quincy Adams, are all lending social (and dramatic) brilliance to the films.

Dolores Dear, of course, is from Mexico's "too," Katharine Hepburn belonged to the Hartford Junior League and is now in the New York Social Register. Ann Harding was popular socially in Washington. Bruce Cabot (born Jacques de Bujac) has an uncle who is a leading Parisian banker. Frances Fuller is a niece of U. S. Senator Byrnes of South Carolina; Randolph Scott may justly be proud of his family, for he can trace his ancestry back to Alexander Hamilton, Frank and Ralph Morgan's mother is an ante-bellum Miss Cotter of Commodore Hancock of Civil War fame— and they are related to the Harrisons.

Elissa Landi, of the stage, is from the Austrian royalty. Bebe Daniels is connected with the New Jersey Swearingtons, and Kent Douglas Montgomery comes from the Kents and Steeles; for England and the Grahame of Scotland, all of whom arrived in America before the Revolution. Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, is a member in good standing of the Junior League. Joan Bennett were débutantes in Washington society— before they were ever actresses. (Joan used to carry a long comb.)

La Lupino's little figure goes "way back"— two hundred and fifty years back. That was when a Lupino first went on the stage in London and Llanelli back home, of course, belong to the Royal Family of Broadway. Then, too, there is Sir Guy Standing, Hollywood's lone knight (excluding June Knight).

In my tripping around Hollywood society, I came across the same argument any number of times, and it is an argument that stirs up murderous tendencies in practically anyone.

It is the old fight between the Arc-and-Dove people, and that's it. The good old Mayflower has been sunk so often by an excess number of passengers that it has taken on the aspect of a myth. However, La Lupino's crew (which came over ten years after the first ship), the Mayflower ought not to boast about it. That boat was full of cutthroats and robbers— people who had been run out of England! The Arc-and-Dove carried the respectable people.

Yes, it's Better Day in Hollywood, and all very different from the time when Sally Eilers reigned supreme on the Fox lot because her grandparents owned the first haberdash in London. Anyway, it all goes to disproving what Joyce Kilmer wrote—that only God can make a tree.
1. Wash often. Perspiration will ruin them if you don’t!

2. Use pure, mild soap. “Ivory Snow is ideal,” says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from the soap that is gentle enough for a baby’s tender skin—pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because there is absolutely nothing strong or harsh in Ivory Snow to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow’s rich, fluffy suds. And you don’t need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow. Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes. It is fluffy . . . melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don’t squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds. A thick, heavy garment may be scrubbed with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse—don’t wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse because they are thoroughly dissolved. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation smoothly in a thick towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and hang to dry in a place removed from direct heat. Just before it is entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

For 1½ at your grocer’s you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25c size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too . . . keeps your hands in the Social Register!

IVORY SNOW
for silks and woolens
dissolves instantly
real Ivory Soap blooms into many pearls
FLUFFY: INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER
Why Don't You Go to the Movies More Often?

(Continued from page 41)

engineer: "I'm sick and tired of seeing the same faces on the screen, and I'm tired of seeing the same stories over and over again. Since arc-lights have made night tennis possible, I spend most of my evenings on the tennis court."

Sports need to be confined to the daytime. Now every community has flood-lighted tennis courts, night football games, basketball, and even night golf.

MRS. ROSS HODGKINSON, Los Angeles, housewife: "Bridge is keeping my husband and me away from the theatre."

We play bridge two or three times every week and we enjoy the mental exercise and companionship more than we ever enjoyed the average movie. Of course, we see most of the outstanding pictures." Bridge again as one of the bitterest enemies of the movies.

So much for the testimony of John and Jane Public. Their representatives have identified many of the enemies of Hollywood, and if you—and the studio executives—will consider carefully the reasons given for the lack of audience, you will understand why so many pictures are incurring losses.

Let's sum them up: Radio rivalry ... over-advertising ... monotony of picture plots ... night school ... bridge ... truancy pictures not fit for the whole family ... increased library fines. Repeal of Prohibition ... lessened incomes ... night sports ... lack of new faces on the screen.

Lasky Puts Blame on Hollywood

I QUESTIONED Jesse L. Lasky, one of Hollywood's veteran producers, and, to my surprise, found him extremely optimistic, in spite of his frank admission that picture grosses have fallen to new all-time lows. He classes radio, contract bridge and the depression as Hollywood's chief "external" enemies, but contends that they are of trivial importance.

"Hollywood's most dangerous enemies," he asserts, "are the producers, their tendency to under-estimate the average intelligence of the theatre-going public, and the inflated salaries of the industry.

Like the Depression, the Public is taught the public to shop carefully for everything from shoes and snacks to its screen entertainment. Moreover, he says that the average 'fan' will travel miles in order to see a picture that he knows to be above the ordinary, rather than step across the street to see a routine production.

"The number of professional critics who preview pictures before their general release and report on their entertainment values through the medium of newspaper columns and screen magazines has at least tripled during the past five years. Potential theatre-goers take their word as to each picture's worth now, instead of risking disappointment by reading advertisements. It is up to Hollywood to give the public entertainment bargains—and since prices have been reduced to a minimum, the only solution is to make more important films. There have been too many tear-inspired taboos imposed by producers who have limited themselves by being afraid to experiment. They have imitated one another's successes and surfeited the public with 'cycles.' The result has been monotony, a deadly sameness of plot and presentation that has disgusted many fans.

What Big Recent Hits Prove

"In my estimation, the past year, despite its losses, should be considered one of (Continued on page 82)
Dryness mummifies the skin

But Woodbury’s two Germ-Free Creams with exclusive Element 576 change aging dryness into supple youth

Dry Skin means a “dated” face! Old as a mummy before its time! Today 70% of American women—no matter what their age or coloring—are assailed by this universal blight.

Woodbury’s alone has courageously met this problem, with two creams containing vital elements no other creams possess, which give two-fold action against Dry Skin.

Element 576 Brings Vital Energy

First, Element 576 in Woodbury’s Cold Cream. It brings directly to the skin vital energy such as vitamins in foods bring the body. It energizes the oil glands to function more actively, to throw out the natural oils which alone keep the skin supple, fresh, unlined. It rouses all the subcutaneous glands to action, gives the skin freshness, renewed vitality. It changes aging dryness into supple youth!

The Second Element Keeps These Creams Germ-Free

The second Element keeps Woodbury’s Creams germ-free as long as they last.

Contained in both the Cold and Facial Creams, it keeps the skin of the face free from the ugly infections to which dry, thin skin is peculiarly exposed. Keeps it therefore healthier, more vigorous, more resistant.

Germs, which are everywhere—in the air, even on freshly washed hands and fingers—cannot be kept out of any creams while in use. But this germ-destroying element, which only Woodbury’s Creams contain, destroys the germs immediately, prevents their growth, keeps these creams pure, germ-free throughout their use.

Try these new Woodbury Germ-Free Creams that will bring you lovely, supple skin, that will keep your complexion lovely and young for years on end!

109 of the Nation’s Leading Dermatologists Have Heartily Endorsed Woodbury’s Double-Action Creams

Dermatologists have given Woodbury’s Germ-Free Creams their approval, never before accorded to any beauty creams. They tested them on their friends, patients, families. All found these creams to be of superior quality.

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, reported: “It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury’s Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms.”

The Proof is in These Agar Plates!

Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury’s Cream which has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

Free...Try These Youth-Renewing Creams


Please send me, free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury’s Germ-Free Creams and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

Name__________________________
Street__________________________
City___________________________State__________________________

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

LISTEN TO “Dangerous Paradise,” thrilling radio drama, every Wednesday and Friday evening, N. B. C. network, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time

81
encouragement. Such pictures as 'Cavalcade,' 'The Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet,' 'State Fair,' 'Raspoutine,' 'Henry the Eighth,' 'Little Women,' and the 'Power and Glory,' which we used to call 'prestige pictures' and expected to write off as financial disasters, have received a wonderful reception. They have been the smash hits of 1932 and 1933—and their success should prove to Hollywood that the public will patronize intelligent pictures. The depression has taught people to think—and Hollywood must recognize that fact if it is to hold its own as the world's entertainment capital. With the lesser of the past year in mind, we producers have the greatest opportunity of our lives. If we fail to make the most of it, we have only ourselves to blame.

"In order to bring people back to the theatres, Hollywood must, in my opinion, do three things:"

1. Recognize that so many can give his best efforts to fifty or more productions during a single year, and, consequently, the NUMBER OF PICTURES FILMED BY AT LEAST ONE-HALF!
2. Custard beside own tubos and experiment with new and novel forms of screen entertainment.
3. Reduce extravagant salaries sufficiently to permit us to spend adequate time and care on each production.

According to Mr. Lasky then, the enemies of the movies are mostly inside the industry—too many unimportant pictures, inflated salaries, the fears of producers to attempt anything new, and their obliviousness of the newly intelligent audiences.

**People Will Pay for the Best**

HAVING already cross-examined John and Jane Public, I cited their testimony to S. R. Wiener, owner of the Santa Monica-Wilshire Theatre.

"Of course," he admitted, "it's true that thousands of people are staying away from the theatres, spending their evenings at home, listening to the radio, reading, playing cards. But, if the theatres are relieved of the necessity of booking mediocre films and are supplied with uniformly good pictures, the public will come back with a rush. I'm fortunate in that I own my own theatre and can select the pictures. I can depend on the average of its merits as entertainment. Pictures that are 'different' and pictures with an intellectual appeal have done excellent business for me. No one seems particularly interested in stars any longer. The public demands a good picture, regardless of who's in it. I've had no complaint about business and I notice that many of my steady patrons are coming from many miles away."

And this statement, mind you, in the face of a nation-wide wail by the show business! But before condemning Hollywood too quickly, let me quote one of the officials of the Hays Office:

"The executive committee of the producers' association feels that picture values have been far below par—and there's no question but that Hollywood, employing a great percentage of the best writers and directors, could make better pictures. However, very few of Hollywood's critics seem to realize the terrific pressure under which the producers fight to keep salaries down, without damaging wages."

"There are far too many theatres—so many that in order to keep them all open, the studios must turn out approximately six hundred pictures a year. To close half of those show houses, as would have to be done if the number of pictures produced were drastically reduced, would mean to take a tremendous loss. Most of the theatres were constructed for the sole purpose of showing pictures and could not be converted to another use. Also, to another use. Also, in many of these theatres, the rent must be paid whether they are closed or not. The only alternative would be bankruptcy, which would shake the entire industry."

Meanwhile, competition between studios has cut the salaries of directors and production executives to such heights that many pictures have already piled up an overhead of nearly a quarter of a million dollars before a foot of film is exposed. Naturally, the frantic producer tries to speed up production—and naturally, the quality of the picture suffers."

Too many theatres, says the Hays Office. These unnecessary houses are the worst enemies of the movies, together with the high salaries that shoot up picture budgets and make hurried work a necessity.

And meanwhile, John and Jane Public are exploring the radio waves, or the intricacies of the telephone, or the neighborhood library, or finding other evening amusements, instead of patronizing the theatre. I know, I've made a check.

**Other Amusements Are Thriving**

The enemies of Hollywood are marshaling their attractions and staging an advance right up to the very doorsteps of the studios. Donnella Sandifer, one of the organized women's groups, told me that the number of her pupils has more than doubled during the past year, and that all of her fellow-teachers report the same overwhelming increase.

The managers of every public golf course in the Los Angeles area report a phenomenal increase in play—and since the average man sets aside a certain sum for entertainment, it is only logical to conclude that, as the golfers increase in number, the theatre patrons decrease."

Night tennis has taken on new life. Every night, the Los Angeles municipal tennis courts are crowded—and Los Angeles can offer a wide range of tennis courts. And, sharing that same enthusiasm when weather conditions permit.

The superintendents of the high schools offer night baseball and baseball near double that of last year—and most of those students, who are toiling to checkmate another depression and wave of unemployment, are undoubtedly spending in their classrooms most of the time that they once devoted to the theatre.

Radio has made tremendous strides in the last three years. Consider the stellar performers who come to you to-day over the air waves—the great symphony orchestras, the dance bands, the grand opera stars, the best stage comedians, the internationally known statesmen. And remember that of the fourteen people whom I questioned, three stated definitely that they stay at home and listen to the radio, instead of going to the movies. The movies would seem to be losing more than twenty percent of their potential audience to the radio!

Librarians report a great increase in book loans. And, it is interesting to note, most of the books being loaned are not light fiction, which can be read in one evening, but biographical, historical and psychological tomes, which call for a week's leisure. The excursionists have been thrown down a gauntlet—and Hollywood must take it up. It's a duel—and it spells life or death to the motion picture industry.
WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

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

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

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

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

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

Modern doctors know that science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grim and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

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

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

AIDS SLEEP

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

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

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

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly. HEXIN COMBATS Colds Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold distress safely—by relaxation. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

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

HEXIN, INC.
8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Originaly Developed for Children

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

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.
encouragement. Such pictures as 'Cavalcade,' 'The Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet,' 'State Fair,' 'Raspoutine,' 'Heavenly Creatures,' 'Little Women' and 'Power and Glory' might be used to call 'prestige pictures' and expected to write off as financial disasters, have received a wonderful welcome. They have been the smash hits of 1932 and 1933—and their success should prove to Hollywood that the public will patronize intelligent pictures.

The depression has taught people to think—and Hollywood must recognize that fact if it is to hold its own as the world's entertainment capital. With the lessons of the past year in mind, we producers have the greatest opportunity of our lives. If we fail to make the most of it, we have only ourselves to blame.

"In order to bring people back to the theatres, Hollywood must, in my opinion, do three things:

1. Recognize that no man can give his best efforts to fifty or more productions during a single year, and, consequently—REDUCE THE NUMBER OF PICTURES RELAYED BY AT LEAST ONE-HALF!

2. Cast aside its own taboos and experiment with new and novel forms of screen entertainment.

3. Reduce extravagant salaries sufficiently to permit us to spend adequate time and care on each production.

According to Mr. Lasky then, the enemies of the movies are mostly inside the industry—too many unimportant pictures, inflated salaries, the fears of producers to attempt anything new, and their obliviousness of the newly intelligent audiences.

People Will Pay for the Best

HAVING already cross-examined John and Jane Public, I cited their testimony to S. R. Wieder, owner of the Santa Monica-Wilshire Theatre.

"Of course," he admitted, "it's true that thousands of people are staying away from the theatres, spending their evenings at home, listening to the radio, reading, playing cards. But, if the theatres are relieved of the necessity of looking mediocre trash and are supplied with something new, the public will come back with a rush. I'm fortunate in that I own my theatre and can select any picture on the basis of its merits as entertainment. Pictures that are 'different' and pictures with an intellectual appeal have done excellent business for me. No one seems particularly interested in stars any longer. The public demands a good picture, regardless of who's in it. I've had no complaint about business and I notice that many of my steady patrons are coming from many miles away."

And this statement, mind you, in the face of a nationwide wail by the show business! But before condemning Hollywood too quickly, let me quote one of the officials of the Hays Office:

"There's no doubt that picture values have been far below par—and there's no question but that Hollywood, employing a great percentage of the world's best writers, directors and technicians, is capable of better pictures. However, very few of Hollywood's critics seem to realize the terrific pressure under which the producers are working.

There are so many—so many—so many that in order to keep them all open, the studios must turn out approximately six hundred pictures a year. To keep half of those show houses, as would have to be done if the number of pictures produced were drastically reduced, would mean to take a tremendous loss. Most of the theatres were constructed for the sole purpose of showing pictures and could not be converted to another use without excessive remodeling. Most of them have five or seven year term leases, and the rent must be paid whether they are closed or not. The only alternative is to go out of business, which would shake the entire industry.

"Meanwhile, competition between studios has forced the salaries of stars, directors and producers to dizzying heights that many pictures have already piled up an overhead of nearly a quarter of a million dollars before a foot of film is exposed. Naturally, the frantic producer tries to speed up production—and naturally, the quality of the picture suffers.

Too many theatres, says the Hays Office. These unnecessary houses are the worst enemies of the movies, together with the high salaries that shoot up picture budgets and make hurried work a necessity.

And meanwhile, John and Jane Public are exploring the radio waves, or the intricacies of contract, or the shelves of the neighborhood drug stores, looking for other amusements, instead of patronizing the theatre. I know. I've made a check.

Other Amusements Are Thriving

THE enemies of Hollywood are marshaling their attack against the entertainment franchise right up to the very doorsteps of the studios. Donelita Sandifer, one of the leading bridge teachers of Los Angeles, told me that the number of pupils in her school had doubled during the past year, and that all of her fellow-teachers report the same overwhelming increase.

The managers of every public golf course in the Los Angeles area report a phenomenal increase in play—and since the average man sets aside a certain sum for entertainment, it is only logical to conclude that, as the golfers increase in number, the theatre patrons decrease.

Youth has taken on new life. Every night, the Los Angeles municipal tennis courts are crowded—and Los Angeles can hardly be tennis-mad without other cities sharing in the general enthusiasm when weather conditions permit.

The superintendents of the high schools that offer night classes report an attendance nearly double that of last year and most of those students, who are toiling to checkmate another depression and wave of unemployment, are undoubtedly spending in their classrooms most of the time that they once devoted to the theatre.

Radio has made tremendous strides in the last three years. Consider the stellar performers who come to you to-day over the air waves—the great symphony orchestras, the dance bands, the grand opera stars, the best stage comedians, the internationally known statesmen. And remember that of the fourteen persons whom I questioned, were stated that they stay at home and listen to the radio, instead of going to the movies. The movies would seem to be losing more than twenty per cent of their audience.

Librarians report a great increase in book loans. And, it is interesting to note, most of the books being loaned are not light fiction, but books which can be read in one sitting, which can be read in one sitting, which can be read in one sitting—biographical, historical and psychological tomes, which call for a week's leisure.

The end result of all this has thrown down a gauntlet—and Hollywood must take it up. It's a duel—and it spells life or death to the motion picture industry.
WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

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

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

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

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

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

Modern doctors know that Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it,", the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

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

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

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

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

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

Hexin will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Hexin combats colds

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

Make this test

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

*Hexin is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pain.

HEXIN, INC.

8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Modern druggists prefer Hexin

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

HEXIN, Inc., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

HEXIN, INC.

Please mail me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name

Address

City_________________________State

May 20, 1936

The original developed for children

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

Hexin—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. It has' been proved by doctors that for children it is better for your But don't be misled about the effectiveness of Hexin for adult use. The action of Hexin is immediate for children or adults.
Answers to Movie Gossip Test
(Continued from page 16)

1. The picture on page 16 is Gwendolyn Gill, who looks more like Joan Crawford than Joan does, her- self. Gwendolyn is a girl who dropped out of school to go to Hollywood for Paramount's "Search for Beauty" and is one of the few fortunate ones who re- mains under long-term contract. Ten to one she'll change her first name or at least shorten it. What a tongue twister!

2. Evelyn Venable has been called the "kissless" star because her father would not consent to his daugh- ter signing a movie contract until he had a clause injected into it saying she was not to be kissed or caressed for movie scenes. When she made a trip to visit her father, Prof. Emerson Venable of Cincinnati, the guesses as to the reasons for her trip were (1) that she was going to visit her father to persuade him to forget the agreement and permit her to continue her screen career unhamp- pered by a "no kiss" contract and (2) that she had gone home to break the news to her family that she is in love with Hal Mohr, the cameraman on "David Harum," the picture she recently completed.

3. George Raft, who somewhat resembles the late Valentino, is not a very tall young man and it is often necessary for him to have his shoes built up almost three inches to make him look taller so that his leading ladies won't tower over him. This was especially necessary for scenes for "Bolero" in order for her to appear taller than Carle Lombard, with whom he does some fancy stepping in the night club scenes. (See pages 12 and 13.)

4. If you are at all familiar with her trim waistline and figure, you won't be surprised to hear that Warner Bros. have taken out a policy on their star, Bette Davis, in which they are protected if she should go too heavy. The idea is that Bette's weight is not to start climbing and if it does and she tips the scales at any- where near 120 lbs., the in- surance company is permitted to step in and put Bette on a diet. However, if she ever reaches the 120 lb. mark, Warners will collect $50,000.

5. It was too good to be true, this combination of Mae West and Max Baer in the same picture, but Mae's negotiations to sign up Max to play opposite her, in "It Ain't No Sin," fell through because the new "It Man" insisted on being co-starred and given billing equal to Mae's in advertising the picture. Maxie believes that "it ain't no sin" to look out for himself.

6. Ever since Harry Bannister flew to Hollywood to be with his daughter, Jane, for the holidays and was met at the airport by his ex-wife, Ann Harding, there has been talk of a reconciliation. The rumors were started because of the affection shown towards each other when they met, but neither will confirm the fact that they will remarry although they do admit they are still in love. When they separated on March 21, 1931, they announced they were taking the step so that Harry Bannister would not lose his own independence and to keep him from becoming known only as "Ann Harding's husband." They were divorced May 7, 1932.

7. Cecil B. DeMille, who is about to start directing "Cleopatra," instructed Claudette Colbert, who has the title role in that picture, to add fifteen pounds to her weight. Ordinarily, Claudette's figure would be considered just perfect but as Cleopatra herself was a rather voluptuous lady and since Claudette lost some weight during the filming of "Four Frightened People," it was necessary for her to gain 15 pounds to develop some curves.

8. Pauline Frederick holds some sort of record when it comes to marriages, having recently been wed for the fifth time. On this trip to the altar, she married Col. Joseph A. Mannon, a bachelor and commander of the 20th Infantry on Governors Island. Her four previous husbands were: Frank Andrews, an architect; playwright Willard Mack; Hugh Leadighton, hotel owner; and Dr. Charles A. Rutherford.

9. Ricardo Cortez had to postpone his wedding to Mrs. Christine Lee, a New York society woman, several times because he was being rushed into one picture after another and couldn't seem to get time off between films. He finally got around to marrying her on January 8th, but not without the usual ex-pectations of former Cortezian. The late Alma Rubens was Ricardo's first wife.

10. In her suit for divorce from Kenneth Mac- Kenna, Kay Francis, who has been named among the ten best-dressed women of Hollywood by fash- ion experts, accused her husband of finding fault with the type of clothes she wore. That's one sub- ject all women are sensitive about and a "best- dressed" lady cannot be apt to object very seriously to such criticism. Kay and Kenneth were married January 17, 1931.

11. Busby Berkeley, the dance director who is responsible for most of the snappy dance numbers you see in screen musicals, was married to Morina Kennedy, beautiful red-head of the films, on Febru- ary 10. Miss Kennedy, who has been appearing in stage productions, has every intention of going right on with her stage and motion picture career.

12. What a disappointment it will be to all the girls who had their romantic eye on Dick Powell, favorite screen crooner, to learn that Dick has signed an agreement with Warner Brothers that he will not marry for another year at least. Oh, well, a year isn't such a long time after all. Powell is such a favorite in their screen musicals, having appeared in "42nd Street," "Footlight Parade," and "Wonder Bar," that they don't want him to hurt his popularity by marrying too soon.

13. When Lupe Velez and her Tarzan (meaning Johnny Weissmuller) had a little quarrel and separated for a day, or was it two days, the fiery Mexican actress didn't get along with Johnny, but took fifty per cent of the blame for all their tiffs, saying it was "feefity-feefity" in that famous accent of hers. They had agreed to a trial separa- tion of two weeks, but they again fell in such short order that their separation announce- ment was suspiciously regarded as another public- ity stunt.

14. Frances DeW., who was married to Joel McCrea, the handsome screen actor, a few months ago, believes that their marriage will be a happier one if they do not have to work together in pictures. However, it doesn't seem as though Frances will be able to complete more than two more films before she retires temporarily from the screen to await the arrival of the stork.

15. Coming from Margaret Sullavan, you'll just have to believe this fish story, but it's true. Nobody but Margaret, we wouldn't blame you for having your doubts, but Margaret is such a nice, sincere person that her explanation ought to suffice. It seems that Margaret was injured while fishing when the fishhook was trying to cast hit her in the eye and gave her that "shiner" that has caused so much talk.

16. When Vere Teasdale, the statuesque blonde, signed her film contract, she arranged it so that she could have two months off around late Summer and early Fall in order for her to go to Spain with Adolphe Menjou, where they plan to be married. Menjou's final decree from Kathryn Carver, her second wife, comes in August.

17. The rumors that Douglas Fairbanks was living in England because of his interest in a titled lady were put to rest by the seemingly simple announcement that in Lord Ashley's suit for divorce from his wife, Lady Ashley, the former actress, Sylvia Hawkes, he names the elder Fairbanks. Doug's wife, Mary Pickford, recently started divorce proceedings against her husband, charging desertion.

18. Well, this one surely is a believe-it-or-not as the three shrivelled-up old ladies on page 16 are all screen cuties under twenty years of age. The gifts, left to right, are Lona Andre, 18; Ida Lupino, 16; and Gwendolyn Gill, 18. They are made up for a stock company production of "Double Door," a three-act melodrama based on the life of the Wen- dels family. Gwen filled the first question—the one who resembles Joan Crawford. Now, honestly, how near did you come to naming them right?
occasionally. In, you may recall, died suddenly on a prominent publisher's yacht. Several motion picture folk were aboard at the time, and rumor said that of those a few solemnly swore never to reveal the details of the "tragedy." It sounds like the scenario of a lurid melodrama.

One hears stories of Lupe Velez that intrigue the imagination, but none of them has been proved more than hearsay. She left a trail of broken hearts when she went to Hollywood, it is said, and otherwise lived a full and picturesque life in Mexico City, as a friend of Generals and even Presidents. The lady makes colorful reading, but no one knows whether it is true or just another potion of rumor.

Rumor Made Jack " Poison Oakie" AN amusing tale went the rounds of Hollywood some months ago to the effect that residents of the Toluca Lake district, an exclusive residential section where a number of stars dwell, had signed a petition designed to "keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." Such a paper was drafted, but as a gag, a joke. Richard Arlen, one of Oakie's pals, had a hand in its preparation. A few days later, the actor seriously, and the rumor spread that Oakie—suddenly nicknamed " Poison Oakie"—was an undesirable neighbor. Hundreds of Jack's fans wrote him indignant letters about the way he had been "abused.

During the illness of Warner Baxter's wife a year or so ago, word passed that the actor stayed home only to avoid marital complications. In justice to both Baxter and Mrs. Baxter, long and happily married, it be known here that the actor did not "go places" for several reasons. One, because he was too tired after working all day in the studio; two, because he wished to remain with his wife; and three, because he had developed an interest in amateur photography and now had the time to devote to his new hobby. (The Baxters, themselves, talk about this rumor on page 6s.—Ed.)

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have Hollywood guessing. So, too, have Roscoe Arbuckle and Myrna Loy. Each couple is variously rumored engaged and married, and has been for some time.

Not long ago, it was rumored that Chaplin had been kidnapped last Summer and re leased only after payment of a large ransom; he denied the story in toto. But kidnap stories about stars are always bubbling up—and Hollywood takes them seriously. Every star's child is guarded and practically every star has armed bodyguards. Hollywood has had a kidnap story since Ann Harding's little girl and Marlene Dietrich's little girl were objects of threatened abduction. What might happen if a star's child ever was "snatched" has preyed on Hollywood's mind for years—and what it would do, if such a thing ever happened, was recently shown graphically in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen." Mary Pickford, doing personal appearances in the East, is the latest rumored recipient of kidnap threats. Seven years ago, a plot to kidnap Mary was foiled and two men have been serving time in prison for their plotting.

Truly, Hollywood may be called The Town of Rumors. Very few of the reports ever are authentic, but that doesn't prevent their circulation. It's a game, and the more numerous, the more colorful and the wilder the rumors, the better. The boot people must have been thinking of the Hollywood-to-be when he wrote, long ago:

"The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd, Scarcely an tale was sooner heard than told, And all who told it added something new, And all who heard it made enlargment, too, In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

Why we have two sets of teeth; what to do to make them strong and keep them healthy; why some children eat chalk or mud; how to protect teeth from decay after they come through the gums.

The celebrated first tooth that causes mother such excitement and gives father such pride is really months old when it breaks through the gums. For we now find that teeth begin to form months before birth and continue to form long afterwards. Thus scientific men now believe it possible to actually "build" strong teeth by having the baby as well as the adult eat the proper food. Milk, oranges, cod-liver oil, are some of these tooth-building foods.

Dental science explains that decay is caused by particles of food that lodge on teeth and under the edges of the gums. This food is spoiled by certain bacteria. As it decays, acids are formed which destroy tooth surfaces. After eating through the tooth's enamel, decay finally reaches the nerve and the entire tooth is affected.

One of the scientific methods of preventing decay after teeth have once come through the gums is to remove from the film of bacteria plaque. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. Film is a friend of the gums that cause decay-producing acids. It glues germs to the teeth, provides them with a warm shelter and food.

Thus removing film from teeth means removing the cause of decay. Important progress in removing film was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed.

The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Most cleansing materials are so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel. Here is the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands.

The new Pepsodent cleansing material is twice as soft as the material commonly used in tooth pastes. Pepsodent Tooth Paste is unsurpassed in cleansing power and safety.

FREE—10-Day Tube
Hollywood Stars Have Their Hobbies

(Continued from page 47)

The gun on the top row was taken off the body of the last bad man killed in Dodge City, Kansas. Sheriff Coolidge shot him in a street duel in the late 'Seventies, and the city presented his gun to Bill Hart during one of his recent trips through town to New York City. The man holding it is his own "Old Betsy," most renowned of picture guns. It is a single action, five and a quarter inch, .44-calibre Army and Navy Colt. He has carried it for thirty-two years, using it in all his well-remembered pictures.

A Hollywood hobby far removed from the American West is that of Alfred Young. This smooth English actor, who also writes humorous verse and draws caricatures, has become an authority on this weird bird through his collecting. He has all the picture records of the Shackleford South Pole expedition, and owns every book upon penguins that he can lay his hands on.

"Once I met some penguins in a London zoo," he says, "and was so entertained by them that I proceeded to collect all the literature on the subject; there was one of which I could read with comparative ease, one with comparative difficulty, and the rest not at all. But, photographs, fortunately, speak a universal language."

RALPH'S "Useful" Relics

RALPH FORBES, another Englishman, has his nearest home for his hobby. He collects tea-caddies, and has this to say about them: "A tea-caddy is one of the most unobtrusive, but useful little relics of bygone days. America's first tea-caddy was a hundred years ago, besides being extremely decorative. I use mine to hold cigarettes, cigars, and what-have-you. The quaint little caddy I am fond of in the photograph is the one I value most. It belonged to my great-great-grandmother, and it still contains some of the precious tea stored."

Ralph is not the only Hollywood star who collects objects relating to his house. There is also William Hart, another actor of film fame, he now operates an antique shop on the side; Betty Compson and her Dresden figures; Nils Asther and his pewter (in any shape); Lionel Jeffries and his "La Cucina" (his favorites are more than a century old, while other collectors specialize in Mr. Bar- rymore's own etchings); Lilian Tashman and her three-foot-high Tiara (he has the original); and his rare plants and shrubs; Walter Huston and his Russells' paintings; Sylvia Sidney and her first editions; Colleen Moore and her dolls and Royal Doulton china dishes for a doll house.

Joan Crawford also made a famous collection of dolls, and then had them auctioned for the benefit of a children's hospital. Dolls, of course, are commonly collected; so are the autographed photographs that Jean Harlow collects; the autographs and thumb-prints that Ruth Roland collects; the sheet music that Ramon Novarro and Jimmy Durante collect; the labels that Loring Knobbs and Robert Montgomery collect; the stamps that Jean Hersholt has gathered into a really important collection.

Photographs. His hobby might lead one to say that Bob's is perhaps the most popular Hollywood hobby. Besides Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, Wallace Beery devotes much of his spare time to his "Beery hobby." Robert Montgomery also is

A GOLD STANDARD CREATION

CENTRAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS

The Loretta Young Pump

The smart new Pump that all Hollywood is talking about.

You'll love it. You'll say it's the most adorable pump any woman ever slipped on her foot. You'll realize instantly that it adds exactly the right touch to your entire ensemble. And let us whisper a secret—it's as easy on your pocketbook

or as your feet, for it costs you no more than ordinary Pumps which lack its Hollywood Smartness and its Central Gold Standard quality.

Other enchanting new styles in the famous Central Gold Standard line are now waiting for you at the Central dealer in your community. Many of them have the famous Activator Feature that supports and strengthens your feet and makes you walk the way Nature intended—without your toes pointed directly forward—not in or out. See them...wear them...and revel in their beauty.

A GOLD STANDARD CREATION

STANDARD KNOTWEAR

CENTRAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS

The Loretta Young Pump

Illustrated, in available in Bisque Brown Kid with Beige Piping. It has covered wood Louis heel and is available in a wide size of varieties and widths.

CHIC FEMS STORIES IN RUGS

"THE materials used in making a hooked rug bring back memories of every important event in family history. A jacket worn at a wedding, an old man's blanket, socks knit for a soldier, a tiny wood dress and one's first little stockings. In a hooked rug there is nothing superficial. It represents honest and loving effort. It is crude beauty personified.

"To me, the hooked rug is a kind of history of the American family. This is the reason why I have long taken delight in collecting the finest specimens I could find, particularly those that represent the generations of my own family."

It would certainly seem from his family that Chic Sise comes by his hobby naturally. He has inherited a love for hooked rugs from his ancestor, John Sise, who, as the benefactor, John Sise's son, Anthony Sise, came to Virginia, settling in Essex County. He fought with Washington in the French and Indian War, and was present at Braddock's defeat. Anthony's son, John, was a captain and Washington's paymaster during the American Revolution. Chic (Charles) Sise, a grandson, and is intensely interested in the family he founded in America. No wonder the hooked rug means so much to him!

William Hart, of film fame, is another collector of Americana; his historical guns are among the finest in the country. "I have collected guns," he says, "because their use and abuse appeals to me. In our span of life the clean, upstanding Wild Bill Hickoks, Wyatt Earps and Bat Mastersons have used guns to shape a frontier. They stood unflinchingly for law and order. Although gangsters and racketeers have abused guns in their criminal warfare, the gun is not at fault. It is the man behind the gun who is responsible."

Left by Dead Outlaws

ALL OF "Two-Gun Bill Hit's" guns have histories. The first one, the lowest on the little table in the photograph on page 47, is Wild Bill Hickok's revolver. It is as big as a broadside Remington. It was found on his body after he was murdered, shot in the back, in a saloon in Deadwood, South Dakota. His two six-shooters had been left behind the bar with one Sam Young, bartender. Wild Bill, undoubtedly the most famous of the old Wild West gunmen, carried his gun under his vest. Next in line is Kit Carson's gun, an old cap and ball made over into a cartridge gun. Next, Billy the Kid's gat, with which he killed eighteen men, and then Al Jennings' sawed-off .44....
absorbed in photography, especially trick photography. And Ben Lyon and Ralph Morgan are two of Hollywood's most expert amateur photographers. But Hobart Bosworth is the person who has the most interesting photographic collection in Hollywood, according to my lights. This famous character actor collects pioneer motion picture relics and, since he made the first picture in California, he knows his relics.

Never Collected Before

THERE are, in the course of human nature, hobbies and hobbies. It is one thing to collect perfumes (as does Elizabeth Allan), or diamonds (as does Mae West), or elephant statues and canaries (as does John Miljan), but it is quite another thing to collect motion picture relics. Some day in the not far distant future, Mr. Bosworth's collection will make history, not only because he knows whereof he collects, but also because he is collecting objects that have never before been collected. Perfumes and diamonds and elephant statues and canaries are charming as hobbies, but they have been collected before, and there is not much chance of their survival as separate collections.

I marvel that more Hollywood stars haven't collected objects connected with the motion picture industry—both in their own time, as well as in pioneer days. However, they have no doubt had enough of cameras and motion picture what-nots in their days' work, and they collect things still close to their personalities, but far removed from all motion picture lots. I notice that Robert Montgomery also collects labels and posters; I have heard that Helen Hayes is interested in Victoriana; and Hobart Bosworth collects ship-models, as well as his motion picture relics. So there is probably not a collector in the whole of Hollywood who devotes himself completely to souvenirs and relics of the motion picture industry.

Every player, of course, has a voluminous collection of clippings about himself—though when real fame comes, the "notices" are so numerous that few can be bothered keeping track of their collector's clippings. (Think of the space, for instance, that Marie Dressler's would take up!) Bing Crosby has his home barroom papered with sheet music that he has introduced. John Barrymore is a demon autograph-collector—for his young son.

In the distracting times, when some escape and relaxation are sought by everyone—from the President of the United States who collects ship-models, prints and stamps, to the smallest boy who collects Indian arrow-heads—the hobbies of Hollywood might well be studied. It isn't necessary that a hobby should be expensive to be interesting, as Hollywood collectors have proved. Some of the rarest collections start with a chance gift or, as the antique collectors call it, a chance find.

There is a young actor in Hollywood named Tad Alexander who collects microscopes. He has gathered together lenses of every quality, and lately was greatly excited over an old microscope he found in a studio prop-room, which he added to his collection. Well, some day Tad may discover that he has a very valuable collection. If or when he does, I am certain he will experience the sensation that comes to every collector sooner or later—the feeling that a good deal of himself has gone into that collection and it has an intrinsic value beyond any reckoning.

Hollywood collectors, especially, must feel that their hobbies are a vital part of themselves—the selves that have been free to escape from their omnious public and exciting work into secret places where they could revel over some amusing what-not that made them forget, for the moment, at least, that there was a care or a camera in the world.

Dear Lonely Heart:

Why have you lost your sweetheart? Your letter gives me a clue. Has anyone told you about the 7 stains—the stains that mar the beauty of teeth that might be lustrious and sparkling? It's sad, that so few women realize

Poor broken-hearted little girl! Men are like that—they do detest stained, discolored teeth. But you can do something about it very quickly.

You can get rid of the stains on your lovely teeth—the stains that lost your sweetheart—in just a few days, if you will use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

What's that you say? . . . You've brushed your teeth faithfully? . . . Ah yes, but here is what's wrong. Your toothpaste had only one cleansing action. And no one action can remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on your teeth . . . stains that form so gradually you're hardly aware of them.

It takes two cleansing actions to remove all stains. And you get them both in Colgate's. One, an emulsive action, washes away many of the stains. The other, a polishing action, polishes away all the stains that remain.

Why, before you know it, Colgate's will restore to your teeth their whiteness and lustre. Make your breath sweet, too. Bring back your entrancing smile . . . maybe . . . your sweetheart.

It's really worth trying, isn't it? And Colgate's at 20¢ is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the TWO cleansing actions, sells at the same low price.
Untold Secrets of the Stars
(Continued from page 42)

I wanted, That was all I ever wanted. I think there is no doubt about it that all this shyness and un-childlike-ness were caused by the trouble between my mother and father." (Her mother divorced her father, Victor Kozow, in 1915, when Sylvia was four years old. Four years later, she married Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a dentist, who later legally adopted Sylvia.—Ed.) "It is not so much that I distinctly remembered definite things about it—my chief recollec-
tion being of my father constantly packing to go away somewhere. It was simply that I had a sudden and permeating sense of my mother's tears.

"I knew that she was unhappy. I knew that my father had made her unhappy. I knew that when they were first married, they were both very young and very gay. I would come upon my mother crying, in the dusk. I would know that she had been cry-
ring in the night when I came to her early in the morn-
ings. I became accustomed, early, to tears.

Went to Theatre to "Escape"

A ND so, from the very beginning, my happiest hours were those spent in the theatre and in the movies. I spent every cent of my allowance on one or the other. I was escaping. They say that those who enter the theatre always do so for reasons of escape, however sub-conscious those reasons may be. They cannot adjust to the roles they have been cast for in their own lives and so, instinctively, they turn to the roles of other lives.

"I know that it meant escape to me, though I did not realize it then. I only knew that when I was in the theatre or watching a movie, I forgot myself. I wasn't Sylvia Sidney any more. I was the character I watched before me. This was, absolutely, my only interest when I was a child. I have not changed.

No, I'll take that back. I had one other interest—a childish admiration, amounting to adoration, for our family doctor. When I went back to New York last summer, I went to see him—not to consult him about my health, but out of curiosity to see if I could discover what had enchanted me so when I was growing up. Even in my child-
hood days, he had white hair. I think, per-
haps, he represented protection to me an-
other protection I had never had from my father. It may have been dat ole debbil Propinquity, too, for certainly I had to call on him often enough. I really believe I had every disa-
ige of childhood known to medical science: diphtheria, scarlet fever, a couple of varie-
ties of measles, a few specimens of chicken pox, crysilpas, whooping cough, pneu-
monia.

And then, just as I was coming to the end of childhood, just as I was entering adolescence—it happened to me. It happened to me just as I was beginning to wonder if I would ever be a pretty girl, pretty enough for people to want to see in the theatre, pretty enough for a man to look at me.

"It wasn't that I thought of men looking at me any more, but that I began to wonder if I was attractive. They told you before that I have never liked, never gone around with boys of my own age. It may be because I associated tears and tragedy with marriage between young people. It may be because of my early com-
explex about the doctor. It is probably some subtle combination of the two. No, I simply realized vaguely, that the woman who at-
tracts men is an asset in the theatre.

"I had reached the age where I was face-
conscious. I had begun to care how I looked. Not that it mattered to the girl—but I knew that it must matter to the actress. There is still that differentiation. When I am at
home alone, even ing up. I let my hair every which way. It never give any particular thought. If people unexpectedly or they are likely to find pair of horn-rimmed \[. But I had, then, been must have looks, if I stage. I had just en School. I felt that threshold at last...

**How Troi**

"I AWOKE one peared to be at the corner of a much about it... never having had face before, I sim to get rid of it. TI. The day after, it was told me that I wou tor about it. My and I didn't want Mother insisted, he "This man told- on it; it was some something and wou I did. By the next my mouth. Inside face was swollen a board. My doctor and we sent for him he had bent over me that I could read his loved and familiar be about it. He told me for one more night at the morning. In the agony. After he exami and, when he return physician with him. "They talked, with my door, I caught the m. They were not careful, thinking, no dou 'plastic surgeon' would me. even if I happened to it so happened, coincidental. I had recently seen a pictur which a plastic surgeon had placent part, operating on the he perpetual disfigurement. "I didn't say anything or let had heard. They came in, my o other man and my mother. I could my mother had been crying. The tor 
murkly together as they be me, examining. The plastic surgeon cut measures and began making me ments on my face. I knew what he doing, and why. "My doctor said, 'If it could be do from the inside—'

"The plastic surgeon shook his head could not be done from the inside. He spoke of the relative values of incising here, or here, or there. This would not show so much... this might show here... They did not know it, or even suspect it, but I was playing then the most dramatic role I have ever played in my life. I was dying under their very faces, under their very words...

"I was thinking, ‘I know what they mean. I won't live. They are going to cut my face. I have seen women who have had their faces cut. I shall be hideously disfigured for life and that means that I won't have any life— the only life I've ever had or ever wanted. I shall have to go about veiled, too awful for human eyes to see. Just as I was beginning to be a little pretty, too... just as I was beginning...

"I knew, young as I was, that I couldn't adjust to it. Even now, looking back, I don't believe that I could have. I had only that one thing to live for and, by cutting my face, they could have cut away my life.

"After a while, they went away. I didn't ask my mother what they were going to do."

---

**PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO for DRY hair**

Get rid of the scientific hold your hair.
I couldn't listen more. We'll try our dear. I. There ight when I or me in it for me r before. he was entry-four my face I couldn't lother sat gh, crying two alter- 
ation would yscally kill I would be I spent in g I had ever d of goodbye Whether I ned unimpor- how much I am mature for this is why. For 
lived with these 
doctor fought And at daybreak the what seemed to my face. I should 
was in physical 
ning was the mental 
ved a dozen tor- 
at a miracle had hap- 
climaxed—and was 
from death and from a 
would have meant a living 
ector came an hour later, he 
belief. A miracle had hap- 
fection had localized again, 
point or area had burst from 
ile I was still dangerously ill, 
gang in danger of—the plastic 
irk that every girl or woman, 
ress or not, will know what I 
hen I say that this experience was 
est terrifying, and made the deepest 
most deep-cut memory of any-
ing that has ever happened to me in my 
It is said that in automobile accidents 
any sort of physical danger a woman will, 
instinctively, guard her face. There can cer- 
tainly be no more terrible form of torture 
than the mere thought of living one's life 
disfigured, scarred, an abhorrent sight to 
hold. "If love is what a woman wants, then 
that, obviously, is lost to her. Miracles sel- 
don happen where a man divines the lovely 
spirit back of a ruined face. If the theatre 
is what she wants, a professional career, 
where audiences are nine-tenths of the game 
— if, as with me, that is all she wants, then 
to face such an experience is to face damna-
tion, doom and the desire for death. That 
is what happened to me."
SEARCH FOR BEAUTY
Lively Expos of Beauty Racket
THE long-heralded "Search for Beauty" yields a few close-ups of handsome lads and lovely lasses from Australia, England, Canada and several of these United States that seem a trifle disappointing after such a far-flung publicity campaign. However, it gives us blonde, entirely enticing Ida Lupino, so we should not be too cautious.

A couple of Olympic champions (Miss Lupino and Larry "Buster" Crabbe) are hired to edit a health and beauty magazine and in their enthusiasm plan a contest to bring to America the flower of youth and beauty from abroad. Two hard-boiled ex-cons, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong, buy out Crabbe and offer him a run-down health farm in exchange, which gives Buster a chance to drill his beautifying. He eventually exposes the racketeers.

Highlights: Its message to youngsters to investigate the contest they enter. The comedy sequences at the health farm that emphasize the silliness of fat and fortysomething people trying to recapture their youthful lines. (PARAMOUNT)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE
Amusing Musical about Movies
HOLLYWOOD behind-the-scenes again serves as a background for a musical movie, with Gregory Ratoff as a not-too-caricatured movie magnate, Edmund Lowe as a harried dir'ctor whose Swedish star walks out on him, and Tala Birell surprising in a Garboish bit—all to provide an excuse for the new singing blonde, Ann Sothern.

She has a quaint, sharp-featured piqunacy that might pass for beauty and is better than prettiness. And also possessed of a good voice and a "different" personality, little Miss Sothern looks like a comed, although she hasn't much to do in her part of the circus Barker who is the chief on the movie industry as a great new Swedish discovery. She and the other characters spend a good deal of time plugging the song hit, "Let's Fall in Love."

Highlights: A bit light and trifling for heavy criticism, this picture has pop spirit and several bright performances; and provides a new song to hum and a new star to talk about. (COLUMBIA)

MANDALAY
Heavy Sex Melodrama
IT has always been said that crime on the screen never fails to be punished. When you consider, then, that the last line spoken by Kay Francis in "Mandalay" is "The man won't come back...I've killed him," a fine question of ethics arises. Is killing a crime? Or was the lady so thoroughly justified by her treatment at the hands of the man she killed that her escape from punishment is excusable? We could become terribly involved with such questions, which are, at best, morbid—and sometimes sordid—ones.

The characters presented are a trader in women, one of the embittered victims of his trading, and a drunken doctor. The story has to do with the woman's resolve to even the score with all men.

Ricardo Cortez (who was also her leading man in "The House on 56th Street"), Lyn Talbot and Warner Oland (who has to pile on the villainy thick) are the chief actors.

Highlights: The team-work of Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez. The tension-creating background of the Far East. (WARNERS)
You Don't Need Beauty to be a Star!

(Continued from page 35)

that galvanizing, compelling essence.

Sam Goldwyn's Anna Sten would escape notice in a crowd. Yet she is destined to be the sensation of 1934. Goldwyn, in describing his discovery, says: "It's not her face—there is something in her heart that reveals itself under camera lights, that makes of her a glorious, inspired woman."

Goldwyn could easily have found a hundred girls far more lovely than Sten. But he was searching for that rare, precious quality of the spirit that eludes the casual eye. Call it character! Call it personality! Call it a divine ego! Call it soul! Whatever name is given to it, it is something deeper than mere physical beauty.

Jean Muir—eight times rejected by Metro, once by Paramount—is now under contract to Warner Brothers. Hers, too, is the beauty of the sensitive spirit, of an alert, vivid mind.

At Fox there is a girl—Rosemary Ames—who stormed in vain at studio doors for months. Hollywood was not yet ready for high cheek-bones framing all-knowing, but inscrutable eyes—for invisible beauty. She went to England, was acclaimed there, and now has been signed by Fox. Her first picture is "Disillusion"—and Victor Jory, who plays opposite her and who knows the entire alphabet of acting, uses the word "sensational" to describe her. "She tugs at your heart," he declares.

The Voice with Expression Wins

"T"HE public is interested in character to-day," Edgar Selwyn points out, "and that, of course, is an outgrowth of the talkies. In silents you had visual satisfaction—and nothing else. The audiences did the acting. But to-day, the expression of the face, the intonation of the voice must give meaning to words.

"A mere chanting of sentences and phrases, no matter how beautiful the lips that utter them, leaves an audience cold. The voice, like nothing else, can reveal a lack of intelligence, a lack of experience, a lack of understanding. The sound track betrays the shallow nature, the indolent, characterless individual.

"Helen Hayes is great, not alone because she knows the technique of acting, but because she has superb voice control. Its vibrations show supreme intelligence, a comprehension of the realities of life.

"Acting on the screen, as well as on the stage, has become a profession. The beautiful dumb-bell can't get by, because she is incapable of convincing audiences that her tears and her laughter have meaning to her."

Mel Berns, make-up expert at RKO Studios, welcomes the new fashion in faces. "There is nothing you can do with a beautiful face," he declares. "You can't intensify experience; you can't bring forth the earthy quality that is inherent in great actresses. The talkies don't want blank, doll faces. They require color and warmth and a certain fluency of feature, which will give the illusion of beauty, rather than present beauty, itself."

Hepburn's Success Secret

"Y"OU can take a face like Hepburn's—with its bony structure, its high planes—and make anything you want of it. She can take any rôle, because her face can be changed at will. She isn't typed because she can be all types. You can build character into an average face, but you can't into a beautiful one. It defies change because of its very perfection. Stars to-day must be versatile, and it is only when their faces are thin, bony—even un-

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS
IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands...what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars...to YOUR charms, too.
And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands...in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!

SOFT, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of
JOAN CRAWFORD, in "DANCING LADY," with Franchot Tone on M-G-M picture. Photograph by Herrick.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream...by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW SIZE!
beautiful—that they can assume many guises.

"Lilian Harvey, Constance Bennett, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Ruby Keeler, Myrna Loy—none of them can depend on her beauty, but only on her personality, the character that virtually comes out.

"It is not the symmetrical face—but the asymmetrical one—that has the best chance in pictures. Hollos can be filled in and discrepancies can be compensated for by judicious lighting and make-up. But the smooth contours of classic features battle every effort to give them meaning.

"New discoveries in photography and make-up have discounted the value of beauty. Every woman, every actress can be attractive. But she must have something inside her; something that shines as clearly as a beacon-light; something electric and vital and real, which can establish contact with her audiences.

"It is the very lack of beauty that has brought the stars of the day to the front, declares W. S. Van Dyke, maker of "Eskimo," and "Trader Horn."

"Acting is a business," he says. "The professional beauty sits back, basking in adulation. She is too busy receiving homage to learn her business. Once producers realized that the public demanded more than a look at a piece of animated marble for their money, beauty was off the gold standard. It was at a discount.

Why Beauties Have Failed

"T HE law of compensation still operates.

The woman with an ordinary face, but with an extraordinary ambition, develops initiative, fortitude and a mastery of the technique of her job—at no matter what it may be. The ravishing beauty has not gone over in talkies because life has been too easy for her; because she has nothing of fire and flame and disillusion calls them great.

"I know few great actresses who are also beautiful. They may suggest beauty—they may remind the onlookers of every lovely thing seen or experienced—but that is because of their consummate art. A great actress is many women—and women the world over translate themselves into her situations. But a great beauty is never anything else but a great beauty. Audiences today pass her by.

"The screen demands brains. It requires voices with meaning and depth. It is a searching, uncomprising witness to failings and deficiencies.

"The women who have left their mark on history were not beautiful. Cleopatra’s intelligence compensated for her nose. Helen’s face may have ‘launched a thousand ships’—but I doubt very much that it was her beauty alone that sent men to their death. I am inclined to think that her personality transcended whatever physical perfection she may have had.

"Duse, Bernhardt—they were not beautiful. But the effect was great. The screen has become adult. It demands something more than languorous eyes and a dimpled chin. It wants power—the power of a living, breathing, feeling personality.

"If it were not for the talkies—and for Helen Hayes—we would have continued hunting living statues for our screen. But statues have no emotion and, with isolated exceptions, beauties have none. Their voices—so important—are empty sounds coming from empty heads.

"This is the day of the fine technician. The stage actress—trained, poised, attuned to her craft—has a chance at last. And she doesn’t have to worry about the length of her eyelashes. No one cares any more."

The reign of beauty in Hollywood is over. The reign of brains and ability has begun. Thrice welcome is the NEW FASHION IN FACES.

FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy

NORFORMS.
MODERN...CONVENIENT...SAFE

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain Parahydrechol—a powerful antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. Parahydrechol kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn." Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet "The New Way," by Dr. M.W. Storer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist’s today. 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 94, Norwich, New York.

Please send me Dr. Storer’s Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way" to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name ____________________________
Address____________________________

95
received for the amount of labor involved cannot be exceeded anywhere, in any line.

"Many a morning I've left my comfortable home, driven onto the studio lot in my comfortable car around ten in the morning. on my way to my comfortable dressing room, where I can have the 'phone answered for me, my clothes brought to me, my meals brought to me, or anything I want. And I've seen day to day followed with sitting at desks in small offices and draw a mere living wage per week and go home to barely comfortable and barely maintained homes. And We're mighty! Why you lucky lazy son-of-a-gun, you!" All you have to do is think for one minute of what we have and what the majority of the working people—have and it's a cinch!

"I worked, once, in a lumber camp. Those men worked. They work until the sweat pours off, and their muscles strain and their backs break. They work from daybreak until the sun goes down. They are risking their lives every minute of the time and they know it. They can't even have their families with them, most of them. They live in the most primitive surroundings and eat the crudest food. They have almost no chance for pleasure and would be too dog-tired to take if they had. They have no future. And they get paid, in a week, less than most of us make in one day or one hour.

"Actors Make Big Money Early"

"OR take a man in almost any of the commercial lines—dry goods, drugs and the others. They are chained to the monotony of an office or a store, year in and year out. They get small raises—five or ten dollars per week every six or twelve months. By the time they are comfortably fixed, with their families and their old age provided for, they are too old to enjoy it.

"We movie actors haven't even the squawk of the fear of old age. If we have any sense at all and have got the breaks, we can save enough in five to ten years to take care of ourselves comfortably, no matter how long we live. Even if our working schedule is shorter in point of time than in other lines, or much less pay in other lines, the compensation is so much higher that we can take care of that, too. We should squawk!"

"I went to another party not long ago. A well-known director sat next to me. He must think well of actors, because he was talking to someone across the table from us about actors and how they must have brains and intellectual qualifications or something of the sort. They must be, and are, he said, trained and cultured and finely educated men.

"He finally turned to me and said, 'Don't you agree with me, Clark?' I said, 'I do not!' And here's why:"

"They Have Others to Thank"

"WE are the products of other minds. Why there is the story to begin with. Someone has got to write the story or we don't materialize at all. Then there is the script. That has to be done. Then the director takes it—and he's hard put to it what to do and how to do it. We need not blink an eyelash without specific instruction, if we are not capable of doing so.

"Then there is the business of the camera-man, which can make us or brutally mar us. There are the sound men, the mixers, who can give us voices to be laughed at or remembered forever, but the projections of other minds. We must be responsive and pliable day, that's all. We must have a certain sensitiveness, a certain malleability so that we will know what the director means and feels when he speaks to us, so that we can feel, emotionally, the characters we are playing. That's all.

"There are few other arts and no other industry—to do with a man, or a woman, does not have to have at least a high-school diploma. There are few other occupations of any sort in which a man or woman does not have to have at least a certain amount of training. We all know how long it takes and what it takes for a man to become a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer. It takes some form of special training. Here in Hollywood, even training for a man to be a plumber, a gardener, a hotel man. I could go on indefinitely. Only we who are actors can handle the dialogue with which we happen to have been born."

"What Actors Do Need"

"I ASKED, 'Well, but what does it take— besides a certain malleability? Is it the face, alone, then?' Clark laughed. "If it were just that," he said, "I wouldn't be here."

"I said, 'We'll let that pass. Is it the voice, then?'

"Clark replied, 'Yes, in great measure it is the voice, I guess. There does have to be some training for that, true enough. At least, I have to have training. I had an ordinary voice to begin with, neither good nor bad, but I did have to learn how to use it. Yes, I suppose the voice must play a large part in the whole thing. If this were not so, more of the actors from the silent days would have survived.'"

"Generally speaking, however, I believe it is an unnecessary thing—the sort of thing you can't analyze, or label neatly or put in a test-tube. It must be the thing that makes you like certain people just because you do and dislike other people for the same reasonless reason. The good old byword, PERSONALITY. You don't have to have a degree from college for that!"

"There's no getting around the luck and the laziness of it. I don't have to go very far away from home to have it brought to me, simply because I am, when I was a bit less well-known than I am now. I used to go down around Main Street quite a bit just to mix and mingle and watch other people live. I wonder if there was there with the avowed purpose of making a Study of Humanity. Nothing as scholastic as that. I just liked to go and rub elbows. I've often tried to take another actor or two with me. They won't go. They don't want to see what they know they would see. It wouldn't leave them any ground to stand on and squawk. They'd be shamed into acknowledging their own great good fortune."

"Couldn't Be Sorry for Himself"

"WHEN I was in the hospital a few months ago, I couldn't feel sorry for myself or others. You see, I got a pain to entertain and to be entertained by—that's all you've got! If I wanted a glass of water at any hour of the day or night, I had to work like a dog to get it for me. If I felt uncomfortable in bed, there was a nurse at hand to move me. If a new symptom seemed to turn up, there was a new symptom."

"Down in the wards poor devils were with every bit as much pain as I had and with no one to move them or jump at their will. They were moved around them. And they had the same pain and the pain of mental worry, besides, no doubt. Worry over a job that..."

---

"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores its golden color to dull, faded light brown. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleam- ing radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Two sizes $1.00 and $2.50. Get Blondex today and see how beautiful your hair can be.

NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not sticky or flaky. Only 25c.
MARRIES the MAN she first FAILED to ATTRACT

Marriages "Can't" Last! Rot!

Another popular wail about the hardships of the picture life is the one about Hollywood marriages, the snags and snare difficulties of maintaining a home-life and so on. It may be a bit difficult for the first few months, until you get your feet on the ground and know your way around just how to take it all. After that, there is nothing more to it than is in any other line of work.

"A man who works in a candy store may be greedy for the first few weeks and then he gradually sickens of the sight of sweets and the..."

SHE came so near to missing out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood.

Men are attracted by beautiful lips, but only by lips that have the natural color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There is a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire... without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick... it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Try Tangee yourself. Notice how it changes color on your lips. Orange in the stick... rose on your lips! Longer lasting, than ordinary lipsticks, too. For it becomes a very part of you and not a greasy coating. Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base, so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today. 39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatre. a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10¢ with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

Natural Lips win where paint repelled

CHEEKS must not look painted either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new reliable gum-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

UNTouched—Lips left uncoated are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.
PAINTed—Don't risk that painted look. It's constitening and men don't like it.
TANGEe—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFTE COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade

[ ] FLESH [ ] RACHEL [ ] LIGHT RACHEL

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City _____________________ State ________

97
Very few girls are
Born with Curly Lashes!

Movies Have Done More
For Me Than the Stage'
—Helen Hayes

(Continued from page 59)

unfoldment and growth that the theatre
never allowed me until now. Because I
made my first big success in New York
in "Dear Brutus"—as I have dreamed
who so tragically hungered to be some-
thing more than a "make-believe"—theatri-
cal managers thereafter relegated me to
wasteful characters.

"Now, don't misunderstand me," Helen
begged. "I love Barrie. I adored playing
in 'What Every Woman Knows'—which,
by the way, I'm to do next on the screen.

...I don't object to painting whimsical stage
portraits. But I do object to limiting myself
to any one type of part. Once in a while
the theatre has given me an opportunity to
play a strongly emotional rôle—as in the case
of 'Coquette'—but it has been rare. Certainly
I was never given such opportunities for
the development of every side of my art
as Hollywood has given me.

And, while we are on the subject, I may
as well tell you also that I had to go all the
way to California to meet my first great
directorial genius. I have been in the theatre
since I was eight years old, as you know.
I had many directors before I made my first
pictures. Some of them were fine and intel-
ligent directors. Others were very mediocre.
In pictures, it was the same until 'A Fare-
avell to Arms' went into production. The
first day on the lot with Frank Borzage con-
vinced me that I was, for the first time in
my life, in the hands of a great genius. I
ove him the most stupendous thrill I ever
had in my life. I also owe him my highest
artistic development."

Thus did Helen Hayes knock into a
cocked hat my expectation that she would
follow stage tradition and scoff at Holly-
wood and Hollywood's pretensions. And
she also settled another big question.

Thought of Charlie, Not Gary

I ASKED her if a woman could have as
successful and absorbing a career as hers
without its making a dent in her domestic
happiness. Her eyes flashed and she said,
"If I couldn't, I'd scrap the career."

"Then those ardent love scenes with Gary
Cooper in 'A Farewell to Arms' had no per-
sonal meaning?"

"I asked with a direct frank-
ness justified by the fact that I had been
the young wife of Charles MacArthur since
she was a very little girl."

She looked at me as if the matter had been
called to her attention for the first
time.

"I was thinking of Charlie while I was
kissing Gary," she flushed like a sopho-
more.

And there you have one of the several
counts on which Helen Hayes is a phe-
omenon to Hollywood.

First and foremost, her love for Charles
MacArthur is now, and always has been,
an armor that makes her impervious to the
cheap and tawdry infatuation that beset
so many celebrities. She is one of the very
few stars who have climbed the pinnacle
of professional fame with no sacrifice of the
deeper joys of personal fulfillment. That
is the first phenomenon.

The second is almost as rare, and lies in
the fact that Helen Hayes, unlike other
stage stars, excoriates neither Hollywood
nor the motion picture industry, but credits
the screen, and a motion picture director,
with the greatest progress she has made.

The third phenomenon is that one of the
most remarkable and interesting personal-
ties of the film colony and one of its greatest
actresses is as unspoiled by egotism and fame
to-day as she was in that far-away yester-

New York is a
Friendly Town
when you stop at the
Hotel Montclair

For this is a hotel of personalized service.
You feel "at home" the moment you cross the threshold.
800 rooms, all with outside exposure, bath, shower,
radios—convenient to everywhere...

Single from $2.50, double $3.50.

Live In The New Smart Center Of New York

Coral Room
For Luncheon, Dinner, Supper
Moderate Prices

Hotel Montclair
Lexington Avenue, 49th to 50th St., N. Y. C.

Are You Afraid You Will Be Wrinkled at 70?

My process, tissue-building facial method
will positively keep your skin lovely, youth-
ful and firm.

I am my own best advertisement, 70
years old and no wrinkles. Can you say
the same at even 10!

My method is safe and efficient. No cream.
Send 25c for complete information.

MARY E. MANGA
97 Nahant St., Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Walter's
Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments

Latest Bras, 2 to 3 inch compression
of nude. Gives a firm, youthful, new
style figure. Send bust measure...$2.25

Deciding Circle, 2 to 3 inch compres-
sion at nose. Takes place of corset, beauti-
fully made; very comfortable. Laced at
back, with 2 garters in front. Hold all ab-
domens. Send waist and hip measures.
$3.75

If you are long-waist, send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

Gray Hair PENCIL
Instantly gives to Gray Hair De-
sirable Youthful Color. Sure
easy way to keep gray from showing at roots.

Gray Hair PENCIL makes hair look like new. Introdu-
ces GAY and Beautiful State. Shade.

BUELL CO., 400 W. Erie St., Dept. 61, Chicago, III.

Married Women
Send 3d stamp today for Illustrated booklets. Female kitchen and
bath, and sanitary rubber goods.

OSAN PRODUCTS, 7-D, 6052 Harper, Chicago

Changing Your Address
To make sure that you receive your copies of Motion Pictures on time, just drop a card to the Subscription Department, telling both your old and new addresses.

98
year in Washington when she made her bow in "The Prince and the Pauper."

Hasn't Changed a Bit

I had not seen her since I spent an afternoon in her former New York apartment, facing the East River, while she was playing in "The Good Fairy." I wondered just what stupendous success might have done to this lovely, elfin girl since I last saw her, two years ago, sitting on the floor of her living room with her "Charlie," excitedly examining a leather case just arrived from a Fifth Avenue jeweler's as a gift from her husband.

Well, I might have saved myself the dither, for the smile with which Helen Hayes greeted me was that same frank and joyous thing I had known when the soft brown hair hung in ringlets over the childish shoulders. I should have known that she WOULD be "thinking of Charlie while kissing Gary," because he is the one man in all the world who has ever warmed his way into the deep recesses of Helen's heart. The quality she gave to the love scenes with Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms" was but a reflection of that exquisite quality that marks her love for her witty playwright-husband. It is so woven into the warp-and-woof of her being that it would be bound to color any great emotional scene she might play.

MacArthur was a story-book lover. He is likewise a story-book husband. When he asked Helen Hayes to marry him during the New York run of "Coquette," he told her that he might not have made her happy, but he could promise that she would never be bored.

He Turns Life Into a Play

He has kept his word by filling her days with delightful surprises. When she crosses the ocean, he sends a half-dozen corks of champagne to be kept in refrigeration, with an order that one corkscrew be placed at her dinner plate every evening. At Christmastime he buys her gifts enough to supply a dozen families, and instead of presenting them to her as would any ordinary male, he hides them all in "treasure hunt" style, with each furnishing a clue to the next, so that Helen has to spend many excited hours in the search for them.

During the rehearsals of "Mary of Scotland," she had a birthday. Charles MacArthur was in Hollywood, writing a new story for Norma Shearer. Nevertheless, when the long and tedious rehearsals came to an end, the young star of Maxwell Anderson's new play was greeted by a host of caterers bearing champagne, caviar and all sorts of delicacies necessary to a successful party—all ordered by phone from California by the one husband who never forgets.

Helen Hayes frankly admits that she would renounce the stage for the screen any day in the week, if she were forced to make a choice between the two mediums of expression. And she declares even more forcibly that she would scrap her whole brilliant career, if for one moment it ever clouded the happiness or destroyed the peace of her private life. The fact that she has a highly imaginative, original and exciting husband is the chief reason for the latter statement. But it is not the only reason. For there is little Mary MacArthur, who looks for all the world like Alice in Wonderland, and who is just the beginning of the large family the celebrated star hopes to have some day.

To the above end, the MacArthurs bought a charming old Victorian house at Nyack, New York, last summer. It has terraced gardens and a beautiful view of the Hudson. And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had better be prepared to wait a long time to make her next picture, when Helen is all through with "Mary of Scotland." For I have a sneaking suspicion that "time off" will be taken to entertain the stork before Mrs. Charles MacArthur returns to the Hollywood scene.

JANE FROMAN

Lovely Singer of 7 Star Radio Revue and Ziegfeld Follies
tells why 50¢ Lipstick is offered
to you for 10¢

"At first," writes Jane Froman, "I was skeptical that such a fine lipstick could be obtained for only 10¢. Then I learned why this amazing offer is being made by the makers of LINIT—to introduce the remarkable LINIT Beauty Bath to those who had not already experienced its instant results in making the skin so soft and smooth. I bought some LINIT; enjoyed the sensation of a rich, cream-like bath; and sent for a lipstick.

When it came, I was no longer dubious, but now carry it with me everywhere. I could not wish for a better lipstick."

Just send a top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage charges) for EACH lipstick desired, filling out the handy coupon printed below.

LINIT is sold by grocers and department store.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. MP-4, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me Lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. Enclose... and... LINIT package top.

[ ] Light [ ] Medium [ ] Dark

Name __________________________________________
Address _________________________________________
City __________________________ State ______________

Sept. 1, 1934
Hidden Gold
in your hair too!

Discover it tonight in one shampooing!

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undescribed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely cleane. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—no see little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25¢ at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE
J. W. KOBI CO., 621 Rainier Ave., Dept. D Seattle, Wash. . . . . Please send a free sample.

Name
Address
City
State
Color of my hair:

How the Stories Started

That's why these rumors of Warner's being unhappy are so needlessly cruel and so unjust. They started really when Winnie was in the hospital for two weeks in 1931. She was very ill and, naturally, was worried. He went around with a frown an inch long, not caring if the world did know how distracted he was. The trouble is, the world has never let Winnie get well. It still refuses to believe that she is healthy. It has even been said that she cannot have children and that this is another cross Warner has to bear.

I wish you could have heard Warner's cute little mama answer that one: "Fiddlesticks! It isn't true, of course. Warner's extremely fond of children and so is Winnie, but let me tell you something about this 'cross-he-has-to-bear' business.

"When they were first married, they traveled almost continually. Money wasn't always plentiful—and it isn't much fun to rear children when your heart is aching because you can't give them things. I knew that Warner would do anything with much to go on. His father died when he was only three months old, you know, and I was barely nineteen. It's just a few years since Warner won that role of the Cisco Kid and a certain amount of security with it. And by that time the bond between those two was complete in itself.

Another thing that is generally known is that the young Baxters had a ready-made family thrust upon them from the very first. They've had five other people to support right along. And they have considered adding to their family. . . . "Last summer," mused Winnie, "it occurred to me that one of their lack of getting something. Our Malibu cottage is next to Joan Bennett's and Gene Markey's cottage and Joan said: 'Winnie, why don't

At Last—the Truth About Warner Baxter's Private Life!
(Continued from page 68)

Winnie told me, "We were married sixteen years ago in January, twenty-ninth. It seems so unnecessary for any couple to have to defend their happiness after all that time. But maybe that's the Hollywood of it!"
you adopt a child? It sounded simple. One boy of six took the heart out of me.

He was a darling. And Warner—you know how he is about any new interest—was so eager to have him.

He Wouldn't Listen to Reason

"For days we talked of nothing else. I turned the sun room into a nursery and finally the matron brought Sonny to live with us. The first day went off beautifully.

Sonny, she explained to me, had been brought up on the new method. All you had to do was reason with him. Then she left. And that night I started in reasoning. It didn't work. He wanted all the lights on, although I carefully pointed out that he couldn't go to sleep that way.

He tore up pillows. He lay on the floor and screamed until Warner was in a frenzy. For the first time since we've been married, I was too tired to help him with his lines. And he was doing 'Penthouse,' playing a part that was very important to him.

I stayed with him. Each night Warner came home with his arms filled with presents for Sonny. He tried every conceivable scheme to win him over.

And Sonny kept right on screaming.

"Warner's work began to suffer. There wasn't a quiet spot in the house for him to study his script. Then he cornered me in the hall. 'See here, have you got your heart absolutely set on this? Winnie, let's—let's return it?' And that ended that.

And also, I fancy, any parental urge that Warner might have had.

"But—what is the Baxter burden?" I asked his mama, whom I give fair warning I'm going to steal at the earliest possible moment.

"Humph. It isn't his burden. It's mine!" she clapped.

"I suppose it's my fan mail and even since these stories about his 'sorrow' have been printed, letters keep coming in saying how sorry people are for him and giving him advice. I've wondered why. Why, one dear girl even offered to come here to take care of me. They're sweet—but it makes me feel guilty as anything a week.

"You are guilty," I said sternly. She gasped. But she is. You see, it was from her that Warner got those eyes.

Women Have Shaped His Life

Women play a tremendous part in the life of any man, but in Warner's they've had special significance. There was the woman who slaved for him and molded his life so carefully. There was Dorothy Shoemaker, glamorous, older than he who introduced him to the professional stage as her partner. And there was Viola Caldwell...

He married her when he was twenty. It was a young, exciting love, and is a little-known chapter in his life.

"But she taught me something. She taught me tolerance and patience and understanding," he told me once. 'Our marriage lasted only seven months, yet I think it was a definite lesson for both of us.'

With Dorothy Shoemaker, Bryan, Warner admits, he never would have known real success. He's too much the wanderer, the happy-go-lucky type. She gave up her own career to help him concentrate on his.

"She's more thorough than I am," says Warner. "She has taken this life of mine and given it meaning—shaped it. Every night when I'm on a picture, we go over the script together, studying the character and getting the most out of the lines. I—why, I'd be nowhere if it weren't for Viola!"

You can see why Warner labels that Baxter burden idea all "devilish nonsense." And if you'll look beyond the eyes, you'll notice he has the deepest laughing lines of any star in Hollywood!
Newcomers Today—
Stars Tomorrow?

(Continued from page 61)

Trinity College, Dublin, before he flashed upon Broadway and the screen. In the past year you've had chances to view him in dozen pictures, among them being "The Adopted Father," "Herbert for Sale," "Lilly Turner," "Private Detective 62," and "The World Changes."

Pretended She Was English

One of the favorites on this lot, and a girl for whom early stardom is being plotted, is Margaret Lindsay. Strange it may sound, considering that British accent, Margaret was born in Dubuque, Iowa. An all-British cast was wanted for "Cavalcade," and Margaret, with a year's stage work in London behind her, decided to try to fool 'em. She did—and so well that she got an important role, which led to her Warner contract and parts which have convinced the company that she is starring material. She is twenty-two years old, and graduated with honors from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Over at Columbia is another smart young person who now is called Ann Sothern. Bard's Restaurant in New York bears a caricature of her cute face labeled "Harriette Lake," her real name, and the one under which she is well-known on Broadway. A musical comedy favorite of unusual charm, she was in Hollywood once before—but musicals didn't click with the public then. Columbia wanted a new girl for lead in "Let's Fall in Love," and Harriette was selected. It's still a mystery why her name was changed.

Aside from all those attractive youngsters that Paramount gathered in its "Search for Beauty"—Eldred Tidbury, Clara Lou Sheridan, Julian Madison, Jack Jenkins, Louise Ellis, and Delcambre and the rest—this company has a fine, promising pop of replacements coming up, should the public begin to weary of its veteran players. Toby Wing, the most beautiful chorus girl in Hollywood, and Lena Andre, of "Panther Woman" fame, are just two of them. And how about Baby Le Roy?

Dignified for Their Years

After Converse College in Spartansburg, S. C., Gertrude Michael went to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, where she won a scholarship for five years' study in Italy. Little Theatre work, and radio, preceded her as "A Christmas Story," "Ann Vickers," "Cradle Song," and "I'm No Angel," in which Mae West irrigated her back. Now she is with George Raft in "Bolero," in which Frances Drake makes her debut. In 1931, this English girl began to dance professionally with Gordon Wallace in Ciro's, the famous London night-club. Soon Frances was appearing so attractively on the stage and in English pictures—that Paramount sent her a contract.

Elizabeth Young is the daughter of Judge William Young of the Children's Court in New York. A graduate of the ultra Miss Spence's School, she has studied dramatics under two excellent coaches, played in stock and been on Broadway. Hollywood couldn't help noticing her. She was all right in "Big Executive," but her best opportunity to date has been Garbo's "Queen Christina." And don't overlook Sally Rand, who ranks as a newcomer because she has outgrown her Wampas Baby Star ways—thanks to her famous fan dance at the Chicago World's Fair. After leaving Christian College in Columbus, Minn. (where she held a wide experience as cigarette girl, artist's model, vaudeville and café dancer), she was signed by Cecil DeMille, and became a 1927 Baby

Is Yours A Skin That Captivates Men?

J ust for curiosity's sake, try a close-up of your complexion. Are you surprised at what you see?

Is there a tendency towards dullness? A line or wrinkle here and there? A suggestion of dryness—even coarseness?

Don't dodge these questions! It's important that you know the truth, if you expect your skin to be attractive to others.

Begin at once to correct these complexion flaws. OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder will help you. This luxurious powder feeds into dry tissues the delicate, swiftly-absorbed oils which your skin needs to remain soft, smooth and supple. With just a few applications, you can see your complexion awaken to new youth and loveliness.

You cannot buy a better powder than OUTDOOR GIRL at any price. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug and department stores in two sizes—50c and 25c. Also in miniature sizes at various stores for 10c. If you would like to try free of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL powder tints mail the coupon below.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Olive Oil

FACE POWDER

FREE OFFER

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 31D
WILLIS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me free Trial Packages of 5 skin-blending shades of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder.

NAME_____________________
ADDRESS___________________
CITY____________________STATE_______
Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure: and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet—an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every vestige of hair growth rises off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg problem: quitting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.
Jean, The Schoolgirl Hope

G-M also has a dark-eyed brunette in Jean Parker, upon whom they place much hope. Her boat publicizing the Olympic Games gave this Pasadena schoolgirl her screen test. As the young Princess who attracted that muniments, "Rasputin," and as the lovable, tragic Beth in "Little Women" she had tremendous appeal. Her latest picture is "You Can't Cheat an Angel."

Another local girl is Irene Hervey, who hung around the casting office for so long that Ben Piazza finally gave her a test. It led to her playing Franchot Tone's wife in "Stranger's Return," after which roles in "The Hollywood Party" and "The Women in His Life" were handed her. Irene devotes the majority of her spare time to a small stock company, the Ursula March players. Also having made much progress at Metro during the past year, Lee Tracy's little blonde friend, Isabel Jewell. Isabel did many shows in New York, but Hollywood dismissed her as "just Tracy's girl-friend" until she appeared on the Los Angeles stage with Otto Kruger in "Counselor at Law." Then her screen chance arrived with a bang. She had been seen in "Ink's Event," and in a number of other small parts, but no one had especially noticed her before. Now, she's one of the most-feared picture-stars in Hollywood. Her latest is "The Women in His Life."

Fated to Be a Lover

O TTO KRUGER, the star of that picture, entered films to play character roles, but is known as a smooth lover—just as he was on Broadway, where he has long been a favorite of theater goers. Nothing much happened in his screen life, either, until he did "Counselor at Law" on a local stage, and the studio saw that it had a great bet.

Cora Sue Collins, the cute six-year-old veteran who plays Garbo as a little girl in "Queen Christina," seems assured of a bright future. Max Baer, the fisticapper who appeared to such advantage in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," surprised everybody with his "It" and his acting. He'll be back.

Now, we return to that scene in "The Lady from Washington," where Ray Wills, cameraman—shoved his great promise, but is too odd a type to work with great regularity.

The Fox newcomers who have had the chance to show the most promise to date are Claire Trevor and Irene Bentley. Claire, who looks a bit like Glenda Farrell, is a young hit on Broadway. Her first picture, for some strange reason, was a Western—but she stepped right up into leading roles after that in "The Mad Game," "Jimmy and Sally" and now, "Hold That Girl!" (again with Jimmy Dunn). Sally Eilers had better watch this little blonde. Irene, a New Yorker who was good enough in amateur school theatricals to rate a screen test, tried one with Harvey Stephens, which proved successful. Her face looked as if it were just Weakness, followed by "Smoky." "Frontier Marshall" and "David Harum" in rapid succession. Her newest is "Three on a Honeymoon."

Harvey Stephens is a local Los Angeles boy who made good in the Big Town with Leslie Howard and Katharine Cornell, and is now thought to be the Kassel brought back by "The Worst Woman in Paris?" He'll be sticking around! Another lad worth watching is Hugh Williams, a young Englishman who gets his start in "All Men Are Enemies."

Three Above the Crowd

A girl who will soon catch your eye is Pat Paterson, also from England, where she is a stage, radio, screen and night-club favorite. (Take a look at her on page

of William Powell, Edward G. Robinson, Kay Johnson, and many others.

Married Women's Secret


BElief COMPOUND 2c. to 10c. in bottles. Effective in keeping colds away all winter. Acts quickly. Therethroughout the country. Day and night. THORAXIUM will lift the most stubborn cold. Thorazine will add fresh to all part of body. New formula for colds, headaches, nose, sinews, and arms, any part that you need develops. FREE TREATMENT. Just send 10c for free sample. Thirteen container 25c. Larger container $1.00.

LEARN how YOU can BE Beautiful!

WANT to look your best? Want Wrinkles, Freckles, Sagging Skin, or Muscles at your elbows and knees? FREE booklet lets "FACE LIFTING AT HOME" show you how to look younger. Presented by Dr. John M. McVeigh, Plastic Surgeon. Send for booklet to: DR. JOHN M. McVEIGH, Dept. W-2, Park Central, 353 N. 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Sleepers new. early 25c. M.

The loving. in Lead INpression prove giving the

COLUMBUS, — Suzanne Kaaren—former college athlete, artist, and Broadway actress—who has been catching onto screen technique fast in "Sleepers East" and "Coming Out Party." And then there is Alice Faye—blonde, nineteen and Rudy Vallee's protégée. She is Rudy's leading lady in his screen comeback in "George White's Scandals," and she is signed to a four-year contract.

And the prophets are saying things about Russ Columbo, who quit the local Belmont High School in 1925 to go to work, singing and dancing with local dance orchestras and voice-doubling for stars in early talkie musicals. He and Bing Crosby, rivals then in local dance places, carried their feud to New York, and now have brought it back out here again. After "Broadway Through a Keyhole" and his next, "The Love-Life of a Crooner," Russ will be right up there, giving the hearts of the girls an extra jolt.

Cast an eye, too, in the direction of June Knight. Born in Herkimer, January 22, 1913, she took up dancing to improve her health. And just look what it did for her! Ziegfeld discovered her dancing in a local night-club, and took her off to New York, where the movies later discovered her as a star. "Ladies Must Love," "Take a Chance" and "Cross-Country Cruise" all prove her a real personality.

Roger Pryor, who made such an impression in "Moonlight and Pretzels," is the son of Arthur Pryor, the famous bandmaster. At thirty he is one of the best-known young actors on the American stage. And having a good singing voice, as well as knowing his acting, Pryor should bear out Universal's hopes for him. Next he'll be in "I Like That Way," with Gloria Stuart.

Some of The Surest Bets

IN 1931 Roger appeared in "A Modern Virgin" with a little girl named Margaret Sullivan, the same Peggy who today is one of the greatest new bets. Despite a worthy record of Broadway and stock experience, Peggy went into the feminine lead in "Only Yesterday" practically unheralded. And you all know how good she was in that! Her great talent is as obvious as the fact of her vital charm. Her second picture is "Little Man, What Now?"

RKO proved its ability to pick real winners when it sprang Katharine Hepburn on the public without any advance warning (at Katharine's own specific request). If she keeps on the way she has started, she may well become the greatest star of them all. And RKO's faith in Hepburn has made any mistake in bringing Francis Lederer to Hollywood. Women can't resist his profile and his naive loving. His accent was what led to his being cast as an Eskimo in "Man of Two Worlds." Also, in that picture, you may have noticed Steffi Duna, as his Eskimo companion. This little girl from Budapest is Lederer's protégée and you'll be seeing more of her.

It cost plenty of money to make "Man of Two Worlds," but the most costly vehicle to introduce a newcomer is Samuel Goldwyn's "Nana," starring Anna Steen. For almost two years, while the young Russian star was mastering English, Goldwyn was preparing the public for her advent; and when her first picture finally started, it was stopped after three weeks—and a new director and supporting cast substituted. All in all, the Steen debut cost Goldwyn well over a million dollars. But Sam expects to get every bit of that back, he'll jubilantly tell you. Here is a girl, he says, who was worth a million-dollar gamble. (There aren't many like that!)

Some of the girls and boys who are now in the ranks of substitutes to-be will vanish even sooner than the stars they hope to replace—or displace. Others will fulfill their present promises. Which will do which?

**MERCOLIZED WAX**

Keeps Skin Smooth and Young Looking

IT IS THE ONE BEAUTY AID YOU CAN AFFORD BECAUSE THIS SINGLE PREPARATION EMBODES ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF BEAUTY THAT YOUR SKIN NEEDS.

MERCOLIZED WAX absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. SO SIMPLE TO USE, TOO. JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY COLD CREAM. YOU NEED SUCH A TINY BIT OF MERCOLIZED WAX FOR EACH APPLICATION THAT IT PROVES AN INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT.

MERCOLIZED WAX has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and younger. MERCOLIZED WAX brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.

**PHELACTINE** removes hairy growths—roots and all—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair-free, soft, smooth and clean. Phelactine is odorless and non-irritating.

**POWDERED SAXOLITE** dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. A refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion—most beneficial if used daily.

*Sold at high class drug and department stores everywhere*

---

**Are MORE WOMEN being RUINED by DRUGS under REPEAL?**

Scarlet sisters of the underworld . . . hope-deadening delicts of the streets . . . these alone are not the quarry being sought in increasing numbers by the overlords of the dope racket. If you want to know how the narcotics are being dished a new minut of death with innocent childhood and womanhood in every walk of life, read the startling expose in March Real Detective.

Adolescent high school girls lured to clandestine "snow-smiling" parties. Jade Park Avenue socialites ensnared by the marihuana cigarette in the new maddening thrill that leads to death and worse. Insidious new machinations of an international dope clique, operating through the merciless ex-

---

**REAL DETECTIVE**

The Magazine of Inside News

---

25¢
News and Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 72)

Go on the Stage First

If you don't think you need stage training to break into the movies, you’re all wrong. We told you that last month in the article entitled “Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test”—and now we’ve backed up by Variety. The show-folks weekly recently completed a survey of Hollywood talent and came up from under the pile of figures with the information that seventy-five per cent of those now listed in screen casts are from the stage.

Variety sums it up thus: “Since the advent of the talking picture, Hollywood’s dependence on stage-trained talent has increased. By year, to the point where rank outsiders and amateurs stand only an occasional chance of breaking into the playing end. . . . A girl’s pretty face or a boy’s physique isn’t enough anymore.”

Moral: If you have screen ambitions, go on the stage. Broadway is almost as hard to crash as Hollywood, but there are other places where play-acting is still practised. Try a Little Theatre group or a stock company (most stars today started in one or the other). They’re always on the lookout for talented beginners. And with the Broadway talent market about exhausted, Hollywood is turning its eyes upon the Great Unknowns in amateur, semi-professional or stock companies.

Corinne Is Back

CORINNE GRIFFITH has finally traveled Combak Road all the way to the studio gates. She drew the assignment as leading lady opposite Otto Kruger in “Crime Doctor”—though she later walked out, claiming Otto was only competing for the feminine, and Karen Morley replaced her. But Corinne is back in the town that abbreviated her career when it went talkie; and she has her chance to prove that she still has the glamour that once earned her the biggest salary in pictures. She made a picture in England a year or so ago that brought her Hollywood offers, but not the kind she wanted. So she went on the stage in the East in a variety of plays. And was re-discovered in an appropriate manner.

Dorothy Wedded to Career

DOROTHY MACKAILL and Neil Miller used to chuckle when couples who had prophesied a short marriage for them suddenly shortened their own marriages. But those happy days are over. Dorothy has gone and told the judge that she would like her freedom back, because her young singer-husband objected to her working, though his own salary (she said) was insufficient to maintain both. Marriage in Hollywood can’t seem to last with a career, and it can’t seem to last without one.

No, Lili Hasn’t Retired

WHATEVER became of Lili Damita, who hasn’t been seen heretofore in so many films? Has she gone abroad—and she’s about to start work on the picture version of “Sons o’ Guns,” the musical comedy in which she made a big hit on Broadway? No, she’s in England now, on a particular assignment for herself, amid all the playing she did in London last year. She’s been teaching herself to sing and dance so she can swell the chorus of the musical. If she succeeds, it’s the leader of the way the Shadow, after three blood transu- tions. If he recovers, he will have had the unique experience of having been mourned for dead by the movie colony several times.

Others on the sick list for the month include Ralph Graves, who broke his hand and got blood poisoning from the break; Joan Blondell, who had the flu recently; and Joe E. Brown, who caught the flu from leading the cheering sections for Columbia at the Rose Bowl Game.
ABOUT YOU? shall men say “She is lovely -- So exquisite!”

BY PATRICIA GORDON

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

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

Some women know — Some do not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate obvious make-up, she simply does not know the glamorous beauty of harmonized Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. So natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious almond base (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvety skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

Each with the other harmonized. How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably harmonize. With usual make-up there is ever the risk of discordant shades; but never with Princess Pat.

Make-up to go with costume. Because any shade of Princess Pat rouge will match your skin, you may choose with the color of your costume in mind. Simply choose the more intense shades of rouge for strongly colored costumes, the softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

NOW IS THE TIME!
Receive a beautiful Vanity FREE
It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $1—worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use—filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity
Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent entirely free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

PRINCESS PAT
LONDON  CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.
THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE
and in Cigarettes too — Taste is Everything

ALWAYS the Finest Tobacco and ONLY the Center Leaves
Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes... lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes... Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.
Isn't It A Shame!

Pretty Girl... And a Marvelous Secretary... But Oh, Her Terrible Teeth!

Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!

There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps young men away!

Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!

If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see her, dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.

It isn't very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipansa cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

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

I PAN A TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. HH-54
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclose a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name
Address
City State
Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in
RIPTIDE

HERBERT MARSHALL
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION

A METRO-GOLDFWYN-MAYER PICTURE
MOTION PICTURE

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood

F E A T U R E S

Carole Lombard Tells Why Hollywood Marriages Can’t Succeed .................. Sonia Lee 28
Hollywood Recognizes Russia! .......................... Jack Grant 30
“Hollywood Is Ruining Me as an Actress”—Gloria Stuart ......................... Franc Dillon 32
Hollywood Hasn’t Ruined Barthelness, BUT—Gladys Hall ......................... 33
How the Blind See the Movies ............................................ Eric L. Ergenbright 34
Carole Lombard’s House Is a Background for a Blonde! ......................... Dorothy Calhoun 40
Is Jean Harlow Hollywood’s Most Underpaid Star? Dorothy Manners 42
How They Get Baby Le Roy to Do Those Things Elisabeth Goldbeck 46
“Don’t Let Anyone Tell You Acting Isn’t Hard Work!”—Montgomery ...... Gladys Hall 51
Who Is the College Boys’ Favorite? Madge Evans—Richard English 59
and Here’s Why! The Tortures That Stars Endure ...................... Robert Fender 60
Movies in the Making Jack Grant 66
How June Knight, Once an Invalid, Became a Star! Hal Hall 68
How Warren William Gets Away from It All Dorothy Donnell 74

DEPARTMENTS

Flashes from Filmland ...................................................... 6
Movie Gossip Test ...................................................... Marion Martone 12
You Know Your Movies! Puzzle This One Out! ........................ L. R. R. 14
News and Gossip from Hollywood ....................................... 36
Latest Hollywood Fashions ................................................ 52
Hollywood Patterns ...................................................... 54
Aids to Beauty .............................................................. 62
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures ......................... 64
Letters from Our Readers .................................................. 84

CAROLE SHOWS YOU HOLLYWOOD —and We Show You CAROLE

Why all the recent Hollywood divorces? Why can’t these movie marriages last? We put these questions to Carole Lombard—who is still the friend, but no longer the wife, of William Powell. And she gives the frankest, most searching explanation that any star has ever offered. It’s a challenging explanation, not to be missed. You’ll find it in this issue.

After you read it, you’ll want to know more about the girl who presents it. So, a few pages farther on, we’re showing you the house that expresses her personality. Would you like your surroundings to reflect your personality? This story has some helpful hints!

Cover Design of Anna Sten Painted by MARLAND STONE

Herman Schoepf, Art Director
Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Hollywood Editor


5
Flashes from Filmland

Et Tu, Cecil?

CECIL B. DE MILLE may follow Director W. S. Van Dyke's example and play a part in his own picture, "Cleopatra" (starring Claudette Colbert). You will remember Van Dyke as chief of the Mounted Police in "Eskimo," and a very good job he made of the part, too. De Mille isn't telling what rôle he may play, but he may join the army of "extras," who are impatiently waiting for the new De Mille spectacle to get under way—so that they can begin eating again.

Warren William's Roman profile won him the rôle of Julius Caesar, who is supposed to have taught the young Egyptian queen a thing or two about ruling. It's only the second time in almost four years that William has gone off his home lot (Warner Brothers). And did you read about the Coast Guard searching for him between Los Angeles and Catalina Island, when he failed to show up in his sailing boat in a rough sea? You'll read all about that boat on page 72. It's always good publicity when a movie star is missing, even temporarily—as the newspapers once more proved.

Lee Gives You Credit

LEE TRACY gives his fans credit for helping to bring him back to the screen—with their deluge of letters. His recent banishment from films, following an unfortunate incident in Mexico (which appears to have been grossly exaggerated), was a great shock to the debonair Lee and gave him a chance to think things over seriously. Now that Universal, which is famous for guarding its reputation, has signed Lee, the storm has completely blown over. But Mrs. Tracy's boy and Isabel Jewell's boyfriend isn't taking any more chances: he's more subdued—off the screen. And on the screen, in "I'll Tell the World" (in which he plays another newspaper correspondent), he may combine seriousness with clowning. 

(Continued on page 8)

Are Ya Listenin', Bing?

WELL, it looks as if Paramount has done it again—unearthed another radio personality who looks as if he might do big things on the screen. No other studio has so consistently scoured the ether waves for film talent, and no other studio has yet developed a Crosby, either. (Did you know that Bing is one of the first ten box-office favorites today?) Their latest "find" is Lanny Ross. And the funny thing is that they almost passed him by.

Several months ago, looking for new talent, studio scouts photographed the whole cast of the "Show Boat" program. Lanny, knowing nothing about screen tests and having no one to guide him, didn't score—and was ignored. Later, still another scout saw him and arranged another test. This time, Lanny was prepared. And presto! he was signed, with "Melody in Spring" as his first picture. With that finished, he is now rehearsing "Her Master's Voice," a farce in which Roland Young, resting from movie work, has been scoring all season on Broadway and is now taking to London. It was written by Roland's mother-in-law, Clare Kummer—one mother-in-law who does things to glorify her daughter's husband!

Two more radio personalities you want to be watching for are Alice Faye in "George White's Scandals" and Sylvia Fros in "Stand Up and Cheer."

It's a rare husband who takes his wife golfing with him—but director Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eller (did you recognize her in the sun glasses?) are still in the honeymoon stage. Sally's latest picture, by the way, is "Three on a Honeymoon."

Dorothy Dell, who was "Miss Universe" in 1930 and is now a movie star (you'll see her in "Wharf Angel"), has Spring fever—and a new beach outfit.
MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"
Directed by Josef von Sternberg
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Stanwyck, the Stoic

FEW people know it, but Barbara Stanwyck has been another silent martyr to her career. Something like three years ago, she had a bad fall in making a picture and severely injured her back; but encased in braces, she insisted on finishing the picture on schedule. Then, before her back could completely mend, she again had an accident, which undid all the healing. Again she put on the braces and smiled for the camera. Since then, being very careful, she has managed to work without the braces—but has frequently had to put them on between pictures. Now, especially proud: one, the fact that her mother did the decorating of the entire house, herself, going about to auctions and antique shops to unearth the French pieces for it; and the other is the fact that she doesn't owe a penny on the house or furnishings. "We"—meaning husband Hal Rossen and herself—"are buying only what we can pay for, as we go along," Jean explains. "That's why my bedroom is still almost empty." It would surprise the envious to know the amounts of the mortgages on most stars' palatial homes....

Greek Is the Word for It

WILLIAM POWELL'S new home (the old Hobart Bosworth estate) is being redecorated. And you'd never guess what period William has chosen for his furnishings. Greek! Yes, sir, we may expect to see the suave Bill draped in togas and wearing sandals, reclining on a couch in his dining room, strumming a lyre. William Haines, who is doing the decorating, has gone abroad, so the wisecrackers say, to see if he can't bring back a bit of the Parthenon at Athens and a frieze or two from the Temple of Jupiter. How surprised the house will be—after Hobart's ship models and saddles! Perhaps it's just coincidence, but the home of Carole Lombard, the former Mrs. Powell, is also furnished along classical lines. (See pages 40 and 41.) Prosperity must be back, with so many stars furniture-shopping.

(Continued on page 10)

Streamline Waistline

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S waist measures twenty-one inches plus in circumference. Joan Marsh's is exactly twenty-one inches around. Remember the Joan of two years ago? She was the cutest and plumpest of the Baby Stars! In those days, Joan's waist was narrower that of the Venus de Milo, which measures twenty-eight inches around—and is a good, healthy measurement, according to Mae West. On page 25, you'll get a look at the new Joan—who is now under contract to Paramount and racing from one picture to another, which ought to keep her thin.

Taking Chances

THESE gals who stave off appendicitis operations to finish pictures are very gallant, no doubt, but they are taking dangerous risks. Margaret Lindsay—who was recently burned on a set and was a victim of robbers—is the latest. For more than a week, finishing "Fog Over Frisco," she was in agony from an obstreperous appendix—without letting any one know; but when the cameras stopped grinding, off to the hospital she went. Joan Blondell recently carried around an ice pack, trying to fight off an operation—and courted a burst appendix; she was operated on just in time, and the completion of the picture had to wait. Maureen O'Sullivan was less fortunate; she developed peritonitis—from which few recover. Serum, rushed from Berkeley, saved her. And "Tarzan and His Mate" was delayed for weeks.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee keep on their toes by playing volley ball. And they keep on "honey-mooning" by staying at the beach—all by themselves it is reported, after her next picture Barbara may take a vacation of several months—while she gives her back a real chance to recuperate fully.

If this is true, the fans have a chance to prove their loyalty. To be missing from the screen for several months endangers any player's popularity—unless the fans keep calling for her constantly and keep up the volume of her fan mail. Here's wishing a quick recovery to Barbara, one of the most gallant of Hollywood stars.

Paying as They Go

JEAN HARLOW—who is back at the studio, with her salary troubles past—history—is very proud of her new Colonial home. Two things give her...
OAKIE'S a Scream!
TRACY'S a Panic!
together they're a RIOT!

They must have been a couple of other fellows before an inspiration teamed them up in this three-mile-a-minute comedy that even an earthquake can't slow up. It's a laugh a second...and a second laugh after that!
Flashes from Filmland

**Lederer, Ladies' Man**

Francis ("Man of Two Worlds") Lederer is appearing in his former London and Broadway hit only while waiting for his second picture to be written. And Francis, who is reported to be engaged to Steffy Duna (his squash in the Eskimo picture), has sweet words for his leading lady, Julie Haydon.

He recently said, "Mees Dorothy Gish, who played the part in New York, was not exactly the type. Very lovely, naturally, but not quite right for the part. Mes Haydon is perfect. I have nevar been so happe in any play."

And he will be one of the first to welcome Elizabeth Bergner, star of "Catherine, the Great," to Hollywood a few weeks hence. The German actress was one of the stars who helped him to fame on the Continent.

**"Leave of Absence" Ends**

Virginia Bruce Gilber, divorcing John, is about to take up the career that she temporarily abandoned two years ago when she married. The studio gave her a "leave of absence" from her contract, thus reflecting ironically, the general Hollywood expectation that the marriage "wouldn't last." (Hollywood is an old pessimist that way.) All actor, John Gilbert takes everything that concerns his professional life violently and is either at the peak of ecstasy or in the depths of despair. So ends, in incompatibility, his fourth marital venture. John has recently been in Hawaii, recuperating from the "flu."

(Continued on page 15)

**Four Stars Shift**

Speaking of William Powell reminds us that he, Richard Barthelmess and Ruth Chatterton are all departing from Warner Brothers, who will spend the money formerly spent on their high salaries in developing their promising newcomers. Powell goes to M-G-M to play the chief role in Dashiell Hammet's thriller, "The Thin Man." Barthelmess is reported to be negotiating with Paramount and 20th Century to play certain desirable roles. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent have been hibernating at Palm Springs, considering offers from local, foreign and Broadway producers—and also thinking about starting their own producing company. Barthelmess also has been mulling over that particular idea and the signing up of players who, he thinks, show great promise.

(Continued from page 8)

**Aha! Joan's Decorating!**

Joan Crawford is another star whose house is being redecorated. This usually means on the part of the volatile Joan a change of personality. When she was being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., so energetically, she went in for chintz and hooked rugs and cottage gates. Now that that's over, she's going Empire. And does this mean that she's going to become Mrs. Somebody Else when her divorce is final on May 12? Hollywood thought maybe she was switching to a new love—when she attended the opening of Francis Lederer's stage play, "Autumn Crocus," and later sent him a gardenia (her flower trademark). But she has Franchot Tone for her leading man in "Sadie McKee"—and, moreover, this time Franchot is being permitted by the scenario writers to win the fair lady. Propinquity can do wonders for romance. Don't place any bets that they won't be marrying.

**Lew Ayres' Future "Mare"?**

Anyway, Ginger Rogers is wearing a mare's cap. She's now on deck in "Upper World."
All the earth turns to adoration of a new Warner Bros. star

It takes high talent to win a place in the select ranks of The Star Company... Jean Muir has done it! Watch how this truly American beauty wins you to her in the film from the best seller of its season — "As The Earth Turns". Critics call it "a triumph" — "outstanding"... You'll recall it years from now as one of your greatest picture thrills!

Jean Muir

"AS THE EARTH TURNS"

with DONALD WOODS... Russell Hardie
Emily Lowry... Arthur Hohl... Dorothy Peterson... David Landau... Clara Blandick
Directed by Alfred E. Green
This Is How She Looked Before She Became Famous. The Girl Is A Star Now.

Can You Guess Her Name?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly?

Give Yourself This Movie Gossip Test

By Marion Martone

2. Whose face was judged the most perfect in the film city and by whom was the decision made?

3. Can you name the popular film comédienne who kept her marriage a secret for four months?

4. Do you know the screen actress who charged that her husband couldn’t support her when she sued for divorce?

5. The mother of what movie player asked the police to search for her daughter, who disappeared for several days?

6. What motion picture star became the mother of an eight-pound baby on her own birthday, February 27?

7. Which feminine motion picture star has the smallest waist in Hollywood?

8. Do you know the newlyweds who were married three weeks after their arrival in Hollywood?

9. The marriage of what red-haired motion picture player has hit the well-known rocks?

10. Who is the recently divorced screen beauty in whom Maurice Chevalier has been showing a romantic interest?

11. Do you recognize this forlorn-looking creature, wearing a Scotch tam and a drooping mustache? We warn you, this is not an easy one.

12. Why has the popular Barbara Stanwyck retired temporarily from motion picture work?

13. Who is the eleven-year-old girl whom Bruce Cabot recently adopted?

14. What movie star is preparing to sue her fourth husband for divorce, according to Dame Rumor?

15. With whom will Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shortly be co-starred on the London stage?

16. Why was John Gilbert reported interested in Myrna Loy?

17. Do you know the radio and screen crooner whose mail brought letters from fans expressing their disappointment in hearing that he was again to become a father?

18. Can you name the motion picture player who got to court only a few hours ahead of her husband to sue for divorce?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 94)
Flashes from Filmland
(Continued from page 10)

Ronnie to Reno?

T

HE news that Ronald Colman may soon be a free man is a new tidbit that has Hollywood speculating. Ronnie has clung to his long-distance marriage as a protection against pestiferous romance rumors. Now, does his reported decision to be divorced mean a new love in his life? And if so, who is she? He has returned from his recent holiday abroad looking younger and more tailored than ever, if that is possible; and he came back filled with a Hemingwayish enthusiasm for bull-fighting. He's making "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," a sequel of his early hit, "Bulldog Drummond."

Doug Seems Smitten

I

T begins to look more and more probable that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will marry Gertrude Lawrence, English musical comedy star, when he is free. They have admitted at last that an engagement has been discussed. On his recent trip back to Hollywood to make "Success Story," he is reported to have spent more than a thousand dollars phoning and cabling her in London — invariably going to some secret spot (preferably a ranch house belonging to friends) when they talked with each other. He brought records of all her songs from her latest musical show and played them constantly.

Big Doings in London

W

HILE waiting for his father to finish "Exit Don Juan," so that they can make that "Zorzy" picture together, playing father and son, Young Doug is enjoying life to the full in London, where "Catherine, the Great" opened to cheers. He cabled a friend in Hollywood: "The Prince of Wales and everybody else who counts in London was there. It was a huge success!" An ovation greeted the appearance of Young Doug, who has become the white-headed boy of London in a year—being even more popular than his Dad.

Reconciliation Rumor

D

OUG.SR., was "terribly angry" about being named co-respondent in the divorce suit of Lord Ashley against Lady Ashley, who has lived apart from her husband for some time. Reporters who have been led to believe that Doug and Mary Pickford were on the verge of reconciliation when the suit broke. And producer Joseph Schenck, returning to Hollywood from London at the time, said Doug had told him, "Kiss Mary for me and tell her I will see her soon."

Will Just Pretend Now

N

OW that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are being teamed again in "The World Is Ours" (based on the story, "Manhattan Love Song"), the romantic public can be happy once more. The demand for a reunion of America's Sweethearts has been urgent and loud ever since the break came a year and a half ago. But will it be the same? Janet, so it is whispered, is romantically interested elsewhere, while Charlie is enjoying domestic contentment, thank you, with Virginia Valli. Besides, time has passed since "Seventh Heaven." Time, which changes everything.

Mother's life is her family!

Mother's very life is her family! Who is the first to notice that something has gone wrong in the household? Mother!

Who first notices that Tommy or Mary is cross and out of sorts? Mother!

And so it is but natural that the mothers of the nation are so well informed on matters of health. For instance, they realize the importance of that first rule of health — "keep regular!" And of keeping a good laxative in the medicine cabinet — ready for use when some member of the family needs it.

Mothers, for 27 years, have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. They have found that it is entirely unnecessary to use violent cathartics — even for the strongest member of the family.

They like its delicious chocolate taste. They have found that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to be — pleasant, gentle, and yet thoroughly effective.

They have found that Ex-Lax doesn't cause stomach pains or distress. And they like the convenience of Ex-Lax — no bottles, no spoons, no mess, nothing to shake, nothing to spill.

At all druggists, 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax — spelled E-X-L-A-X.

Keep "regular" with Ex-Lax

The Chocolate Laxative

Keep "'regular' with Ex-Lax

The Chocolate Laxative

Keep "regular" with Ex-Lax

The Chocolate Laxative
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

Solution to Puzzle

| 1. Gilbert’s name in “Queen Christina” |
| 2. “— Cents a Dance” |
| 3. An exclamation of pain (colloq.) |
| 4. His last name is Sparks |
| 5. See illustration above |
| 6. Another name for “The Big House” |
| 7. Italian comedian in “Cross-Country Cruise” |
| 8. Remember the toothy grin of — D’Arcy? |
| 9. Receipts at this place show a star’s popularity (init.) |
| 10. “A Farewell to —” |
| 11. Good featured players are always — to become stars |
| 12. Charles Lamb’s pen-name |
| 13. A comic cowboy whose first name is Hank |
| 22. Ahab’s dasher is a cloth— |
| 23. His first name is Lester |
| 24. She’s in “The Show-Off” |
| 25. She’s the star of “Riptide” |
| 26. His first name is Walter; his last name brings a bird to mind |
| 27. Public Health Administrator (abbr.) |
| 28. Gargan’s nickname in “Aggie Appleby” |
| 29. Distinguished Service Order (abbr.) |
| 30. Comedian whose first name is “Snu” |
| 31. A Chinese flower popular in America |
| 32. Another word for “No” |
| 33. North by Northeast (abbr.) |
| 34. Fellow of the Royal Society (abbr.) |
| 35. Daughters of the American Revolution (abbr.) |
| 36. Vivienne is her first name |
| 37. “The Primrose ——” |
| 38. Leisure |
| 39. His first name is Edward; his last name has a noble sound |
| 40. The Irish like to call themselves —— |
| 41. A doctrine or system |
| 42. Mail (Latin) |
| 43. Abbreviation for circa (about) |
| 44. The Jordan girl’s nickname |
| 45. Island (abbr.) |
| 46. Aunt March in “Little Women” |
| 47. Whose ex-wife is Sally Filers? |
| 48. The kind of snake that helped Cleopatra commit suicide |
| 49. Mack —— produces comedies |
| 50. Abbreviation for agriculture |
| 51. Her last name is Sothern |
| 52. Mack —— named —— |
| 53. The hero of “Cross-Country Cruise” |
| 54. Remember the toothy grin of — D’Arcy? |
| 55. Her last name is Sothern |
| 56. Mack —— named —— |
| 57. To put a bit of powder on your nose |
| 58. Rita’s initials |
| 59. Astaire’s initials |
| 60. Astaire’s initials |
| 61. His real name is Pomares |
| 62. “—— Big” |
| 63. De Putti was this tragic star’s last name |
| 64. “—— Big” |
| 65. What happened to Gable’s plane in “Night Flight” |
| 66. “—— Big” |
| 67. A haberdasher is a cloth— |
| 68. His first name is Lester |
| 69. Ahab’s dasher is a cloth— |
| 70. His first name is Lester |
| 71. His last name is Walter; his last name brings a bird to mind |
| 72. “Love in High ——” |
| 73. His first name is Walter; his last name brings a bird to mind |
| 74. Clara Bow’s mother in “Call Her Savage” |
| 75. “I’ve Got Your Number” |
| 76. His first name is Lester |
| 77. “—— Girls” |
| 78. “Call Her Savage” |
| 79. “—— Girls” |
| 80. His first name is Walter; his last name brings a bird to mind |
| 81. “—— Girls” |
| 82. “—— Girls” |
| 83. “—— Girls” |
| 84. “—— Girls” |
| 85. “—— Girls” |
| 86. “—— Girls” |
| 87. “—— Girls” |
| 88. “—— Girls” |
| 89. “—— Girls” |
| 90. “—— Girls” |
| 91. “—— Girls” |
| 92. “—— Girls” |
| 93. “—— Girls” |
| 94. “—— Girls” |
| 95. “—— Girls” |
| 96. “—— Girls” |
| 97. “—— Girls” |
| 98. “—— Girls” |
| 99. “—— Girls” |
| 100. “—— Girls” |

There’ll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!
MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE GIRL YOU LOVED IN "ONLY YESTERDAY"

in

HANS FALLADA
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
Translated by ERIC SUTTON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!
1001 surprises!

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises ...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ...everything!

AND CHEER!

WARNER BAXTER
MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS
JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN
"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE
ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN
NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE
MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Associate Producer and Collaborator
on story and dialogue: LEW BROWN

Director: HAMILTON McFAODEN. Lyrics: LEW BROWN. Music: LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. Dances staged by SAMMY LEE. Dialogue: RALPH SPENCE.
Story Idea Suggested by WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"
"Our Last Night Together"
"Baby, Take a Bow"
"I'm Laughin'"
"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"
"Stand Up and Cheer"
Intelligent and fastidious, she realizes that anyone, herself included, may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it. So she takes no chances; every day, and especially before social engagements, she uses Listerine. That is her assurance that her breath cannot possibly offend ... Are you as careful about this matter? Do you take it for granted that your breath is always agreeable? Don’t! It’s far safer to assume that it isn’t, and use Listerine. Listerine combats fermentation, the principal cause of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves — deodorizes hours longer, too.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Do they need to tell you?
Ida Lupino—believe it or not—is just seventeen. She just happens to have as much glamour and talent as seventeen other girls her age. Maybe they are her inheritance from all the Lupinos who have been on the stage for two hundred and fifty years. Anyway, this little English blonde has them—as you may have seen in "Search for Beauty." Now she is Richard Arlen's leading lady in "Come On, Marines"
George Arliss has never been called on to play the rôle of a father in real life, but you would never know it to see him in "The House of Rothschild," with Loretta Young as his daughter. This is his most ambitious picture. In it, he plays two rôles — Meyer, the father, and Nathan, the son, who started the most powerful banking house in the world, which dictated to emperors and kings (but couldn't dictate to Dan Cupid). If you have read "Anthony Adverse," you already know a little about Nathan, whom Anthony met during his sojourn in England.

She Supplies
The Romance—
He Furnishes
The Finance
Claudette Colbert, who was a modern of moderns in "It Happened One Night," is now the most exotic of the ancients in "Cleopatra." Which is fitting enough, for it was Claudette—not Garbo—who started this queen cycle, as Poppaea in "The Sign of the Cross." In that picture, if you remember, she loved a noble Roman played by Fredric March. And now, once again, she loses her heart to a Roman he-man—namely, Marc Antony. The rôle is played by a young Englishman, named Harry Wilcoxon, who bears a slight resemblance to March. They were rivals for the part, which requires a noble physique, as well as a noble profile. Harry has it
Could you picture Carole Lombard as either of the "Orphans of the Storm," not to mention both of them— as a playful photographer has at the left? For the wistful, sweet-sixteenish orphans are just the opposite of Carole, the svelte and sophisticated. She's playing a curvacious movie star in that uproarious comedy, "Twentieth Century," with John Barrymore.

ROLES YOU'LL NEVER SEE THEM PLAY

In a mischievous mood, five Paramount stars dressed up as characters who are their direct opposites—just to see themselves as others will never see them on the screen. Here are the results. Imagine Sylvia Sidney as Salome, the stormy seductress!—when Sylvia's appeal to men lies in her frank, keen mind, as you'll see in "Thirty-Day Princess"
Every comedian, they say, would like—just once—to be tragic and play Hamlet. At the right, you can see what would happen if Jack Oakie donned the mantle of the gloomy Dane and saw ghosts. Could you keep a straight face? You'll never face the test, for the imp in Jack is uppermost—as in "Murder at the Vanities."

For years, Paramount has been pondering the possibility of remaking "The Sheik"—but W. C. Fields will never play the title rôle. As a sheik, he'd be a shriek. For great clowning, not great loving, is his line—as he shows you in "You're Telling Me," his newest.
Will Ruby Bid Goodbye, Too?

Guess who receives the most letters at Warners! Would you be surprised if we told you—Ruby Keeler? Well, she does—and that's one of Life's Little Ironies. Because fame and fortune and popularity (she can claim them all) don't mean much to her. Only hubby Al Jolson counts. Whither Al goest, so goest Ruby. And he recently said they were getting away from Hollywood for good, buying a love nest in the East (not too far from Broadway), and raising a family—after Ruby co-stars once more with Dick Powell, in "Dames"
Did You Ever See A Marsh Cheerful?

Marshes are always pictured as dismal and gloomy—all but the Marsh named Joan. She's the cheerful exception—a decided addition to the landscape. When she smiles, she looks as if she means it. She has put W. C. Fields in good humor for his first starring film, "You're Telling Me." Fields and Marsh—what team could be more natural?
Clark Gable owns a filly that takes after her master. Unheralded in her first appearance, "Beverly Hills" came through in star style, with jockey G. Wolf (he's the Good Little Wolf) in the saddle. And this pleased Clark (though he might not say so) even more than the way women mobbed him during his recent personal appearances in the East, before starting "China Seas," in which he'll race after Jean Harlow.
"Silk is as touchy as my baby's skin...

"It's funny I didn't realize it before. Ever since Jerry was 3 days old, he's been bathed with Ivory Soap. Now I should have known that anything as delicate as satin underwear or chiffon stockings should be washed with pure Ivory, too!

"But I didn't—until this happened. I was shopping for a pretty negligee, my first new one in two years. I found a darling in satin and lace—and I did so want it! Of course, I had to be practical, so I asked, 'Will it wash?'

"The salesgirl surprised me. 'Yes—and no!' she said. 'If you wash it in lukewarm Ivory suds, I know you'll be satisfied. But I'm really afraid that anything stronger will take out the color. I use Ivory Flakes myself because they dissolve so fast.'"

Yes, salespeople in fine stores all over the country have been advising Ivory for a long, long time. And today they're partial to Ivory Flakes—the quick-dissolving form of the same pure Ivory that you know so well.

If you aren't sure of the purity of your fine-fabrics soap, look out!—it may be too strong. Just keep track of what it does to silks—and if colors soon fade or streak, you'd better change to pure Ivory Flakes.

Are you keen to get your money's worth? Then your grocer can show you something. Ask him to weigh a box of Ivory Flakes—then to weigh a box of other silk stocking soap. There's 20% more soap in the Ivory box! Isn't that worth your while?

That's why the salesgirl said 'Wash silks with Ivory'"

Negligee from Wanamaker's, New York

IVORY FLAKES

99 4/100 % Pure • Today's Safest and Biggest Value in Fine Fabrics Soaps
CAROLE LOMBARD TELLS WHY HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES CAN'T SUCCEED

WHY can't marriage and movies mix? This is the frankest, most searching explanation that we have ever read. And we think you'll say the same thing, Carole—whose marriage to William Powell came to an end after two years—speaks from experience!

By SONIA LEE

THE modern, wage-earning woman has arrived at moral and emotional cross-roads. Marriage no longer holds for her the conventional values. But society has not yet recognized her needs or sanctioned her departure from the adamant, age-old standards. That's why so many Hollywood marriages can't succeed, says Carole Lombard. And for this modern woman who has expanded mentally and spiritually, she asks a new set of moral values and a new marriage code.

"The woman who earns her own living has a definite set of problems," she declares. "She isn't seeking a lax, uncontrolled life. She is only searching for happiness, some exaltation of her spirit and her body, which she has not been able to find by being a stay-at-home. And these problems are intensified for those who have made a profession of motion pictures. Certainly, they are intensified for me.

"We actresses live a life totally different from the regular, automatic program that the majority of women follow. Their life sequence is determined for them from babyhood—school, a period of play, marriage to one man, and then a settling into a routine destined to continue.

"It is easy enough for the sheltered, supported wife to put a fence around her heart. She lives for her close family circle. There are no extraneous influences to disturb or mar the even tenor of her days, to unbalance her adjustment to wifehood and motherhood. She is in love with one man—and she can remain in love. Marriage is a ritual, a self-continuing experience.

Can't Be a One-Man Woman

"BUT the motion picture actress dares not permit herself to settle into a groove. She must be emotionally pliable! She must respond to every influence—to every nuance of mood—to the tenderness of a dozen men! She must exclude her husband from her mind when she is in front of a camera. It is inevitable that eventually she responds out of
Carole Lombard, since her divorce from William Powell, has built herself a new home—and it's a home that could be a background for only a blonde. You'll read the details back on pages 40 and 41.

Camera range, as well as before the microphone.

"An actress must syndicate her charm! She must make herself interesting—not alone to a husband, but to a million critical individuals who pay their money to see her."

(Continued on page 80)

By Jack Grant

Russia is the most dramatic country in the world to-day—and Hollywood is just waking up to that fact. It's sending stars, directors and writers to study the life of Anna Sten's native land. Movies are going Russian!

Hollywood Recognizes Russia!

After fifteen years, the United States of America has officially recognized the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the two countries have exchanged ambassadors. And now, following the lead of President Roosevelt, Hollywood also is recognizing Russia—recognizing it as a brand-new market for films and as a new and interesting source of story material. That news is worth headlines—big red headlines.

For Russia may give Hollywood the answer to the burning question: What's wrong with American pictures? There's no denying that Hollywood's bill of picture fare this last year has not satisfied the hunger of the American public. They have been taught in the hard school of depression to think about realities, the vital necessities of food and work and shelter. They have even learned hazily that there are such things as supply and demand, production and surplus. It is interested in these things. They have been crying for bread, and Hollywood has said,
“Let ‘em eat cake.” There is no cake in Russia.

There, for the past ten years, a whole nation of movie fans—one hundred and fifty million of them—have watched, entranced, a screen that has shown them life itself, life in the raw, life in the fields, in factories, in mines, life that they, themselves, are living. The motion picture of the Soviet régime has not been a pretty amusement for an idle evening, but an instructor that has made education thrilling, a preacher of new and enthralling ideas and ideals. Hollywood may well take a hint from Russia in turning from a world of make-believe to pictures that deal with the vivid essentials of life.

The American film capital has already sent several ambassadors to Russia and has received with unstinted praise Anna Sten, first ambassador from the Soviet. In a Russian church in New York, prayers for the success of Citizeness Sten’s American venture were invoked and Russian emigrés were overjoyed when her appearance in “Nana” created a sensational new star. You may draw what significance you will from the prayers of a people generally represented as being irreligious.

As for the Hollywood representatives who have visited the Soviet, Cecil B. DeMille tarried longer in Russia than in any other country when he took a trip around the world two years ago. Lewis Milestone, the director, and Laurence Stallings, the playwright, following a recent sojourn in Moscow, are preparing a story called “Red Square,” which may be produced by Columbia or by some other studio. Paramount is to send two writers upon a similar assignment and M-G-M has scheduled “Soviet,” in which Wallace Beery will star.

**Russians Understood Harpo**

Harpo Marx has recently returned from Russia, where he was invited to perform his pantomime on the stages of Leningrad and Moscow and was acclaimed. (Like Chaplin, the silent Harpo is universally understood.) The comic wasn’t always clowning and did much to cement the growing friendliness of the New Republic toward the Amerikaners. Marx, of course, is a name dear to the Russian heart. To the Russians, Karl Marx, the first great champion of the workers’ cause, is almost a god.

It is reported that Mary Pickford will soon journey to Russia to make a picture. Charles Bickford confirms the report that he has signed to appear in “Immigration,” under the banner of Sovkino. He sails in June of this year. Miriam Hopkins would listen to a Soviet offer. Paul Muni and his wife have just spent (Continued on Page 72)
“Hollywood Is Ruining Me as an Actress”

-Gloria Stuart

By Frang Dillon

“I MIGHT have been a good actress if I hadn’t gone into the movies!” Gloria Stuart told me. “I might still be—if I get away from Hollywood in time. Working in pictures is like taking a sleeping potion. I feel that I’m being slowly poisoned; I’m being put to sleep and my dreams about the theatre that I’ve had all my life are being taken out of my reach.”

Less than two years ago, Gloria—young, unknown, but beautiful, talented and ambitious—arrived in Hollywood. Now, after having made thirteen pictures, she is a successful star and she declares that the movies are ruining her as an actress and as a woman. She is staging a private, one-woman war against Hollywood.

“I don’t care if I never even see another picture,” she declared heatedly. “I want to go back to the stage.”

This love for the stage is no new idea with Gloria. She began making theatrical scrapbooks as soon as she was old enough to read and paste. She left college to join the artists’ colony at Carmel, California, and appear in many plays at the little Theatre of the Golden Bough. Next came the Pasadena Community Playhouse and from there it was just a step into pictures. In fact, it was a jump, for it all happened so quickly that Gloria, a little bewildered, found herself with a five-year contract in her pocket before she knew what she was doing.

At that time, she said to me, “In five years I’ll be on Broadway. You’ll see! My motion picture contract is just to help me get there, to be a stepping stone.”

The only change in Gloria’s plans is that now she doesn’t want to wait even three more years to make that long-dreamed-about trek to Broadway.

Disillusioned by Movie “Success”

“I CAME to Hollywood with such high hopes,” she told me, when I went to talk to her about her reported studio revolt; about the rumors that she had threatened to walk out of her contract and go to Shanghai to work on a newspaper; to do anything, rather than continue playing what she considered inferior roles.

“I thought pictures were going to be the stepping stone to a great future for me on the stage. And it wasn’t hard to take the money and buy things that I (Continued on page 102)

That’s a strange remark from a girl who is a star, who has reached the top of the heap. But she insists that she means it—and tells why she longs to get away, to the stage!
One aged blind couple—both movie fans—have a bas-relief plaque of Clark Gable's face, so that their fingers can feel his features. To them, he is like the son they have lost. But the blind whom the author interviewed deny that there is pathos in their sightlessness; their "inner" eyes tell them more than our "outer" eyes do.

"Since losing the sense of sight, all of my other senses have been sharpened immeasurably—especially the sixth sense, intuition. When I could see, I heard only the voices of the (Continued on page 99)
Gloria on Glory Road Again

GLORIA SWANSON has a new contract—and is headed for a new "comeback." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has added her to its roster and is planning something big for her; maybe a talkie version of Elinor Glyn’s "Three Weeks." Meanwhile, Hollywood wonders how Gloria will fit in with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Helen Hayes, Marion Davies and Jeanette MacDonald, all on one small lot. Not to mention the Great Garbo. Rumor suggests that, if she has anything to say about it, Gloria’s first leading man will be Herbert Marshall—whose wife, Edna Best, has finally capitulated to Hollywood offers and is the heroine of "The Key."

A Girl with a Background

ROSEMARY AMES, the new Fox discovery (watch for her in "I Believed in You"), has one of the most interesting backgrounds of any Hollywood newcomer. It includes a degree from Mills College, a society début, a wealthy marriage in England, a divorce, a period of hard luck, another marriage and a child—all in the course of a few years. Charm, poise, a face carved by experience, a vivid personality—all these make this young woman unusual among the innumerable blondes of the new crop.

Hepburnhardt

KATHARINE HEPBURN must be angling for a comparison with Sarah ("The Divine Sarah") Bernhardt. Her newest pictures, sent on from New York where she played seven weeks in "The Lake," portray her with Bernhardt-frizzed hair, wearing the shapeless, arty garments that Sarah loved to wear to conceal her emaciated figure; and the yearning poses make the resemblance to the late great French actress unmistakable. What Hollywood wonders is: Does this mean that Katie is through with her roguish pranks, her shrieking duets with her monkey (which had the nerves of Radio Studio on edge), and her grimy overalls? Or is she just getting in the mood to play "Joan of Arc," scheduled as her next picture, following her holiday?
Foreign Stars Worried

THE revival of the talk of banning foreign movie stars in favor of home products has caused plenty of headaches in Hollywood. Few German players want to go back to Germany under the Hitler régime. Most of the English stars own homes here. Besides, if Congress passes such a measure of exclusion, what of beautiful Madeleine Carroll, just arrived on the Fox lot in exchange for Warner Baxter, who will make a picture in England? What of lovely little Elizabeth Bergner, soon to come to us? What of Anna Sten, who has become indispensable after one picture? Hollywood owes too much to foreign countries to put down the bars. We might lose more than we would gain.

Fast Work, Cupid!

ONE of the most sudden romances on record is that of two new foreign imports—Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer. She's English and the heroine of "Bottoms Up"; he's French. They met on the Fox lot and three weeks later were heading for Yuma and marriage!

Lilian's Little Ring

LILIAN HARVEY has been spotted wearing a wedding ring. Which gives rise to two rumors. One, that she is already married to Willy Fritsch, her smiling co-star in Germany (as long suspected). The other, that she is soon going to Berlin to marry him—and he sent the wedding ring over to see if he had bought the right size. Meanwhile, returns from "I Am Suzanne" indicate that it is more popular than her first two American pictures. So she may stay in Hollywood.

Beautiful, But Glum

BEAUTY can be a great handicap to the enjoyment of life. The other day, we saw the Earl Carroll beauties of "Murder at the Vanities" at lunch. One had a piece of Melba toast and a cup of black coffee; another had a bowl of bouillon; another, a small sandwich. They ate these meagre rations, crumb by crumb, to make them "go farther," watching with starved eyes the hearty meal that several stenographers were having at the next table. These "Vanities" girls live a rigidly supervised life—no late hours, no dates while working, and chaperons at their elbows every moment. Only one of the six blondes Earl Carroll brought with him from New York is so by virtue of the peroxide bottle. The rest are that rara avis, natural blonde. The press-agents swear it.

The Girl Who Didn't Forget

LITTLE Jean Parker (now playing a girl of the bayous in "Louisiana") has taught Hollywood a thing or two about loyalty. Deeply in love with a

Jack Holt and his son, Tim, like the same things—which makes them buddies. They like shooting, and they like acting. Maybe some day Tim will be a star like his Dad in "Whirlpool"

Margaret Sullavan, who doesn't like reporters, does like tomboy clothes. Old cor-duroy slacks let her be "natural," and reporters don't. She's now making "Little Man, What Now?"

Back in Circulation

ESTHER RALS-TON, who just sued George Webb for divorce, is so much in earnest about her "new" career that she recently went on a diet of orange juice and bouillon for two weeks to lose a few pounds she thought superfluous. (No one else did.) She will play a hard-boiled chorus girl in the new Crawford picture, "Sadie McKee"—a departure from her former sweet parts. She and her tiny daughter are living in a Monterey cottage with maple and pine furnishings, and the little girl has a doll's house into which she and her mother can both creep.

Her ex-husband, who has long been her business manager, is now reported interested in a new concern that will offer tourists the chance to be photographed with their favorite stars. For one dollar, you may have your face photographed
alongside that of Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow or even Mae West. Think what social position this will give you back home, framed on the mantel! And if the star apparently alongside you was only a life-size replica, why bring that up?

Escaped Behind a Mustache

WHAT a time Rudy Vallee had, escaping from Hollywood after finishing “Scandals,” to avoid process-servers put on his trail by his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee. Being a resourceful, as well as dramatic youth, Rudy pasted on a false mustache (which he also does in the picture), planted his expensive car in front of his apartment as a blind, and hired a car to take him out of town. Said car was in Arizona before the train bearing his secretary, his luggage and his famous dog, Windy (which got into the papers by biting a reporter), caught up with him.

Doesn’t Look the Part

ALICE FAYE, vocalist with Rudy’s Connecticut Yankees and his leading lady in the picture, is unperturbed by Mrs. Vallee’s charge that she made eyes at Rudy. She calmly says it isn’t so. And, as if to substantiate her denial of the allegations, points to the fact that she has just been handed a four-year screen contract and that her mail brings her, daily, letters from motherly, tenderly sympathetic ladies who say, “We can tell by one look at your picture, my dear, that the charges are all a mistake.”

She is being called “the baby Harlow” on the lot. Her remarkable slanting eyebrows, she confides, came as a result of the accident a few months ago that almost scarred her for life, when the car in which she was riding with Rudy and members of his band turned over on a slippery stretch of road. A deep gash over her eye necessitated the shaving of her brows and their placement elsewhere with an eyebrow pencil.

Garbo Tank She Go East

THE opening of “Queen Christina” featured the old-time crowds, lights, stars and Cora Sue Collins, driven up in state in a tiny red coach with four black Shetland ponies. The style note of the occasion: most of the women present wore glittering ornaments in their hair. And speaking of styles, all the local shops featuring Garbo cocktail gowns with high, white ruffs like her “Queen Christina” costume were sold out as soon as the doors opened. Despite Mae West, Garbo is still a style-setter!

And where was the great Greta, herself? Missing—and reported on the way to New York, whither director Rouben Mamoulian had gone a few days previously. The latest Garbo rumor is that she has just purchased several thousand dollars’ worth of grand furniture. And the question is: Why should Garbo need new furniture, unless she plans to do some entertaining? And why should she break the Garbo tradition of lonely solitude, unless, perhaps, she is planning to marry—or is already secretly wed?

Why Peggy “Disappears”

MARGARET SULLAVAN doesn’t need a publicity man, the way she has been cracking the headlines with her round-trip air rides to Chicago and her disappearing acts. She explains by saying she is dodging “horrible prying people”—reporters, to you. She doesn’t like interviewers who insist on examining her private life, instead of her acting life. She denies that she has anything to hide; she says that up to now she has always been able to stop acting and be herself when not on a stage, and she doesn’t see any reason why she should let Hollywood take her privacy away from her. Moreover, she says it as if she means it. If you can imagine a movie star craving privacy! But this Sullivan girl is an unusual person—as you saw in “Only Yesterday,” and are about to see in “Little Man, What Now?” and “Elizabeth and Mary,” in which that old favorite, Mrs. Leslie Carter, will come out of retirement to play Queen Elizabeth to Margaret’s Mary of Scotland.

The New Crabbe Chassis

BUSTER CRABBE is determined to succeed at this acting game. Buster was a bit thick on the shoulders and heavy around the neck from swimming when he first arrived on the screen in “King of the Jungle.” All of which befitted a Lion Man, but is not so good for a well-dressed hero. Now, amazingly, he turns up with a brand-new physique, slim, trim and just made for showing off clothes. No more animal pelts for Buster—who now loathes that nickname and asks to be billed as Larry Crabbe. They’re compromising and calling him Larry “Buster” Crabbe, planning to shed the middle name when the public gets used to the other one. Remember how Charles (“Buddy”) Rogers and Charles (“Buck”) Jones tried—in vain—to shed their nicknames?

Who has the flashiest car in Hollywood? Well, this is the car—and the lad behind the wheel is Carl Brisson, Danish newcomer and star of “Murder at the Vanities.” It’s an Isotta-Fraschini, brought from abroad. Gangway!
Two Ambitious Lads

LARRY—or Buster, if you still insist—studies all the scripts at Paramount, looking for parts he might play. If a scenario calls for a prize-fighter, he rushes off to take boxing lessons. If a scenario calls for a fencer, he learns to fence. “They aren’t going to catch me napping when my chance comes,” he declares.

Lyle Talbot is the "lemme" lad of the Warners’ lot. He begs to do anything, everything, and smilingly takes all the roles that other actors turn down. "Nothing is too unpleasant for a real actor," says Lyle, charging it all up to experience. He’s now in "Return of the Terror."

My, what a great big bow and arrow you have, Cupid! "All the better to shoot hard-hearted fellows with!" says Muriel Evans. But who could be hard-hearted to Muriel, who is in "Heat Lightning"?

Sssh! A "Mystery" Star!

IF you want people to get excited about something they might not otherwise get excited about, just make out that you have a secret you don’t want to tell. They’ll plead with you to tell them. It’s one of the oldest gags in the world, but still good. RKO, for example, is letting the news leak out that they are secretly testing a Mr. X, mysterious newcomer, more horrendous than Karloff, more sinister than Atwill. This gentleman, who will play horror roles, goes about the lot with a cloth over his head, and is usually seen only at night. The idea is that everyone will be asking: "Who is Mr. X?" Well, maybe . . .

A Barrymore at Home

JOHN BARRYMORE (who is making "Twentieth Century") is building an addition to his house to contain the new Tony Sarg portrait of himself and his family, or at least of all his family to date. John promises us many more little Barrymores. The portrait is a huge affair, showing John just entering a room, with the Hollywood hills glimpsed over his shoulder. He is carrying a kitten and a dog is rubbing against his legs. On a sofa, gathered to greet Papa, are Dolores Costello Barrymore, holding one child, while the other pulls at her skirts. One could hardly imagine a more domestic scene. And a few years ago, no one would ever have imagined it of John—who has become, like his brother Lionel, one of the world’s most thoughtful husbands.

The Show Goes On and On

THE Drunkard," a burlesqued revival of an old-time stage melodrama-with-a-moral, has been running in Hollywood almost a year. All the visiting celebrities feel their visits are incomplete (Continued on page 82)
Carole Lombard's House

is a Background For A Blonde!

William Haines—who is an interior decorator when he isn't movie-acting—furnished Carole's new home to express her personality. Here's how he did it. And here are some practical hints about how to give your own home some of those luxurious Lombard touches!

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

Who doesn't wonder what the homes of movie stars must be like? And who doesn't wish—sub-consciously, if not consciously—that he might live in the style that stars do?

Beginning this month, Motion Picture will present, with illustrations, the "inside" stories of several stars' homes. But we're going to do more than that. We are going to tell you how you may adapt some of the highlights of their glamorous houses to your own. Because hers is one of the newest in Hollywood, we are starting the series with the home of Carole Lombard, who tells you, on pages 28 and 29, why Hollywood marriages can't succeed.—Editor.

ANY male who ventures to set foot inside Carole Lombard's new house, decorated for her by William Haines, will feel as shaggy as Tarzan. Its femininity is so unmistakable that your first glance tells you that it is occupied by a single woman, a woman, moreover, who evidently has no intention of marrying (but who is so alluring that she will probably change her mind), a woman wealthy, beautiful and blonde. But any woman—blonde, brunette or redhead—could learn how to make her own home lovelier after studying Carole's.

Top, Carole Lombard on the lawn of her new Hollywood home—as feminine as she is, herself. Above, the dining room, described in detail in this article and furnishings. On second thought, you might change your mind.

It's true that the Wedgwood plaque, set into the cigarette box on her couchside table, probably cost more than you were intending to spend on furnishing your whole living room. But, after all, the charm of Carole's drawing room does not depend on a Wedgwood box top, or even on the age of the two old white Hepplethwaite side chairs, or the genuineness of the Empire mirror over the couch. The
arrangement, choice of colors, and harmony of furnishings offer everyone practical suggestions and new ideas.

What You See First

Let us walk through Carole's home, noticing how William Haines worked to get his effects. The hall is very small, and the walls, woodwork and carpet are all done in one tone of soft gray. In one corner stands a marble fernery with a tall column rising among the green of ferns, palms and flowers, topped with an antique statue of Apollo. Only a movie star could afford one exactly like that, but the idea of giving life to an uninteresting corner of a hallway is adaptable to all sorts of variations. Instead of marble, the fernery might be made of pottery or even tin, if covered with moss and vines, with a lattice rising in the place of the column. Or the column might be topped with a flower jar of white glaze, kept filled with ferns. Greenery gives life to any room.

The White House has a Blue Room—but Carole's new house has a "rhapsody in blue" room. It is the drawing room (above), in which six shades of blue, all flattering to a blonde, are employed in the decorative scheme...
By DOROTHY MANNERS

JEAN RATES THIRD
...Except In Salary

JEAN HARLOW was recently voted to be the THIRD most popular feminine star, in a national poll of exhibitors. But what salary has she been getting in comparison with other leading women stars? Here is a list of ten leaders, together with their reported salaries:

- MARIE DRESSLER . . . . $3,500
- JANET GAYNOR . . . . $4,500
- JOAN CRAWFORD . . . . $4,500
- GRETA GARBO . . . . $9,000
- MAE WEST . . . . (Per Picture) $70,000
- CONSTANCE BENNETT . . . . $7,000
- RUTH CHATTERTON . . . . $7,500
- ANN HARDING . . . . $6,000
- MARLENE DIETRICH . . . . $5,000
- JEAN HARLOW . . . . $1,500

Is JEAN HARLOW Hollywood's Most Underpaid Star?

She ranks THIRD in box-office popularity, but her salary isn’t one of those you read about. She recently staged a "walk-out" to see if she couldn’t do something about it. And did she win? Believe it or not, she denies it!

AFTER ten weeks of what was referred to as a "strike" for more money, Jean Harlow has returned to M-G-M for the purpose of continuing her career as Third Leading Woman Box-Office Attraction in the movies (title by courtesy of the exhibitors who recently voted her the position). During those ten weeks the movie columns were filled with news of Jean’s "studio war." You have seen such flashes as: "Star Demands $10,000 Weekly..." "Platinum Blonde Asks Larger Salary Than Garbo’s." You got the idea that Jean felt she was underpaid—and was out do something about it.

When it was finally announced that the one-woman walk-out was over and that Jean had reported back to the fold, the insiders heralded the event with: "Harlow Returns to M-G-M at Reported Salary of $4,500 Weekly"... "Sensational Star Wins Studio Triumph With Big Salary Increase." As usual, good old Hollywood had fought one of Jean Harlow’s problems and now it had settled the matter. The truth was out at last! But was it?

Jean Harlow told me: "Not one word of truth was printed, or even gossiped, during the time I was off the payroll. I am (Continued on page 78)
Margaret Sullavan hails from Norfolk, down Virginia way, and she must have "Rebel" blood in her veins. For she's a rebel against some of the good old Hollywood customs—such as "telling all" to reporters or acting when off the screen. This dramatic girl, who rose to stardom overnight in "Only Yesterday," is now battling the depression in "Little Man, What Now?" Next she will play the tragic queen, Mary of Scotland, in "Elizabeth and Mary."

Vandamm Studio

MARGARET SULLAVAN, "REBEL"
How They Get Baby LeRoy to Do Those Things

You've never seen another infant on the screen (or off it, either) who could make the faces or do the things he can. What's the explanation? Here it is—told amusingly!

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

That "Am I mortified?" look

When the maudlin gurgles with which the whole world greeted Baby Le Roy's screen debut in "A Bedtime Story" had died down, the enraptured public began asking, "But how do they get him to do those things?" They seemed to think it was some black art that wouldn't work outside a movie studio. But the way they get him to do those things is no secret formula.

It is accomplished by the most simple and the most nerve-wracking method in the world—a method that includes many of the good, old-fashioned fundamentals you were brought up on, and one or two more revolutionary ideas. And Baby LeRoy happens to be a bright infant, which is helpful.

There is a tendency on the part of Le Roy's proud patrons to exaggerate the powers of a twenty-one-months-old baby, and to fear that his talents may not be appreciated. They stress the fact that he is an "actor," and insist that he really "feels" his scenes and understands what it's all about. They hint that that is why he steals so many pictures from his elders.

Only an old meanie would disparage the talents of Baby Le Roy. He's enormously bright and facile, and his good nature and spirit of cooperation beat those of any actor I know. But it would be gruesome to believe that an infant of twenty-one months actually felt his part and had a perfect understanding of the script.

What Baby Le Roy understands most perfectly are the intentions of his own personal director, Miss Rachel Smith. He responds to her suggestions, her hints, commands, and pleas, like a little trouper. Miss Smith, who has had charge of all the Paramount children from Betty Bronson to Bobby Coogan, automatically became Baby Le Roy's nurse, teacher, director, and guardian angel. Anything involving Baby Le Roy also involves the presence of Rachel. But she has a more personal interest in this charge.

She Made Him What He Is

The story of the world's most famous baby doesn't need retelling, but it can be added that of the many who rushed to claim the honor of "discovering" him, Rachel has the best right. When

Making himself cry

This is how Baby Le Roy looked when director Norman Taurog selected him out of several hundred infants to play the foundling in Maurice Chevalier's life in "A Bedtime Story." Young as he was, he stole the picture—and he hasn't played a scene since that he hasn't stolen. He's twenty-two months old now.
Norman Taurog demanded a baby for "A Bedtime Story," it was she who went to the Salvation Army, engineered the first test of Le Roy, and rooted for him persistently, while the hundreds of other infants were being tested and tried.

And it is she who has the job of coaxing him into doing those fascinating things. Baby Le Roy isn't really an actor—he's a mimic. A perfectly natural mimic, with a temperament bright enough to embrace a wide range of expressions and feelings. What he "feels" as the camera grinds on him depends entirely on the ingenuity of his devoted mentor, Miss Smith. The script has nothing to do with it, so far as Baby Le Roy is concerned.

In his first picture, when Le Roy was only six months old, there wasn't much chance, of course, of making him do anything to order. It was chiefly a process of waiting around to catch him in the moods or actions the story demanded. But it is the God-given quality of Le Roy that he doesn't keep people waiting long. With a heavenly charm and animation, he is constantly doing things worth photographing. The only difficult thing was to make him cry.

That was done by pushing against his nose with a handkerchief. He always cried when his nose was wiped, and they found that just the gesture was enough to set him off. This is still the official way to make the baby cry, but he will only keep it up for a few seconds after the handkerchief is removed, so a really good crying spell requires some prolonged nose-pushing.

Of course, this bit of business doesn't fit into the scenario very often, so if he has to cry for a long time...
You haven't seen a big musical revue on the screen in years—and now you're going to see several. One of the biggest is George White's 'Scandals'—starring, among others, the producer. He's warning everybody to watch for Cliff Edwards and "the girls" (right) in the sketch about Henry the VIIIth.

Yes, that's Rudy Vallee bending elbows with Adrienne Ames (circle). They're two of the stars of 'The Scandals.' Two more are Jimmy Durante, who's dragging a wise-quacker around with him, and Alice Faye, who sings (at the bottom). And don't overlook—nay, look over—the beauties in the center!

"THE SCANDALS"
A second big revue is "The Fox Follies of 1934," studded with twenty-five stars. Among them are Warner Baxter, the stage director of "42nd Street," and the college boys' favorite, Madge Evans (below). The chief singers are John Boles and Sylvia Foos (right). She's a newcomer from the radio.

It seems like old Broadway times—with "Scandals" rivaling "Follies." And James Dunn, in a topper, helps to keep the Broadway atmosphere—while his new team-mate, Patricia Lee, snuggles up to him. The chorus girls, too, have something to tell you about Broadway — namely, "Broadway's Gone Hill-Billy."
Leslie Howard (below) goes in for moods, not mustaches—and moods are what matter, as he shows in "Of Human Bondage." 

FIVE SMOOTH-FACED SMOOTHIES

There's a boyish irony about Lew Ayres (left) that a mustache might hide. So he's smooth-faced even in "Let's Be Ritzy." 

While he stays boyishly exuberant, as in "Coming Out Party," Gene Raymond (above) doesn't need facial foliage. And the same is true of Bing Crosby (right), whose face is as smooth as his vocalizing. Like the title of his new picture, his lips say, "We're Not Dressing." 

Suave sophisticates are supposed to have mustaches, but Franchot Tone is suave without one. He'll win Joan Crawford (at last!) in "Sadie McKee."
"Don't Let Anyone Tell You Acting Isn't Hard Work!"

—Montgomery

By GLADYS HALL

So Clark Gable told you last month that movie-acting is "the easiest job in the world"—a game of luck, no brains? Well, Robert Montgomery rises up to dispute that. He says it's one of the MOST DEMANDING jobs on earth and tells why he thinks so. Which side are you taking?

In the April MOTION PICTURE, Clark Gable made the statement, "Movie-acting is the easiest job in the world." He made the claim that you don't need an education or even great intelligence to be an actor; that you don't need anything except personality, a good voice, a mobile face, and—"the breaks." Robert Montgomery disagrees. He says that no one ever gets to the top without working—and acting, he claims, is one of the most demanding jobs on earth. Which do you think is right?—Editor.

It does seem odd that the actor who is the most casual and effortless on the screen should, in real life, take his work more seriously than any man, with the possible exceptions of John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess and Warner Baxter. Robert Montgomery takes his work seriously for the reason that most human beings take a thing, or a person, seriously—because he loves it. He says, "I'd rather act than eat—and often have." But that doesn't keep him from adding, "Even if acting is hard work. Don't let anyone tell you that it isn't."

He continues: "It's probably true that there are few, if any, Rhodes Scholars, Phi Beta Kappas or Oxford graduates among us. If we could boast degrees, we would probably be rotten actors. But there are graduates among us of the complex school of human nature, who know how it functions and reacts or does not function or react. "Whether or not you think acting requires intelligence and hard work all depends on your definition of the word 'actor.' If you mean an actor who takes his work seriously, then you mean a man who works long and hard at his craft. If you mean an entertainer, then that is something else again. There is a difference."

(Continued on page 86)
Spring is here! So take some tips from Dolores Del Rio's new wardrobe before making your spring style selections.

Prints are so fresh-looking after a winter of dark colors that they are favorites of Dolores. Black, white, and red are the colors of the dress at the left. A large black hat, with a white flower, and black accessories befit it.

Fashion Creations by Capri for the Cinema Shops

Dolores couldn't resist this creation (left) because its colors follow the vivid palette of her native Mexico. It has a high neck and a fitted waistline. The shirred flounce is also carried out in the veil full train. You, too, may wear this gown to perfection if you are the Latin type. A beige wool dress serves as a background for the three-quarter-length brown velvet coat, above. The dress collar, with Ascot-effect tie, is worn outside the coat. And if you crave variety, the coat may be worn over other dresses.
You can't possibly go wrong if you start off your Spring wardrobe with an ensemble like the one Dolores Del Rio is wearing at the left. The vogue for printed frocks, with plain-color coats, is smartly carried out in this black and white print, with a scarlet swagger coat. Far left, she shows the dress with its black patent leather belt and a dashing red suede bow, which may also be worn over the coat as in the view at the left. The black, off-the-face, felt hat flaunts a white bow at the hairline.
The Girl Who Goes Places Is the Glamourous Girl

672—See why Claudette's picture is on this model? It's for sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38. Yardage on the envelope

665—A gay young jumper frock and blouse—at breezy as a roadster. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38

681—A sirenish, alluring dress—like blonde Carole. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38. Yardage on envelope

Motion Picture's Hollywood Pattern Service
Greenwich, Conn.

Please find enclosed cents for Hollywood Patterns Nos.

Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered by mail, separately: 15c
Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered with a pattern: 10c

Name
Address

54
Invitations follow pretty clothes... Have both with Hollywood Patterns—a pile of charm for 15c.

526—How you look on top often depends on your slip! Make several of these. Cut for sizes from 34 to 44.

686—Irene Dunne reminds us of soft, tailored things—her picture is on this. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.

634—La Hepburn knows the trick of femininity without fussiness—so does this frock. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.
Ann Sothern looks like a real "find"—a girl with glamour and a golden voice. Few girls have both. And who first found her? None other than the late great Ziegfeld! That was four years ago, and the Minnesota girl was in Hollywood, trying to get a movie break. He took her off to Broadway—and she made a name for herself. Then came "Let's Fall in Love" and triumph in the town that once overlooked her, when she was Harriette Lake. Now she's in "Melody in Spring," showing Sothern hospitality to another newcomer—Lanny Ross, who also has glamour and knows how to sing of love. Maybe you've heard him do it on the radio
A DANCER WHO IS WORTH A GLANCE OR TWO!

Ruth Channing is one of the newest answers to the tired business man's prayer. And, like Ann Sothern, she was in Hollywood once before. That time she broke her foot, and her career stopped short. But now she's back and, barring accidents, the little Boston girl will add to the gaiety of nations with her light-heartedness and light-footedness. You'll be seeing her in "Star-Spangled Banquet."
They're both prize-winners—Alice White and "Snoo," her Old English sheep dog. But it wasn't from "Snoo" that she acquired her dogged determination—the determination that has made her show forgetful Hollywood that no one else has her pertness. She was born that way. She cheerfully hopes that James Cagne will treat her as well as she treats her dog, in "Jimmy, the Gent..."
In college towns, Madge rates higher than Garbo and Hepburn combined—and there are many reasons why. Better look them over, girls, if you want to be popular with the college boys! Junior Proms aren't far away!

Do YOU know who is the most popular screen actress among the college boys? Did you know that many campus critics feel that Jean Harlow's seductiveness is too obvious? Did you know that wistful Janet Gaynor is thought too saccharine except by the collegiate he-men of the Great Open Spaces? Did you know that potential A.B.'s prefer a home-and-fire-side type of wife to a glamorous, sophisticated one? Neither did I, until I had visited twenty-seven schools and colleges for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. There's a new deal in girls throughout the country and a screen actress is the inspiration. Meet Madge Evans—Miss America, 1934 Edition!

A picture that Madge plays in will draw as much money in a college town as Hepburn and Garbo combined! Why? Because she's more than twice as popular. A society girl would rather resemble Madge than to have Garbo's face and Harlow's figure! Why? Because a simi-
The Tortures That Stars Endure While Making Movies

Here is the side of the acting life that you never hear about. Being a star isn't all peaches and cream. Accidents will happen, and so will physical agonies—and few stars escape. But they know how to take 'em, smiling!

By ROBERT FENDER

You hear about movie stars' big salaries—but did you ever hear of the physical tortures that stars endure on the sets? They don't talk about them; you won't find any mention of them in stellar contracts—but very few stars escape them. Lon Chaney might tell us about a few if he were still living. Yes, and Louise Closer Hale, another grand trouper whom the tortures of the set finally killed.

In making "Bolero," George Raft and Carole Lombard suffered agonies—swaying to a tango. Muscles can stand only so much; theirs went the limit!

Wallace Beery tasted torture during the making of "Viva Villa," as did the rest of the Metro company at work on the picture. Sickness, adverse weather, improper housing, accidents and an open hostility from natives constantly assailed the group in Mexico. Shortly after its arrival, the entire company of sixty-five fell sick of dysentery, due to improper food. Five members required hospitalization. Food, blankets and furniture failed to reach the company at Tetlatayac, one hundred and fifty miles from Mexico City, forcing them to eat rough native fare and to sleep uncovered on the cold tiles of an old hacienda—at the freezing altitude of eight thousand feet. Sickness and fever resulted.

Hostility from natives made it necessary for two companies of soldiers, infantry and cavalry, to accompany the company at all times. One town thought the company's arrival meant another revolution, the inhabitants barring their windows and doors for three days, making it impossible to secure food or their services as "extras." Fever broke out in the lowlands, necessitating frequent serum shots and constant medical attention. Cliffs that even the native burros couldn't maneuver were scaled by the company with each member, including Katherine De Mille and Mona Mari, packing heavy props as they climbed. All this with the thin, devitalized air of the high places starving their lungs and sapping their strength as they climbed.
Even Wally's 'Plane Leaped

THE "wild" horses that Wally had to ride were really wild, not broncos à la Hollywood. Some had never before been saddled; and they called for all the horsemanship that Beery could muster. Roads didn't exist, of course, and a creaky old airplane provided their only communication with the outside world. Wally, the only one to tackle it, had no landing fields and, since the runways weren't long enough for the required lift, erected bunkers which, when struck, hurled the ship into the air for his take-off. One bad crash resulted in minor injuries to Wally, when a large boulder from his river-bed "landing field" crashed through the fuselage into the cabin.

Wally's real trouble came during the scene when, as Villa, he led the "rebel army." In constructing the blanks used by the half-wild soldiers, the Mexicans (realistic to a fault) used wooden plugs, instead of cotton wadding, which, when discharged, broke into ugly splinters. These, tearing into the flesh of Beery and the rest of his "army," coupled with numerous and serious powder burns, necessitated twenty-eight cases of hospitalization, occupying the attention of a staff of doctors for one week, warding off gangrene and lockjaw.

Wore Masks During Heat Wave

"Alice in Wonderland" was the cause of considerable torture on the set. Most of the grief came from the masks and costumes. The masks were affixed with putty and spirit-gum, which managed to cut off any trace of circulation. This might have been borne except for the fact that Hollywood was then undergoing its hottest spell on record and for the fact that the picture had to be shot in a sweltering tent, so that the company received not even the doubtful benefit of a stage cooling system.

The tape and spirit-gum used on the players' mouths to allow them to open with their masks were a constant source of pain and irritation. Unable to sit down in the fantastic costumes until the days' takes were over, many a player keeled over with utter exhaustion. Alison Skipworth, The Duchess, fainted early in the picture and Polly Moran, who played the Dodo Bird, had to be replaced by a man. Both "Skippy" and Polly withdrew, speaking their lines from the side. The heavy costumes, many of which had to be removed with monkey wrenches; the inability to eat anything but liquids through straws—all of these things prompted one player on the picture to remark that "Alice in Wonderland" was "an inquisition that shows what a lot of good Hollywood actors will do to-day to get work."

Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez and director W. S. Van Dyke learned something about torture, when the "Laughing Boy" (Continued on page 85)
THE BEAUTY OF YOUR FINGERTIPS IS AS IMPORTANT AS THAT OF YOUR FACE AND HAIR

Peggy Shannon knows a few tricks that help to keep her finger-nails looking their best between visits to the manicurist, and she passes them on to you. She shapes her nails carefully with a file and smooths down the rough edges with an emery board. The cuticle pusher she is using above is to loosen the cuticle so that it won't adhere to the nail and later become ragged.

Take no chances on having the beauty of your hands marred by cigarette stains. Moistened, ground pumice removes nicotine from the fingers.

After applying liquid nail polish in the most becoming shade, and it has dried thoroughly, rub each nail in the palm of the hand as Peggy Shannon is doing above. It will make the polish glisten and not heat the nails and make them brittle as the friction of a buffer will do.
These are Pat Paterson's lovely hands, showing dark, medium and natural polish. When applying polish to your nails, follow Pat's method. With very little polish on her brush, a steady hand and even strokes, Pat applies the polish from the base of the nail to the tip and then removes the polish from the tip. Pat believes that one coat of polish wears better and looks more natural than two.

Pat has applied a very dark shade of nail polish (above), appropriate for wear with exotic evening gowns. The other hand shows a colorless polish.

A medium polish, which Pat is showing on one hand at the right, is best for afternoon wear. The tint should be chosen with the color of your dress in mind.

If you have long nails, you won't go in for covering your nail tips with polish, but you will want to use a white bleach under the tips, as Pat is doing above. If your nails are short and you want them to appear longer, run the polish down over the nail, covering the narrow white tips.

Above, Pat's nails dressed with light, natural polish, appropriate for business and every-day wear, with sport clothes, and for those who do not care for vivid-colored nails. Polish tints range from colorless to ruby and, if you prefer your own natural nail color, use a coat of untinted polish to give them a gloss—just to take away the "naked" appearance that the nails have when no polish whatever is used.
We’ve Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

The House of Rothschild

The High Spot of Arliss’ Career

In a long, distinguished career, George Arliss has never done as fine a portrayal as that of Nathan, head of the House of Rothschild, who buys peace for war-torn Europe with gold and bargains with the Powers for the rights of his downtrodden people. It is the saga of the Jews, through suffering and triumph, against a background of the early XIXth Century.

The performances of an enormous cast are without a false note. The splendid matriarch of Helen Westley, the romantic lover of Robert Young, the innocent ardor of Loretta Young are all superb, topped only by Arliss, who has a dual role, also playing a shrewd old Hebrew whose dying advice and plea for his race inspire his sons to become great.

Highlights: Lines of dignity and beauty. Direction (by Al Werker) that conjures up great cities with a simple sign of a banking house door, great battles with a flag and a bugle. (20th Century)

The Cat and the Fiddle

Light Musical for a Light Mood

It is Brussels and it is Spring and they are young and poor and talented. That is how it all begins. Ramon Novarro’s attic, where he composes and sings charming songs about Remembering I Loved You, is just across a navigable rooftop from Jeanette MacDonald’s attic, where she writes and sings pretty little pieces about how The Night Was Made For Love.

Not to be taken very seriously, the pretty misunderstandings and ardent love-making of Jeanette and Ramon are an acceptable excuse for some very delightful music by Jerome Kern and the glimpse backstage of the hectic happenings on the opening night of a new light opera. It’s a picture as romantic and silly as youth, itself, as pretty and artificial as the cotton apple-blossoms under which the lovers are reunited.

Highlights: Ramon’s playing of the comedy-situations, Jeanette’s winning miles, And Charles Butterworth’s drolleries. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Men in White

Gable as a Dramatic Doctor

The “Men in White,” of course, are doctors—and the story revolves around the emotions of a young intern, torn between love of life and devotion to a demanding, sacrificial career. It is unmistakably sincere and painstakingly real—and it should do much for Clark Gable, as the idealistic young doctor.

Especially praiseworthy, after Clark, are Jean Hersholt, as the great specialist; Elizabeth Allan, as the frightened student nurse who is lonely for a little joy in the place of pain; Wallace Ford and Russell Hopton, as two happy-go-lucky student doctors; and Myrna Loy as the society girl jealous of her lover’s profession.

Highlights: The loud-speaker system of the hospital, tirelessly paging the doctors, who are supposed to be tireless, too. Henry Walthall in an unforgettable bit, as an old doctor trying to tell the sniggering, complaining interns what the calling of a healer really means. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Wonder Bar

Jolson Shows ’Em in a Big Musical

The Warner Brothers’ musical formula is still working, although the plot of breaking hearts against a background of Busby Berkeley girls is creaking a bit. This time a night-club forms the setting. Al Jolson is the club’s master of ceremonies; Dick Powell, the song-plugger; Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio and Hal Le Roy, the dancers; and Kay Francis, a customer.

One of the night-club’s “acts” has dancers multiplied into the thousands with the aid of mirrors. Another is a syncopated spiritual in which Al goes to a darkly Heaven on a Missouri mule, and is a take-off of “The Green Pastures.” As the entertainer, Jolson is better than as the club-owner who loves the dancer, connives at concealing a murder, disposes of dead bodies, and renounces love.

Highlights: The spectacular dancing numbers—though they would never fit on any night-club stage ever built. And Jolson, who is everywhere, making a great comeback. (Warners)
Elizabeth Bergner Must Be Seen!

Another great star has come to America. Elizabeth Bergner, German actress, makes the piteous, lonely figure of the girl Catherine—destined to rule the greatest of empires—breath-takingly beautiful. Small, almost plain, she has a hundred expressions, a hundred cadences in her voice, a hundred moods. She vibrates to emotion like a sensitive instrument. Without the aid of make-up, she grows older, more mature before our eyes when she has to choose between her adoration for her unfaithful husband and her duty to her “children,” the Russian people.

With this picture following “The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth” to our screens, there is no longer any reason to speak patronizingly of the competition of the English. It has come—and nothing proves it more clearly than the brilliant performance of young Douglas Fairbanks, who portrays the mad Czar Peter with a skill that Hollywood never brought out in this actor. Every Hollywood director and player should see this picture, as well as anyone else who appreciates fine acting, splendid settings and sensitive direction (by Paul Czinner, Elizabeth Bergner’s husband).

Highlights: The authentic magnificence of sets and costumes, even if the story substitutes a heart-breaking romance for the intrigues that history relates. The lighting and photography are flawless. No, English pictures can no longer be regarded lightly by Hollywood! (United Artists)

Performances You Should Not Miss This Month

Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in “Catherine, the Great”
George Arliss in “The House of Rothschild”
Clark Gable and Jean Hersholt in “Men in White”
Katharine Hepburn in “Spitfire”
At Jolson in “Wonder Bar”
Rosemary Ames in “I Believed in You”
Spencer Tracy in “The Show-Off”

I Believed in You
Bright Newcomer, Slight Picture

This is an amateurishly written and directed story of the fake artists and radicals of Greenwich Village, and the devastating effect they have on the trusting soul of a country girl, thrown by circumstances into their midst. As the girl, hired by the glamour of new ideas, Rosemary Ames is far more interesting than her first picture. She challenges your attention.

Events happen with blunt swiftness. A fiery young labor agitator (Victor Jory), escaping from the police, blunders on the bookish daughter of a college professor and in a dozen sentences persuades her to join him and see the world, which she has only read about until now. With the heroine’s illusions so quickly formed and on such feeble premises, it is impossible to feel sympathy for a just-as-sudden disillusion.

Highlights: Rosemary Ames’ face with its lovable faults, her charming voice and enunciation—which make one look ahead to seeing her in a really sincere role. (Fox)

Spitfire
Hepburn Unforgettable—Again

Katharine Hepburn alone keeps this from being just another story of poor whites in them thar mountains. Only an actress as clever as Hepburn could play a heroine who keeps kneeling down on all occasions to pray without any hint of mawkishness. She is a vivid, untamed outcast, Trigger, who is suspected of witchery. While the picture may not be popular, due to its strong religious bias, Hepburn has added another unforgettable portrait to her gallery. As the barefooted, ragged, white-haired heroine, she prays the simple folk of the mountain back from death, flings rocks at them, and steals babies with directness and candor. Ralph Bellamy and Robert Young, as engineers from the Big World, provide the contrasts and complications.

Highlights: Hepburn’s swiftly changing moods—varying from naiveté to rage, from piety to coquetry, and from mysticism to profanity. And an inspired ending that leaves the audience thrilled. (RKO-Radio)

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

The Mystery of Mr. X
Clever Mystery-Comedy

The part of a Raffles-like crook turned detective is a natural for Robert Montgomery, who strolls through the dangers and dark mysteries of the plot with gay nonchalance and wise-cracking gallantry. He is a laughing diamond thief who falls in love with the daughter of the chief of police. When the hunt comes uncomfortably close, he decides to throw the blame for the theft on the unknown madman who is murdering policemen by sticking knives in their backs. With the town terror-ridden, and the forces of the law (represented by Lewis Stone) completely baffled, our hero decides to make himself worthy of the girl with the lovely profile (Elizabeth Allan) by solving the crimes and capturing the murderer.

Highlights: Its alternate laughs and screams, and a grand and gory finish on a moving freight elevator at the end that will send you out tingling. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Bolero
Raft Does Some Fancy Stepping

A COAL-MINER with nimble feet dances his way to a glittering nightclub in Paris. As the coal-miner, George Raft is not so convincing, but as the dancer he is SWELL. And he has a half-dozen dance routines, from vaudeville “hoofing” to the arty poses and movements of the Bolero (which means “passion dance”). Accompanying him on his upward path are a variety of partners. One by one, the dancer thrusts them remorselessly from his life, when he wears of them. Two of them are Frances Drake and Sally Rand, who does her famous “fan dance.” Carole Lombard plays his final partner, in a gorgeous succession of gowns.

Highlights: The final Bolero, a love scene set to music, in which Raft is strongly reminiscent of Valentino and bears the comparison very well. The tragic ending—exceedingly well done, though a bit strong for amusement-seeking appetites, perhaps. (Paramount)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 85!)

65
Movies in the Making

So you want to know, too, what FUTURE pictures to be looking for? Take this brief tour of the studios with us—look over all the pictures now in production—find out what they’re about—and learn who the stars are!

You’ll soon be seeing Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O’Sullivan in “Tarzan and His Mate.” They’ve been in the M-G-M jungles almost a year, with some troublous animals.

With more than forty new pictures in the making, it has been a busy month in Hollywood. This is an increase of seven over a similar period last year and fourteen over two years ago.

As to trends, you are due for plenty of music in forthcoming films... At every studio, there is at least one picture, if not a straight musical comedy or revue, that has a backstage locale, a cabaret sequence, or some interlude of song... There seems, too, to have been an undue number of accidents in production. No connection between the two can be proved.

At Columbia, Elissa Landi just made “Sisters Under the Skin,” in which... Right, the shipwrecked yachters of “We’re Not Dressing,” with butler Bing Crosby reversing matters and telling wealthy Carole Lombard what to do.

You will see James Cagney and Joan Blondell reunited in “Without Honor”—which will be a drama, not a comedy. Jimmy plays a fugitive from justice, Joan the girl he likes, and Victor Jory the honest Other Man.

Several months ago, Motion Picture started something new—inviting the public behind the sets of big pictures in production and giving moviegoers a look at these pictures through Hollywood’s eyes. We covered one big picture a month. Now, we are starting a department that will give you advance news of all pictures in production—tell you, briefly, what they are about, name the stars, and give a few production highlights. If you want to keep up on your movies, here’s the department for you!

Then watch Motion Picture’s review pages for critical appraisals of the pictures when completed—telling you which ones merit your attention, which ones don’t, and why—Editor.
she plays an actress, and Grace Moore is returning to the screen to portray a prize-winner in an international radio contest, who gets an opportunity to study abroad and eventually returns to star at the Metropolitan Opera. You will have singing that is singing in this picture, tentatively titled: "One Night of Love."

The theatrical backgrounds of these two pictures will be augmented by "Whom the Gods Destroy," in which Walter Connolly, in his first solo-starring vehicle, plays a stage director who later becomes a puppeteer. And in "Whirlpool" Jack Holt is the owner of a cheap carnival. The "Hey, Rube" fight in "Whirlpool" is a fight to watch for. Two participants regained consciousness in the hospital and all wore bandages the next day. Jack, getting into the spirit of the thing, dislocated his right hand.

**Tracy Sees the World—on Screen**

AT Universal, Lee Tracy is staging a welcome comeback in his first appearance since that Mexican misunderstanding. He's a globe-trotter and headline-hunter de luxe in "Tell the World." His exploits in search of news take him to many lands, yet all of the scenes were filmed right in the studio—against a screen on which were projected moving pictures of foreign backgrounds. Tracy said, "It's the only way I'll ever leave the United States again!"

Incidentally, Gloria Stuart's rôle opposite Tracy ended her strike for better acting parts. (See the interview with Gloria on page 32.—Ed.) She plays the princess of a mythical kingdom whom Lee befriends without knowing her identity. Roger Pryor has the other important rôle.

Also shooting at Universal are "Glamour" and "Uncertain Lady." The former is the love story of a chorus girl and a composer, played by Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas (that backstage trend). The theatre scenes (Continued on page 100)
How June Knight, Once an Invalid, Became a Star!

If you have ever said to yourself, "I could have done this or that, if I hadn’t been sick"—read this story. Once June couldn’t walk and doctors even doubted she could live. But see where sheer will power has taken her!

By Hal Hall

A Helpless invalid unable to walk at the age of five years, June Knight to-day is one of the most outstanding examples among the motion picture players of what sheer courage, will power, determination and plain intestinal fortitude can do. She has what it takes to win, to reach the heights.

Confined to her bed practically all the time between the ages of twenty-two months and five years—given, at most, only two more years to live—this girl, by her own physical effort, has remade herself into one of the finest physical specimens on the American screen. Instead of spending the remainder of her life in a wheel-chair—instead of dying—June Knight has become one of America’s most graceful and glamorous dancers, a screen star who has clicked in all of her first three pictures, and an athlete who would put many a man to shame. (You have seen her in “Ladies Must Love,” “Take a Chance” and “Cross Country Cruise.”)

She did it all because of a Spartan courage, a never-say-die spirit and a power of will that is supreme over any and all obstacles. And—although she has been in the public eye more or less for the past six years—she has not spoken a single word about her accomplishment for fear someone might think she was crying out for sympathy, trying to capitalize on her misfortune in order to obtain publicity that might further her in her chosen field. There, friends, is a WOMAN!

The peculiar feature of June’s experience is the fact that if she had been a strong and healthy girl, she would now probably be just one of the millions of American housewives, instead of a picture star and a dancer who is acclaimed by the multitudes from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coasts. It was dancing that she used to win back her strength of legs and, in the winning, she developed into a star.

Here is the story, starting at the beginning in 1913:

(Continued on page 95)
A SUNDAY SUPPER SUCCESS

ANIMATED amber and old gold, a crown of lacy foam, beautiful to behold, and all that it promises to the palate—Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. Decorative and delicious, stimulating and satisfying,

Blue Ribbon is the toast of Sunday suppers throughout America. Keep a case on hand at all times. It makes the simplest meal simply perfect, and it's a sure-fire hit on any and every other occasion.

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. NBC Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.
"Here's a way to loveliness

SCREEN STARS AREN'T ALL BEAUTIFUL. LIKE OTHER GIRLS, WE HAVE OUR GOOD POINTS... AND OUR BAD POINTS, TOO! BUT LET ME TELL YOU THIS...

For EVERY Type of Skin...
dry...oily..."in-between"

WE ALL KNOW THAT WHAT-EVER KIND OF FEATURES WE HAVE, WE MUST HAVE LOVELY SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP EVERY SINGLE DAY

Star of Paramount's "Good Dame," a B. P. Schulberg Production

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists explain:
"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," say scientists. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."
EVERYWHERE—in daily life or on the screen—adoration and applause are hers! Hard to believe, isn’t it, that this glamorous star is just a girl like you?

Yet Sylvia Sidney understands your problems; knows that for you, too, the kind of loveliness that wins is all-important!

So she tells you her secret . . . how irresistible lovely skin is. She tells you how easy it is to have this charm!

Follow this famous star’s complexion care! Use her Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment every single day. Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap—and have for years because it keeps skin really exquisite.

Their easy way will win for you, too, the kind of loveliness that captures hearts! Begin today to use Lux Toilet Soap!
several months touring the U. S. S. R.—and
Paul, a Slavic type, may star in a Russian
to avoid a further hint that the lewdness
Eric von Stroheim has asked official per-
mission to work in a Soviet studio, and the
Soviet authorities for him—so he is very likely
to get said permission.

These representative names form the van-
guard in Hollywood’s recognition of Russia. Un-
fortunately the only plans for an interchange of
talent and ideas materialize.

Hollywood has not even scratched the sur-
facing story of Soviet films, being concerned itself primarily with Czarist Russia and with events preceding the revolu-
tions of 1905 and of 1917. The great, un-
touchable field of drama that lies in every-
day occurrences in the Soviet republic has not yet been screened, despite cries for new material. The French Revolution has been more often filmed than has the Russian.

The tendency, too, has been to brutalize the acts of Socialistic revolutions. No at-
ttempt has been made to quote the brutal-
ities as natural impulses, under the eye-for-
-an-eye creed, in retaliation for centuries of
oppression and servitude. The first sympho-
cies that were shown probably DeMille’s
“Volga Boatman.” Yet no change can be made
that this picture contained dangerous propaganda. Nor is there any necessity for propaganda, either for or against capitalism, in Hollywood’s coming Russian films.

The great experiment now being carried on in Russia under the second Five-Year Plan needs only to be a background for the absorbing drama of its people.

They’re Leaving Out Propaganda

R U S S I A N film-makers now realize that, in
seeking a world market for their prod-
uct, propaganda must take second place to
story values. Only nine Soviet films were
distributed in the United States during 1933
and twelve in 1932. Preponderance of propa-
ganda and lack of entertainment value were the sole reasons for the comparatively small showing. In planning its 1934 pro-
duction program of one hundred pictures, only fifty-nine of which will be talkies, the
Soviet Film Industry announces a liberaliza-
tion of policy toward entertainment. The first Soviet comedy has just been
made.

When I visited Russia, C. B. DeMille asked me if an official entertainment had been so sacrificed to propaganda, pointing out that the publics of other nations were
rejected propaganda undisguised. The official
answered, “We have no time to educate the
world. We are educating ourselves.”

That was more than two years ago. The
statement then was literally true. With
something like seventy-five per cent of its
country completely illiterate, education was
necessary. The problem of reaching mil-
lions of mass readers could not be solved by
motion pictures—visual education for young and old alike.

Without facilities for showing pictures everywhere, the effort was made throughout the land, packed on the backs of mules,” DeMille told me. “There were no electrical generators or town lights, and light was generated from batteries and the
projectors turned by hand.

There are one hundred and eighty
towns in the Soviet Union, speaking one
hundred and fifty languages. It would have
been a tremendous task to reach the great
population of Russia through the printed
word. In the case of the majority of the people
been able to read, which they were not. The
motion picture was the only solution.

What Movies Did for Russia

T H E Russian Revolution was accom-
plished by a party of two million
people, who were revolutionized and
seized the reins of government, yanked
one hundred and fifty-two millions of their
fellow-men out of the Seventeenth Century
and into the twentieth. The people, in power
said to the others, ‘You are going
to be civilized, whether you like it or not.

The program, therefore, enforced education
as rigidly as it ever did in the Russian
Press. The latest figures to
reach me indicate a remarkable success in
the last two years. More than twenty
five per cent of Russia is illiterate. To
the motion picture belongs a major share of
the credit for this astonishing achievement.

“When an old era ends, art always gallops
in with the new. The French Revolution
produced literature; the Russian can do
likewise. But it will not be the Tolstoi
school of somber moralists, the gloomy, gayer,
in the spirit of the Russia of to-day.

“I shall not be surprised if Russian art
soon leads the world. The people are hungry
for ideas and for expression. Feeling
the need of something to idolize in replace-
ment of a blind idolatry of royalty that so
long repressed them, the going to a
Museums are packed; theatres are jammed,
day and night.

“With what would be more fitting than that
Russia should excel in the production of
motion pictures, the medium by which it
was first awakened to a consciousness of
the lack of civilization? It is certainly conceiv-
able that propaganda may be directed
toward the screen, once the government
abandons motion pictures as an agency of
education. Propaganda, by which the
nation has been held together, will no
longer be necessary and art for art’s sake
will rule the Russian films.

Explaining Russian Habits

I HAVE frequently heard Russian pictures
I criticized for attempts to glorify the ma-
chine age. I have not lost sight
of the actual point. This exhibition of ma-
achinery is not propaganda, but education.
Imagine, if you can, how wonderful ma-
china can be handled. This picture made
it for the first time—as the Russian masses
have only recently.

“I, for one, have never become ac-
to the magic of airplane transporta-
tion. I never fail to look up when I hear
the noise of a motor overhead. But do you
think I can arouse interest from my small
son for an airplane? I recall once seeing a
fleeting in the sky and calling his attention to
it. ‘Yes, Dad,’ he replied, ‘but look here!’

“My boy is much more interested in
the junkman’s horse and wagon than he is in
a new streamlined limousine. An automobile
is commonplace; a horse is new. Just the re-
verse is true in provincial Russia, where
turning a faucet and getting water is luxury
or obtaining light from pushing a button
is nothing short of a miracle.

“Another thing that will have much in-
fuence upon the advancement of Russian
art is the type of production centers. I discovered
everywhere on the trip. Give a Russian
trailer and offer to show him how it works.
He will politely, but firmly refuse your offer
of instruction. But if the trailer makes his
tractor will he return to ask your help.

“I recall an example of this trait from
personal experience. On a shipboard, I met a
Russian who was traveling with his son.
I talked with him through my interpreter. We
had some interesting discussions and on the last
night aboard. I asked if I might make him a
present to remember me by. I gave him a
silk face napkin and he was very pleased. Of-
fering to show him how to use it, I met
that firm Russian refusal. He assured me that
he did not need one, for it was not
among the things he used on board.

“Next morning, he appeared at breakfast
with his face slashed to ribbons. I have
never seen a man so badly cut. ‘May I
show you my present?’ he asked. ‘You
assured me that you did not need it,’ I
replied. Then I discovered that his difficulty
that he put the blade outside of the safety
guards. There was no way he could have avoided cutting himself.

Religion Banned? Not So!

I VISITED two of the three centers of motion
picture production in Russia—Moscow and Tiflis, capital of Georgia. Lo-
cated near the Black Sea, Tiflis has a climate much like California. A little warmer, per-
haps. From these two cities will double-
the majority of new Russia’s pictures for
the world.”

I had been told that D eMille’s produc-
tions were very popular in Russia, but
now, only a few American films have filtered
into Russia.) Recalling the several religious
films he has made, I questioned him con-
cerning his latest project.

“That is just one of the many matters
about Russia upon which people have been
misinformed,” he said. “Our church has not
been suppressed by the Soviets. The
church is discouraged, but there are many religious
sects flourishing. They may laugh at you for
going to church, yet they have not
legislated against churches. I was able to
go every Sunday while I was in the country.

“I found, too, that the words of Christ,
Comrades and Buddha are taught, but not under
the name of religion. This may explain
why Russia was not an-
tagonic to the religious pictures I have
made.”

Wilhelm Dieterle was an actor in the
Russian theatre before he became a motion
picture director in his own country, Ger-
many. For the last three years, he has been
in Hollywood under contract to Warner
Brothers. He substantiated DeMille’s im-
pression of Russia.

“No country offers finer material for the
American screen than does Russia,” D i-
terle said. “There is drama in its history, its
people, and its ideals. The problem faced
this vast fund of material because of pos-
sible Socialist propaganda. Hollywood is
often unable to see beyond its own nose.
Now that fear has been cast aside by a few
brave pioneers, there will be a rush to
Russia on the screen. It is the next trend in
film stories.

They Want Only Our Best

You ask what type of motion pictures
Russia will accept from Hollywood. It is
trite to answer, all good pictures, but
that is the only possible answer. Films
that tell their stories entirely through the
pretty speeches of static actors sitting in a
room, smoking and drinking, cannot hope
for popularity in any foreign country. For
that matter, it seems that such films are
no longer popular in America. Russians, in particular, would look upon a
talk of salt as silly. They wonder why these
people are not out doing something, when
they themselves have the attitude born of
their new freedom.

I have heard it said that the Soviets will
ban American pictures showing the refine-
ments of modern civilization. ‘It will
be inevitable,’ they say. The Russian authorities want their fellow-

(Continued from page 17)
You can’t afford a dull head in business, today

If you’ve been up late the night before, don’t start the day with a headache. And if an afternoon conference catches you with a dull head... tired out and washed up... clear away the clouds with a refreshing dose of Bromo-Seltzer.

You’ll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works—so quickly and effectively. Drink it as it fizzes in the glass of water. As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. That is why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is soon relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed... you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity.

No wonder you feel like another person before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer— the multi-purpose remedy

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose. Each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a liquid—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. Contains no narcotics. And it never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at the office and at home. Ready at a moment’s notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Directions on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name “Emerson’s Bromo-Seltzer” on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold at druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.
How WARREN WILLIAM Gets Away From It All

There isn't a red-blooded man in Hollywood who doesn't have an urge to escape the make-believe of acting once in a while, and work with his hands. Warren's way sounds like a satisfying way—going down to the sea in ships!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

HOLLYWOOD is a play city with imitation palaces, pretended passions, beauty manufactured of cunning lights and camera angles—and men of make-up and make-believe. They are men who have to study mirrors and daub their faces; men whose days are spent whispering sham love into the ears of women paid to listen, or fighting fake battles with "pulled" punches. They are men whose strange destiny it is to live in a world where their faces are more important than their muscles—and they are men who long to escape that destiny, as Warren William does.

In their eyes (romantic eyes, that thrill millions of women), I have often seen restlessness and revolt. From their lips, I have heard the involuntary cry that has become a joke and a byword in Hollywood: "God, I'd like to get away from it all!" Their lungs are stilled with powder; their biceps are covered with faultless tailoring; their fists are manicured to photograph well while lighting a cigarette or caressing a woman's hair.

The men of the movies are necessarily splendid physical specimens. Their ancestors were pioneers who reclaimed an empire from the wilderness, sailors, farmers, mechanics, adventurers, miners, fighters, workers—whose descendants play at doing men's work, with "perspiration" squirted carefully from atomizers by bored prop boys and virile words put in their mouths by yawning scenario writers! What man wouldn't want to escape once in a while?

Sometimes, these men of the movies find the confines of a studio set and a world bounded by Beverly Hills, Culver City, Malibu and Grauman's Chinese Theatre unendurable for long at a time. Then we hear of a Charlie Bickford taking the wheel of his whaling vessel; a Leslie Fenton shipping as a common sailor to roam the Seven Seas; a Clark Gable running away from a premiere to tramp the mountains, unshaven and content, with a gun across his arm; a John Boles pulling on oiksins and jerseys tight with sea salt to mingle with the roustabouts and sailors of the wharfs at Wilmington; a John Barrymore departing as soon as the camera stops grinding for South Sea waters, where he can get gloriously dirty and go native to his heart's desire.

(Continued on page 92)
Today, Woodbury's Facial Soap invites millions of new users... with its new and generous 10c cake.

Woodbury's has created this marvelous new value... so that every member of your household may now feel free to use Woodbury's unstintedly... for every skin need.

Ten cents for the same quality you heretofore bought at a quarter. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist.

The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps in the Half-face Beauty Tests. Whereas other beauty products in the tests effected no noticeable improvement, Woodbury's brought new radiance and freshness to the skin within thirty days.

For years, Woodbury's has wanted to extend its scientific skin care at a lesser price, so that millions more could enjoy it. But we waited until we could give you the famous Woodbury beauty treatment at 10c without any compromise in quality.

It's ready for you today! At 10c! At your druggist's, department store and grocer's. The proved formula for "The Skin You Love to Touch."

La Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme
Participant in Paris Beauty Clinic

One of hundreds of women to take these tests, made first in the U. S. A. and Canada. Then in 7 countries of Europe. Woodbury's proved far superior to every other beauty aid in bringing new freshness and radiance to the skin.

Woodbury's facial soap now 10¢

Containing trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, 6 packets of Woodbury's Facial Powders...John H. Woodbury, Inc., 941 Alfred Street, Cincinnati 6, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.
Who Is the College Boys' Favorite?

MADGE EVANS—and Here's Why!

(Continued from page 50)

Katharine Hepburn went to College (Bryn Mawr, Class of 1928), and Madge Evans didn't—but it's Madge whom co-eds copy

Playgirls Are Wallflowers Now

FIRST: the depression has created a new market in girls. Yesterday's hey-ho-kotchies are among today's wallflowers. When a man thinks of marriage, he wants a girl who could pass an I. Q. test with flying colors. He wants a girl who is more interested in nurseries than "nightcaps." Above all, he wants a girl who will stay married. There's no money left for playthings and that includes playgirls. If a girl is the life of the party at a night-club, it doesn't mean a thing unless she can do dishes and diapers. It's simply a post-depression hangover and oh, what a change!

SECOND: because Madge Evans is obviously a nice girl. College men and women don't set themselves up as moral criterions, but they cherish their standards of respectability. How to be nice and still be interesting is becoming a fine art at universities. Madge is that girl that makes a man forget wild oats for dreams of wedlock.

THIRD: she's popular because she's Madge Evans. Never has she been involved in any whisper of scandal and they feel that Madge is a swell person. Collegiate fans, like any other moviegoers, establish favorites when they like their manners, their smiles and their personalities. They like Madge Evans.

Peter Arno, the artist, gave impetus to the selection when he voted her as representing the average girl to the greatest number of people. (So if you want to be popular, be average!) Sisters from no less than seven very, very different sororities have confided to me that "she's just the type of girl we prefer as a member." Yet I visited those same sororities a few years ago and three were interested only in débutantes, two in wealthy girls, one in campus vamps, and one in intellectuals. Now they're united: all of them want girls like Madge, and simply because they've learned that a serious type of girl with a dash of beauty, humor and romance, is the kind who will bring a sorority popularity—and boy-friends!

True enough. Madge was not the favorite in every school. No one could be. But her following is so widespread that she has no serious competition. West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen are notorious for being on the correct time; but mention Madge and they'll promptly announce that she'd grace any one's arm at a hop.

The most amazing discovery I made was that Jean Harlow (who ranks third in nation-wide popularity) is liked, but seldom mimicked. And a real favorite of young people is another_installed; I believe that, while they have a normal interest in the facts of life, there is no necessity for going into detail. Harlow's roles are considered "too obvious"; yet in the same breath, the speakers rave about Clark Gable, frequently teamed with her. It's hard to denote the difference, but students seem able to separate Gable, the man and Gable, the actor, while Jean Harlow is always Jean Harlow. Jean's wide exploitation has hurt her, as one schoolgirl said, when she heard, "I feel I'm old enough to know what I want or don't want and too many pictures of stars on billboards get in my hair." One reason for Madge's success is that the students, and not a publicity department, have made her a favorite. Perhaps men don't want to admit a liking for idealistic types; that would partly explain why Janet Gaynor is not a great favorite on the campuses. Some said half-heartedly, "She's awfully nice—but a little too sweet." Janet (who ranks second only to Marie Dressler in nation-wide popularity) is a lukewarm favorite with collegians, with the exception of Idaho and Washington, where she is THE favorite. And the bigger the man, the more hair on the chest, the greater the respect. The manliness appeals to their masculinity, the chance for their physical mightiness to protect the wife that is Janet. One loud complaint I heard was, "I'd be so proud of you: why your pictures are going to end." And there's a thought for producers.

What They Like about Madge

GIRLS at an Eastern finishing school thought that Madge was liked because she's a "nice girl." Later, when I was informed at a mining college that she was: "Okay and looked like a swell date," I'll pass that over as an intended compliment. Harvard and Yale men were very reticent, saying solemnly that "apparently Miss Evans has the qualities that one wants in a wife to furnish background for a home and family." Not so coy were Southern students. With slow draws that accented every word, students of Alabama and Georgia said, "Madge is she a sweet girl—and could I go to her?" A psychology student told me that "collegians are Evans-conscious because of her nice-girl appeal that makes Mother say, 'I hope my boy marries a girl like her.'"

Strangely, the girl most popular to-day is one who never had a formal schooling, and has never been particularly identified as a college type on the screen. That might have helped her since campus fans believe that pictures of Old Siwash range from "lousy" to "putrid.

While men like Madge Evans as a serious type of girl who would make a fine wife, college girls like her for the same ideal in a man. That why Robert Montgomery's following has been slipping in college towns. Girls admire him, but feel that his type would be more acceptable if his hair weren't as thick as beasters. And the girls are more interested in the "life is real and life is earnest" type these days. Although the Evans-

Montgomery team is well established, only her personal following has increased.

Some Other Favorites

Maurice Chevalier, never a great college favorite, is even less so on the campus these days, while Marie Dressler and Will Rogers, whose wit is robust and down to earth, have gained rapidly. Students at agricultural schools are extremely partial to the suave William Powell and Warren William. But in the larger metropolitan universities, like Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, you'll find that Powell's and Williams' roles are regarded as far-fetched.

There's only one actress who has as wide a following as Madge—namely, Mae West! They all go to see her, from students majoring in mathematics to those majoring in football. Her come-up-and-see-me repartee is widely applauded and every curve gets a hand. As an actress, she can do battle royal with the demure Miss Evans, but as a person her rivalry is limited. Invariably, when asked the ideal girl, only the campus cut-up would name the Queen of Sex.

Incidentally, I found that America's current girl-friend has a grand sense of humor.

We were lunching at the studio when I told her that she had been nominated for the collegiate Hall of Fame. Madge chuckled over an experience I had while quizzing a Northwestern behemoth who graced the varsity; I wanted to know what actress he thought would make the ideal type of wife. He medi- tated, shifting his weight from one leg to the other in acute embarrassment. Finally, he drewled, hoarsely, "Well, if she can cook, I'd sorta go for Mae West!"

That Madge, in turn, appreciates collegians is shown by the fact that, unknown to Hollywood, she was at one time engaged to an Eastern stud.

So the returns are in and the votes counted, and over the waving of the disappointed stars, take a look at the ideal girl. She's five feet four, weighs a hundred and eighteen pounds, has blonde hair, gray-green eyes, and is a grand person. That's Miss America, 1931 Edition, better known to you and me as Madge Evans.
Claudette Colbert has a clothes secret for you

"It's easy to keep that out-of-the-bandbox look with Lux," she says

"My secret is Lux," says charming Claudette Colbert. "I always insist on it for everything that's washable at all—for lingerie, stockings, sweaters, washable silk and cotton frocks. It keeps my loveliest things always fresh—like new!"

You, too, can keep your things always fresh and lovely looking with Lux, just the way Claudette Colbert does. A whisk through those feathery Lux bubbles and your most precious lingerie, your smartest washable frocks come out looking like new! Stockings, too, last ever so much longer if you Lux them after every wearing.

But don't risk rubbing dainty things with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

Hollywood says
Don't trust to luck
—trust to LUX

 Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director of the Paramount Studio, shown with Helen Kopka, his assistant. "That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects colors and materials, keeps them new longer, saves money."
Which Shall It Be?

WITH ORDINARY PINS

WITH NEW Colored HOLD BOBS

GONE forever—straggly, unsightly hair! Throw away those ordinary pins that slide out and leave your hair mussy and troublesome. HOLD-BOBS stay put.

New colored HOLD-BOBS match all shades of hair perfectly. And... they are hand-dipped, insuring a smooth, satin finish. Of course you know that HOLD-BOBS are invincible! That they have non-scratching ends—flexible, tapered legs... one side clipped to hold hair securely in place... and small, round, invisible heads.

Get a 10c card of HOLD-BOBS in the color that matches your hair. They'll solve your hair dressing problem.

Made only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sah H. Goldbergs, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. M-54, Chicago, Ill.
St. Hyscant, P. Q., Canada

MAIL COUPON FOR GIFT CARD

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair exactly. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

NAME

ADDRESS

City State
□ Gray or Platinum □ Blonde □ Brown □ Auburn □ Brunette

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

...continues...

Is Jean Harlow Hollywood’s Most Underpaid Star?

(Continued from page 42)

growing weary of having to ask my writer-friends to deny things for me. But I want you to make this statement for me as strong as possible: I was never on a strike from M-G-M!

Why It Wasn’t a “Strike”

“NOT once in those ten weeks when I was off salary did I admit that there was any difficulty, nor did I discuss the situation with anyone. If I had intended to strike, I could have walked off the lot during the making of my last picture, ‘Bombshell.’ Such a gesture on my part could have cost the studio a small fortune. Instead, I waited until the picture had been completed, I made retakes, and ‘Bombshell’ was on its way to national release before I ever broached the subject of a salary increase.

“Never at any time when I was not drawing my salary-check was I ‘at war’ with the studio; nor were they with me. I was constantly a visitor on the lot, conferring about my contract; and the studio continued to arrange my interview appointments and make my public appearances. It was not a strike or an attempt on my part to hold up M-G-M for an unreasonable salary. I think it might best be described as a difference of opinion. And that difference, there is no longer any difference of opinion, and I am on salary again.

“I said: ‘If you mean, Jean, you thought you were underpaid and held out for a figure more in keeping with your box-office popularity—and got it?’

“I think it is more logical to state, ‘That I have returned to work at the studio on the same contract at the same salary terms and not one cent more than I was drawing before my alleged walk-out.’

“In view of those rumors of a $4,500 weekly salary, I suppose I must have looked my astonishment, for Jean smiled.

Looks Upon Bosses as Friends

“After ten weeks, when the studio and I could not get a figure, I reported to begin work on my next picture because I believe that these studio executives who have been my close friends in every trouble, especially during the time of my great trouble, Paul Bern’s death, will make the adjustment fairly and squarely. And in the meantime I am going to forget what I have been told only a few months ago, and go on to fulfill the terms of the contract to which I signed my name.

“This is the truth about Jean Harlow’s Studio Strike! Not those absurd stories that I was holding them up for ten thousand dollars weekly or even five thousand dollars. The adjustment I asked for was hardly a fraction of either of those amounts.”

“This subject of movie-money is difficult to discuss in print,” she continued. “What might seem like an insufficient salary to Hollywood would be a millionaire’s income to the rest of the world. I can understand the impatience of the public with high-salaried stars who are constantly demaning more, so it seems, ‘More money, more money, more money.’ I know that if I were not in pictures, the same circumstance in other professions would seem like a fortune. Removed from the demands of movie stardom, it is a fortune. But I think the outside world does not begin to realize the outlay money required to maintain our professional position in our private lives.

Her One “Necessary” Luxury

“You know me well enough to know I am not extravagant. I never have been. I suppose many people would consider this home,” her gesture took in the exquisitely furnished room with all the lovely things Jean has collected for it, “as a luxury. But, in a way, to me, a comfortable home is a necessity. I have always lived in nice surroundings. I am prouder of this home because I earned it and paid for it out of my movie salaries, but if I were forced to live in a one-room apart- ment, I would try to surround myself with—such beauty and comfort as my pocket-book would allow.

“As for the other things—I try to dress nicely and in good taste, but my wardrobe is far from elaborate. I think I have fewer clothes than any other feminine star in Hollywood. I love sports clothes, such as these sweaters and slacks, and they can be bought in any department store in town. Not so long ago, I had a very nice evening gown in my wardrobe. In fact, I think someone called attention to the fact that I wore the same evening gown to all the premieres,” she laughed. “I have no jewelry to speak of, and the car I drive is three years old. If I were just a private-life Jean Harlow, any man’s wife, I think I would go about my very modest mode of personal living.”

Stop for a moment to consider that the government income tax takes one-third of her income in Chicago, and the income tax of her private life the large outlay of money concerned with her professional work; the charitable contributions I contribute generously; the money that must be spent in hundreds of different little ways because she is a movie-star—and the result is that Jean has no personal money to indulge in the take to the inti of other Hollywood stars who have far less to offer at the box-office.

Rivals Them Except in Salary

The exhibitors of the country recently voted Jean third in the list of box-office stars; the two ahead of her being Marie Dressler, said to earn $4,500 weekly, and Janet Gaynor, whose reported salary is $4,500 every seven days. At present Jean’s salary is $7,500 weekly. And behind her in box-office popularity come such big money-earners as Greta Garbo, supposed to be getting $9,000 a week, which I believe, in the circumstances, the stipend approximates $7,000; Norma Shearer, said to receive $6,000; and Ruth Chatterton, whose weekly salary is reported to be $5,000 to $7,000.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood guessed such enormous sums as $10,000, or even $5,000 as the amount of weekly salary Jean Harlow was “holding out for”? And is it any wonder that Hollywood will be equally amazed to learn that she has returned to work at the same salary she was earning before her dispute? Hollywood probably won’t believe it. (And how about you?)

Jean gave me one explanation as to why she had walked back in again after she had walked out, when she said she had decided to put her financial fate in the hands of the studio men whom she trusted and whom she cherished her friends. But I think the real reason came out just before I left her when she said:

“Don’t keep away from pictures for any reason at all! I am lost without my work. You don’t know how important I am to be back, making another picture again, I want to be back in make-up, to hear the technicians call ‘turn ‘em over.’ I’ve missed all that more than I can tell you in this ten weeks of—delay!”

There are two stories on the schedule for Jean: “Living in a Big Way,” with Marie Dressler as a co-star; and “China Seas,” with Clark Gable as a co-star.
“We have to have LOVELY TEETH or we lose our jobs”

Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as possible.

So—take a hint from those who make a business of beauty. Scores of lovely models have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste. They find that this modern dentifrice gives a higher lustre, more sparkle and brilliance to tooth enamel!

Due to its effective polishing agent, Listerine Tooth Paste not only makes teeth shine, but less brushing is required. Film and discoloring stains disappear with surprising speed. Yet the polishing agent is soft. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the enamel in any way.

No matter how dull your teeth, see how Listerine Tooth Paste helps them. Learn how pleasantly refreshing this dentifrice tastes—how much better your gums look and feel following its use.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ for the regular-size tube—a fact which has led millions of persons to use it instead of more expensive brands. Now the new 40¢ size, containing twice as much, permits an even greater saving. We are confident that if you try one tube—either size—you will remain a steady user. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(top) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

(left) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that’s two from Texas!) is one of New York’s most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.

The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETITT of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢
I hate to miss the party, But…

I'm afraid I couldn't dance. My feet are my worst enemies. I have two bad corns.

Why my dear, how old fashioned you are. Why don't you use Blue-Jay? There's no pain, and it's this simple.

Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover, used by millions for 35 years. Invented by a famous chemist, made by Bauer & Black, whose products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. Be kind to your feet. When a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay.

How Blue-Jay Works

A. the medication which gently undercuts the corn.
B. Quick and effective, leaves pressure, stops pain at once.
C. Strong adhesive that holds pad in place.

Blue-Jay, Bauer & Black's scientific corn remover.

Blue-Jay is charming all day before a camera, and a wife also has been charming all day—and both of them are through with charm and seek reactionary silence and glumness.

But they have as problems that they cannot share; they must solve them individually. Gradually, the tingle of their senses, when they are together, is a thing of the past. They may remain friends, but they are definitely no longer in love. Somehow, love gets lost when it is oppressed by weariness. Two people may continue to be friends long after love has been gone just as in marriage. But friendship is not enough for a marriage.

To men and women who have kept the flame of love going on nothing. To-morrow is another day; the cameras wait. So whatever electric quality a man or woman possesses—such as marriage, a woman possesses—it is neither practical nor just for either of them to forsake and marriage, a woman possesses—it is neither practical nor just for either of them to forsake other associations, new friendships, a few pleasures. Each of them must seek diversion with others. Yet, because all must, there is a group of us among whom this wearing to face constantly the startled eyes of a deliberately misunderstanding public.

The strain becomes too great, and a separation becomes inevitable—because marriage in itself offers no compensations for that loss of freedom that the soul of any creative person demands.

"Hollywood could well be an experimental station in human values. But it dares not openly court the censure of the public. We respect human relationships—the false, loyalties, the thing called love, but the worn-out traditions that impede human progress have no place in this industry."

"We need to be real ourselves, for we are a community of youth, with youth's effort to adjust out-of-date social machinery to our own beliefs and needs. But we dare not publish our findings, because the public would disapprove. This doesn't mean that we don't recognize the principles of marriage. It only means that we cannot adopt its conventional form."

"We must make marriage serve us. We cannot be enslaved by it. If we are, it is at the sacrifice of our professional interest."

New Type of Marriage Needed

"No serious actor or actress can afford to spend a day watching a sacrifice to a program or a code. Yet we dare not pave the way, we dare not adopt any conventions, until the world, through its own experience, finds that a new type of marriage is necessary for the woman wage-earner—and approves. Professional women must be free—not to be outlaws, but to be themselves, to realize themselves as individuals."

"I had the choice between a career and marriage. I felt that I was too young to leave a profession in which I was passionately interested; to submit the need for self-expression. The picture business makes extraordinary demands on a woman as a person, and as a professional, and a constant strain. I could not settle down to a domestic routine that would have brought unhappiness both to Bill and to myself."

"My philosophy of marriage is that it stands is all wrong for picture players may be a delusion. Some day, I suppose, I shall marry again, because no woman can determine her emotions. No woman can say, 'Marriage is not for me'—because to-morrow someone may come along who will make her embrace it with delight and with humility; embrace even its slavery and difficulties, its destined monotony and its dangerous influences on an actress."

"Today, marriage fits neither human nature nor human needs. Modern civilization demands enlightenment on the relationship between men and women. It may take a generation, but even then, when marriage will be made to conform to nature, to our modern freedom; and our modern needs. But Hollywood does not dare to pave the way.

"Happiness is a very difficult state to achieve. It becomes doubly difficult when a woman sets out to reach the ideal of happiness, of which she has an ideal of herself and of her ability, as I have. There is only one salvation for the woman outside—for the woman who works—and that is a different new kind of marriage. The old has failed. Possibly the new will bring her a semblance of content!"

Carole Lombard tells why Hollywood marriages can't succeed.
ONE DROP OF WATER SPELLS

trouble FOR USERS OF 100,000 LAMPS!

There is one time when 1/100,000 part of a dew drop is a veritable flood! That's when that much moisture is present in the incandescent lamp you buy.

Costly water vapor is painstakingly eliminated from every General Electric MAZDA lamp because it hastens deterioration of the lamp filament; speeds blackening of the bulb; and brings a corresponding loss of light and lamp life.

As a matter of fact, the gas in General Electric MAZDA lamps is 100 times drier than the air in the very dryest part of the Sahara Desert. That's one reason why lamps bearing the famous monogram are sure to give you all the light you pay for—why they are used by steamship lines, railroads, leading industrial and commercial concerns everywhere.

To look for this symbol of quality is an easy and sure way to avoid inferior lamps that may waste electricity like a leaky faucet wastes water—that may contain that tiny particle of water vapor that spells lighting waste and trouble. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS
Hollywood Recognizes Russia!

(Continued from page 72)

countrymen to see refinements, if for no other reason than as an object lesson in what has been missed in centuries of oppression.

"If Hollywood does not move swiftly into the stories of modern Russia, it will discover that the Soviet has beaten it to the market. The Russian super-mascara...

"There is another thing Hollywood may not realize. The Soviet is encouraging art in its films to-day. Why, a picture director is the highest paid talent in the country. He is not hampered or supervised by others, but is left alone to work out his own destiny and the destiny of the film. This fact alone should point the way to the greatness of the coming Russian films."

Lost One Great Director

A FEW years ago, Hollywood had just begun to sense some of the things about Russia that it realizes fully now. Paramount persuaded Sergei Eisenstein, greatest of the Russian directors, to come to Hollywood and submit a tentative treatment of "An American Tragedy" for the screen; Theodore Dreiser, the author of it—but complications arose at the studio, and Josef von Sternberg made the picture, Eisenstein, leaving the country, went to Mexico, where he filmed "The Good Earth" and "China." He was then starred Garbo and was a sentimental adaptation of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."

"An American Tragedy," by John Dos Passos; "War Story,"(which George Bancroft was a Revolutionist). But until now Hollywood has only languidly recognized the possibilities of Russia as a screen background. Now it's exciting!

News and Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 39)

unless they see the play. And every night stars occupy the cafe-theatre tables, asking for their songs, drinking beer and hissing the villain. Paramount has bought the film rights and will screen it just as it is played, with extras, specialty songs and all, using the theatre and cast-daytimes in order to interfere with the nightly shows. W. C. Fields will probably take the villain's part, with Lanny Ross as the hero.

Songs Your Movies Taught You

ARE you aware of the fact that most of the songs you're humming these days are from the movies? Tin Pan Alley has moved from Broadway to Hollywood. About the only recent Broadway songs that come readily to mind are "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," from "Roberta," and "The Easter Parade," from "As Thousands Cheer." But the one thing that all of these films have in common is that comic songs are being used, not just for the public, but also to tell a story.

The Air's Full of Them

AND have you noticed how movie-consciencious the radio is becoming? Any event in the world of movies, no matter how small, is given wide coverage. And the best way to keep up is to listen to the radio. You can do it over the Walt Disney cartoon. Fill out your own list!

Love Birds

IF you don't believe that Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, have a fondness for one another—and that Al, particularly, never care if the whole world knows it, listen to this one.

I attended a Legion prize fight one evening, arriving late to find my seats directly behind the Jolsons. They didn't see me, for the very simple reason that they had no eyes for anyone except each other. They weren't even watching the fighters in the ring..."Who's your baby?" I heard Ruby ask. I was spared Al's answer. A few moments later, Ruby made a proposition. "When this bout is over," she said, "climb up in..."
SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread is
1 Supplies energy efficiently. Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish the energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.
2 Builds, repairs. Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance diet in respect to proteins due to large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.
3 Is one of the most easily digested foods, 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."

CLEVER NEW USES FOR BREAD IN THIS BOOK BY BETTY CROCKER

Free! A thrilling new book of recipes and menus suggestions, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)". New ideas for combining bread with other foods to make an appetizing, well balanced diet. By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Fascinating accompaniments for soup, main course, salad. Answers to questions on bread etiquette.

Delicious, appetizing ... bread "goes" with everything. Is economical, convenient ... baked for you in pleasing variety, together with other tempting baked wheat products, by your baker. Includes breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name ____________________________

Street or R.F.D. No. ___________________

City ____________________________ State ___________________

Cop. 1934, General Mills, Inc. M. P. O. Unit 5.34

Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!
Reader Has Praise for Picture That Dared to be Delicate

FIRST PRIZE

In its transition to the screen, writes Louise Kramer, of Peoria, Ill., none of the delicate beauty of "Cradle Song" was lost:

"In this hectic everyday life, how like an oasis in the desert is Paramount's 'Cradle Song.' And we who are weighted down with the cares of the day, how lovely to feel, if just for the space of one short hour the peace and tranquillity of that picture. To know that though selfishness and greed abound all around us, courage and self-sacrifice are not a lost art. I know there must have been others who were moved as intensely as I was by this picture.

"All honor to the producers for filming a subject so delicate, to Dorothy Wick for her beautiful portrayal, and to the rest of the cast for their splendid support and last, but not least, to its director."

SECOND PRIZE

Lucretia Money, of McComb, Miss., wants players' roles varied and no more back-stage rehearsals:

"Why don't the movie producers throw away the idea that fans like to see their favorites in the same type of roles over and over again. Zasu Pitta has lost all her charm for me because I see her doing exactly the same thing too often. I've seen so much of her that I can imitate her to perfection.

"I wonder how many fans agree with me that the most enjoyable sort of screen musical comedy is the 'Whooppee' type in which there was no show being given, and no back-stage rehearsals—nothing but beautiful nonsense and glorious comedy. We don't want to see the rehearsals, and the cramping of the dance director; we want the finished product."

THIRD PRIZE

Abrupt endings are very annoying, writes Marcia Feldman, of Atlanta, Ga.:

"The trend of the movies lately seems to lean towards abrupt endings, which somehow seem to rub the fur the wrong way. Folks like to be let down easily instead of receiving a sudden jolt at the end of a picture, as if their car, going at a rapid speed, had reached the edge of a steep embankment and suddenly stopped.

"Particularly do I refer to several other splendid productions which I have seen recently, like 'Dinner At Eight,' 'Morning Glory,' and 'Counselor At Law.' In 'Counselor At Law,' the ending was so abrupt, we missed Barrymore's last line, which was in reality the key to the story."

Ann Campbell, of Besley, O., writes about an inconsistency in "Queen Christina" that didn't get by her watchful eye:

"Do tell me how a movie producer in this day and age expects an audience to accept an error such as occurs in the Great Greta's performance of 'Queen Christina'.

"While traveling incog and without baggage, the queen is forced, during a snowstorm, to remain overnight in an inn where she meets a handsome Spanish envoy, portrayed by John Gilbert. In the intriguing boudoir scene, Greta appears the next morning in a gorg bus flowing negligee. Now, where did that negligee come from—Mr. Gilbert's bag? Or do innkeepers provide wardrobe costumes for snowbound queens?"

When films are entertaining, Anne Lemore, of Memphis, Tenn., doesn't care if scenes are faked:

"Who and where are those literalists who complain of 'faked' scenery and effects in the movies? I think it's wonderful that the 'lakes' can be made to seem so real, 'Flying Down to Rio' was a good example of the art. Nowhere could you find a better picture for sheer scenic beauty and keen entertainment. And it was full of faked scenes. We all dwell in hum drum worlds as it is, and as the movies take us into lands only reached in dreams, I say, more power to them!"

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Preston Chapman, of Montgomery, Ala., would give anything to be in Lewis Stone's shoes:

"My idea of the world's luckiest devil is Lewis Stone! To stand in his shiny number eights for a few brief hours I would throw away my beloved nicotine and cast off my pet peeve! Why? Well, hasn't he played in seven pictures with Garbo? Not as her hero, oh no, but within breathing distance of her beautiful coldness!"
The Picture Parade
(Continued from page 65)

The Show-Off
Tracy Makes You Like Him

T'TS hard to make a bragging ne'er-do-well sympathetic, and it's a distinct tribute to Spencer Tracy's likable personality and acting ability that he manages to do so. A nuisance to his in-laws, a windbag to outsiders, and a worry to his Little Woman (Madge Evans), Tonye Piper is—is in his own mind—a hero, a great business genius, and a success. And, ironically, events conspire to make him look like that to the rest of the world, purely by accident.

Tracy's portrayal would be only a caricature if he relied solely on his lines, but his by-play, his blunt, embarrassed mannerisms, his expressions make "the show-off" a very real human being. Madge Evans gives sincerity to the rôle of his adoring wife, and a good supporting cast, including the ever-reliable Lois Wilson, makes this a picture almost anyone and everyone will enjoy.

Highlights: Tracy telling his boss a few things when he "resigns." Tracy asking his brother-in-law questions about what his estranged wife had for breakfast. The elevators that symbolize his rising and falling fortunes. (Metros-Goldwyn-Mayer)

This Man Is Mine
Triangle Drama—Smart and Fast

This is a woman's picture, which hardly solves the age-old problem of how to hold one's husband against baby-faced little hussies, but the brilliant dialogue and crisp acting carry the picture along at a swift pace. Irene Dunne is sincere and spirited as the devoted wife, who determines to fight for her happiness. Constance Cummings is devastatingly realistic as a little flirt. Ray Johnson is the surprise of the picture as Irene's disillusioned and trenchant friend who provides most of the laughs.

Men may not appreciate the humor of some of the barbed remarks about their sex. Ralph Bellamy is as snug as most men who find themselves married by baby-faced little women, but his blow to the jaw when he discovers that the pretty divorcee just wanted to add him to her collection will receive heart-felt applause.

Highlights: The scene where the ex-husband, finding his husband returned only slightly damaged, breaks a painting over his head. (RKO-Radio)

Registered Nurse
Uninspired Hospital Drama

It is unfortunate that this picture challenges comparison with another hospital film of the month. For its atmosphere is distinctly theatrical, with Vince Barnett as a low-comedy orderly, John Halliday and Lyle Talbot unconvincing in their operating togs, and Bebe Daniels as a nurse who sheds tears over her patients' woes.

Theatrically, too, is the story, with a psychopathic husband standing in the way of the heroine's love for a flirtatious house-surgeon, and with the most amazing array of patients ever housed under one hospital roof. Only a scenario writer could explain why the crack-brained husband felt it necessary to tie his wife by leaping from the fifth-story window when a divorce would have done just as well and been considerably less messy.

Highlights: Two wrestlers, who bring bouquets of pansies to their ailing boss, providing action and well-earned laughs by trying earnestly to gouge out each other's eyes over the sacrifices his best. (Warners)

MEN who "couldn't see me" are all eyes now

"I'M THE happiest girl in America! Yet, just think! a few months ago I was 'that little Roland girl'—wasn't someone—someone—ask her to dance?"
"Yes, I was 'nobody's sweetheart'... a problem at any party!"
"Then, one day, I overheard the men discussing the girls in our set—which was prettiest. I heard my name..."
"But when she smiles... those teeth!"
"For hours, that day, I sat and cried! 'He was right! My teeth were... well, just plain dingy! Yellowish! It had happened so gradually I hadn't noticed.' And then, through my head ran some words I'd read: 'Food and drink leave seven kinds of stain on teeth. If these stains remain, teeth grow duller and duller. Colgate's removes all seven kinds of stains.'"
"Today—well, look at my teeth... my smile. I know it's a winner now. And you'd know it, too... if you could see my date-book."

Banish all 7 stains with Colgate's
Would you love to look in your mirror a few days from now, and see your teeth more sparkling, more beautiful—than ever before? Then do this:
Get a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Let its two cleansing actions remove all food stains—stains that no one-action dental cream can remove.

You see, Colgate's has an emulsive action that washes many of the stains away. Then a polishing action that removes the more stubborn ones. So don't delay. Try Colgate's. And in ten days, see for yourself what an amazing difference this two-action cream can make.

Note, too, how it sweetens the breath. And Colgate's is only 20c—the most economical of all good toothpastes... the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has two cleansing actions, and sells at the same low price.

LISTEN IN—DONALD NOVIS, DON VORHEES, FRANCES LANGFORD every Saturday night, 9:00 P.M. (E.S.T.) over N. B. C. Stations.

A woman's loveliness can be spoiled by the 7 stains on teeth... her charm restored by removing these stains completely.
“Don't Let Anyone Tell You Acting Isn't Hard Work” - Montgomery

(Continued from page 21)

“Look about you at some of the actors who have survived—like the shrivelpits Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt. Would you call them unintelligent, unlettered and unversed? Look at Helen Hayes—you can't call her unintelligent, can't call her unlettered. You can't say she'll call Leslie Howard, or Paul Muni, or Norma Shearer unintelligent. You certainly couldn't have George Arliss or a moron. "All things are comparative, of course. You and I consider Helen Hayes exceptionally intelligent. Madame Curie might not consider her intelligent at all because there would not, probably, know very much about radium. Though I would not be surprised if she did. Because actors have diversified knowledge. They couldn't be actors without it.

"Professional men have to pass perseverance and memory tests to become doctors, lawyers, engineers and college professors. And actors must pass through the primary grades of hard work; of 'extra' parts and when, for instance, play a setback part and various degrees of starvation and discouragement until, if ever, they reach the top that is called stardom.

"Everyone can see us when we are on the top—silhouetted flatteringly against the sky. No one has seen us as we made the ascent. I once worked in the same play with a man who is now one of Hollywood's biggest stars—and I never even noticed him. There are about fifty really big and established stars in Hollywood, a small percentage of the whole. They've got it all just in relentless-labor—that is largely mental. Very few of us go to bed as 'extras' and wake to be 'leading men.'"

"It is said of doctors that they must have eighty per cent application, ten per cent ambition and ten per cent personality to get through college and medical school. But when they graduate, they may be—just doctors. As an actor may be just an actor. There are distinctions in all the professions. It's the fellow who has an extra ten per cent ambition of something beyond the specified hundred who gets to the pinnacle, no matter what he has after his name, no matter what his calling.

Can't Have One-Track Minds

"YOU\'ll find stupid, one-track minds among doctors, lawyers, engineers, etc. among all the professions. You'll find stupid men in every walk of life. But actors, I claim, are likely to have a more diversified knowledge than any other group of men—because they must play many roles in life, not just one. And if they take their work seriously, they make it their business to dissect the nerves and emotions and sinews of their characters as doctors must dissect the nerves and sinews and emotions of their patients.

"When I went to school, such a part as I played in 'Hell Below,' I must know the limits of that man's mind. I must be sure that I do not go above that limit or below it. I have to be able to sound the depths or the shallows of his presumed intelligence, gauge his interests and how he would react to them. I had a couple of battles with the director on that one. He wanted me to say certain lines. I said, 'But this chap wouldn't talk this way, wouldn't think this way.' He went away, as it happens. Then he had to come right back and drive my point home. I wasn't arguing in the realm of imagination alone. I had had to make a study of that fellow through his prototype, his personality, his surroundings, his entire life."

"The same holds good in any part you play. Clark Gable and Jean Hersholt, for instance, are playing the parts of surgeons in 'Men in White.' They not only have to learn a certain amount of surgery, but the technique in the operating room; they also have to be able to gauge the mental and emotional and professional reactions of a surgeon. It is another sort of stardom. You can't do by wandering idly through a story, at a word a here and there from the book to establish that character, to try to find him in real life, to read books bearing on his type and his circumstances in life. There are many pages in an actor's schoolbook and he has to learn them all by heart.

Not Easy, If You're Serious

"ACTING is hard work—if you mean by acting what I mean. We earn what we make. It's hard work for me, certainly, and it's hard work, because I take it seriously. There have been times when I've been discouraged by some part I've had to play, in some picture I didn't believe in. And I've thought that I might take it so easy and not take the easiest way and just amble through it? And then I would get on the set and start to work and—I couldn't just and—I couldn't. And why? I have a load of work in me. Whatever it is, something makes me think, 'This may be IT—I might be able to get something into this!' And when I'm off 'Night Flight' I had one tiny part of a tiny scene I wanted to do a certain way, with a certain bit that I found in ourselves and I worked on that bit all through one night to get what I wanted."

"The man in the business office finds the hands of his clock pointing to fifty-three or six and the curtain goes down on his day's performance. It does not rise again until nine the next morning. The curtain never goes down on an actor's work, because he has no private life. His private life, so-called, requires almost as much labor, thought and energy as his professional life. I, for instance, played polo for a bit and tried to. I had been Joe Doakes and had muffed a few plays, no one would have given me a tumble. As it was, when I did muff a play, the whole gallery gave me the silent treatment, because no matter what they did, it was right. They did rise up, anyway, and I stopped playing polo. I was trying to play for my private and personal amusement. There is no such thing. We either have to work harder at our amusements or—go without them."

The Actor's Toughest Task

"THEN there is the factor of working for all kinds of people, in every walk of life. Our pictures are put in contact with every type of mind in every walk of life, everywhere. The mere strain of trying to strike that common denominator is work enough for any man."

I said, "Yes, but it is work in the sense that lumberjacks or coal miners or steel riveters know it as work."

"Then would you say," countered Bob, "that President Roosevelt doesn't work—because the sweat is not pouring down his face, he does not strain, he does not even bulge? That is the idea that stolid and practical people have always held of poets, playwrights, musicians. The part I played in 'Lovers,' Catherine's real life, I was a playwriting, wrestling with my muse. And the 'others' said, 'Why doesn't he get to work?' Why doesn't he do
something? The sweat may be the white sweat of the brain. It is there nevertheless.

"If you measure work by the sweat on a man's brow, then acting is not work. If you gauge it by mental effort, by creative effort, never ceasing, then it is work—and damned hard work, too. It all depends on your definition of the word 'work,' as it depends on your definition of the word actor."

"It has been said that we get paid out of all proportion to our efforts. I say—though this statement, too, has been argued—that our working lives are short, and that we do not, therefore, get paid out of proportion. We may have five years, ten, fifteen, of being in the money. There is no way of foretelling. There is no possibility of planning. There is, therefore, no peace of mind.

"There is the strain, the constant nervous strain of this very condition. At any day, the axe may fall on me, on the man in the dressing-room next to me, on the girl in the dressing-room above me. I have been here for five years and I have seen them come and I have seen them go.

"When I first came to this lot, there was a white-haired boy here whose name I needn't mention. He was the White Hope, the Big Shot, the center of the hub. I saw him die. I don't mean physically; I mean as a screen actor. I was in the projection room when it happened. An executive sat next to me. He had probably had a bad egg for breakfast. He said one sentence—and that boy was dead. It's a small thing to hinge one's work on—a bad egg for breakfast and the consequent utterance of one sentence. It has been said that work doesn't kill, but worry does. But movie work is worry.

Loafer! It Can't Be Done!

"SURE, we have comforts. That's true enough. Comfortable homes and cars and good food and amusements, if we have the time to enjoy the former or take the latter. I've had eleven weeks' vacation in five years. Off pay, of course. Which means that I have very little time to enjoy the comforts I am able to afford. I do not live in luxury for the reason I have mentioned—the axe may fall and there must be some sort of security for it to fall on."

I said, "But Bob, if you feel this way—you and some others—why do you stay? Why don't you go out?"

Bob said, "I want to. I'm going to. I can't right now, for one reason or another. But I shall very soon. I can best illustrate the way I feel about it with a little allegory, like this. . . Suppose I invited a few people to my home for dinner. I'd give them some good cocktails. We'd sit down to a dinner charmingly served and well-prepared. After dinner we'd play a little bridge. The time would come for them to go home. They would rise and say they had had a charming time and would like to come again. I would tell them that I hoped they would.

"That's the way it is with me, in pictures. I'd like to go to the Powers-That-Be and say, 'Thanks, I've had a charming time, but now it is time for me to go home—I hope I may come back again some day.' By 'home' I mean, of course, the theatre. Perhaps I'll find the doors of 'home' closed to me, but I'd like the chance of raising the knocker a couple of times.

"This is not the easiest way, this picture way. Because it is not the way of one man with one job; it's the way of hundreds of men we must know before we play; it's the struggle with many bosses to preserve the integrity of the characters we have learned; and it is all lived in a glass tank with the spotlight playing luridly upon it."

---

**Hollywood Hair Styles**

**go romantic!**

**Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair is TOO OILY or TOO DRY**

---

**To correct OILY hair:**

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

---

**Help for DRY hair:**

Don't put up with "dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

---

**PACKER'S**

**PINE TAR SHAMPOO**

for OILY hair

---

**PACKER'S**

**OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO**

for DRY hair
company, working on the Painted Desert, was constantly assailed by zero or sub-zero weather. (Van Dyke fought the tropics in making "Trader Horn" and fought the Arctic in making "Eskimo.") Crude living quarters gave them little protection and the entire camp was once nearly blown down over a five-hundred-foot cliff into a raging river below. Ramon passed out completely from exhaustion and suffocation, when he fought a two-hundred and twenty-five-pound bear an in eight inches of lava dust; and the company finally disbanded to fly before a blizzard, mucking out over nearly a foot of snow, tired and bedraggled.

Boris Karloff, whose Chaney-like tortures of make-up have already been recounted, suffered a new kind of hell in "The Lost Patrol," when he worked with Victor McLaglen in the Yuma desert under a sun that generated heat of 150 degrees in the shade. The operation, which averaged two hours a day, yet half of the company (all men) were prostrated at one time or another. Boris' big moment came near the end when a sharp-shooter in the company would fire a bullet out from twenty yards as he walked! He was supposed to be insane. He nearly was before they packed up for home. To Van Dyke, it brought back memories of some other weather he saw last winter in "the white hell" of the Arctic.

From Hospital Bed to Jungle

THEN there is Claudette Colbert, who arose from a nice, comfortable hospital bed to ship for the jungles of Hawaii to make "Four Frightened People." Within two weeks after an appendicitis operation, Claudette was standing in a waist-deep swamp of cold water for hour upon hour, day after day. Continual rain meant no campfire and no campfire meant no hot food. Claudette, still convalescent, rode from eight to ten miles a day on horseback to reach the swamp near the set. When riding became impossible, she would dismount to fight her way through the dense underbrush—the brush that tore a pair of stout English leather puttees from director Cecil De Mille's legs once a week regularly. But Claudette tramped through the same brush barefooted and bared her rôle, revealing no indication of the pain she encountered. Think this over as you recall her in those light-hearted love scenes with William Cargan.

Joan Blondell doesn't know what "quit" means, either. In her last picture, Joan worked until two hours before an emergency appendicitis operation, fighting back prostration to the last moment with the aid of ice bags held to her burning side. Following the operation, when one of us would have urged cameramen to jump out the nearest window, Joan, seeing the necessity of finishing the picture, had the company come to her home and "catered!" Made up that's why juicers and prop men call her "Trouper Joan" to-day.

Even La Garbo, who wouldn't join the best club anywhere, finds herself a member of the exclusive Hollywood Torture-Bearers. She qualified during "Queen Christina." A magnificent costume weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. So heavy was the gown of metallic cloth that it became necessary to use dress rests, small platforms that took as much weight as possible off her shoulders during the waiting periods. But the rests proved impractical and Greta could, if she would, tell a thing or two of the particular sort of hell she went through.

The Tortures That Stars Endure While Making Movies

(Continued from page 61)

Had Worry on Top of Work

JOHN BARRYMORE experienced another kind of torture during "Counselor At Law." In this picture Barrymore had an unmercifully hard batch of lines to learn. Re-takes were frequent. Hours were very long, inasmuch as his contract was for a certain prescribed time, with heavy penalties for the production engineer. It was nothing for him to work twenty-four hours in succession. But the hell came in what followed these grinds. At the time Irene Fenwick, Lionel's wife, was hovering between life and death. John, inordinately fond of his brother's wife and sharing his brother's mental torture, rushed from work to an all-night vigil at her bedside. Then he would turn up for work, haggard and worn. Nerves snapped and tension became unbearable. It was the toughest time in Barrymore's experience.

Just such tension Margaret Sullivan knew in making "Only Yesterday." John Stahl, one of the industry's finest directors, was for one of its most meticulous; the demands he makes on his players are great. And "Only Yesterday" turned out to be a difficult story to capture in film. Hours were long. Retake followed retake. And Margaret played most of the picture in a long satin gown, so tight that she could neither sit nor lie down. The gown, with all its finery, nearly killed her until Nature stepped in; that is, until Margaret fainted and lay quietly oblivious to the world on the dirty floor of the set. It was after this experience that she raced to her apartment to pack and leave for New York via plane that night. Stahl hurried after her and, sitting on the trunks, finally won her over to finishing the picture. She's initiated now. But she could also write books on set-suffering.

Nature didn't do so well with Ann Dvorak in "Massacre." In this one the company worked in the broiling sun of Chatsworth, suffering from exposure, insects and other indignities of the great outdoors. This would have been fair enough if Ann hadn't been bitten by a rattlesnake. The bite was a bad one and called for considerable treatment and cleansing by the studio doctor. In spite of the pain that followed, Ann tramped along with nary a whimper for the remainder of the picture—proving that snakes are no respecters of Hollywood and its problems.

Cuts You Wouldn't Want

THE torture that Johnny Weissmuller knows is, although it may sound funny, no joke. Johnny, in addition to the great demands on his physical endurance, usually has to pace around with big elephants. Now, elephants look like harmless enough animals, but no. Not, that is, when one slides down their back with a swimming costume on. For a swimming costume, Johnny's ancient elephant's skin is as sharp as razor blades and slices Johnny's body four ways before breakfast. I've seen Johnny following a session with the elephants. His bleeding and torn body bears mute evidence to the torture he endures. He has also had some close calls with tigers. In "Dives to Payne," his final picture, the train was set on fire, from death by trainer Bert Nelson when he fell in the path of an enraged beast. By jumping across the fallen Weissmuller and then jerking the animal away, the trainer was able to change the beast's path of attack. But Johnny proved he could take it. A rhino also got vicious and tried to charge both Johnny and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Swaying away from the jungle and onto
news and gossip from Hollywood
(Continued from page 82)

the ring and tell everybody who your baby is.

That second, the fight ended abruptly with a knockout. Al got to his feet and started down the aisle. If Ruby hadn’t grabbed his coat-tails, I do believe that he would have made good. The rest of the evening, they sat holding hands. From their lack of interest in the fighting, I couldn’t help but wonder why they had spent good money for their seats.

A Quick Trigger Finger
Know as Hollywood’s Kissless Girl
because she has never submitted to a kiss on the screen, Evelyn Venable has been the victim of an erroneous report that her father had forbidden her to be osculated by big, bad actors. But Evelyn vigorously denies it. She explains that her characterizations to date have simply not called for any kissing. But in issuing her denial, Evelyn let slip an even more interesting fact. Her father’s parting gift to her as she entreated for Hollywood was a small, pearl-handled revolver. She carries it in her purse.

Some Big Ones Coming
What pictures is Hollywood getting excited about? Well, as soon as director Mervyn Le Roy gets back from his ‘round-the-world honeymoon with Doris Warner, “Anthony Adverse” will start—with either Leslie Howard or Paul Muni starred. It may be released in two sections, to be shown on successive nights or during successive weeks. It’s a terrific novel, and it’s likely to be a terrific picture. China denied M-G-M permission to film “The Good Earth!” there, so sets will have to be constructed . . . John Barrymore and Carole Lombard together in “Twentieth Century,” the comedy laid aboard that famous train. (Continued on page 97)
Carole Lombard’s House Is a Background for a Blonde!

(Continued from page 41)

If you are a blonde, or have light brown or auburn hair, such a color scheme is worth considering, when you plan the decoration or redecoration of your living room. But no matter what color our hair may be, there is no reason why you and I shouldn’t have our walls one tint, the rug a deeper shade, and the curtains a third harmonizing variation of the same color. Carole’s damask draperies cost, undoubtedly, a month’s salary of yours or mine, but you can get much the same effect in cheaper materials. Humbly painted anything may be the right tone produces a more decorative effect than a rug and sets off the furniture.

Expresses Her Personality

WHAT that furniture will be depends, of course, on the person who occupies a room. William Haines selected Carole’s color after analyzing her type and personality. She is the seductive sort of woman who recalls a period of great elegance and formality of living. Her personality, however, is very modern and sophisticated. Her tastes are elegant and luxurious. To him, the combination spelled Empire, modernized and adapted to a movie star’s mode of living.

Empire pieces form a graceful—and theatrical—background for sitting or reclining. They are entirely becoming to the slim, dramatic beauty of Carole Lombard. The couch, at right angles to the fireplace, has the familiar curving back of the Directoire period. In concession to comfort and modernity, it has three cushions and deep upholstery and is seven feet long. Opposite it is an oddly-shaped chair with square seat, in the same gray velvet, but livened with tomato-colored fringe at the seams—and therein is a suggestion for you when ‘doing over’ your upholstery. These fringes, either of white or a contrasting color, are very smart this season and not at all expensive.

The splash of brilliant yellow in the other couch, placed against the wall opposite the fireplace, breaks what might be a monotony of blues. If your furniture is inclined to be drab and heavy, you might consider the idea of having one piece—a chair or couch—done in some very bright, vivid shade and see if it wake the whole room! The little hostess chair is a clever touch, if you may be expecting anybody.

This is a small, upholstered low piece, light enough for Carole to carry around with her when she wants to join different groups in her drawing room. It’s satin in the Lombard ménage; it might be cretonne in a less formal room.

The screen that lines up one corner is hand-painted with figures of Greek gods and goddesses. You might place a screen similarly—a screen covered with wall-paper, perhaps, or fitted with three printed tinted contrasting shade and the whole covered with a darkening, antiquing glaze of orange shellac.

Say It With Right Flowers

A LONG, very narrow table runs across one window, carrying a pair of crystal drop candlesticks and a vase in which lilacs sprawl artistically. The formality of these lilacs is perfect in the Directorre room, but scarlet poinsettias or orange asters may be used, too. It is a bit out, but accenting the fringe note. No red roses, he warned Carole, no garden posies. Only formal flowers? No, you learn, the right kind of color of flowers plays an important part in a decorative effect.

The only wall ornaments in the Lombard salon are two mirrors—one an antique of the Empire period, the other a very large modern unframed mirror over the mantel, which almost seems to double the size of the room. A small picture except possibly an ancestral portrait, are out of place in the period drawing room; instead, lamps play an important part in the decoration.

Two plain mahogany column tables flank the fireplace and hold lamps with antique black marble busts for bases. William Haines has a talent for making a novel and charming base for a lamp—a large, unique-shaped bottle, a statue, a bit of wood carving, a vase; anything you own may easily be wired and given a shade to harmonize. Carole’s shades are unique in that heavy white silk cord reproduces exactly the scrolls and pediments of the two tall antique wood columns that stand in adjoining corners of the room holding Roman busts.

Side tables with Empire arrows, quivers, lyres, made in the Haines work shops and finished in light fruit wood tones, stand adjacent to all couches and chairs. This natural wood is very feminine and natural. Even the boxes and trays and other small objects scattered about are “different.” On the piano in the play room, for example, Carole has an old china fish mold for an ash-tray.

Where Carole Has Dinner Parties

ACROSS the hall is the dining room. This room is white-walled and carpeted with a white linoleum with black lines in a classic design. The table is Empire, and made of luna wood—a very interesting combination of antiquity of design with modernity of material. The chairs are almost Greek in shape, with curving backs, upholstered in rose velvet (not most durable material in the world). It would pay you to upholster in some longer-wearing fabric.

An interesting feature of the room is Haines’ treatment of the corners. Square commonplaces to begin with, these corners acquired two niches, and the niches acquired marble columns holding ferns. It would certainly not cost very much money to make such niches, and they turn a mere room into a room with style and charm.

The draperies are emerald-green satin, and a flat cornice of painted, corrugated tin finishes the tops of the windows. A fold of the satin is draped over a white painted bow, as the illustrations show. All the windows in the house, by the way, have Venetian blinds, painted the tints of the respective walls. While these are not cheap, their cost is not prohibitive and make any room look enchanting with alternate bars of sunlight and shadow.

The third room on the first floor of the Lombard house is the play room, with its zinc-covered circular bar and shelves papered with plaid wallpaper in red and green. The upright piano is painted in exactly the same plaid. A couch in a flat plain color lines the windows. Carole’s wallpaper is imported—but a bit of careful shopping will yield one very similar if you like the novelty of the idea. All the rooms papered in plaid might be nerve-wracking after a while, but as a lining for a few shelves and a frieze about the fireplace, it is delightful. The room is white, there are a creamy wool, Dyed aquamarine (blue-green, to you), this same material makes seat pads on the high bar stools.
The Most Feminine Room of All

NOW, let's go upstairs to Carole's own room. This bedroom is the most charming place in the house. The attention centers on the bed—an upholstered Empire piece with high back and sides padded with plum-colored satin. This is tufted and fringed with white, and has a seat cover that is removed at night to display lace-trimmed pillows and satin sheets. An either side of this bed stands a tall three-fold mirror screen, bound with heavy white silk cord. Seven Caroles are better than one in any room! If you couldn't stand so much reflection of yourself as that, you might have the three-fold wooden screen with French prints pasted on, framed in gold strips, and the whole antiqued with orange shellac.

The carpet is a pale pinkish beige, and the curtains are a heavy, white, corded material (but linen crash would also be effective). A festoon of plum-colored silk cord and tassels forms the only overdrapes. Against the dusty pink walls (a very faint tone), several Hepplewhite mahogany pieces, including a desk and a cabinet, stand out charmingly.

These mahogany pieces are several hundred years old, but you may buy replicas for a moderate price. The inside of the cabinet, like the two arm chairs, is upholstered in aquamarine silk material, and the cabinet shelves contain white porcelain figures and vases. Two flat unbordered rugs of—all things!—cream-colored lapin fur lie before the fireplace and bed. But when you come to price really nice rugs, you'll see that, expensive as they look, Carole's aren't so extravagant.

How the Telephone Fits In

THE odd table beside the bed is a fluted wooden column, painted white and shelved with a lyre support to hold the telephone, a business-like silvered affair (and to think that once all movie stars concealed their 'phones under bouffant doll petticoats!). The dressing-room beyond has black lace at the windows, tied with flesh-colored satin bows—subtly suggesting the intimacy of negligee.

You may never be a Hollywood star, and you may not have a 'modern Directoire' personality, but you can steal some of William Haines' high-priced ideas from Carole Lombard's house. Look at the photographs. Notice the restful wall spaces, and the placing of the furniture. You might be able to use a charming little hostess chair, yourself, and to niche the corners of uninteresting rooms. And what is to keep you from having some inexpensive white Wedgewood-type china? (Carole's is real Wedgewood, of course, but the imitations are charming, too.) And that's an intriguing idea—having a couple of rooms in several shades of the same color. And if you re-upholstered one or two chairs in vivid, vital tones—well, you might be surprised at how much charm and color you would achieve.

Watch for the next 'inside' story of a star's home—a story that will give you tips on how to make your own home more glamorous.

*Coming in the June Motion Picture
How Warren William Gets Away From It All

(Continued from page 74)

content—and a Warren William buying huge fishing sloops and cutters, which he may never sail but which stand for escape for him.

Not that Warren William consciously rebels at being an actor. He acts as some men operate stores—steadily, conscientiously, every day from nine in the morning to six at night. He is a dependable business man, whose business happens to be repeating dialogue and making gestures, instead of selling groceries or haberdashery or furniture.

You could imagine a wholesale potato merchant, William's character in "Hollywood," is easily an this matter-of-fact, hard-working motion picture star. Ten pictures every year for nearly four years don't give a man much time for repining, even if Warren thought there was anything to repine about, which he doesn't. He studied to be an actor, as many boys study to be engineers or accountants. He was the child of solid, hard-working people who believe in their jobs.

His Wife's Only Rival

But if he hadn't happened to have the face of an actor—that high-nosed, aristocratic face that the barber—William DeMille's choice for Julius Caesar in "Cleopatra" after a hunt of three months for the Noblest Roman of Them All—Warren William himself.

It is his wife's only rival. Long ago, she learned that she must share his dreams with a boat. (And he was born in the Middle West, fifteen hundred miles from the sea!)

"I don't get much chance to sail," Warren says, matter-of-factly. "Pictures have run pretty close together one. When I did get three weeks off to go to New York recently, the studio began telegraphing me at Albuquerque, telling me to come back to do a bit in 'Wonder Bar.' All the way across the United States, they were after me to do a part I wouldn't have dreamed of doing, anyhow. No, a sail to Catalina Island and back is about as far as any movie skipper can voyage. But it's good to know she's there at the dock, ready to run up her sails and set off anywhere—the Fifth Sea, maybe, or Honolulu or Shanghai . . ."

Other movie actors own boats—launches, tiny cutties, suave yachts complete with silver teapots and mahogany pilothouse. One owns a boat like Warren's Pegasus, a mystery schooner, covered with scars of service, stamped with the history of at least ten years of voyages behind her. Once she was sighted in Shanghai; once she was reported hauling freight up the Yangtze River, again she was seen in Manila Bay with small brown men swarming over her. A Diesel auxiliary motor and a full set of sails will take the Pegasus anywhere on the world's oceans, where salt brine replaces the smell of grease-paint and pink powder and the Southern Cross burns instead of Kleig lights. Incidentally, the shortest sail to Catalina in a rough sea, the Pegasus was reported missing—but came through, hours late.

Always "Ready to Shove Off"

"She's a nice little boat," Warren says wistfully, and draws a diagram of her interior with the greatest of care. "See here in the bow are two bunks, reached by a hatch, then a bulkhead, then the main cabin, with two double beds and a long table. Two small private cabins, and then the big galley and shower room. I can manage the boat alone with a cook to lend an occasional hand and, my wife to tell me now it should have been done. I've got it fully provisioned and filled with crude oil—ready to shove off."

His mystery yacht or pretty launch, this Pegasus, but a man-sized, seafaring, wave-fighting vessel, which will hold eleven people if desired. It is shy on glittering brass and nickels, but in the slumbering, rough, man-sized boat, it does not go in much for Hollywood parties.

When he is not working, you will find Warren somewhere along the docks at Wil- lington, in cramped cabins below decks, listening to old sea salts yarn about wrecks and hurricanes and sea serpents, clambering over the rotting hulls of derelicts in the ship's graveyard, or setting out on the edge of the pier staring away at the distances that free a spirit hemmed in between studio walls. They all know him at Willington—yes, as a movie star, but as a quiet man in grimy corduroys, who has a natural hand with tarry ropes and a knowledge of winds and tides. Most of the old, tough, flinty shoremen, captains of freighters, the crews of the snappy trans-Pacific liners, and the crews of tramps and oilers and merchant-men—think of him as one of themselves, a seafaring man. And yet Warren William's voyaging has been done only in his dreams.

Disguised by Dirt

A CROWD of small boys watched him go the other way on the Pacific coast, coiling them into neat piles. "Gea, he looks like Warren William, the moving picture actor," commented one. "I bet 'ts Warren William!"

"Naw," said another, "He ain't no actor. Lookit! He's got dirty hands!" He has owned three other boats in his life as an actor, all of them big, rough-and-ready, practical affairs. One was a whale boat, one a blue-nosed schooner from Newfoundland such as fishermen use in the Grand Banks, and one was a fifteen-foot cat boat. Two years ago he didckered for a Dutch ship, but the cost of sailing it under its own canvas across the Atlantic was prohibitive. Then he bought the schooner, which he had to keep tied to a wharf for months—while he pored over pictures of it in "Hollywood." Outward Bound to the movie colony, he was an actor, beautifully tailored (his wardrobe rivals Men- jou's), rather inarticulate (the hardest man to interview in Hollywood), apparently completely possessed by his work. Inwardly, he was standing on a heaving deck, feeling the wind strive with his strength against the ropes, alive in every fibre—free.

Sometimes his two lives clash, as on that occasion when he was sitting for hours, with- out speaking, with a cloud of smoke curling his elbows on knees in the cabin of a South American merchantman, listening to Cap'n Ryan's tale of the waves like mountains that he encountered in "Hollywood." "Well, sirree, the light was greenish with the water that curled right overhead, and there were Things in the water—Things you wouldn't want to see in the face of the bottom of the sea with white eyes. And there was a reek in the air like a cold swamp, with nothing stirring among those three bells, I says to Pete, I says—"

The narrative was interrupted with a stricken cry. Warren William had leaped to his feet. "Good Lord! It's 1 o'clock!" (Continued on page 97)
9 out of 10 Women Suffer Pain—Needlessly

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

What Pain Is

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

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, crumpled fibers and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally. (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation.

Originally Developed for Children

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

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

Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

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

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid* tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN.

 insist on HEXIN today at any modern drugstore. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

*HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).
**Fashion Decrees:**

**SMOOTH, FLAWLESS BACKS**

**THIS** season backs have come to the front. The woman who follows fashion's dictates cannot rely on her face and gown alone to win honors for her. Whether in the ball room or on the beach at Miami, shoulders and back are bared to view, and the smallest blemish can spoil the effect.

Are you proud of your back...prepared to stand this exacting skin test? If not, begin now to help nature correct blackheads, pimplles, roughness, sallowness or similar faults.

Bathe daily with Resinol Soap. Its unique non-irritating lather works into the pores gently but surely cleanses them of clogging impurities...the usual cause of blackheads and resultant pimples. Apply speeding Resinol Ointment freely to the broken out, irritated places. Its special medication quickly relieves the soreness and promotes healing of the ugly blemishes.

You can get Resinol Ointment and Soap from any druggist. Use them regularly and be ready to meet fashion's demands with confidence.

For a free test, write for sample of each to Resinol, Dept. 4-G, Baltimore, Md.

---

**Resinol**

**THE COUNTRY IS GETTING BACK ON ITS FEET**

Step out of the Depression by applying ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in your Shoes

This antiseptic powder relieves Hot, Swollen, Smarting, Perspiring, Tired Feet. It takes the friction from Shoes. Use it when walking or dancing. Two Sizes at all Drug and Dept. Stores Everywhere. For Free Sample and Walking Doll address, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

---

**DO YOU NEED MONEY TO FINANCE YOUR BUSINESS OR INVENTIONS? Write for Details INDUSTRIAL FINANCE SERVICE 654 Insurance Exchange Bldg., Dept. D-18 DETROIT, MICH.**

---

**Answers to Movie Gossip Test**

(Continued from page 12)

1. We'll bet you didn't recognize Katharine Hepburn in that old photograph of her on page 12. In fact, she was a five-year-old stepdaughter of Katherine Hepburn, long before she had any screen ambitions. We might also say, long before she went in for posing before the camera in all types of excruciating poses, and being photographed from queer angles.

2. Whether you agree with them or not, doesn't matter, but a group of California cosmetologists, connoisseurs of beauty and specialists in screen make-up, voted Sylvia Sidney's rounded face the perfect in Hollywood. The 'elliptical symmetry' of Sylvia's features, which form 'a perfect oval,' proved that she possesses 'Hollywood's most perfect profile.' Anything else is saying something, when you consider the fact that Hollywood is overrun with feminine beauty.

3. Zasu Pitts, of the fluttering hands, was married to the tennis star, Edward Woodall, for four months before the news of her marriage became known publicly. The news got out when Zasu was invited to the Woodall estate in Hollywood and went to New York together for a short stay. Zasu Pitts is the divorced wife of Tom Cochrane and was the mother of Spike Evans, recently picked as the college boys' favorite. See story on page 59.

4. One of the complaints registered by Dorothy Mackaill against her husband, Neil Miller, when she sued him for divorce, was that Miller couldn't support her and that he nagged her for being extravagant with her own money. Dorothy received her interlocutory decree on St. Valentine's Day after being married a little over three years. Lothar Mendes, who directed her, was Miss Mackaill's first husband.

5. Ginger Rogers did a disappearing act for several days and caused her mother no end of worry. Ginger said she was tired and wanted to get away from everything and everybody and get a good rest and figured the only way she could accomplish that was not to tell a soul where she was going—not even her mother. Some of her friends have a hunch that Lew Ayres, the boy-friend she knew where she had gone, but he agreed she needed the rest and kept her secret. Ginger, resting on a Nevada ranch, was surprised to hear, over the radio, that she had bided her time and been reported as missing, and returned immediately.

6. An eight-pound daughter was born to Joan Bennett, who is the wife of Gene Markey, movie scenario writer, on February 27. Joan's own twenty-fourth birthday! The baby girl has been named Melinda and has Constance Bennett for an aunt and Richard Bennett for a granddad. Joan has a five-year-old daughter by a previous marriage.

7. Dainty Lilian Harvey, who weighs only ninety-five pounds, can boast of the smallest waist in Hollywood, measuring exactly nineteen and a half inches. However, Ginger Rogers, who isn't quite as petite as Lilian, weighing about one hundred and fifteen pounds, comes very close to Lilian's waist measurements and perhaps hers may be called the second smallest.

8. On February 24, 1934, less than three weeks after their arrival in Hollywood, Pat Patterson and his wife, both brought to Hollywood under contract to Fox, eloped to Yuma, Arizona, and were married. Those of you who like the love-at-first-sight type of romantic stories will prefer to believe the story circulating that they had never met until they arrived in California, but they do say that Boyer was interested in Pat before they came to Hollywood. There is a picture of them together on page 8.

9. Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Molloy, former swimming champ, were divorced after a quarrel and it is more than likely that the marriage will end up in the divorce courts. Nancy divorced Jack Kirkland on June 26, 1931, and returned to that ex-married Mallory. Perhaps it was fate, but right after she divorced Kirkland, her screen popularity began to wane and she was picked up for more pictures after that. And perhaps it is fate again, now that she is returning to the screen in "Springtime for Henry," that she is again having marital troubles.

10. Kay Francis, who is now free, having been divorced from Kenneth MacKenna, stage and screen actor, on February 21, is getting a lot of attention from Maurice Chevalier. They have been seeing quite a bit of each other and it is beginning to look very serious. If their romance ends in marriage, Chevalier will be Kay's fourth husband, having married and divorced Dorothy Darbas and William Gasston and Kenneth MacKenna.

11. If you thought it was a picture of Bruce Bairnsfather's character, Old Bill, you were wrong. And if you guessed it was Clara Conklin, you were wrong again. Are you prepared for the shock? Here goes. Tie is your famous crooner, Rudy Vallee, as he appears in one of the scenes from George White's Scandals. You wouldn't believe it was possible that the handsome Rudy could make himself up to look like an old logy.

12. Barbara Stanwyck suffered a serious spine injury several years ago which never properly healed and which has been making her a virtual cripple. Now, in order to give her back the chance it needs to permit it to heal, Barbara will have to remain inactive and away from the screen for at least one year. Barbara's injured spine goes back to the days when she was working in "Ten Cents a Dance." It was while making a scene for that picture that she sustained the injury. Barbara just completed her role in "Gambling Lady" and it is possible she will play in "Napoleon." There's a lovely picture of Barbara on page 43.

13. Bruce Cabot, who married Adrienne Ames, following her divorce from Stephen Ames, has legally adopted Adrienne's eleven-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. The little girl, named Dorothy Jane Truex, is the daughter of Adrienne's first husband, Derward Truex. When her mother married Ames, he legally adopted the child and she became Dorothy Jane Ames. Now that she has been adopted, her mother has taken the name of de Bujac, which is Cabot's real name, as well as changing her given name and will henceforth be known as Barbara Ames de Bujac.

14. Gloria Swanson is reported to have broken up with Michael Farren, husband No. 4, and the rumors are that they will shortly begin suit for divorce, charging desertion. Wallace Beery was Gloria's first husband, then she married the late Herbert marries Tincher and her third husband was the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, now married to Constance Bennett. Rumors are trying to link Gloria's name with one of our more popular English actors, but she insists there is nothing to either one of these rumors.
Perhaps the fact that Farmer is in Switzerland started this gossip.

15. Doug Jr. will be co-starred with Gertrude Lawrence in a stage play written for them. Miss Lawrence is the young lady reported to be his fiancée and although neither will admit it, it is rumored that they will be married soon after Doug's divorce from Joan Crawford becomes final in May.

16. Because John Gilbert happened to be on the same boat on which Myrna Loy was returning from a month's vacation in the Hawaiian Islands, word got around that John was interested in Myrna. The rumors were 'way off this time as Myrna made the trip with a girl-friend. No doubt, the rumors were started because of John's recent separation from his wife, Virginia Bruce.

17. Following the announcement that he was expecting another heir, Bing Crosby, the crooner the ladies are all crazy about, began receiving mail from his fans telling him how disappointed they were to hear the news. He thought they could stand his being married and having one child, but two children made him appear too much like an old-fashioned family man and would be apt to make them feel less romantic about his singing and acting. Bing is married to cute Dixie Lee, formerly of the screen.

18. The race of trying to beat one another in filing suits for divorce against each other was won by the wife, Esther Ralston, who got to court just three hours and twenty minutes ahead of her husband, George Webb. Esther's charges were cruelty and Webb accused his wife of absenting herself from their home for weeks at a time while he had no knowledge of her whereabouts. Esther also won the decree.

How June Knight, Once an Invalid—Became a Star!

(Continued from page 68)

The Illnesses She Had

Born a plump and healthy baby, little Margaret Rose Valli-Kett (that is her real name) seemed destined for nothing but sunshine and happiness. And then, when she was just over a year and a half old, nearly every dread disease known to childhood began to descend upon her not only singly, but in pairs. She had measles, scarlet fever, mastoiditis, double pneumonia, whooping cough, infection of the antrum... but let her mother tell it:

"We were not alarmed when we discovered one day that June had the measles. But the next day her condition seemed worse and I nearly fainted when the doctor came and told us she had not only measles, but scarlet fever, too. You know only too well how frightening the sight of a child in the bloom of health whose mother is of scarlet fever. And she was such a little baby. There followed days and nights of fear — fear that we would lose her. And then slowly, she started getting better. But the scarlet fever had weakened her terribly.

"No sooner was she over that than she was taken down with diphtheria. Then we were scared. The doctor didn't seem worried, but one day she seemed unable to breathe. I sent for the doctor in a hurry. He came and said everything would be all right. Three hours later, my baby got black in the face and seemed to be choking to death. I grabbed her by the feet, held her head down, slapped her back, her stomach, her face. And then, reaching my

WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS — double quick!

Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run down people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast, imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority.

Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists.

Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 185, Atlanta, Ga.
Always a bridesmaid, never a bride...  

Was ever a girl so sorely tried?  

But now she's married. She took a hint.  

Banished hair dullness with Golden Glin!  

**GOLDEN GLINT**  

Shampoo and Rinse  

(Not: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely clean.  
Beachside, Golden Glin Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-tint" — a little bit of humanly perceptible hair that lets out the natural beauty of your hair.  
Free at your dealer's; or send coupon for sample.)  

FREE  
J. W. KOBI CO., 621 Rainier Ave., Dept. E  
Seattle, Wash.  
• Please send a free sample  

Name  

Address  

City  

State  

Color of my hair:  

---  

Consult Yogi Alpha  

About Your Future  

What will be your lucky days?  
Will you win to love?  
What occupation should you follow?  
Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher, who has consulted thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a big 500-word Life Reading for only 25c. Covers marriages, love, healing, business, ship, lucky days, etc. You can follow this guide day by day throughout your lifetime and consult it before making any important change in your life.  

A unique gift.  
M. B. writes, "Everyone...a prediction...cures me of all my doubts."  
B. E. writes, "You saved me from a marriage of no account."  
K. W. writes, "Most found your forecast absolutely accurate. It serves me well. I believe that you have a real gift."  

BIG READING ONLY 25c  

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. 44, San Diego, Calif.  

---  

Let me but you in the Movies  

I 3.500 athletes included  
Columbia, 20th Century-Fox, Mutual, Fox,  
MGM, Columbia, and more  
Get this FREE!  

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD  

Free Screen and Tribute Test that your  
wife or girl would love to own.  
Look at this!  

Free film of the event.  

Free Catalogue of Winners.  

Free trip to Hollywood!  

For details, send for FREE booklet.  
Give name, age and address for particulars.  
In Canada,  

finger down into her throat, I pulled out the filthy cobweb-like thing that was killing her.  
And June got well.  

"We thought that would be the end of her sicknesses, but she was not out of bed yet from the shock she had received from developing a mastoid infection that almost took her life.  
For months that drained and as it drained she sagged at the vitality of my baby girl.  
I used to sit by her bedside and pet her as she lay and moaned from the pain — and many a night I cried myself to sleep, thinking of her suffering, but the mastoid finally was cured, only to be followed by antrum trouble.  
This, I guess, was brought on by the mastoid.  
That, too, was healed and we thought our baby girl was going to get out of bed at last."

Doctor Gave Up Hope for Her  

"But some persecuting Fate seemed to follow her. Before she was out of bed, she was stricken with double pneumonia.  
A friend came to the house, bringing her child, who had whooping cough — and June developed whooping cough right in the middle of the worst stage of the double pneumonia.  
That was almost too much. The combination almost killed her."

"I'll never forget one night. The doctor came and stayed until nearly midnight.  
As he put his hand on my baby girl and was about to leave, he put his hand on the shoulder, said there was nothing more he could do. He said that she could not live until morning. Can you imagine how I felt?  
When he left, I ran to the bed and snatched little June to my arms, wrapped her in a woolen blanket and started to rub the baby's back and praying.  
When daylight came, I was still walking— but June had safely passed the crisis."

The long series of devastating illnesses had taken a heavy toll of her. She had become a shrunk, little figure, too weak to walk; too weak, almost, to live.  
The doctor was afraid her lungs had been affected. So her mother gathered her up and took her to Denver.  

There, in the high altitude, her lungs cleared up, and now she and her mother returned to Los Angeles.  
But June could not walk. Her little legs were too weak to hold her body. Her back was so weak she could not even sit up without a support behind her.  
Doctors said that she was doomed, that she would not live to be more than seven. She was then five.

But June said she was a girl — and her mother were made of.  
With her mother's help, June would drag around a few miles a day. Life was drab, but June, her mother told her that if she ever hoped to walk again, she must try, and try hard, no matter what the pain.

A Cure That Took Courage  

"I used to tell her that it took real courage to face the world, and that only the finest people had courage," her mother told me. "She would smile at me, and say, 'I have courage, Mother.'  
She had, for the past six months she had been sent to improve her health, and we kept at the walking.  
And then I taught her some simple leg exercises that she could practise in bed. It all helped,  
and when June was five years old, she could walk by herself, but her little legs had been weakened from lack of use.  
A doctor told me that dancing would help strengthen those legs, and decided to send her to a dancing school."

And that was where June took hold of the stock.  
"It was hard," June explained, "but Mother told me that dancing would make me like the other girls. So I danced. I'll never forget some of those days. My legs hurt and back ached with pain long before the lesson would be over. But I would not give in.  
Sometimes I would find myself crying — but Mother said it took courage to go on."

"And then I practised when I got home, so I'm good at it."

Gradually, the strength came back into those legs and that back. Gradually, the color crept back into those palid, little cheeks that had wasted away by suffering.  
And the smiles started returning to the Vallikett household.  
And within a little more than a year after she started, June was among the students of the school.  
When school exhibitions were given, she was the baby starlet. She had won her first fight.

Career Started at Thirteen  

JUNE continued her dancing and, when she was just thirteen, she got her first call.  
A theatre group to dance June applied and got her first job.  
"It filled me with the desire to be a professional dancer," says June. "I decided that I would make a dance my life."

And, those who know June know that all she needed, even at that age, was the will to do something. She had an unbreakable faith in her own ability to accomplish what she wanted. And no wonder! When Sid Grauman sent a call for three hundred girls to try out for their wonderful musical picture, "The Broadway Melody," June was at the very head of the waiting line when he appeared. With that great picture in her, she was first, Grauman laughed and let her.  
Then he hired her as the first one.

She became a regular with a job in the dancing stock company at Warner Brothers Studio. When musicals blew up and the dancers lost their jobs, she teamed up with Jack Hollywood, and the Graumans, first, Grauman laughed and let her.  
She sang "Love For Sale." She was a riot. The audience yelled for more. But June didn't know more, except one thing.  
She sang that — and the next day she started learning more songs.

Doubled for Garbo in Dances  

BACK to Los Angeles she and Holland went and danced at the famous Cocos-To try out for their gorgeous instant success, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent for June, asked her if she could do Oriental dances. She had never done them. But she was only, "Yes. "Then she said, "I'll do it."

She did and the result was that she doubled for Greta Garbo in " Mata Hari" in the dance scenes.

She went into the road company of the musical show, "Girl Crazy," without a rehearsal, and was the hit of the show. She sang in cold the first night. The leading lady quit. June learned her part over the week-end and the show went on. To New York she went for a part in Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha." Appendicitis hit her. She rehearsed her lines with the cast in her hospital room— and opened with the show. There is no such word in June's lexicon. And to-day you should see her.  
"Feel those legs of June's," said her mother.

"Now that back, I complied. They were like steel springs, not the weazed legs of an invalid. She made them that way by will power."

Oh, yes there was another episode among her childhood misfortunes.  

Reading from the book, Mrs. Vallikett said, "Swallowed the first September ninth— then the day after."

And June, instead of getting flustered, said, "Now you must tell him the important dates of the others."

"You see that girl is unspoiled. Nothing fazes her. She IS different."
How Warren William Gets Away From It All

(Continued from page 92)

I completely forgot—I was going to meet my wife! My permanent! "Gos' sakes!" muttered the Cap'n, staring after the tall figure as it darted up the companionway and leaped ashore. His what? Tarnation, what's a permanent? It would have been beyond Cap'n Ryan's powers of comprehension to have understood what the Art of Acting sometimes demanded of its devotees. Warren William had suddenly remembered that for the purposes of his next picture he had made an engagement for three o'clock that day to have his hair waved!

Ask Warren what he is going to do with his boat, where he intends to go in it, and he shakes his head wistfully and says, "Oh, I'll never be able to get away long enough for a real trip. It would be nice to sail along the Mexican coast and get some tuna, and to go to the South Seas—but an actor doesn't dare to take much time off. People forget so easily. It's one job where a holiday is a drawback, a definite danger. But I like to think that my Pegasus could go anywhere—any minute."

Escape! That is what his boats mean to Warren William—escape from the strangest occupation for a man in the world, that of playing house. He will wear the robes and speeches of such famous syllables as "Caesar," that great soldier and explorer; he will be wearing prop armor, and a toga designed by Travis Banton, and will look out of a palace of painted rags at a scenic sea. And all the while the eyes of his spirit will see the sturdy little Pegasus, sails filled with wind, slipping over far horizons with the sea matching his strength in the strains of the wheel under his hand.

News and Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 89)

... "Viva Villa"... The reunion of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "The World Is Ours"...

Fredric March as Benvenuto Cellini, with Constance Bennett opposite, in "The Firebrand"... Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"... "Resurrection," scheduled as Anna Sten's second picture, with Fredric March as co-star and Kouben Manouelian (ah there, Garbo!) as director... Marlene Dietrich as Catherine, the Great in "Scarlet Empress"... Claudette Colbert in the title role of De Mille's "Cleopatra"... Frank ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck in "Wild Cargo"...

"The Last Days of Pompeii," being remade as a talkie by John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman turned movie producer... George Arliss in a dual role in "The House of Rothschild"... (his most ambitious picture)... Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage"... Somerset Maugham... And Garbo may film another Maugham story, "The Painted Veil"... "A Trip to Mars," with Boris Karloff... Dolores Del Rio as Rini in "Green Mansions"... "The Merry Widow" with Chevalier—and Jeanette MacDonald, with Ernst Lubitsch directing... "Peck's Bad Boy," with Jackie Cooper.

New Faces to Watch for

BABIES KNOW HOW TO RELAX

Babies don't get tense unbecoming lines in their faces and it's partly because they know how to relax when tired. A sure and natural Beauty Treatment for adults is DOUBLE MINT gum, which immediately helps you relax and ease tight facial muscles.
Quick, Sure Relief!

You'll be foot-happy one minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes. These soothing, healing, protective pads lift nagging shoe pressure off the nerves and irritated tissues—instantly ending the cause. Result—no more pain, no more blisters or throbbing, no more discomfort from new or tight shoes!

To quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box for that purpose. Get this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

REMINGTON
PORTABLE

A new Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost! If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write: Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day, Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 1401, Buffalo, N.Y.

GRAY HAIR
takes on new color

(FREE Test Shaves Way)

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color; brown, black, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test is FREE. We send Test Package. Apply to single lockstand ped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3942 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

When the "Moulin Rouge" caravan set out from Hollywood on a tour across country they didn't miss many stops. Up New England way, they stopped off at Plainville, Massachusetts, to be the guests of Charles A. Whiting. The host stands between Anna Q. Nilsson and Nancy Welford—with Dorothy Dunbar next to Nancy.

Believed in You"... Carl Brisson, smiling Dane who may rival Chevalier and is starting in "Murder at the Vanities,"... Dorothy Appleby, after her performance in "As the Earth Turns"... Katherine De Mille (Cecil's daughter) as Villa's sweetheart in "Viva Villa"... Hal Le Roy in "Wonder Bar"... The boy actor, George Brebner, in "No Greater Glory"... Harry Wilcoxson, English actor, playing Most Antony in "Caesars"... Pat Paterson, sparkling English girl, in "Bottoms Up"... Alice Faye in "George White's Scandals"... Little Shirley Temple, aged 4, in "Stand Up and Cheer"... And twofamous German stars—Elizabeth Bergner, of "Catherine, The Great" fame, and Hertha Thiele, of "Maezenich in Uniform" fame—are soon to arrive.

News of Some Absentees

CORINNE GRIFFITH is back and signed up with RKO-Radio. She walked out of "Crime Doctor" because it was "a man's story"—but a new role is in the ofing ... Camilla Horn, Greta Nissen and Laura La Plante are working in a London studio ... Joseph Schillikraut is back and will be with Elissa Landi in a new picture ... Brian Aherne made a picture while he was abroad—"The Constant Nymph," ... William S. Hart, very ill, is at his ranch, completely recovered.

The Whole Town Turned Out

The newly-organized Screen Actors' Guild sponsored a ball that was a ball. Tickets were twelve-fifty a throw, with the original purpose of raising money by a public sale. But the price proved a boomerang, for the admission was higher than the public seemed able to pay, even for the privilege of seeing stars. So the actors had to sell tickets to another, to start the ball a-rolling. Armed with baseball bats, the committee invaded Hollywood eateries to round up the laggards. The result was that more than a thousand of the biggest names in filmdom thronged the Biltmore Hotel on the night of the ball. The "grand march" saw more stars parading with their partners than have ever been assembled before on one dance floor.

Jeanette MacDonald sang, Ted Healy and his Stooges clowned, Pert Kelton imitated, Hal Le Roy danced, John Boles sang the Guild song. Dick Powell acted, extraordinarily, as master of ceremonies—due to the sudden departure of Rudy Vallee, fleeting process servers in his wife's separate maintenance suit. And dozens of others performed.

Smile When You Say Crooner

SPEAKING of crooners, it appears that they don't like to be called by that name. For example, an interviewer approached Bing Crosby to inquire how he learned to croon. "You had better ask Vallee, Columbo, or a real crooner," he replied. "I'm not one, you know. I'm a baritone."

The same question, put to Vallee, Columbo, Lanny Ross and other radio singers, brought the same sort of answer. All deny being crooners, but all believe themselves exceptions. You figure it out.

Drinks on the House

NOT content with the usual passing out of cigars to celebrate a Blessed Event (it was a boy), Harry Green, the Jewish comic, rented the whole Clove Club for an evening to entertain his friends. The invitations gave a wide latitude for the "cocktail hour," saying it would be from four to eight. But it was eight the next morning before some of the celebrants departed.

Add Blessed Events

ONE more picture and Frances Dee re- tires to await the stork. Which is the reason why you see that tender expression in Lyle Talbot's eyes these days. Mr. Bing Crosby—Dixie Lee, to you—may also do a picture at Paramount before the second little Crosby arrives this summer.

Lohengrin Again?

LYLE TALBOT is planning a second trip to the altar with his first wife, according to report. They were divorced some years ago and have remained extremely good friends. It is known that the former Mrs. Talbot will soon come to Hollywood and, maybe, to pictures. Lyle, however, remains silent regarding actual wedding plans. If he does marry, it will be an awful blow to many young ladies in Hollywood. And the girls can't stand many more losses in the ranks of the fancy-free men about town.

A Locked Barn and Stolen Horses

ONCE in a while the studies become annoyed at the criticism some of their pictures receive at the hands of Hollywood reviewers. But sometimes they can take it and profit by it, as illustrated in a recent experience of RKO-Radio.

In the production of "The Lost Patrol," a powerful drama of English troops on patrol in the Mesopotamian desert, one glaring oversight was apparent. As the (Continued on page 109)
How the Blind See the Movies
(Continued from page 35)

actors speaking words. Now, through the almost unbelievable power of concentration that is developed by every blind man, it seems to me that he can hear the actual thoughts. I have become keenly sensitive to tones and moods. An inflection of the voice, so slight that you would never detect it, eng., a volume to me. I sense instantly a lack of sincerity in an actor. I can tell you whether he is in the mood demanded by his part or merely parroting. I have become very critical.

Their Test of an Actor

"THE stars who were my favorites before I became blind are not my favorites now. Then I was impressed by appearance; now I'm impressed only by sincerity. For instance, I never liked Marie Dressler when I could see her, for it seemed to me that she overacted. Now, she is my favorite actress, for her voice tells me how deeply she feels. It's the same with Clark Gable. He's a favorite with all the blind. And Paul Muni—I've seen him in very few pictures, but he's a very great actor who really lives his roles.

"Being blind is a tremendous handicap in many ways—but not as far as talking pictures are concerned. I don't indulge in bravado when I say that I enjoy them more to-day than ever before."

Before discounting Mr. Youmans' statements, let's make a courageous attempt of an unfortunate to minimize his troubles, do as I have done—sit through several pictures without my eyes. It's not easy to do, for our dependence on our sight is so great, that the desire to peek is almost irresistible. But the results of such an experiment are striking. Gradually, the pictures fill in, our mind in response to the dialogue lose their fuzziness and stand out with the clarity of an etching.

And, not consider the case of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, who are employed as proof-readers at the Braille Institute. Both of them have been blind from birth. They can not visualize in the same terms as Guy Youmans, for they have never known any object except through the senses of touch, hearing and smell. The sensation of a rose conjures up in Mr. Youmans' mind the memory of some rose that he has seen and the picture, of course, is reproduced in color. To the blind, a rose means a soul-stirring fragrance. The heroine of a picture is neither beautiful nor homely to them, for they have never seen a human face or figure. But their judgment of character and soul is uncanny.

Marie Dressler must be a very beautiful person, Cecil Lee said to me. "I always see her pictures."

The house they live in is less than one block from a neighborhood theatre and they spend three evenings a week, every week, following the make-believe adventures of their favorite stars, among whom, incidentally, Helen Hayes and Ann Harding rank supreme.

Dr. Edwards, formerly a screen actor of considerable note, became totally blind fifteen years ago, shortly after playing with Mary Pickford and Lord Fauntleroy. He confirmed everything told me by Guy Youmans and Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Particularly, he emphasized that strange power of intuition that is invariably developed by the blind.

"Blindness is no handicap to my enjoyment of talking pictures," he said. "I have become more critical of actors and that, if anything, my emotional reactions are much more intense. I know that we can sub-consciously 'hear' the thoughts of the actors.

(Continued on page 161)

Now! Remove Blackheads
In a Single Treatment!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TUBE


So many young women have asked me how to get rid of blackheads and reduce large pores. My answer is, "Purge the pores."

Use a laxative on your skin just as you would a laxative on your system. I know most of you didn't know you could do this. That you're surprised such a thing can be done. But it can. And very simply and quickly. Often in a single treatment.

What you use to do it is White Youth Pack. A preparation I found out about years ago in Paris. Let me send you a tube free.

I never let a week go by without using it myself. Once every week I purge my pores. I wish you could look at my skin and see the result. There's not a line, not a blemish on my face. My skin's as young, as fresh as it was when I was 16.

I brought the formula of White Youth Pack back from Paris, I had my name put on it so you'd know you were getting the same thing I use. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Pack or Clay. It's made from the original French formula that does away with blackheads and large pores, in a single treatment.

You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for tube Free to try. The whole treatment takes only a few minutes' time. Full directions come with every tube.

FADING BEAUTY BLOOMS AGAIN
thanks to Dr. Edwards

Imagine the joy of seeing dull cheeks become fresh and smooth and young again! This can happen to you if you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. They gently help to regular sluggish liver and tone up intestines—so often the cause of blemishes, of dull, lifeless skin, and a general feeling of listlessness.

"The internal cosmetic"

A wonderful substitute for calomel—easier and safer to take—Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets have brought beautiful smiles to many women for over twenty years. Dr. Edwards himself, prepared this rare vegetable compound, and prescribed it for his patients to bring back the joyful glow of health. No gripping, perfectly harmless. If you want to look and feel like your old self again—get them from any druggist. 15c, 35c, 60c—know them by their olive color.

MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper
3416 North Kildpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me free supply of your White Youth Pack.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

DE LUKE MFG. CO.

173 W. Madison St., Dept. 43, Chicago, III.

"So happy & grateful" J. A.

[Advertisement for beauty treatment, including a coupon for a free tube of the product.]
How They Get Baby Le Roy to Do Those Things

(Continued from page 47)

formed by Rachel, and he promptly imitates them.

**Commands He Obey**

For instance, "Tonlis" and "Raspberry" are two of the most useful commands. They are not used just to re-

veals his tonsils or produce a Bronx cheer. If he is sitting at a piano and they want him to pretend to sing, they give him "Tonlis." He opens his mouth as wide as any coloratura soprano. "Tonlis" is also handy for a great big laugh, an imitation of Joe E. Brown, surprise, or any-

thing else. "Raspberry" is particularly fine for setting out spinach, as you saw in the home-

movies Miss Fane took of her offspring, spraying his supper all over the front lawn.

The most difficult scenes in "Miss Fane's Baby" were those in which the mother, Dorothea Weick, got into the crib, and he got into her bathtub. They were taken at the very beginning of the picture, when Baby LeRoy and Miss Weick were too young to understand strangers. He was expected to let this strange woman into his crib, and to love and kiss her, with no preliminaries. It was too much to expect, and it was not permitted. When they said "Kiss her," he preferred to slap her face.

Then they tried saying, "Kiss Mama," expecting he would understand of the script to tell him that this dark stranger was his mama. The result was that he obligingly tried to get out of the crib and kiss his own mama, Mrs. Gwenneth Weinbrener (a young widow still in her teens), who is always unobtrusively present on the set. Finally, when they told him "Kiss the nice lady," he complied, though rather grudgingly. Later in the picture, when it was too late to do their art any good, he and Dorothea became devoted friends.

**In Boston**

**HOTEL KENMORE**

Commonwealth Avenue at Kenmore Square

400 Rooms—400 Baths

Electra Tub and Show

Bar and Grill Room

Choice of Wines and Liquors

 Rates from $3.00

Private Parking Space

Colyer P. Dodson, President

**IMPORTED 15c**

To introduce our blue-

white rainbow flush stones, we will send a 1 lb IMPORTED Simulated Diamond, mounted in nice ring as illustrated, for this ad. and 15c expense. Address National Jewelry Co., Dept. Y, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)

**SONGS WANTED**

**FOR RADIO BROADCAST**

Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs

Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material—Words or Music—for consideration today.


**GRAY FADED**

Hair

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair.

One wash and color your hair to the same time with new French discovery—"Shampoo—Kotes," takes five minutes, leaves hair naturally gray. One wash cures.

Free Booklet. Montessori L. P. Valdigny, Dept. 211, 79 W. 31st St., N. Y.

**TYPEWRITER Bargains**

Send No Money

Genuine Underwoods, Remington, etc., refurbished 2001 office models can be reduced to about $1/2 of their sight prices. 10 day trial—fully guaranteed—easy terms—10 days, Free booklet.

31 W. 30th St., International Typewriter Exch., Sept. 15, Chicago
Frenzied hours ensued. It is illegal to keep them on the set after ten p.m., but if the scene couldn't be shot that night, more thousands of dollars would be lost. Still Baby Le Roy declined to slumber. At nine o'clock, in desperation, Al Hall picked the baby up in his arms. "He's got to sleep," he muttered, and paced the floor like any frantic father.

Someone must be watching over Paramount. At ten minutes of ten Baby Le Roy went to sleep in Al's arms. You could have heard a pin drop on that set. Tension was at the breaking point. Dorothy Wick, who had to hold him in her arms and sing a lullaby, was a nervous wreck. But the gods were kind. At exactly ten o'clock the last shot of the sleeping babe was finished.

Though Le Roy is much quicker and easier to direct than the average infant, still there is great strain and struggle, grief and tears, involved in his work. This may strike in some people as being harsh treatment for a little baby, and undoubtedly a happy childhood of peace and plenty would be any mother's choice for her child. But when the alternative is desperate poverty, and when by working for two hours a day Baby Le Roy can provide himself with a comfortable home, medical care, and the taint of a good education, and the friendship of people with means to help him in many ways, it seems silly to quibble over a few unhappy moments. Most of the time it's great fun.

How the Blind See the Movies

We blind people all develop the power of mental telepathy.

"Another thing—I always tell, by an indefinable timbre in the voice of a player, if he is tired. I saw several of Gable's pictures about a year ago and I knew that he was in poor health, on the verge of a breakdown. Several weeks later I heard that he was in the hospital. Now, my voice is charged with vitality again.

Their Favorites Have Vitality"

"We blind people live in a world of eternal darkness, place a high value on vitality and we choose our screen favorites from the stars whose voices reveal intensity. I've known a blind person who likes Garbo or Dietrich. Their voices are musical enough, but they express coldness, lack of verve. We hear, behind their voices, nothing but a monotonous monotone of vague moods. It's all very involved, but perhaps you catch my thought."

Wallace Beery, according to all my sightless witnesses, is a universal favorite of the blind—perhaps because of his booming vitality. Sci-fi blind people, like James Cagney, John Boles, Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Leslie Howard, Barbara Stanwyck, Marie Dressler, however, is favorite of favorites, closely followed by Clark Gable.

I was interested in their criticism of radio. While they all regard it as a miraculous boon to the sightless, they also are agreed that it can never replace talking pictures. The voice, as reproduced by radio, they say, not only has a metallic, unmusical sound, but also lacks a proper background of incidental sound and therefore seems unnatural.

Furthermore—and here they groped eagerly for words—they miss in a radio program the "feel of the audience... the mass emotionalism that is felt in a theater."

Like those of us who still retain the gift of sight, the blind like to feel that they are part of the crowd.
“Hollywood Is Ruining Me as an Actress” — Gloria Stuart

(Continued from page 32)

had never been able to afford before. But pictures are ruining me as an actress. If I finish out my contract—which has three years more to run, I’ll be ruined for anything. I won’t have any ability or any desire to do anything. I’ll be just a routine leading woman, whom the fans are sick and tired of seeing on the screen.

“I have told Mr. Laemmle that I want to do fewer and better. If he won’t agree to that, I’ll refuse to work at all. I’ll be better off doing nothing than doing the things I’m doing now.

“When you are in a role to play on the stage, you study it; you try to visualize the character you are to play and, particularly, your relation to the other members of the cast and the play, itself. When you are assigned a role in a picture, the script is thrown at you a few days before the picture begins. You have no time to study it. You are at the mercy of the director, the assistant director and the supervisor, and they have had the script for weeks and have had an opportunity to know what it’s about. They tell you what to do, but you don’t have a chance to figure out WHY you do it. You become a tool in the hands of a director. You aren’t learning anything.

Things That Wreck Enthusiasm

“I,” the morning when you go to the studio, you have all the physical things to go through—being made up, having fittings and getting dressed for a holiday’s work by the time you get on the set. Then you rehearse a scene a couple of times and that is the end of it. You make the last scene of the picture first. You don’t know—or care—what you are doing half of the time. And at night, when you get home, you are so worn out that you can’t study. You have no energy for anything.

“My life up to now has been swell. I’ve done everything I wanted to do. But now I’m stopped. The growth is there, and I resent it; I resent so fervently that I’m willing to give it all up and go away—any place where I can do something, where I can prove myself.

“I feel that in two years I’ve only had two really good roles. One was in ‘The Kiss before the Mirror’ and another was in ‘Beloved.’ They were believable. The rest of the time I’ve just been there in front of the camera, occupying space, smiling in love pictures, doing any story. It’s not more money I’m fighting for,” she declared, as she warmed to her subject.

“It isn’t big roles I want. Just good ones. And for the last assignment in Carmel recently and was told that I was not to play in ‘Glamour,’ which had been promised to me. I almost dissolved in tears as I was so disappointed. It is a wonderful part and I had looked forward to it for months. It is a story about real people, people that you could believe you knew that I could play in ‘The Left Bank’ under Howell Sherman’s direction, but that won’t be until next July. I don’t want to sit for months and twiddle my thumbs while they make up their minds whether or not to take that away from me.

“I’m suddenly awake. I’m not progressing. I realize that I’m wasting time. Hollywood is just a dazzle-dazzle—a career here is transient glory. I hate all the bickering, the politics, the inevitable. I don’t want to be an actress; I know there are bickering and politics in the theatre, too, but I’m willing to fight for something I love, as I do love the theatre.

“And my friends, they are all so simple. I’m being ruined not only as an actress, but as a woman. I don’t want to be miserable, and I am miserable.”

Feels She’s Missing Something

As she sat on a wide divan in her comfortable living room, I studied her face. I knew Gloria ever since she came to Hollywood and I cannot forget her sincerest friend. I may be wrong, but I don’t think it’s an act she’s putting on, as cynical reporters have tried to intimate elsewhere. When I first came here that a girl who majored in philosophy at college had no business in pictures. Her suffering is very real, however hard the situation is to understand. She is a girl who, apparently, has everything to make her happy. The studio has recently announced that she is to be starred; she lives group of people without pretence; she is the idol of her family and she idolizes them in return. And she says she is miserable.

“I want to safeguard my private life,” she went on, her soft voice ringing like low bells in the quiet room. “I want to surround myself with the best things—the finest pictures, the best books, the most worth-while people—and I’m not doing it. There are so many fine plays I could be working in while I’m wasting my time learning to walk a choker between my finger and the face of the camera; learning to keep my face full to the camera; learning the best angle for a kiss. That’s not acting.

“If you identify yourself with the fine things of life, if you work hard, if you are sincere and have some measure of ability, you can’t help succeeding. I’ve always thought. Well, I’ve worked hard and I’m sincere, but I’m standing still. I’m not growing.

“Leaving her sincerity (although she is not doing it to prove anything, but merely because she loves it), Gloria is spending her evenings rehearsing plays with a small group of people. Weighthurst pretends about the theatre as she does. Onslow Stevens and Morris Ankrum are members of this group and at present they are rehearsing Ibsen’s ‘The Master Builder’ and Tchekov’s ‘Three Sisters,’ with the intention of presenting them to the Hollywood public within a few months.

Doesn’t Rate Success by Money

“Why,” asked several people, who I thought were really interested in the theatre as we are, to join us, but they were asked: ‘What for?’ They said they couldn’t give up their evenings to rehearsals; that they had to be seen places. They think that if they have money for nice clothes and automobiles and get around to all the nightclubs, they are doing well in life. They don’t speak of other things.

“She doesn’t need to speak of other things, she added firmly as she sewed away on a patchwork quilt.

She had remarked recently to a newspaperman that she wished she would give some of his old neckties to put in her patchwork quilt. He wrote it in his column as a news item and since then Gloria has been swamped with packages of neckties from her fans all over the United States. ‘It’s going to be a plain, old-fashioned patchwork quilt.’

She lives quietly in a big house on a Hollywood hill with her cocker spaniel—named, in true California spirit, Dofa Isabelita. She maintains a servant. While we were talking, she went out for kindling and wood and built a fire in the grate.

A few doors away lives her artist-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, but Gloria is vehen~
tion for his race. And Arlis’ last picture, “The Affairs of Valois,” has been tempo-

rarily banned in France—because it tells of circumstances in the old days of the

Ruth Roland,” looking exactly the

same on the day of her engagement as it did a year ago—has been banned by the

Red Cross in this country. It is still on the market to make other states famous, and

was exhibited in a personal appearance tour in England. She could have signed a two-year picture con-

tract over there, but she couldn’t bear to be

away from husband Ben Barid so long. Ben is teaching in a drama school and is very

successful with the children. Dave Arlan, a publicity man long standing, is associ-

ated with her in her new project.

Mae’s Romance Looks Serious

Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer (Lenore Ulrie’s “ex”) look as though they might be going to step off to Yuma or Lew Brice married. Mae, to date, has had hard luck with her romances. Her marriage to Lew Brice, Fannie’s brother, broke up spectacularly. Then came the current one to John to John Mc-

Cormick, former husband of Colleen Moore, though she and John are quietly good friends now. Mae is one of the pluckiest girls in Hollywood, and everybody hopes there is happiness ahead in this year’s horoscope for her. She’s in “This Side of Heaven” with Lewis Stone (the latest Bestway star to be the Westward). Barbara Rejoins the Bennetts

DARRA BARRETT, the brunette sis-

ter of blonde Connie and Joan and daughter of Richard, has come West for the

Winter, and is seeking a bit performer—on screen or off—enough for herself. She and her

two children (one her own, and one adopted) are settled in Beverly Hills, but her only

real interest in life seems to be her husband, Morton Downey. It is a true love match, the

middle of Bennett daughter. After five years, their faces still light up when they speak of the Bennett family.

Meet Miss Melinda

THE entire Bennett clan gathered to

at the birth of Joan Bennett’s baby—who was born on Joan’s own twenty-
fourth birthday, was a girl, and was promptly

named Melinda. Melinda Markey, Adrienne

Morrison, mother of the three Bennett girls and divorced wife of Richard Bennett, was

present; so were Gene Markey’s mother, Joan’s father and her stepmother, Sister

Barbara Bennett Downey and her two

children, and several other relatives. Sister

constantly were always with calling card

to the family. This is Joan’s second child. She has a five-year-old daughter, Adrienne, by her

first husband, John Martin Fox.

Stork a Busy Bird

THE Mort Cooper (Dorothy Jordan)

went to Honolulu to welcome the stork
—as did the Misses (Mary) Astor (a couple of years ago. But the stork

won’t have to come to deliver the off-

spring of several other “expectant” couples. Among these, the MacFarlanes, P. L.; the Jessops, are

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee; Sally Eilers and director Harry Joe Brown; Eleanor

Holden and Dr. George O’Brien and Marguerite Churchill.

What a different Hollywood from that of the old days, when an actress felt that she was renouncing her career if she became a

mother! Now, it’s the fathers whose careers are

impersonated. Bing Crosby’s fans, we hear, don’t exactly welcome the idea of a

second child. the Crosby-Dick Lee house-

hold. (And one is on the way.)

“Honeymoon Hotel”-ing

When Merna Kennedy became Mrs. Busby Berkeley, the wedding guests looked up the stairs as the bride descended for an accompanying chorus of Busby Berkeley girls doing a spectacular “Lobet-

grin” number. None appeared, however, Merna looked stunning in a white veil and an ice-green satin frock. (Ice-green, I mean.) But, the way is, the newest tint, guaranteed to make anyone less gorgeous than a Holly-

wood beauty look wan and sallow.) It was a great thrill to Hollywood to have a real

wedding once more, with wedding photo-

graphs, invitations, music, a cake and all the trappings. Perhaps this will break the

jinx of secret marriages.

Kay’s New Fella?

NOW the gossip is that Kay Francis (who recently won a divorce from Kenneth MacKenna on the grounds that he ‘nagged’ her) and Maurice Chevalier are beginning to get The Way. Perhaps the gossip was inspired by their appearance together at “Autumn Crocus” and the deep absorption they showed in each other on that occasion, and perhaps by the fact that they have been noticed dining recently.

Zasu Had a Secret

ZASU PITTS was able to get away with it being a former tennis champ (he’s

at the latest Broadway star to be the Westward). When

When the hair is washed with ordi-

nary bar soaps or inferior shampoos—
tiny particles of soap stick to the hair, despite repeated rinsings. The soap particles contain alkali which has a harsh effect on hair and scalp. If this is continued hair will become dull and lifeless—scalp will become dry and dandruff.

Now—after 30 years of experience in the care of the hair—Marchand’s experts have developed a Castile Shampoo that RINSES COMPLETE-

LY. Think what that means—no soap particles, no alkali, no harsh effect on hair or scalp! Little wonder Marchand’s new Castile Shampoo leaves the hair so exquisitely, so lustrously beautiful.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand’s is to
give hair a scientific beauty treat-

ment. Marchand’s thick creamy

lather cleanses gently and thor-

oughly. It contains the highest qual-

ity virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and

fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it. Best for children’s tender scalps and

for men with dandruff. Low price—

and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at drugstores.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand’s is to
give hair a scientific beauty treat-

ment. Marchand’s thick creamy

lather cleanses gently and thor-

oughly. It contains the highest qual-

ity virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and

fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it. Best for children’s tender scalps and

for men with dandruff. Low price—

and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at drugstores.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand’s is to
give hair a scientific beauty treat-

ment. Marchand’s thick creamy

lather cleanses gently and thor-

oughly. It contains the highest qual-

ity virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and

fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it. Best for children’s tender scalps and

for men with dandruff. Low price—

and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at drugstores.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand’s is to
give hair a scientific beauty treat-

ment. Marchand’s thick creamy

lather cleanses gently and thor-

oughly. It contains the highest qual-

ity virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and

fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it. Best for children’s tender scalps and

for men with dandruff. Low price—

and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at drugstores.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand’s is to
give hair a scientific beauty treat-

ment. Marchand’s thick creamy

lather cleanses gently and thor-

oughly. It contains the highest qual-

ity virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and

fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it. Best for children’s tender scalps and

for men with dandruff. Low price—

and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at drugstores.

A Scientific Beauty Treatment

To shampoo with Marchand’s is to
give hair a scientific beauty treat-

ment. Marchand’s thick creamy

lather cleanses gently and thor-

oughly. It contains the highest qual-

ity virgin olive oil. That beautifies the hair, benefits the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Hair is left soft and

fluffy—easy to comb—perfect for waving or curling and no undesirable scents or odors cling to it. Best for children’s tender scalps and

for men with dandruff. Low price—

and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at drugstores.
Movies in the Making

(Continued from page 67)

were taken on the stage of Hollywood's most famous playhouse, "The Happy Family," Go- ney's "Phantom of the Opera." See if you can recognize it. "Uncertain Lady," is a marital farce featuring Edward Everett Horton, who plays the part of a man and his business wife, with Renee Gadd, a new import from England, and Pat Wray, who lightens the love story. It will also serve to mark the scenic début of that fine stage actress, Mary Nash.

Margaret Sullavan, the elusive, and Douglas Fairbanks, the romantic, make "Little Man, What Now?", based on Hans Fallada's novel of a depression-hit young married couple. Frank Borzage is directing, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, Universal's horror twins, are together for the first time, rehearsing "The Black Cat," based on the Edgar Allen Poe hair-raiser.

A Close Call for Joe E.

At Warner Brothers-First National, six pictures occupy the stages and one is on location at the winter quarters of the Al G. Barnes circus. This is "Sawdust," with Joe E. Brown, Patricia Ellis and Dorotha Cartwright. They accept the part of five famous circus names as Poodles Hanfendorf and Alfredo Codona. There is one scene that you will watch closely. This is the one where the circus trainer is being played by a tame lion, gets into the cage with a "wild" one by mistake. The lion actually bit him—tears are shed and the lip is in the picture.

A less serious accident occurred when Pat O'Brien was really knocked out in the fight sequence. "Gang War Woman." He forgot to move his head back with the blow and suffered as neat a K.O. as you have ever seen. Watch for this. It follows the moment when the two fighters turn to look at his girl, Glenda Farrell, in the audience.

In "Return of the Terror," a mystery play adapted from one of the last Edgar Wallace's thrillers, Lyle Talbot plays a doctor who, when his conferee, John Halliday, is falsely accused of shooting his fiancée, he believes his life is cut short and the house of the picture without make-up of any sort. This is a mad face concerning the doings of a scoundrel who attempts to murder three men. The combination of Aline MacMahon, Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert should guarantee plenty of fun.

James Cagney and Joan Blondell are to be reunited in "Without Honor," but it will be a change of pace for both of them. The story is not a comedy, but a heavy drama concerning a crook fleecing the police, who finds a girl from his gang about to marry an honest man. His arrival causes complications, of course. Victor Jory, on loan from Fox, is the other man.

"Tarzan's" Troubles Almost Over

At M-G-M, "Tarzan and His Mate," a starring Johnny Weissmuller, seems about to finish, after eleven months in production, by expiring with a bang and a problem. Take, for example, the week that was wasted because a herd of elephants insisted upon flapping their ears and thereby drowned out the dialogue, then too, several illnesses in the cast, including Maureen O'Sullivan's appendicitis operation. "Son of the Sheik" had a sequence that takes place in "the elephants' graveyard." It's a set you will remember. It was so realistic that it fooled the ele- phants that were supposed to stampede through the gaps in the supposed bones of their fellows. Only by allowing the leaders of the herd to roam the valley for nearly three weeks, in order to be- come familiar with some tricks out of the scene finally filmed. Now do you realize why "Tarzan and His Mate" has been so long in the coming.

The title of "Riptide," once changed to "Lady Mary's Lover," has returned to "Riptide." It stars Norma Shearer, as an American girl who becomes a British lady. When another man comes into her life, the husband remembers the indiscretion that he, himself, shared before marriage, and suspicion reigns. The stars are Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery.

"Operator 13," co-starring Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, is a Civil War spy story. Many of the characters are historic personages, although in most cases there have been slight name changes—to forestall protests Madeleine Carroll in "Spartan Banquet" (formerly called "Hollywood Party") is a revue in which practically the whole roster of M-G-M's stars appear briefly. The idea of this production is a surprise to Hollywood, for very few members of the cast have let it be known what specialties they have done.

Joan and Franchot Again

JOAN CRAWFORD is making "Sadie Thompson" under Franchot Tone, as her leading man again. He must bicycle between this part and the one at Fox in "The World Moves On." ("Cavalcade") the M.G.M. stars' long problem is to handle musical interludes so that there will be no interruption to a story's development, but director Clarence Brown has solved this very cleverly in a cabaret sequence with Joan, Franchot and Edward Arnold. Millionaire playboy, Brown has Arnold summon the entertainers to the table and so keeps the camera trained on the scene played silently by Joan and Franchot, while Gene Autry sings behind them.

In "A Night to Remember," at Paramount, two murders are committed and the mystery solved during a performance of "Earl Carroll's Vanities." The story is of a girl who is discovered by a theatrical manager, and that she has been changed, so that even if you saw the play on Broadway, you are likely to be mystified. The cast was kept in ignorance of the murder. If it seems guilt without a may it won't be acting. Perhaps every- one felt guilty. Anyhow, it was fun. The stars are Carl Brisson, Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle.

"We're Not Dancing" is based upon Barrie's desert-island comedy. The Ad- mirable Crichton," once made by De Mille under the title "Male and Female." Seven song numbers now adorn it. With all this singing by Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman (remember her "Eddie Was a Lady"). It was once feared that there would be less than fifteen minutes of story. But director Norman Taurog, with a world-wide cast, which also includes Carole Lombard, Leon Errol and Burns and Allen.
"Come On, Marines," a title has been on the Paramount calendar for nearly two years. The initial version was found to be fit until a nov- eling "Pink Chemise" was purchased. Oddly enough, the "Marines" label fits the story. In it they use the names of Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns and Monte Blue in to take care of the Marine end and Ida Lupino, in to play the girl. We are promised a rollicking comedy with plenty of action.

Raft as a Matador

"THE Trumpet Blows" makes George Raft a bull-fighter. That he might learn the proper techniques for the most popular matador in Mexico, was brought to Hollywood. Later Edward Mann took over the role. It is Castro's cape, through which he was once gored, that Raft carries in the picture. Look for the hole in it.

"Emperor Gnome," once called "Cathe- rine of Russia" and once thought finished until von Sternberg decided to make added scenes, is nearing completion for the second time. This Maclean Smith's picture is barred to visitors, anxious to compare it with the English picture, "Catherine, the Great." But even from a barrett set stories occasionally leak. One says that Von ordered two hundred new statues for the throne room, one of which an expatriate artist fashioned in caricature of the director, who didn't notice it. See if you can pick it out.

The von Sternberg influence seems to have enveloped over the boro of就好了 "KBO lot. Two of their sets had "No Admittance" signs hung out. These were "Sangaree," the tale of an Australian lass and a "Devil's Island" by Richard Dix and Irene Dunne; and "Of Human Bondage," based on Somerset Maugham's great novel. The stars are Claude Rains, Louis Calvert and Bette Davis. A third picture in production is "The Dover Road," co-starring Clive Brook and Diana Wynward, with "Cavalcade" fame. This, also is an English story.

Fredric March and Constance Bennett as Costars

At 20th Century, "The Firebrand" is in production, with Fredric March, Con- stance Bennett, Frank Morgan and Fay Wray. In rehearsal were George Arliss in "Heed of the Family" and Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in "Building Drummond Strikes Back." The March-Bennett pic- ture is based upon the life of that reckless English dandy, Benvenuto Cellini, who knew his dueling. "The World Moves On," at Fox, has Franchot Tone also doing a dueling scene, which vitally goes to the center of the story in the prologue laid in 1830. When the story carries on to modern times, many of the problems that beset their ancestors face again, and the "World Moves On" is notable as the first American appearance of Madeleine Carroll, England's highest-paid star. (You saw her, perhaps in "I Was a Savanah." There is an incident in "The World Moves On" stranger than fiction. In writ- ing the original story, Reginald Berkeley, noted as the adapter of "Cavalcade," con- ceived a dramatic highlight in the sinking by a U-boat of an Atlantic liner with two members of the submarine commander's family on board. Ferdinand Schumann- Henck was cast as the commander and, upon reading his part, described an absolute parallel personage of his own in the American navy, his transport was sunk by a German submarine commanded by his brother. Though Henck had no idea that the fiction he wrote was true.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are re- united as a team in "The World Is Ours." The story begins in 1914 at the college and, with Ginger Rogers and James Dunn, former classmates, face the world together. Janet has a more sophisticated role than to chase and chase a man for change of pace for her. This picture has just started. More about it later.
Such Ravishing new Beauty to gain,

WITH SO LITTLE TO DO - IF YOU'LL USE THE ONLY ALMOND BASE POWDER

by Patricia Gordon

JUST A MOMENT in which you decide! Then, for you, the exquisite new beauty Princess Pat powder brings to every complexion. Of course it does! Almond base, in your Princess Pat powder, is used instead of the starch in usual powders. What a difference! Why, Princess Pat powder has a glorious velvety feel, even to finger tips! On your delicate complexion it is a veritable caress.

Every little particle in Princess Pat face powder is infinitely smooth. The powder goes upon your skin so closely, so pliantly that an amazing thing happens. Your complexion becomes incomparably beautiful. But the powder does not show! That's just the aristocratic effect you've wanted; the perfect grooming of the fashionably elect. And because Princess Pat is almond base (no starch) it blends on to cling almost as one with your skin.

And if all this ravishing new beauty were not enough, you would delight in the almond base for its benefit to your skin. Even a very little starch on your skin has all the faults of starch. All starches, you know, swell with heat and moisture. The particles may easily swell within the pores and be responsible for their coarsening. How different it is with the almond base powder. Almond — the precious beautifier — your protection against coarse pores! No wonder all women adore Princess Pat face powder, once they try it.

RADIO Princess Pat Players — love and life — thrilling! Sundays 4:30 P.M., E.S.T. WJZ and NBC network. 3:30 P.M., C.S.T.

NOW IS THE TIME! Receive a beautiful Vanity FREE It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $1 — worth more. The clearest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use — filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity
Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent entirely free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.

PRINCESS PAT
LONDON CHICAGO

PRINCESS PAT Dept. A-3015, 2709 South Wells street, Chicago

Entirely FREE — postage prepaid — send the coupon below. The Vanity is to come filled with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge. Check whether Gold or Silver finish is desired.

Name, Street, City and State

PRINCESS PAT, LTD. TORONTO
"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. HOCKEY PLAYER"

Miss Ruth Dodd of New York, says:

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, says:

"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs — tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling...hair-mussing...pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on your habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smoking by making Camels your smoke.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.

You'll find Camels rich in flavor — yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment...the full, satisfying taste...the pleasure of smoking at its best!
Will I Last?

Asks
Mae West

Lvia Sidney
by
Marland Stone
YOU ARE INVITED TO THE
HOLLYWOOD PARTY
R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium

A LAUREL TO LUPE AND OLIVER'S ALL OF A TWIST!

IS IT MARCO POLO? OR DURANTE'S INFERNO?
WELL ANYWAY IT'S A CLASSIC

THE "BARON" SAID MEET PING PONG-THE SON OF KING KONG. MICKEY SAID, OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND THE FIGHT WAS ON!

NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ - AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE.

SCHWARZAN AND HIS MATE-SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.

HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING

WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY-WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER-A WISE CRACKER.
F E A T U R E S

"Will I Last?" Asks Mae West ......... Maude Latham 28
They Take the Gaff While Others Take the Glory ... Hal Hall 30
"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!?"—Jean Harlow ... Sonia Lee 32
Why Garbo and Dietrich Lead Solitary Lives ... Gladys Hall 34
Do Radio Stars Stand a Chance in the Movies? ... William F. French 40
Untold Secrets of the Stars—Bing Crosby ... Gladys Hall 42
Is Little Caesar Turning Into Napoleon? ... Faith Service 45
The Whitest House in the World—Jean Harlow's ... Dorothy Calhoun 48
Ben Bernie—the Old Maestro—Is Now a Movie Star ... Robert Fender 59
The Winners of 1933—as Described by Will Rogers ... Jack Grant 63
Revealing the Hidden Wives of Hollywood ... Dorothy Manners 66
Sixty-Five, and Still a Star—May Robson ... Faith Service 68
Thumbs Up for Paul Kelly! ... Hal Hall 72

DEPARTMENTS

Flashes from Filmland ......... 6
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out! ... L. R. R. 12
Letters from Our Readers ......... 14
Movie Gossip Test ......... Marion Martone 16
News and Gossip from Hollywood ......... 36
Hollywood Patterns ......... 53
Latest Hollywood Fashions ......... 54
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures ......... 62
Coming Pictures That You Will See ......... Jack Grant 64

Cover Design of Sylvia Sidney Painted by Marland Stone

Herman Schoppe, Art Director
Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, Hollywood Editor

Motion Picture is published monthly at 150 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by Motion Picture Publications, Inc. Entered as second class matter August 31, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Copyright 1934 by Motion Picture Publications, Inc. Single copy 15c. Subscriptions for U. S. and its possessions, $1.50 a year, $1.75 for two years, Canada, $2.00 a year, Foreign Countries, $3.00 a year. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 59 Bide Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President-Publisher; William S. Patet, Vice President; Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.
INSIDE News FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

To Hollywood and you, Carl Brisson (left) is a new screen name. But to Jean Hersholt, he is an old friend—and to their native Denmark, he is a star.

Bing's Kidnap Scare

The latest Hollywood victim of a kidnap scare is Bing Crosby. A good citizen of Los Angeles reported to the police that he had heard two men plotting in a Pacific Electric station to kidnap "the Crosby kid" and hold him for a big ransom, while "Bertha" took care of him. Despite some improbabilities, Bing took it seriously enough to hire additional protection for his home and to cancel a vacation sailing trip. And the report didn't do any good to the nerves of Dixie Lee Crosby, who is shopping for new ribbons for the Crosby bassinet.

Mrs. Raft "Surprises" George

George Raft denies that he plans to marry Virginia Peine Lehmann, recently divorced wife of Edward Lehmann, Jr., Chicago millionaire, and new screen "find." (On the screen, she will be known as Virginia Pine.) As things stand at present, George isn't free to marry anyone.

Press-agents, building him up as a Great Lover, let the impression get around that George was a bachelor—until he finally rebelled at the pretense and admitted that he had a wife in his past and a young son. No one seemed to know their whereabouts and George didn't elucidate. But now his wife has come forth—much to George's surprise (so he says)—to sue him for more alimony. In her suit, Grace Mulrooney Raft says that she married George in 1923, that they separated in 1928, and that a separation agreement gave her fifty dollars a week or ten per cent of his weekly earnings at that time. She now asks for ten per cent of his present earnings and accuses George of being "cruel and inhuman to me by constantly associating in public with other women."

As soon as he comes to an understanding and agreement with his wife, so his friends say, he will probably become a Reno resident.

Why Katharine's Trip to Paris?

Katharine Hepburn's recent trip to Europe was probably one of the shortest on record. She arrived in France on Monday (wearing trousers) and sailed back on the same ship on Thursday. In two days, a girl can't begin to buy all the Paris clothes she would like to buy. So Katie apparently wasn't there on a shopping tour. And why was she there? Was she finding out, by any chance, just what one would have to do to get a Paris divorce? For at a party in New York, just a few days before she boarded the ship, the news leaked out from a source beyond question that Katharine and Ludlow Ogden Smith have decided to live apart permanently.

In "Madame Butterfly," you saw Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant separated forever. But lo and behold, they are now together again in "Thirty-Day Princess."
with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!
You will remember Lilyan Tashman as you have seen her in pictures—witty, brilliant, "the best-dressed woman on the screen." This is how her friends will remember her—as the beautiful girl who loved life, who smiled in the face of death, who was the wife, sweetheart and pal of Edmund Lowe. This was their last portrait together.

(Continued from page 6)

Had Premonition of Death

HOLLYWOOD was shocked, as this hard-boiled town is seldom shocked, by the news that Lilyan Tashman—gallant, gay, brilliant "Lil"—had died at 34 in a New York hospital, following an emergency operation. Even her best friends did not know what she and her devoted husband, Edmund Lowe, must have suspected for a year—that it might so soon be "curtains" for her.

Lilyan, herself, expected to die at the time of her appendicitis operation nearly two years ago. She had a horror of operations. All the way to the hospital in the ambulance, she kept saying, "I'm going to die—I know it!" When she opened her eyes after the operation, the first thing she saw was her dressing case with her initials in gold, a gift from Eddie. She later related, "I thought, 'Well, I must be alive. I couldn't have taken that bag to Heaven with me. I've been reprieved!'" She accepted the remaining time given to her as a reprieve. She entertained more lavishly, she laughed more gaily, she dressed more attractively than ever.

"It's wonderful to have Lil back," Eddie told this writer. "She's her old self these days, laughing, full of excitement"—but his eyes were sombre above his confident smile. He arranged his life so that he could spend as much time with her as possible. He gave up all thought of a tour he had planned. When Lilyan worked, he lunched with her; when he was on a picture, she went to his studio for lunch. A week before she entered the hospital, she told New York friends that she was "all right," but was worried about Ed; he had the flu. He refused several picture offers so that he could be with her in New York, where she was to make her first starring picture, "Wine, Women and Song." And he was at her bedside when she died.

Wouldn't Give Up Again

WHEN Lilyan Tashman dropped out of the cast of "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" last year, she was ill, as the studio said; but Hollywood called it "temperament." That hurt her. The last day of her career, she worked on "Frankie and Johnnie" from seven a.m. until midnight—driving herself on to finish the picture, refusing even to rest. She did not live to taste the triumph, so long denied her, of seeing her name above the title of a picture on a Broadway theatre marquee. And she did not live to have her heart broken by the news that her Big Scene had been cut out of "Riptide!" at the last moment, because the picture was too long.

"Poor Lil," director Edmund Goulding said to this writer on the night of the preview of this picture, "She was so proud of that scene. And now—the best work of her career is only a strip of celluloid on the cutting-room floor! It will break her heart. Irving Thalberg is writing her tonight to try to explain and comfort her, but it will hurt her—awfully. Lil is sick, you know. She won't give in to it, but I'm worried about her. She came clear back from New York to play this part, worked like a slave on the fittings—and then to see the rôle reduced to a 'bit'! Hard! But
Let Warner Bros' musical stars bring you the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationaly different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss . . . . . . .

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell. A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright
Lil is a trouper. She knows the game. She'll understand! (Parenthetically, it might be revealed that her favorite nickname for her husband was "Ye Olde Troup." He finds that ironic after the way she lived up to the stage code, "The show must go on.") Neither the heart-breaking news nor the kindly letter from Thalberg reached her before she died . . .

Made Ziegfeld Come to Her

LILYAN TASHMAN started out to be a school-teacher. She had finished her third year at Hunter College in New York, when Florenz Ziegfeld saw her in a restaurant and asked a fellow-diner to bring the girl to his table. When she was told that "Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to speak to her," she thought she was being kidded; she replied that if Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to speak to her, he might come to her table. He did—and she became a "Follies" girl.

"She has the most beautiful features in America," a famous English photographer said of her not long ago. Famed as "the best-dressed movie star," Lilyan Tashman had another side—that of loyal friend. Girls who knew her in her "Follies" days were still sure of a welcome with her. Many beautiful eyes in Hollywood shed tears when the news of her death flashed over the wires. And, suddenly, Hollywood remembered how Edmund Lowe had so loved this beautiful Jewish girl that he had risked the displeasure of his own church to marry her. Here was one movie marriage that did not end via Reno, but lasted "until death do us part" . . .

The Losers Won the Applause

THE acting awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were not especially popular this year. Nine hundred guests at the awards dinner, who roared with delight over toastmaster Will Rogers' sallies (see page 60—Ed.), "sat on their hands" when the names of the winning actor (Charles Laughton) and actress (Katharine Hepburn) were announced. May Rolson (second in the feminine balloting) and Leslie Howard (third in the vote) would have been the popular awards, judging from the applause they received on taking their bows.

Talk about streamline waistlines—Ginger Rogers has the smallest in Hollywood. It's only a score of inches around. She keeps it that way, swinging Indian clubs

Esther Reliving Her Girlhood

ESTHER RALSTON, lately divorced from George Webb, is going places with Earl Oxford. He is the good-looking youngster who has a rôle (with Esther) in "Sadie McKee." With these two go Jean Parker and her boy-friend, Francis Larcus. (You'll learn the details about this romance, reading the story on page 39—Ed.) A bit juvenile for Esther, but, after all, she worked all during her girlhood and is making up for lost time. One of her former-step-daughters eloped a few weeks ago—in Esther's car. This romantic youngsters generation apparently has an appeal for Esther, who isn't so old, herself, when you look up the records.

(Continued on page 13)
** In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

IN

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

** IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
You Know Your Movies?  
Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

Solution to Last Puzzle

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>9</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>See illustration above</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Hero of “Come On, Marines”</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Lydia’s initials</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Jules Clark in “Sitting Pretty”</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The tree that Jack took his name from</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>“— and My Gil”</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Bebe Daniels’ married name</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Star of “Advice to the Lovelorn”</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Favorite brew of Clive Brook’s native land</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Joan Crawford’s new picture is “Sadie”</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>His last name is Foxe</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>He’s in “20 Million Sweethearts”</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Mae West’s new picture is “It Ain’t No”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Love scenes are best in —light</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>Girl impersonator who appeared in “Mr. Skitch”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Robinson’s wife in “Dark Hazard”</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Col. Andre Messlat in “Nana”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>His last name is Welch</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>A villain is ——ious</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Ever (poetic)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>J. Carrol — is a suave screen gangster</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>“— for a Day”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>A prima donna</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Railway Station Office (abbr.)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Movie stars often watch races at —— Juaa</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Most famous of all screen character actors (deceased)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Standing’s title</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Olivier’s initials</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Sidney Blackmer calls this his home state (abbr.)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

HORIZONTAL

1. Comedian Jenkins’ first name
2. He’s an Irishman named Pat
3. She played Satin in “Nana”
4. “She Had to Say” — — of Me”
5. See illustration above
6. What Byron, Shelley and Keats were
7. There’s always a —— for good screen stories
8. Abbreviation for Dakota
9. Clive Brook’s role in “Gallant Lady”
10. “Four Frightened People” was filmed there (init.)
11. Insect egg
12. To wager again
13. Bard was Shortle in “Meet the Baron”
14. Officer of the Day (abbr.)
15. Whose husband is director Charles Vidor?
16. To make a mistake
17. The Caterpillar in “Alice In Wonderland”
18. A popular player is kept as busy as a — —
19. Slang for “some more”
20. Phonetic spelling of movie stars’ favorite fur
21. Lionel Barrymore’s role in “Dinner at Eight”
22. The record of a year
23. What ever became of ——ta Page?
24. Remember “—er the Great”?
25. She was dizzy in “The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi”
26. The baby-faced comedian
27. The best-known actor-director (init.)
28. Devoured
29. His last name is Maxwell; he usually plays “beavers”
30. Tallulah’s uncle is a ——— (abbr.)
31. Point of the compass
32. Carrillo’s first name
33. Director Mervyn LeRoy recently —-Doris Warner to the altar
34. Whatever became of Geraldine — —?
35. A giant is also a ———
36. None is his name
37. Garbo likes ———
38. Cover
39. First part of name of movie city
40. The wife in “As Husbands Go”
41. “H’s first name is Ethel
42. The hero of “Death Takes a Holiday”

VERTICAL

1. “Dinner Time”
2. “Sitting Pretty”
3. “Come On, Marines”
4. Jules Clark
5. “Advice to the Lovelorn”
6. Insect egg
7. “Meet the Baron”
8. “Four Frightened People”
9. Dakota
10. “Gallant Lady”
11. “Nana”
12. “Dark Hazard”
13. No.
14. “Meet the Baron”
15. Col. Andre Messlat
16. “Nana”
17. “Dark Hazard”
18. “Meet the Baron”
19. “Nana”
20. “Dark Hazard”
21. “Nana”
22. “Nana”
23. “Nana”
24. “Nana”
25. “Nana”
26. “Nana”
27. “Nana”
28. “Nana”
29. “Nana”
30. “Nana”
31. “Nana”
32. “Nana”
33. “Nana”
34. “Nana”
35. “Nana”
36. “Nana”
37. “Nana”
38. “Nana”
39. “Nana”
40. “Nana”

There’ll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!
Inside News Flashes From Filmland
(Continued from page 10)

Gary and Lupe Meet

HOLLYWOOD saw something the other night that it never expected to see—Gary Cooper and his new bride (Sandra Shaw), with Lupe Velez and her new husband (Johnny Weissmuller), posing for a smiling group-of-four picture at a dinner dance at the Little Club. Of course, they had to meet sometime—what with Hollywood being just a village; but no one expected them to become downright chummy.

And remember how everybody felt sorry for Bobbe Arnst, who took it so hard when her marriage with Johnny Weissmuller had a head-on collision with his movie career? Her heart is all mended now. Robert A. Cavanaugh, young Chicago attorney, supplied the balm—and a new ring for the proper finger.

Merry in the Movies

WHEN a writer brought Miss Merry (intriguing name, that!) Fairney, much-headlined Chicago society girl, multi-millionairless and twice-a-divorcee (at 22), onto the set of "Cleopatra," she was introduced to director Cecil B. DeMille. C. B. instantly offered her a part in his newest spectacle. So now the young lady who has brought so much publicity on herself is helping to put over "Cleopatra." The six-o'clock call on her first day worked such a hardship on her that, in order to be on time, she had to stay up all night!

Braved Stares of the Curious

"RIPTIDE" made such a favorable impression at the preview that Irving Thalberg decided that same evening that Herbert Marshall should play the romantic lead opposite Norma Shearer (Mrs. Thalberg) in "Marie Antoinette." And, aside from the picture, Hollywood insiders felt that they were seeing drama that evening.

For Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, made their entrance together at the supper party that followed and stood in the dooryard several moments, where everyone could see them. Edna Best’s face was unsmiling and mask-like as they made the rounds of the room afterward. Some time later, she left—alone. And when she drove away, this reporter saw her put her hand to her eye.

Once called one of the happiest couples in the profession, they were—or Edna, at least, was—trying to squelch the ever more and more insistent rumors of separation. Three years ago, she ran away from Hollywood and movie fame because she was lonely for her husband who was in New York. Only recently, she went to Honolulu to be with him in the jungle during the making of "Four Frightened People," and then traveled to England to bring back their baby, preparatory to setting permanently in Hollywood. When she came back, it had happened. The columnists were prophesying separation, talking of a triangle situation...

Under Doctors’ Care

WITH Edna Best apparently so heart-broken at their imminent break-up that she has been under a doctor’s care ever since, the set of "The Key" (her first American picture) has resembled a hospital ward. William Powell was so ill during the entire shooting of the picture that he had a doctor with him on the set continually. Bill, by the way, is sharing the smiles of Kay Francis with Maurice Chevalier these days.

(More news of players? Turn to page 36! More news of pictures? Turn to page 64!)
Reader Believes Films Need Not Be in Current Style to Be Successes

Fredric March in a scene from "Death Takes a Holiday." The girl in his arms is Katherine Alexander.

First Prize
Fredric March did the greatest work of his entire career in "Death Takes a Holiday," writes Charles S., of Denver, Colo.:

"Fredric March's work in 'Death Takes A Holiday' is the finest he has ever done, and is sufficient to place him among the few really great actors of the profession. The role of Death would seem to be one of the most difficult assignments possible to give an actor and a great many stars would scarcely have had the courage to attempt such an unusual and difficult role.

"March exacted from the part every ounce of emotion and power possible. He did not make death—in human guise—a mysterious, furtive figure, but a living, understandable character, honestly seeking a reason for man's fear of him. He made the role pathetic—in his search for love, a soul, and understanding.

"The producers of 'Death Takes A Holiday' deserve praise for their courage in screening such an original and delicate theme. This proves that a film does not have to be made in the current style, nor does it have to be of a commercial type in order for it to be a financial as well as an artistic success."

Second Prize
Colbert and Gable make a fine team in "It Happened One Night," writes Mrs. Charles Toles, of Colorado Springs, Colo.:

"'It Happened One Night' is superb entertainment—with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert teamed for the first time—and what a team!

"It is a big jump from the role of the bewildered school teacher in 'Four Frightened People' to that of the spoiled society 'brat' but Claudette does it beautifully, ably assisted by Gable. In fact, he carries a good share of the plot on his own and displays a fine flair for comedy. I hadn't laughed so much in weeks as I did over the 'hitch-hiking' sequence with Clark urging his thumb in the most approved manner and falling and Claudette, with a method all her own, succeeding. It may not sound funny, but just wait until you see it, fans!"

Third Prize
"Garbo and Hepburn equally capable of rendering performances that command attention," is what Albert Manski, of Boston, Mass., has to say:

"Fans cannot make comparisons between Greta Garbo and Katharine Hepburn because these two are artists in their own individual category.

"I saw 'Queen Christina' and 'Scandal' the same day. Garbo was magnetic in her role of Sweden's beloved queen and has pointed if he has not shown up if only for the smallest moment. I speak of none other than Sterling Holloway, who brings to the comic screen a most exquisite bit of humor, in a most original and delightful way. Do let's have more of him in shorts, or at least as a comic lead in a full length picture. He's really worth it!"

Charles W. Norris, of Chicago, Ill., calls Jean Parker a charming actress and hopes she will lose her lovely, natural simplicity:

"The most charming actress in Hollywood today and the one most typical of the American girl is, without a doubt, Jean Parker. As an example of an unaffected character, independent of the quaint sensuality that marks the performances of so many of her sister-stars, Jean deserves a place on a pedestal high above all of them."

"I trust that after a longer sojourn in the movie world, Jean Parker will not be attracted to the starchy ways of the celebrities around her, but rather that they will forget their own imagined importance to imitate her lovely, natural simplicity. The girl for whom I have waited so long is here, to pale every artificial screen goddess into a dim perspective."

Ralph J. Satterlee, of Muscicle, Ind., expresses his sentiments in verse:

"A tidal wave of musicals, Have taken us by storm, Every star must sing and dance, Or curve a wicked form.

"Romantic stars and tough guys Sing madly about the moon, The Big Bad Wolf and Mickey Mouse Are trying to learn to croon.

"Let's have a real good story, Chuck music for a while, You'll fill the theaters to the brim, Come on, give it a trial."

Jazz and nudity not essential to good entertainment, writes Evelyn McLean, of Cheney, Wash.:

"Doesn't the reception of pictures like 'Little Women' by the public prove that we are all real people at heart, not just puppets who need to be lavishly entertained with jazz, nudity, and slap-stick, in order to enjoy something thoroughly? It seems a good time to unearth all the fine old stories that have meant so much to our people for so many generations."

Margaret A. Cadaret, of Lawrence, Mass., calls attention to a "movie boner":

"In the picture 'Convention City,' where the train is pulling into Atlantic City, my eyes caught sight of a palm tree in the background and I'm quite positive palm trees don't grow in our Atlantic City of the East. Slight error on someone's part, but still ridiculous."

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

A plea for more of Holloway's inimitable humor is made here by Frank Eugene Ford, of New Orleans, La.:

"Every picture you see, no matter whether comedy, tragedy or history, he pops up from somewhere and belays his own inimitable humor. So often has he not disappointed us, that we have come to expect him sort of, and are really quite disapp..."
GREAT ROMANCE RIDES
THE WORLD AGAIN....
with Love in the Arms of Danger!

Recklessly daring... madly loving...
the stars of immortal "Cimarron"
unite in another glorious romance
of life on earth's far frontiers....
Beautiful Irene Dunne, as a girl with
the heavenly gift of song, who
fights her way to the plaudits of the
world! Dashing Richard Dix, as the
swashbuckling outlaw "Stingaree",
who defies death and the devil to
make this girl's dreams come true!

IRENE DUNNE
RICHARD DIX
in
"Stingaree"

with MARY BOLAND
Conway Tearle... Andy Devine
Henry Stephenson Una O'Connor
From Stories by E. W. Hornung
Directed by William Wellman
A MERIAN C. COOPER Presentation
Pandro S. Berman, Executive Producer

RKO-RADIO
PICTURE
2. The death of what well-known screen star recently shocked the movie world?

3. During the filming of what picture was the star’s voice insured by the producing company for $100,000?

4. Who are the two motion picture celebrities who have at last admitted their often-rumored marital rift?

5. How many of the thirteen girls who were selected as the Wampas Baby Stars of 1934 can you name?

6. Why did Miriam Jordan’s divorce from her husband make Hollywood sit up and take notice?

7. Against what movie comedian did a dance director recently file a $125,000 slander suit?

8. By what name will Doris Kenyon be known now that she has divorced her husband, Arthur E. Hopkins?

9. Who are the ten Hollywood beauties picked by Willy Pogany, noted artist, as having the most beautiful shoulders?

10. Why do the film city folks suspect that Isabel Jewell is already Mrs. Lee Tracy?

11. Whose $3,500 fur coat was attached and taken from her dressing-room by a sheriff while making personal appearances?

12. What screen star’s husband, a film director, was sued for $100,000 heart balm?

13. Why is Dorothea Wieck being literally driven out of Hollywood?

14. Do you know the popular screen comedian who has everybody guessing whether or not he has already married his “girl-friend”?

15. Can you name the film star whose fourth marriage is nearing the well-known rocks?

16. Why is it surprising to see these two Hollywood couples pictured together and what was the occasion of the get-together of this foursome?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 102)
Together again

The most Glorious sweethearts of the Screen

Janet GAYNOR

Charles FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up",
"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"

"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."

"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."

"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."

"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."

"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."

"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."

"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."

"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder...'

"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"

"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"

"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."

"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

"Don't Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [Bad Breath]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused, says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.
When talkies came in, Esther went out—and Hollywood shut the door, as it did on many silent favorites. But Esther pried it open again—by breaking vaudeville records, by making a hit in English pictures. She’s back, she’s in the spotlight, and her career looks more promising than ever before. More mature now, more sophisticated, she has a more vivid personality, will play more colorful roles. The Esther who always used to be a sweet young thing will now have a chance to act. As a beginning, she will be a torch singer to the life in "Sadie McKee"
You've heard of Los Angeles, "the city of the angels"? Well, here, so far as is known, is the first actual Angel to make it her home. Heather is her first name, and many are her talents. Study her sensitive face, and you'll be guided to the nearest theatre to inquire how soon you will see her in "Springtime for Henry"
John Barrymore.

Man of Irony

He has never received the Academy award for the best screen acting of any year; and that's ironic. For the American stage has not seen a greater actor in this generation. Maybe it is just taken for granted that he can play any kind of rôle, and make it real. In "Twentieth Century," he etches an ironical portrait of a man who knows actor
Jimmy Cagney in jodhpurs? Well, this IS a surprise! Not only that—he's able to sit down; so he must know his horsemanship. And just because you don't see any horse, don't pass any cracks that maybe he is master of hounds for the breakfast hunt. The only reason he's humming "Sittin' on a Log" is that all the nags are rented out to movie queens. Just when Jimmy needs to get bow-legged for "Hey, Sailor!"

Girls who wear stylish bridle costumes aren't called "horseback riders"; they're "aquestriennes"—like Jeanette MacDonald (above) and Verree Teasdale (left). Jeanette, who is happy about doing "The Merry Widow" with Maurice Chevalier, dresses in the style of the hunt and rides side-saddle. Verree, who is in "Dr. Miracle," wears checks—like Adolphe Menjou, with whom she will soon go down a bridal path.
So you thought that only society women and movie cowgirls ever rode horseback any more? "Neigh, neigh!" whispers Helen Mack's white mount, emitting a horse chuckle at your error. For Helen sits a saddle lightly and, moreover, dresses to ride, not to be seen. And if they would just hand her some more roles like the one she had in "All of Me," how she would be galloping to stardom!

They All Belong to
THE HORSEY SET

Beauty and the beast are pals these days. At least, Elizabeth Allan—the dramatic nurse in "Men in White"—and her horse, "Sandy," put their heads together every morning and plot a tour of the Beverly Hills bridle paths, just for some healthy exercise and fun.
Fredric March piquing your imagination these days. In "De Takes a Holiday," he personified the Duke Prince. Now "The Firebrand" he plays Benvolio to Cellini, a man who lived in the X Century, courting the Muses, adventure and fair men—and due his way out difficulties. Constance Bennett is his co-star in this mad com
Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST
Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

For Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is gentle as dew on your cheek. Try Camay, faithfully, for one month. The change in your skin will delight you!

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

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.
"WILL I LAST?"

asks

MAE WEST

By MAUDE LATHEM

Her answer isn't "Maybe." Her answer is "Yes—as long as Mae West wants to last." She's as sure of it as she is that "love is not going out of style!"

AFTER more red tape than it takes to see the President of the United States, I finally landed in Mae West's dressing-room. Between the interruptions from director, photographer, make-up man, maids and managers, I somehow managed to question her for fifteen minutes about what she thinks the future holds for her.

I explained to her that columnist O. O. McIntyre, as well as eminent divines over the country, were expressing doubt as to her chances of continuing on the screen; that the favorite topic of conversation of critics and dinner parties has become: "What do you think about Mae West? Is she going to last or is she merely a flash in the pan?"

"And now you ask me what I think about all this talk. Will I be able to go on indefinitely? Or will I perhaps be able to hold the interest through one more picture and then . . . ?" She was smiling languidly.

But, suddenly, she straightened and made the most vitalizing comment I have ever heard any star utter: "The popularity of Mae West will continue just as long as Mae West, herself, wants it to continue. Only she can let it down. When I lose my stamina, when I am no longer determined to please, I will be through with pictures, and not until then! I expect to be giving you finer pictures next year than I could even think of now. I expect to do this for many years, though of course there is an age limit to certain kinds of parts. You know my rule: 'I give 'em what they want.' I never let anything stop me, once I set my heart on it. That's why I say I'll be a drawing card in pictures just as
long as Mae West wants to be. I don’t have to define that word ‘want’ for you, do I? I’m not talking about any wishy-washy longing, like people saying: ‘Gee, I wish I could do so-and-so.’ If they really wished it, they would get busy and do it. I’ve never had a wishbone where my backbone should be.”

She’s Several Women in One

To analyze Mae West is just about as simple as explaining the Russian Five-Year Plan. The trouble is, there are so many Mae Wests. There is the one who says that she always thinks about herself first; who would have you believe that any object, animate or inanimate, is ruthlessly pushed aside if it impedes her progress. Then there is the absolutely improv-ident Mae, so big-hearted that she can never turn a deaf ear to any one in need. There is still another Mae of stage and picture fame who always “gets her man.” (“But I use my voice, my eyes and the movements of my body to captivate, instead of physical contact,” says Mae.)

There is no one with whom we can compare Mae. It’s absurd to compare her with Katharine Hepburn, Garbo or any other actress. They all have something different to offer. They all, too, are dependent on their stories, directors and other conditions. Even the great Hepburn ran into difficulties in the stage play, “The Lake.” Mae has a supreme advantage in that she writes all her own stories and dialogue; and she puts on the screen what no other actress has ever remotely attempted.

“To get back to those who intimate that I have done a little skiing, I’m afraid they haven’t followed my box-office receipts,” she continued. “They tell the story. They might say everything lovely about me and my pictures, but if the masses didn’t (Continued on page 92)
They Take the **GAFF**
While Others Take the **GLORY**

A FEW months ago Franchot Tone was being talked of as the film find of the year. All of the big women stars wanted him for leading man. Some of them got him. Now they are not talking about Franchot so much; the hubbub has died down; something has happened to him. Something is happening right now to an entire group of stalwart, handsome, clever, young men with sufficient personality and ability to attain stardom. But will they ever reach it?

The shadow of oblivion is already on some of them. Hollywood cynically reads their fate in the history of those countless other eager and handsome boys who have gone before them—ruined by the screen kisses of glamorous and silken women stars, sacrificed because they were becoming to some publicized beauty of the films.

These young actors are cursed by good looks, pleasing voices, winning smiles and fine physiques. Women stars scramble for them; shout for them—even fight for them as their leading men, because of their physical charm and their eager willingness to submerge their own personalities while the film queens march onward to greater heights of glory.

These are the forgotten men of Hollywood, potential stars whose screen careers are shortened and whose potential earning powers are lessened because some adored and petted darlings of the films, anxious to have leading men who look well in evening clothes, or in practically no clothes at all, demand them as their screen lovers.

Like puppets, these young actors are pushed into picture after picture where the genius of the best writers, the skill of famous directors, and every photographic and lighting trick of the cleverest cameramen in the world are concentrated upon making an expensive woman star more glamorous—regardless of what happens to the leading man. cinematic crumbs are his fare. It is his fate to wait patiently until the story demands that the lovely lady shall be held in masculine arms or shall shed high-priced tears on a masculine shoulder.

To-day, besides the talented Mr. Tone, this group numbers Joel McCrea, Robert Young, Cary Grant and even Robert Montgomery, who is technically a star—being listed above the title of the picture, though usually below the lady star (if there is one) and usually in smaller-sized type.

Why do these young actors allow themselves to be exploited to build up the fame of some woman star? The answer is simple. They can do little to help themselves.

The newcomer to Hollywood is anxious for a start. A producer gives him a chance, then a contract. The world looks rosy, the future promising, and when he suddenly finds several women stars on the lot demanding him for their leading man, he naturally is flattered. To him, it looks like a real "break."

And then a picture starts, and the young actor gets his first touch of the inferiority complex that finally makes of him nothing but a fine-looking automaton dancing attendance on selish women; dancing himself into gradual oblivion and lasting...
Women stars fight over these five boys—who are all good-looking, good actors and good sports. And that is the boys’ hard luck. Because they have to submerge their own personalities and let the stars do all the shining. Read how the system works—and what it does to actors’ careers!

By Hal Hall

Stars Get All the Gravy

The other day, Corinne Griffith walked out of her “comeback” picture because she thought that Otto Kruger (recently one of Broadway’s brightest stars) was getting too large a share of the story. Formerly one of the great stars of the screen, Corinne intimated to the director that she was not used to sharing the camera and close-ups, and finally, rather than depart from her star-status, she flung aside this chance to get back on the screen, postponing her return. Figure out for yourself what opportunities an unknown young man may hope for in a picture with a star who is accustomed to the studio-toadying that goes with

bitterness. The first twinges of inferiority come with the discovery that it is the back of his neck that the star expects to appear in their mutual close-ups; that the part that seemed so big when he read the script has been cut to nothing so that he may not distract attention from a head of blonde hair and a famous figure; and that the actress he is hired to kiss wanted him in the picture only because he made a handsome foil for her.

FRANCOT TONE

Robert Young

Joel McCrea

box-office popularity.

“When a cameraman photographs a star picture,” explains George Folsey, one of Hollywood’s finest cameramen, “he naturally has to concentrate upon the player who makes the money for the studio. If she is difficult to light, the others in the picture must be sacrificed to bring out her special points and hide her defects.

“Suppose that in a close-up she looks best under a soft, diffused light. And then suppose, as often is the case, that the leading man who appears in the close-up with her looks badly under that same lighting. Well, it’s just too bad for the leading man! The lighting must be soft and diffused. If it is too unbecoming to him, a little more of his face is turned away from the camera.”

The studio photographers who are getting the big money in Hollywood are those who make certain women stars look the best. It is only natural that they take care of their own futures by forgetting the comparatively unimportant leading man and making the all-powerful woman star look as gorgeous as possible. And when the young leading man discovers this, that old inferiority complex grows still bigger.

“When we build a picture around a star,” explains a famous director, who has made (Continued on page 86)
"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!!"

—JEAN HARLOW

You'd think Jean Harlow would like delicate salads, but she prefers spare ribs and sauerkraut any time. Jimmy Durante's passion is pie-crust, and Garbo munches crackers in bed. Don't fail to read this amusing lowdown on an appetizing subject—the food fads of the famous!

By Sonia Lee
Illustrations by George Shellhase

The cameras stopped grinding. A frantic director paced the set—and the assistant hastily re-arranged the shooting schedule. No more love scenes that day! Miriam Jordan had eaten an apple for lunch.

This isn't a cross-word puzzle. It isn't even a test of your intelligence. Idle cameras and a luncheon apple may seem to have no relation to each other on the surface, but they do when Warner Baxter's leading lady is unaware of his curious sensitiveness to certain foods—and their odors!

If you lunch with Warner Baxter, don't order fruit salad. As graciously as possible, he will excuse himself and find another table, if you do. He will look at you with pity if you go in for vegetables. And if he is your dinner guest, the perfect menu for him is onion soup, a steak, rare and very thick—a few French fried potatoes on the side, sour French bread, and home-made chocolate cake.

His life has been studded with many amusing incidents because of his food idiosyncrasies. His romance with Winifred Bryson, for example, almost suffered an untimely death because she appointed

Johnny Weissmuller could eat ice cream endlessly—as Lupe Velez discovered by having an endless supply put before him peared at the theatre where he was rehearsing, chewing a fruit-flavored gum. The romance was almost washed-up then and there. For the first time he doubted his wisdom in the choice of his future wife. Love took a somersault and very nearly landed flat.

He Leads a "Fruitless" Life

Warner Baxter hates all fruit; he can't stand the aroma of apples or bananas or oranges

Warner Baxter hates fruit—and he's suspicious of any dessert smothered in whipped cream. Jimmy Durante doesn't like pie filling, but goes for crust—including his neighbor's
or pears. And dire things happen when he tastes them by accident. During a dinner scene in a stage production some years ago, he sat down to the first course, presumably a shrimp cocktail. A prop man with a sense of humor made a bed of bananas and 3atured it with cocktail sauce. Warner took one bite and dashed off the stage, leaving his co-players to ad-lib an excuse for his precipitate exit. Not even the trouping spirit was enough to make him swallow the mouthful.

When he dines out, he can usually spot even camouflaged vegetables and fruit aspics. Occasionally, desserts smothered in whipped cream and fancy sauces have him fooled. And then he is very cautious. He approaches disguised dishes with care and with trepidation, and waits for his neighbor to sample the course, and then whispers, "What's that thing?" He prefers to pass a course by, rather than to break up a dinner party by an unannounced departure from the table.

Warner's concentration on a meat diet upsets the best theories about the balancing of food being essential to health. He is never ill — and rarely feels below par.

There are other stars who have strange food dislikes. Sylvia Sidney, for one, never eats butter. As a child she was a scrawny morsel, and her mother put large globs of butter on her bread. And one day Sylvia decided to make a meal of butter. She crammed spoonfuls of it into her mouth — and expected nice, beguiling curves to appear instantly. They didn't appear; and Sylvia's zest for butter was reduced in exact ratio with the amount she had eaten. From that day to this, Sylvia has never been able to recover her enthusiasm for it. She refuses to eat bread and butter — and vegetables sautéed in butter are passed up by her with considerable firmness.

The cabbage family is taboo as far as Otto Kruger is concerned. But give him a nice mushroom soup, a bit of fried chicken, a little salad and he's content.

As a matter of fact, most of the lovers of the screen have working-man appetites, with a laboring-man's devotion to meat and spuds and pie and cake. However, there are certain classic exceptions. The best known is George Arliss, who is an ardent vegetarian. He hasn't eaten meat for years — since he once saw animals being driven to slaughter.

Evelyn Venable, who became important overnight with her sensitive performance in "Death Takes a Holiday," has never even tasted meat. She has no conception of its flavors — nor of its difference from fruits and vegetables. She will eat nothing that has been cooked with meat or its by-products.

Another meat-avoider is Robert Montgomery. Occasionally, he will eat it in deference to a hostess. But he makes faces about it. His favorite menu is a salad of asparagus tips with a small mound of fruit in jelly, and a three-decker sandwich with raisin, Jack cheese and deviled egg fillings.

But to please Lionel Barrymore, bring on the "blood-red" roast beef, with a combination salad and top it off with a sweet cake or ice-cream or a frozen pudding. Meat that is the color of shoe-leather is his special abhorrence. And he won't eat it — neither at home nor when he is on his company manners.

You might think that Ramon Novarro would go for tamales. As it happens, it's his special dislike — even though Mexico is his home country. Conscientious admirers who send him unusual recipes for the delicacy might just as well save postage. And hostesses who would impress him must never say, "I know the most divine place for tamales."

(Continued on page 8.)
Why Garbo and Dietrich Lead Solitary Lives

If Garbo has a confidant, that confidant is Garbo-in-the-Looking-Glass. For she seeks few friendships—does not seem to need them.

Garbo is in love! Dietrich is in love! No, not with Rouben Mamoulian or Josef von Sternberg or Rudolf Sieber or John Gilbert or any of the gentlemen, transitory and otherwise, who have figured in the headlines concerning these two most famous and isolated foreigners. They are in love with—themselves!

Garbo's Great Love is—Garbo. Dietrich's Great Love is—Dietrich. Other fancies may come and go, other attractions may attract for a brief time, but none ever takes Greta or Marlene out of herself. Each continues on her solitary way. And solitude is sometimes the cause of a self-centered attitude toward life—and sometimes the result of such an attitude.

In their solitude, Garbo and Dietrich are seemingly lost, Narcissus-like, in their own reflections; other images are no more than shadows that touch the surface of their lives lightly and non-essentially. Their mirrors tell them all that the other images might like to tell them.

Consult M. Sigmund Freud, the father of modern psychology and he would tell you, I am sure, that when an individual becomes an eccentric, deviating from the herd and the habits and manners and customs of the herd, it is because that individual is an exhibitionist; it is because that individual profoundly and passionately believes his own individualism to be superior to and set apart from that of others.

Anyone has to be an exhibitionist to be an actor. But to be an eccentric is to be an exhibitionist of the first string. It is to cry aloud, "Look at me! Watch me! I am different! I am in the spotlight! I am separate from the rest of you. I do not do things as others do. I do not think as others think. I am curiouser and curiouser! I have detached myself from my fellow-men the better for you to see me, hear me, notice me!"

So much for the eccentric. The intrinsically modest and conservative individual, on the other hand, makes himself as inconspicuous as possible. And he does this by conforming to the herd in every way possible. He knows that if he adopts and wears the protective coloration of his fellow-men, he will go unremarked.

Not Like Other Stars

Garbo and Dietrich have, consistently, even passionately deviated from the herd. They have both been in Hollywood several years now, but never, self-consciously, of it. They do not do as the Norma Sheeers, Mary Pickfords, Joan Crawfords, and Miriam Hopkinses do. They remain away from all social contacts with their fellow-players.
When you go in for the solitary life, you are either self-centered in the first place or you get that way. That's what psychology says, anyway. What about it, Greta and Marlene?

No première ever is graced by Garbo; seldom by Dietrich. No social function is blessed by either great presence. Few persons have ever been vouchsafed a glimpse of Garbo, even on the M-G-M lot. When Dietrich is seen on the Paramount lot, she is attired so fantastically or so sumptuously that to say she is the cynosure of all eyes is to understage the matter pitifully. They entertain no one except a small, almost unknown group of friends who are, really, nothing but extensions of their own personalities.

They wear, in but slightly differing ways, the provocative mantle of mystery and elusiveness—the most provocative, the most publicity-stimulating garment in the world.

Garbo lives in her well-known and widely-publicized isolation. And by so doing she seats herself in the very center of the spotlight. If the curious happen to find out where she is living, what high walls and massive shrubbery surround the Swedish jewel—and they do find out, of course, as small children have a way of finding hidden Christmas gifts—she immediately moves to another hideaway and the hunters are again in pursuit.

Garbo will not grant interviews to the Garbo-starved members of the press. The result is that she is besieged as she would never be if she courteously accorded stories in the normal run of things. As it is, she has evolved the greatest publicity value of any star in pictures. She attracts more attention, more reporters and photographers, more hopeful scoopers and would-be scoopers than she could ever manage to achieve if she stood on a high hill and delivered a valedictory.

Garbo’s Refusal to Talk

Photographers crawl under bushes in attempts to record her at her sun-bathing. When she is in New York, reporters trap her in elevators, try to bribe chambermaids to admit them to her suite, pursue her in taxicabs, and weigh down the gang-planks of outgoing ships—playing a game with her, modes as to be instantly, constantly marked. She wears a mannish overcoat and an old beret or slouch hat. She uses no make-up. She goes about with limply uncurled hair. And these, friends—and foes, if any—these, too, are signs and portents of a great self-love. Psychology says so.

It used to be thought that women who spend hours in front of their mirrors, beautifying their faces, fussing with their hair, trying on one gown and then another, laboring with permanent waves and marcelles and all the what-nots of women—it used to be thought that these were the vain ones, the conceited sisters. Psychology has disproved that.

The ones who titivate and primp are, actually, the modest ones, the ones who suffer from inferiority. They are not satisfied with themselves; they are doing all in their pathetic power to improve on what doesn’t please them; what they fear will please no one else. It is those of us who clap on an old hat, eschew the beauty shops, and boycott the dressmaker who are supremely self-pleased, blandly unconscious of the fact that we may not be pleasing to others. Or so deeply entrenched in our own egotism that we don’t even care whether we please or not.

Garbo does not need companionship; she does not need the commonplace and comfortable rubbing of elbows with her fellow-mortals. She knows of no one she enjoys being with any more than she enjoys being with herself. She is self-sufficient.

Garbo reads all of the screen magazines, reads every word printed about herself. This much has been pretty well ascertained. And how intoxicating must be the knowledge that her neighbors, her discharged servants, her remotest acquaintances out of the past are seeing if they can make her talk. This frenzied avoidance of contact with intermediaries between herself and her public—this is exhibitionism in a mask, any psychologist would tell you. The reverse of it would be the mild amusement of one who finds that people want to talk to her and casually gives out such stories as are reasonable.

Off the screen, Garbo dresses, as everyone knows, with such marked dishabille and disregard of all feminine fripperies and
INTIMATE
News and Gossip
From Hollywood

Lee Tracy is plenty happy these days. His "exile" is ended, he's back on the screen by public demand in "I'll Tell the World," and his girlfriend, Isabel Jewell, stayed by him in trouble.

Ruth and George "Couldn't Agree"

WHENEVER Ruth Chatterton heads East for a vacation minus her husband, it's apparently a sign that the minus state is likely to be permanent. In the Summer of 1932, she went East without Ralph Forbes—and a divorce soon followed. A few weeks ago, after holidaying with George Brent at Palm Springs, she went East without him—and announcements of a separation followed pronto.

In New York, Ruth's secretary explained: "They found that two dominant personalities, engaged in motion picture work, could not agree in one family. The separation is amicable." All of which sounded reasonable enough to Hollywood. Then followed some strangely familiar words: "Neither Miss Chatterton nor Mr. Brent is thinking even of a legal separation, much less a divorce." The skeptics began offering bets, with few takers.

Exit the Husband Again

THUS ends one of the strangest domestic situations—if not the strangest—in Hollywood history. When Ruth was Mrs. Forbes, George was a welcome guest of both husband and wife; and when Ruth
Helen Twelvetrees, as a favor to producers, helped newcomer Hugh Williams try a screen test. And presto! the doors to big new careers opened for both of them in "All Men Are Enemies." became Mrs. Brent, Ralph was a welcome guest of both husband and wife. They explained that they were all "civilized" and, therefore, friends. Though it is strongly denied, Hollywood cannot rid itself of the ironical fancy that perhaps the mutual friendship of the ex-husband has gradually made an ex-husband of the mutual friend.

Ruth, who is planning a temporary return to the Broadway stage, is in seclusion at the Westchester home of Frances Starr. George, whose quarrel with Warner Brothers about a role he didn't want to play is all patched up, is sched-

uled for the picture, "Roadhouse."

Babes in the Hollywood

JUST what does it mean for a girl to be elected a Wampas Baby Star? Well, there was a time when it meant a great deal. It meant much ballyhoo, pictures in the papers, and genial nods from producers. Now, it means only ballyhoo and pictures in the papers. The producers aren't nodding at any beginners until they find out if they can act. And, anyway, the Wampas (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) aren't picking producers' favorites any more; this year, they served notice that they were going to give "recognition" to young lasses who are practically "unknowns."

If you know five out of the thirteen new baby starlets, you know more than most Hollywood insiders. How many of their monikers sound familiar to you? Here they are: Judith Arlen (no, not Judith Allen, who is already a featured player), Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Ann Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Jacqueline Wells, Katherine Williams. Alternates elected were: Jean Chatburn, Dorothy Granger, Naomi Judge, Leonore Keefe, Mary Kornman and Irene Ware.

Jogging Your Memory

Of the thirteen official Baby Stars, the only ones who have had much ballyhoo up to now are Helene Cohan, who is the daughter of George M. Cohan; Lucille Lund, who won the "All-American Girl" contest among college girls last year; and Jacqueline Wells, who has appeared in several horse operas (Westerns, to you).

Three of the six alternates—or half of them—are better known. Dorothy Granger, who grew up on a Maine farm, was the realistic city girl of "As the Earth Turns"; Irene
Gloria Dodging Divorce?

GOSSIP still insists that Gloria Swanson's marriage to Michael Farmer is on the well-known rocks and that her interest is elsewhere. Gloria and Michael still insist that it isn't — yet. And insiders opine that it won't be, publicly, until Gloria has re-established herself on the screen; it's good business to avoid divorce headlines right now—especially when the headlines would be the fourth of the same variety for Gloria. So don't be too surprised if she remains "happily married" for the next year or so, at least—even if she "can't live without work," and even if her young husband can't abide being in Hollywood when she is working. For several weeks, he has been abroad, where their young daughter, Bridget Michele Farmer, is safe from kidnap threats.

Heading Away from Round-Ups

ONE more Western star has left the fast-thinning ranks of the hard-ridin', straight-shootin' boys. Tom Keene, who started life as George Duryea, has taken off his chaps for the last time to play the dramatic lead in King Vidor's saga of the depression, "Our Daily Bread," for which he took off twenty-two pounds in a month and spent a preparatory period with a stock company. For the last five years, Tom Keene has received twice as many fan letters a week at RKO-Radio as Connie Bennett. And, though few knew of the pictures he was making, he was the big box-office bet of his lot.

The Girl Who "Knew" Leslie

LESLIE HOWARD, sitting on a stool at the RKO lunch counter, was amazed to hear the two "extra" girls next to him talking about the Howards.

"Oh, yes," one of them was saying, "Leslie and Ruth are very dear and old friends of mine. Why, I'm at their house often for the weekday!"

Impressed, the other girl uttered sounds of admiration that died away in a gasp as she suddenly nudged her friend, pointing to their neighbor. Smallish, freckled, wearing big horn-rimmed glasses, Leslie Howard is not always recognized, but the hapless girl who "knew him so well" knew who he was, all right. Her face registered horror, which changed to relief as he leaned forward genially, nodded and said matter-of-factly, without a trace of facetious irony:

"Yes, indeed. But haven't you been neglecting us lately? Haven't seen you out at the house for some time?"

(Continued on page 103)
Don’t Laugh at Dreams! Jean Parker Didn’t!

This is the dramatic true story of a girl who once had nothing, and now has “everything”—because she believed in her dreams!

By JERRY LANE

This is one of those true, throbbing human dramas that reach beyond the fantasy of fiction, that should give any girl fresh hope during those dismal it-never-can-happen-to-me moods. “Anything can happen,” says Jean Parker, “if you’ll just keep on dreaming...”

She should know, this slender, blue-eyed young thing. She ran a sixteen-year endurance race with hardship—and won. Through dreams. They were her escape from a sordid reality almost too ugly to imagine.

Three is an age that should be filled with golden first impressions for a baby. For Jean, they were filled with shadows. She hid in them during heated family quarrels that hurt her more than they frightened her. She began to understand things not good for children to understand—the passions and fears and pettiness of grown-ups. There was the tall, dark man who was her father, so much older than the pretty mother who had been barely sixteen when Jean was born. Somehow, Jean felt it was up to her to protect that child-mother.

The feeling grew during the black days following her parents’ divorce. There was an infant sister to look after, too. And precious little money. And then, strangely, there was a person she was told to call “papa.” A rugged, friendly person who took her on his knee and peered into the small, serious face. She adored him. He understood. They would stand hand in hand, silently watching the blue lights on the mountains. She could tell him about the books she wanted to write, the pictures she wanted to paint... (Continued on page 90)
Do Radio Stars Stand a Chance in the Movies?

By William F. French

Is Lanny Ross, radio's newest singing pride, disregarding danger signals in entering the movies? Other radio stars—such as Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Kate Smith, the Two Black Crows and Donald Novis—have found that Hollywood can be Heart-Break Town; they went there with high hopes of adding to their popularity and left with worries. But Lanny doesn't think that is going to happen to him. In fact, he is sure of it!

"When I accepted this screen offer," explains Lanny, "my sponsors in New York came to me with long faces. 'Lanny,' they said, 'you're going out to make a film in Hollywood. That means you are going to give up your broadcast for us and that we probably won't see you any more.'

"From their fears for my safety, you would have thought that I was going into the wilds of Africa to hunt lions with a pea-shooter. I told them, however, that I didn't intend to stay in Hollywood and that I wanted to come back East and continue with my broadcasting.

"But supposing pictures do the same thing to you that they've done to so many other radio stars?" they asked. My personal friends added their appeal. They said: 'Don't go to Hollywood, Lanny; they'll 'kill' you out there.'

"But I want to remark, right now, that if the pictures 'kill' me, they will do it by hard work; certainly not because they intentionally set about to do it. Personally, I think the rumor that the picture studios are putting radio stars into bad pictures in order

Some say yes, like Lanny Ross; and others say no. A few have made hits in Hollywood; but more have been disappointments. And why? Is it all accidental—or have the movies been taking revenge on the radio?

Rudy Vallee (left) had cause to regret his first movie

People were staying home from the movies to listen to Amos (near right) 'n' Andy (second at right)—until they made a picture. Then the future died down. Did Hollywood expect that to happen?

The Treatment He Received

"This studio has treated me wonderfully. When I got out here, they said the place was mine. They even wrapped me up in cotton padding, so to speak. They wrote me a good story and gave me everything I could possibly want. I couldn't ask for finer treatment. They made it possible for me to continue with my broadcasting
from here, too, and they have shown me every consideration. I can't see how the picture, 'Melody in Spring,' can be anything but a boost for me. 

"Of course, Rudy Vallee told me he didn't get the breaks he should have had in his first film—that he didn't have a chance. Naturally, I've heard other stories of studios hurting radio stars—but I can't believe an air favorite could be "killed" by one picture.

"It was too bad that pictures hurt Kate Smith, because she is a grand person. I think her voice is perfect for the air—and her tremendous popularity should return. It was different with Jack Pearl. His unusual appeal was so great that it simply could not continue at that height. For eight weeks everybody listened to Pearl—and his popularity was simply too unusual to continue to that extent.

"Then there is another side to the question. Not all radio stars have film personalities. Many stars are popular on the air because of some little trick or little characteristic. When put in a picture with other attractions and a lot of plot, their little characteristic or catch-line or trick gets lost in the shuffle. I am not preparing an alibi, and I want to say now that if I don't make good in pictures, it will be my own fault, not that of the studio, the director, the cameraman, the cutter, or motion pictures at large.

Sees Big Future for Singers

"MUSIC is in pictures to stay, and when one sees what a great box-office attraction Bing Crosby is, and what a future there is in pictures for singers, it's hard to believe that studios would intentionally kill off such box-office attractions—even if radio programs do hurt theatre attendance and if most of the big radio stars are on the air just at the time of evening when movie theatres should draw their largest patronage."

So there's no doubt about it—this enthusiastic young man, who sent himself through Yale (Rudy Vallee's alma mater) by taking laundry orders, believes in pictures. And he regards his youth, confidence, ability, popularity, and family traditions; for his father was a Shakespearean actor and his mother a fine musician—Pavlova's accompanist, in fact. His success on Yale's track team is ample proof that he has the stamina and "heart" to carry on, and ample promise that he will give the best he has in him.

But the quiet half-hour I spent with Lanny Ross in the sunshine of Paramount's lot brings to mind another scene and (Continued on page 96)
6. BING CROSBY reveals a romance in his life that almost had a tragic ending

This dramatic, never-told-before true story—this new glimpse of Bing Crosby—is the sixth and last, for the time being, of "Untold Secrets of the Stars." And, like the secrets that Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett and Sylvia Sidney have revealed for the first time in MOTION PICTURE, the experience that Bing relates is one that he will never forget, one that you will long remember.

Editor.

BING CROSBY told me, "When a girl is in love with a flesh-and-blood man, that's normal and there are apt to be normal consequences. When a girl is in love with a voice, disembodied, that's abnormal and there are apt to be abnormal consequences. I KNOW. I've had such an experience. It went on for five years and though the girl and I never met during the whole five years—never met at all until a few months ago—I'm here to tell you that it nearly wrecked her life and caused me more sleepless nights than any ordinary love worry ever did.

"It began with a fan letter, or letters. I always swore I'd never talk about it. I'd keep it a secret. I should, perhaps. On the other hand, it may do some good—check and double-check other girls who let themselves go off on these feverish flights of fancy to the detriment of their own real lives.

"I can't tell you the girl's name, of course. We'll call her Frances; that's near enough. It all began about five years ago, when I was just beginning to be known a bit on the air and my fan mail was beginning to come in. At first I didn't take Frances' letters very seriously. When she asked for an autographed picture, I sent her one. It was all routine. When she made requests for special songs—'I Surrender,' 'The Thrill Is Gone' and 'Just One More Chance' were her favorites—I sang them for her when I could, in the routine fashion. I had more time, in those days, to pay personal attention to fan mail, or

(Continued on page 78)
Sweet and Sensitive—
and a Movie

PHENOMENON

Evelyn Venable baffles Hollywood. She doesn’t flaunt youthful sex appeal on the screen, and off the screen she has a chaperon! Yet no girl has a career more promising. What other ingénue could have given such reality to the sensitive rôles she played in "Cradle Song" and "Death Takes a Holiday"? Through "Double Door," she now steps into melodrama and mystery.
Ever since "Movie Crazy," Harold Lloyd has been toying with the idea of leaving off his horn-rimmed specs and changing his screen character of a wistful, comically desperate go-getter. But in "The Cat's-Paw" he's still looking at the world—a bit bewilderedly—through tortoise-shell glasses. (After all, those glasses are his trade-mark.) This time, though, the screen's foremost exponent of good, clean hilarity isn't a Grandma's Boy type; he's the son of a missionary in China, where adventure has a habit of happening. And for the first time he has a well-known comédienne for his leading lady—namely, Una Merkel, to whom the rôle is a great hit.
Edward G. Robinson is scheduled to play the Little Corporal who dreamed of conquering the world. Hollywood says that he demanded the role, that he has a Napoleonic complex. But he says he's one of the few people who don't have one. Are YOU listening?

Edward G. Robinson told me, "I'm sorry to disappoint Hollywood, but the fact is that I have not got a Napoleonic complex. I never have had. I've never even thought about it. I'm entirely too lazy for anything so strenuous. I'm even too lazy to make up a good lie about it and pretend to have one.

"It wasn't I who suggested that I play the part of Bonaparte. Even if I had thought about it, or if Gladys, my wife, had thought about it for me, as she thinks of so many things—even then I doubt that I would have suggested it at the studio. It would have looked like too much exertion.

"The Warner Brothers thought about it for me. And I'm like that—if anyone lays a script in my lap and says, 'Here it is, go to it!' my mind starts to work on it—and I'm off. I'm not mentally lazy, I'm just physically.

"Gladys has often suggested, for instance, that I play Beethoven. I've no doubt that this is a very good idea and if it ever gets beyond the idea stage, I shall probably do it. But the motivation will not come from me.

"I've told you before that part of my life has been dedicated to the planning of as lazy a life physically as I can manage for myself. I have told you that I once thought of becoming a school-teacher so that I could have week-ends to myself and long summer vacations. And that the screen appealed to me more than the stage because I'd have longer lay-offs, I hoped, between pictures and no steady night work to do.

"No, I'm sorry. I haven't wanted to play Napoleon. I never even turned the idea over in my mind. I have never wanted to

(Continued on page 88)
The Jewell

Adorning the Movies

A brilliant jewel (with one I) sparkles like a star, and the same can be said of the brilliant Isabel Jewell (with two I's). Once told by producers that she wasn't a movie type, she now "steals" one picture after another—and makes them like it. In quick succession, you will see her sparkle in "Let's Be Ritzy," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man"
Dick Powell beats even Chevalier to wearing the first straw hat of the season — which makes him a sartorial leader, besides a lad who leads lasses into romance with a song and a smile. He's heading for some airy heights, starring in both "Rhythm in the Air" and rhythm ON the air. And with Ruby Keeler in "Dames"

"Two Boys Who Are Doing Well By Themselves"

No actor leads Lyle Talbot in the number of leading roles he played last year. Seventeen is the figure, and it's a record. When an actor can play that many roles — all big ones, and all different — in one year, he has what it takes to be a star. He's zooming upward fast now in "Fog Over 'Frisco" and "Return of the Terror."
Jean Harlow's hair is startling in its luxurious whiteness—and so is her new home, which harmonizes with it. In the dining room (top), for example, the chairs are white, upholstered in old rose velvet. (Soft pastel shades set off the white everywhere.) The wide entrance hall (above) features a curving white staircase and a bright glimpse of the white sun room beyond—which you see in close-up at the left.
when she built her own home, she planned a house in white, too—to harmonize. And in that house other blondes—and brunettes and redheads, as well—will find things they would like to adapt to their own surroundings.

In the old days, French marquises wore startling spun-white wigs to set off daringly their youth and beauty. Perhaps that is why, while Jean's new home is Georgian outside, it is coquettishly French within, reminiscent of a vanished era that was rich in romance and leisure—but modernized to match the personality of a girl who vividly mirrors the emotions of 1934.

As you step into the wide entrance hall, you face a gracious curving staircase and have a glimpse into a sun room beyond. On the right is the salon. Other actresses may have living rooms—or drawing rooms. But Jean Harlow (who was only twenty-three last March) has a salon, a beautifully proportioned room running from the front to the back of the house, with the further end an immense bow window, framing a view of green turf and flowers in an old-fashioned garden.

Jean usually prefers to keep the pearl-colored satin draperies drawn across this wide window to give the room subtle shadows without the intrusion of too much brilliant California sunshine. All the windows in the house, like those of Carole Lombard, have Venetian blinds, which shade a room without plunging it into semi-gloom. They would add a touch of luxury to any room. (Their cost isn't prohibitive, either, and they last a lifetime.)

The entire effect of this room is one of pale tints—so pale as to be almost white. You are surrounded by ice-green walls, you tread on velvet carpet of the faintest gray-green shade, you look upon white furniture upholstered in café au lait (the color of coffee with lots and lots of heavy cream, if you want the translation). A white bearskin rug lies before the carved marble mantel, between two love seats in brocaded damask, which hold just two people comfortably—and intimately—and face each other. The grand piano is painted a green so light as to be just off-white.

Not so Expensive as It Looks

Jean's salon looks as costly as a room in the Petit Trianon. Oddly enough, it isn't. That is due to her mother's cleverness. For nearly a year the young and pretty Mrs. Bello went to auctions and explored antique shops and second-hand stores in search of the furnishings in the room—and every piece in the room testifies to her gift for period design and knowledge of color and lines. Though most of the carved cabinets, small enameled side tables and (Continued on page 98)
Without any tumult or shouting, she was brought to Hollywood—and personality has done for her what publicity sometimes does for newcomers; it has made her loom large on the movie horizon after only two pictures. Likened at first to both Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead, she proves her individuality, charm and dramatic talent in "I Believed in You" and "Too Many Women"
Did You Ever See Another Grin like Joe E. Brown's?

Well, just look below. Four-year-old Gordon Evans looks more like the comic with the wondrous oral cavity than any of Joe E.'s own children do. His ears point at the same angle, and are similarly in danger of being engulfed by the same broad grin—which makes the same kind of crinkles around the same laughing, half-shut eyes. He even has the same part in his hair. And he was to play Joe as a young boy in "The Circus Clown"—but he got too excited to act!
Don’t let Hollywood change you,
Elizabeth Bergner!

SAW you the other afternoon, Elizabeth Bergner. In a small, dark projection room at the United Artists Studio, I saw you play “Catherine the Great.” Held spellbound by that esoteric dramatic wisdom that is yours, I learned why Hollywood had called to you. And I wondered what Hollywood would do to you. I wondered if you ought not to be warned of the dangers ahead of you.

Because you have that rare thing called genius, you have felt one of the tentacles of the octopus called Hollywood. And the tentacle was in the form of a flattering contract. For Hollywood is a clever octopus, and it never fails to recognize genius in any country. But what it does fail to do is to allow genius to be genius. It always wants to change it in some way.

When Hollywood saw you play Catherine—“Little Catherine,” Peter calls you—the shy, awkward German cousin who loves the mad Grand Duke and marries him and waits two long years for him to notice her, and then, when she does find love, must have her heart torn out of her by the necessity of choosing between her lover and her children, the people of Russia . . . when Hollywood, Little Catherine, saw that pure, omnipotent gesture of genius, it couldn’t help calling you, offering you a fortune to cross the ocean, to come to the capital of the cinema world.

And Hollywood will bring you across the ocean and subject you to a microscopic, piercing scrutiny and then set about to change you, as it has changed—or attempted to change—all the foreign stars (and the domestic ones, too, for that matter) who have signed away life, love and liberty for the privilege of making motion pictures.

And so, Little Catherine, this is a warning—and a plea—to keep your individuality, to guard the integrity of your genius, and to refuse utterly to be imprisoned in the Hollywood mold.

Little Catherine, when you come to Hollywood, be careful of your SELF. Don’t let them put you through the star-manufacturing machine and pull you out merely a carbon copy of every other star in this crazy town. Don’t let

(Continued on page 76)
Popular Hollywood Designs

628—As young and dashing as Bennett is this Hollywood Pattern. It's cool, summery, yet brimful of style. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. The price is only 15c.

637—Every movie-wise girl knows the fresh look blouses give to her wardrobe. Both of these come in one Hollywood Pattern. For sizes 14 to 42. Price, 15c.

41—One way to be ready for fun is to take plenty of these in-sports frocks. The pattern is for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38 and costs just 15c.

MOTION PICTURE'S HOLLYWOOD PATTERN SERVICE • GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Please find enclosed cents for Hollywood Patterns.
No. Size

Hollywood Pattern Book 10c if purchased with a Pattern, 15c if ordered alone.
Name
Address
Let's Go Swimming—in Hollywood Style!

As soon as the weather is suit-able, the suit that Toby Wing (below) will take to the beach is red, divided into diamond squares by diagonal lines of white. And considering that this dancing starlet is not only blonde, but platinum blonde, the effect is startling!

While shorts will be longer this summer, swim suits will continue to be short—for body freedom in swimming—like Grace Bradley's (right). This promising newcomer has one of the new tweed-knit suits, with belt and shoulder straps that have elasticity.

Ida Lupino (center) can't bear to put on a wet, cold bathing suit (who CAN?)—so when one suit is damp, she dons her "spare" one. The top suit is of the new silk knit, smooth and light, in two shades of red. Sitting on the life preserver, she is wearing a figured wool suit in blue and gray.
The simpler the suit, the better for swimming, says Barbara ("Snoony") Blair, right, who is deserting radio studios for movie studios — and California beaches, where "umbrella" hats keep heads cool.

There's a little bit of pirate in all of us, but few of us ever express it — as Ann Dvorak does at the right, bound for the beach in search of a golden complexion. Her trunks have a rope for a belt; her pencil-striped brassiere top has a halter neck; and her cap has a buccaneerish nonchalance.

Patricia Ellis (above) wears a "cutaway" suit that allows freedom of action — and plenty of room for a healthy tan. Patricia

Repeal made Americans Scotch-conscious again — and the "Highland fling" influence is extending even to bathing suits. Frances Drake (left), for example, wears trunks of gay red and white plaid, topped with a jersey of dark red.
Menjou voted the best-dressed man of the screen? "It's injustice; it's humbugmiliation!" opines Jimmy Durante. For when a Durante can dress up enough to take attention away from his Schnozzle—well, that's called snappy dressing. Lupe Velez says so. And Lupe ought to know, being closer to him these days than the lighted end of his cigar. In fact, it looks as if they're becoming a comedy team. They were together in "Palooka"; and they're together again in "The Hollywood Party" and "Strictly Dynamite." She'd almost rather "fight" with the comic-who-slaughters-ten-dollar-words than with Johnny Weissmuller.

**JIMMY, the Well-Dressed Man—and**

**LUPE, the Much-Impressed Lady**
Ben Bernie — the Old Maestro — Is Now a Movie Star
(He Hopes You'll Like Him!)

Above, a close-up of Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro of melody, who says he went to Hollywood because the doctor ordered him to rest in some quiet place. Right, the "quiet" welcome he received.

By Robert Fender

Yowzah! Ben Bernie and all the lads are now in Hollywood, where the Old Maestro utters a bit of a tweet-tweet about himself, these here movies, and Walter Winchell.

"How did you happen to come out here, Ben?" I asked Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro" of radio, as we deserted his lads on "The Great Magoo" set for a little chat.

"I thought you were headed for Florida again this trip."

Ben wangled his cigar into position 6432B and drawled, "I heard Winchell was in Florida. So I changed my plans and came here. Anyway, I'm under contract to Florida. I'm an orange-taster by trade, so they hired me to do a little sleuthing in California. My job is to taste the oranges here and then say, 'Oh boy, but you should eat a Florida orange.' I get good dough just for doing that."

"What's Winchell doing in Florida?"

"He's a spy, too. He represents the California Citrus Belt. I deal in oranges. He deals in lemons. That comes natural to him. He has been doing that ever since he started managing himself. His job in Florida is to plant germs in their grapefruit. Which reminds me. I just wrote Walter a post-card. I wrote, 'Having a fine time; wish you were dead.'"

"I came out here for a couple of other reasons, too. I thought someone ought to accept Mae's invitation of 'Go West, young man.' Mae's a great gal, you (Continued on page 100)"
THE WINNERS of 1933
—as Described by
WILL ROGERS
(The Kidder)

Will's barbed wit had a field day when he was asked to hand out the awards for the best picture work of 1933. Hollywood took it on the chin—and liked it!

THE AWARDS

Best picture of 1933—"Cavalcade"
Best direction—Frank Lloyd, for "Cavalcade"
Best performance, actor—Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth"
Best performance, actress—Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory"
Best original story—Robert Lord, for "One-Way Passage"
Best adaptation—Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman, for "Little Women"
Best photographer—Charles Lang, with "A Farewell to Arms"
Best art direction—William Darling, for "Cavalcade"
Best shorts—Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs," RKO'S "So This Is Harris" and Educational's "Krakatoa"

That Louis B. Mayer is president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Harry Cohn, president of Columbia; and Winfield Sheehan, vice-president and general manager of Fox Film and, incidentally, Rogers' own boss means no more to the comedian than does the name of Ohara, a Japanese gardener at Fox Studios. Rogers is more likely to poke fun at a movie executive than he is at Ohara.

The yearly awards of the pompous Academy are usually accompanied by much dull speech-making and many yawns. This year the awarding of the gold statuettes was accompanied by typical Rogers drolleries.

The ballot boxes for 1933 voting were not closed until after some nine hundred of the industry's most

By JACK GRANT

WILL ROGERS was in rare form on the evening of the annual awards banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. After he discovered that his remarks were not to be broadcast over the radio, he let loose barbed shafts of wit that no one except Will would have dared to utter. Rogers is a privileged character—he can speak his mind without offense by coating his remarks with inimitable humor. No personality in the national political world, from the President of the United States down, is safe from the Rogers Witticisms. What is more amazing, however, to Hollywood is the fact that no one in the motion picture industry is sacred!
Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" (right) was voted the best actress of 1933. In her absence, runners-up May Robson and Diana Wynyard stole the show at the Academy dinner.

Will Rogers, wearing "the only comfortable suit in the house," handed out the Academy's gold statuettes. He urged Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman (right) to divide theirs while still happily married. He gave director Frank Capra (below) a lily. He gave kind words to Diana Wynyard—with Clive Brook (lower right). And kidded art director William Darling (bottom) for his sumptuous sets.

prominent members had dined in the huge banquet hall at the Ambassador Hotel. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the president of the Academy, J. Theodore Reed, rose to announce that the auditors, a firm of accountants hired for the occasion, had completed their count.

"And it is now my pleasure to present the man who will officiate in awarding the statuettes," Reed continued. "You all know him. He is none other than America's Ambassador Extraordinary...."

Whatever Reed said after that was completely drowned in the applause. The crowd needed no further identification and Will Rogers walked to the rostrum, chewing gum and hanging his head in characteristic bashfulness, grinning self-consciously.

"I've never been to one of these shindigs before," he began.

"I was sorta scared away by the name—the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. It sounds mighty impressive for a business I have always considered just a racket at best... 'Arts and Sciences' sure sounds swell. But, somehow, I am reminded of the kind of feller who shouts 'I'm a gentleman.' That feller is always afraid you won't find it out for yourself, so he tells you right away.

"Then, again, I've sorta considered these affairs as simply Louis B. Mayer dinners. I like 'Louie B.' and they serve good food at his dinners. But being just a poor Democrat from Fox, I figured I'd feel like a gate-crasher... Funny how times change. Used to be all you saw was pictures of 'Louie B.' coming out of the White House. Pictures in the rotogravure, I mean. That's a word I learned from the popular song."

And Rogers sang

"You're sure
To be in the rotogravure."

(Continued on page 60)
The Picture

No Greater Glory
A Miniature "All Quiet"

An "All Quiet" on a miniature scale—this is recommendation indeed. It's no preaching against war, but it does tell a message in the manner in which Frank Borzage, the director, pours his juvenile characters into a mold that stands for cannon fodder. He paints the reactions of two rival gangs of German youngsters toward the warfare of their elders. His idea transcends the typical gang scraps.

To do this, he uses the simple story of the weakening who longs to be an "officer" in his gang's army, and who in the end dies for his loyalty, happy in the title of "captain" he has won.

The picture is done with sympathy and understanding. The heart appeal registers from the very moment when the pathetic little figure of George Breakston appears on the screen. The spectator senses with oppressiveness the tragedy in store for the youngster.

Highlights: The sick boy being honored by his comrades and his fever-born visions of the glory he must attain.

(Columbia)

You're Telling Me
Fields Tries Hard, But -

W., C. Fields—now a star—has to be mighty good to carry such a collection of antique jokes, worn but reliable situations and familiar gags as those that make up the story of "I'm Telling You."

And W., C. Fields is good. But hearty laughter becomes distressed toward the end during the interminable efforts of the silk-hatted Fields to extricate himself from a pie, tissue paper, hard-boiled eggs and other impediments before he knocks off the first ball on the town's new golf course. Larry Crabbe and Joan Marsh are personable as the lovers separated by the social dividing line of the railroad tracks. Adrienne Ames, as a democratic princess, wears some attractive costumes.

Highlights: A scene in which the inventor of the puncture-proof tire shoots out the tires of a police car which has been parked on the spot where he left his own car. An attempted suicide on a train.

(LPARAMOUNT)

Let's Be Ritzy
Kidding Newlyweds in a New Way

The human weakness that inspires men and women to try to seem what they are not is always good for a laugh, even if it is on ourselves. Into this simple little tale of a boy and a girl who fall in love and marry with no assets except their two small salaries, unbounded ambition and a pretty faculty for pretending, many onlookers will read their own story. They will sympathize with their desperate pretenses.

The cluttered plot offers few chances to Patricia Ellis as Ruth and Lew Ayres as Jimmie, her husband, to prove that they are anything except young and good to look at. Frank McHugh, as the well-intentioned, but meddlesome "Voice of the Great White Way," and Isabel Jewell, as his sweetheart who has been waiting for ten years for him to marry her, furnish most of the laughs.

Highlights: The party where all the social celebrities turn out to be crooks and underworld characters endeavoring to cheat the cheaters.

(UNIVERSAL)

Meology in Spring
Just a Setting for Lanny Ross

Motivated entirely by musical comedy emotions, this singing story of young love against a background of apple blossoms is too light for a heavy analysis. But it does serve to introduce a new hero, recruited from the radio, whose voice is well-suited to screen love songs—Lanny Ross, personable, painstalkingly pleasant and obviously embarrassed in his new medium. He has the personality; all he needs is screen practice—and a story.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, as the parents of his sweetheart (Ann Sothern), are amusing; and Ann, herself, is charming and piquant. But they all seem a trifle lost in a plot that relies on gags, scenic backdrops and one really good song, "Melody in Spring," to get by.

Highlights: The moment when Ruggles, as Blodgett, manufacturer of Blodgett's Dog Biscuits and collector of antique souvenirs, is bested by his would-be son-in-law atop an Alpine Peak.

(PARAMOUNT)
Parade
RIPTIDE

SMOOTHLY and suavely played, impressively staged and directed without sentimentality, this story of conventions on a holiday, which come home dragging their tabloid tales behind them, goes Norma Shearer another chance at the brittle, well-groomed characterization that brought her stardom. Three highly civilized people (played by Norma, Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery) carry off a scandal in the modern manner, with primitive emotions threatening to break through the veneer at every moment.

The story asks: if a husband remembers a time when a flirtation didn't stop with a kiss, is he justified in suspecting his wife ever afterward? Norma (returning to the screen after a year-and-a-half absence) is poised and beautiful, if a trifle cold, as the wife with a past; Robert Montgomery is at his best in a carefree role; and Herbert Marshall steals the picture completely by his capacity to suffer as a gentleman.

Highlights: The final scene, which switches unexpectedly from tragedy to happiness, but not in time to save the women of the audience. The two meetings between Marshall and Montgomery, fairly thunderous with unsaid things. The scene in which Norma, leaving her home forever, asks the nurse about her baby's birthday party. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

PERFORMANCES
YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

NORMA SHEARER, HERBERT MARSHALL and ROBERT MONTGOMERY in "Riptide"
RUTH CHATTERTON and ADOLPHE MENJOU in "Journal of a Crime"
JOHN BARRYMORE and CAROLE LOMBARD in "Twentieth Century"
WALLACE BEERY and HENRY WALTHALL in "Viva Villa"
ALINE MACMAHON and PAUL KELLY in "A Woman in Her Thirties"
OTTO KRUGER in "Crime Doctor"
GEORGE BREKSKIN in "No Greater Glory"

JOURNAL OF A CRIME
Orchids to Ruth and Adolphe!

THIS is one of the best Ruth Chatterton pictures in several years—partly because it offers legitimate excuse for the curious, secretive brand of Chatterton emotionalism; partly because the dialogue has been more carefully contrived to suit the Chatterton personality than usual; and partly (very large partly) because Adolphe Menjou is the Parisian husband who suspects his wife of the murder of his mistress.

Menjou does a splendidly, well-sustained piece of character work, more subtle than suave. The battle of wits between the woman who has committed a murder with which the audience thoroughly sympathizes and the man who tries to trap her into confessing it in the years that follow is absorbing and authentic drama. The climax and ending are logical, and too brilliant to disclose.

Highlights: The moment when the husband traps his wife. The infinitely touching ending. (Warner Brothers)

A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES
Here's Life—and Great Acting

HERE is a story so simple, so quietly natural that it will not get the credit for being the skillful piece of acting that it is. Or perhaps we should say, "pieces of acting." The honors are evenly divided between Paul Kelly, as the sailor who quivers to the sound of a boat whistle in the harbor, and Aline MacMahon, as the wife who makes allowances for him and understands him even when he breaks her heart.

Without glamorous backgrounds or lovely clothes or violent action, this story of two human beings seeing it through is a really great little picture. Ann Dvorak and Helen Lovell do sincere work in their lesser roles. Aline MacMahon proves that the average woman, not so young, not so beautiful, may still be the heroine of romance.

Highlights: Paul Kelly swaggering about his son. The look of incredible joy on Aline MacMahon's face as he comes back to her. (Warner Brothers)

CRIME DOCTOR
Something Tricky in Triangles

THIS is a cleverly-worked-out, but undeniable tricky picture. Otto Kruger makes a famous detective almost unbearably poignant; Nils Asther makes an innocent man, grilled as a murderer, a human being in agony; and Karen Morley makes the emotions of both men plausible.

The husband who has unravelled so many murder mysteries conceives of a "perfect crime" with his rival sure to be convicted. Otto Kruger's personality is so sympathetic that you hope desperately that the real criminal will never be found and draws a breath of relief at the twist in the ending that saves the man with the most sensitive mouth on the screen.

Highlights: The midnight scene in the wife's bedroom where she confesses her love for another man while the husband tries to realize the breaking up of his world. The execution of the "perfect crime" with grim fascination. The changing expressions of Otto Kruger's face. (RKO-Radio)

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

TWENTIETH CENTURY
See It—And Laugh Your Head Off

THIS is an epic of the artistic temperament. John Barrymore as Oscar Jaffe, volcanic and eccentric theatrical producer, gives an impromptu portrait of several actual stage maestros. He takes a completely dumb, but beautiful woman and by sheer creative genius makes her into a great actress, only to have her desert him when she attains success.

Carole Lombard, as the actress, matches the Barrymore outbursts and the frantic quarrelling and equally frantic make-up of this pair provide some of the most hypnotically funny scenes ever screened.

Highlights: The scene at the beginning where the producer, quivering with ill-suppressed exasperation, draws chalk marks to show his dumb "discoveries" where to put her feet in a scene. The episode at the end where the producer, still trembling with fury, draws chalk marks to show the now-famous star her place. (Columbia)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 99)
COMING PICTURES
That You Will See

Do you know what new pictures are coming—what they're about—what players are in them? We're tipping you off, taking you inside the studios, looking over all the pictures now in production!

If you're interested in movies, you're anxious to know what pictures to be looking for. That's why we originated this department last month. We're out to give you the news of pictures in the making—tell you what players you will see in them and what the stories are about, and give you brief highlights of happenings during production.

Take this tour of the lots and you'll get an advance idea of pictures you might want to see. Then later, MOTION PICTURE'S frank reviews will tell you which ones are worth seeing, when completed. Follow both of these departments and you'll be up on your movies!—Editor.

W E'LL start right where we left off last month. Remember? We promised to tell you about the Fox picture in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are reunited. Then the tentative shooting title was "The World is Ours." Now it is being called "Change of Heart."

By JACK GRANT

Take a look at Warren William's trick haircut as Julius Caesar in "Cleopatra"—and then read how it almost caused a studio war.

days. Then came their big love scene. The tension vanished.

As played, this should be the highlight of the picture. It is a departure from ordinary scenes of the sort, inasmuch as it combines comedy with romance. Charlie speaks his love while Janet lathers his face and shaves him. It was a real beard by their knowledge of the gossip, they were under a slight, but noticeable strain during the first few days.

Ginger Rogers and James Dunn have the other two important roles in this story of four California college graduates whose marital ventures in New York become frightfully tangled.

There was a great deal of unfounded speculation as to whether or not Janet and Charlie would work together as well as they did before their professional separation. Made self-conscious by their knowledge of the

Faced by the baffling Warner Oland, Ronald Colman has to think fast in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" (left).

that Charlie grew, going unshaved for more than a week. Director John G. Blystone insisted upon a stubble of whiskers— he wanted Charlie to wince when the razor pulled. He did.

Janet had never before handled a razor. She had to be taught while the subject-to-be-barbered lay in bed, regarding
Gary Cooper, who has hardly been out of uniforms for the past year, wears a Civil War outfit as Marion Davies' co-star in the spy story, "Operator 13" (below) awaited impatiently by Hollywood, New York and London.

The day we visited the set, there was a heated debate going on—whether to tell or not to tell. It seems that a revision in the script called for Rogers to wear a leopard skin over pink silk tights for a masquerade ball. They hadn't broken the news to Will and feared his reaction. We'll have to wait for the picture, just as you will, to see if Rogers went through with the idea.

"Now I'll Tell" is Spencer Tracy's first starring picture. He is supported by Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye (playing her first dramatic role) and Hobart Cavanaugh. The plot was adapted by Edwin Burke from the story of "Little Man, What Now?" (Continued on page 103)

Below, Douglass Montgomery erases a tear from Margaret Sullivan's cheek in "Little Man, What Now?"

the process of instruction with wary eyes. Watch for this sequence. If it gives you half as much fun as it did the production crew while it was being filmed, it will be something to remember. It ended any tension Janet and Charlie may have felt.

Also shooting at Fox is a new Will Rogers picture, "Merry Andrew." This is a story about a business man whose family urge him to retire and then regret it. Opposite him, making her screen début, is Peggy Wood, the famous stage star. It is a début

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are together again— and James Dunn and Ginger Rogers are with them—in "Change of Heart" (above). Left, Franchot Tone bites his lip to think that Joan Crawford is married to Edward Arnold in "Sadie McKee"

Below, Edward G. Robinson involved in a murder mystery. The woman in the case—he's rehearsing a song, above—is Mae Clarke. The others are John Eldredge, Margaret Dale and Arthur Byron
Revealing
The Hidden Wives
of Hollywood

By Dorothy Manners

There is a group of women in Hollywood who live and have their being on the outskirts of the gaudiest fame in the world. So close are they to the charmed circle of the spotlight that it pervades their very households, their social duties, their living routine. Yet for many reasons they are careful that the actual ray of glamour does not fall on their own attractive figures lest their devotion and the devotion they inspire should interfere with the theatre dreams of a million other women. They are the private-life wives of public-life mates—the "hidden" wives of Hollywood!

Casual survey of their fate down the pages of Hollywood history has proved it inconspicuous, and in many cases, bitter. Back in the days of Francis X. Bushman, they were denied and even publicly denounced by the current Great Lovers, who feared for their hectic popularity if any hint leaked out about "the little woman,"

Meet Mrs. Robert Young (Elizabeth Henderson), above, who would rather have the camera point at Bob alone.

Three wives who gave up careers of their own to be "silent partners" are Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd), left; Mrs. Robert Montgomery (Elizabeth Allen), above and Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston), right.

not to mention "the children." Though church or state had sanctified their unions, these hidden wives frequently found themselves leading lives as furtive as the most secreted mistresses of fiction.

In the early flare of Wallace Reid's great popularity, before it was generally known that he was married, Wally and his wife (Dorothy Dav- enport) decided on a short vacation trip to New York. Mrs. Reid was advised that it would be a very smart thing to take a separate compartment from her husband's, and to sign her maiden name on hotel registers! The children of another marriage of that time were secreted in a private school because they might innocently jeopardize the career of a man who was Lover to the world and just a timid papa at home!

The years, and a more normal attitude of the public toward its screen idols eliminated the necessity for a great deal of such denial of marriages, wives and children. I do not know of a single biography now on studio files.

The public knows that there is a Mrs. Clark Gable—though it seldom sees her. And still Clark is the most popular actor on the screen. Which proves that a wife is no handicap to a hero!
Hollywood wives aren't as hidden as they used to be—when hero-husbands denied being married at all. But the wives are very much in the background, and seldom seen. Which is the way most of them PREFER to be!

Dolores Costello (left) gave up stardom to become Mrs. John Barrymore and mother of two little Barrymores—because a marriage would last a lifetime and a career wouldn't. Suzanne Kilbourne (right) became Mrs. Chester Morris with the same philosophy. Marcellite Dobbs (left) and Dorothy Dobb of Texas), who married John fourteen years ago before their college days were over; and Mrs. Robert Young (Elizabeth Henderson of Los Angeles), who married her high-school beau one year ago and now insists she never wants to have her picture taken for publication. Of this group, Marcellite Dobbs is an interesting spokeswoman.

"I can't exactly say that I feel like a 'hidden wife of Hollywood,'" says the attractive Mrs. Boles. "Not as much, perhaps, as I would like to be! Modern publicity methods have made it necessary on several occasions to share an interview with John, or to be photographed informally at a première or social event. I try to dodge these things as much as possible. From the very beginning of John's stage career I have never felt I should have an active, publicized part. Why should I—or any other non-professional wife of a professional man?"

"If John had been a realtor, instead of an actor, it would not be necessary for me to be in the foreground. If he were a doctor, my services would not be required on his cases. I feel that my husband's career as a motion picture actor is a business, or a profession, just as are those other two cases I cited. Another thing: I still have the idea that romantic actors should not be overly publicized as devoted family men."

(Continued on page 94)
Sixty-Five, and Still a Star—May Robson

She almost won the award for the best acting of 1933; only Katharine Hepburn topped her. And right there you can see that age is no handicap in Hollywood. In fact, the "grand old ladies of the screen" are more to be envied than the grand young ones. May says so, herself!

By Faith Service

The actress who won the second greatest number of votes in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as "the best actress of 1933" was May Robson for her performance in "Lady for a Day." Only Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" received more votes than this grand old lady, who has been an actress for fifty years and is not through yet. In fact, she is leading a more glamorous, more satisfying life than most of Hollywood's envied young queens of glamour.

Will Rogers told her at the Academy dinner that she needn't feel discouraged about not winning this year; she'd probably win next year, or ten years from now. For hers was the kind of popularity that would not fade. And all eyes at that dinner were riveted on her; everyone present was trying for a word with her, a hand-clasp, a nod or a smile. Do you wonder that she says "Hollywood is Heaven—for the old"?

When you look into her bright brown eyes, it seems a bit absurd to think of her as "old." (She is, after all, only about sixty-five.) But she doesn't mind the term, doesn't object when writers stress the number of her years. However, she is not proud of the age she has attained. What she is proud of are the attainments of her age.

She told me, "There are no compensations for old age. Whoever says that there is talking tosh or sentimentализing or telling a downright whopper. After we have passed, or even as we are nearing, the three-score years and ten allotted us by the Bible and—sometimes—by biology, we are living on borrowed time. That's never a very comforting thought. It means that whatever we are doing, whatever we have is ours only for today. We are borrowing Tomorrow. "No, there are no compensations for old age. Neither money nor fame nor success can mean to age what they mean to youth. Because they are only rented things. At any minute, and we know it, the Landlord may dispossess us. Nothing can recompense for youth and for time ahead of you. But there is one panacea for old age, and only one—work. And that's why Hollywood is heaven for those of us who are getting on. Because it gives us, not the illusion, but the fact of being in the swim still, of being important.

Can Live on Work, Not Memories

We are fêted and lauded and made much of. We are a part of life and of the activities of life. We are Somebodies and not only in a limited family or social circle but, thanks to the screen, to millions of people everywhere.

(Most on page 704)
NORTH, East, South, West — wherever you go, Pabst Blue Ribbon is acknowledged the finest of beers. Its precision brewing gives you the essence of choice malt brought to full strength with the appetizing savor of fragrant hops. If you want the perfect beer, order Blue Ribbon, and make sure you get it. It's the nation's standing order for beer at its best.
And how angelically smooth and fresh is your skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.
CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you’d just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I’ve just washed in something much nicer—and it’s your own prescription, too."

CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You’ve turned men’s hearts and heads so often that I can’t remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once upon a time you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that ‘it’s a girl’s best friend’—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You’re not the only girl I’ve seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine. It’s my favorite ally, that soap."

CAROLE: "Men certainly do fall for a lovely complexion, don’t they, Dan? And I’m certainly much obliged for that tip you gave me years ago."

Lux Toilet Soap
THUMBS UP
for Paul Kelly!

Once he was banned from the screen; to-day he has the respect of moviegoers everywhere. And here is the whole dramatic story of the screen's most courageous comeback!

By Hal Hall

The women of America (and they are the moviegoers who make or break stars) have replaced their stamp of approval upon Paul Kelly. Ordinarily, there would be little significance to that statement, but it was scarcely more than a brief year ago that they were figuratively clamoring for his scalp. They threatened to boycott his pictures if he were allowed on the screen and made themselves and their feelings felt so strongly that one company called off its plan to give Kelly the opportunity to come back and make a fresh start, if possible.

The shouting, the tumult and the excitement were because Kelly had paid the penalty for a mistake that might have happened to any of us. He accidentally killed a man with his fist. As a result, society demanded payment—and got it. When he was released and asked for the chance to make good, the women of America turned thumbs down.

Darryl Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century Pictures, knew Paul. He knew him as a man endowed with intestinal fortitude. So he decided that Paul should have his chance to play the lead in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Paul played it. How well he did his job is common knowledge to anyone who saw the picture. He will next be seen in the male lead opposite Aline MacMahon in "A Woman in Her Thirties."

Right now the women of America who wanted him barred are taking him back into their high esteem. Thousands of them from every section of the country are writing him daily, complimenting him upon his work, and congratulating him upon his remarkable comeback from a situation that would have finished most men.

Proved He "Could Take It"

They are proclaiming him OKAY. He passed the acid test of feminine public opinion by playing a rôle that was not particularly sympathetic—that of a racketeer. No one in Hollywood to-day is happier than Paul Kelly, who proved he could take it—come back with his chin up and smiling.

Kelly is honest with himself and, likewise, with anyone who comes in contact with him. His honesty stands out in his gentlemanly deportment, his frankness—and his boy-like enthusiasm. He does not indulge in self-pity or martyrdom. He wants nothing better than to live and let live. He made his mistake, and paid for it, but instead of shrinking from the

(Continued on page 74)
Around the trying time of the month

And it is a trying time for many women. You feel weak, dizzy. Your head throbs with dull pain. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer... drink it as it effervesces in the glass of water. Welcome relief comes quickly!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one reason why it so promptly brings relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is quickly relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed... you are gently steadied. And all the while, needed alkali is being supplied to the blood.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No wonder your head clears... pain goes... you feel like another person before you know it! Relief is quick!

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose, each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results. Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a liquid—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical, family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment’s notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Full directions are given on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name “Emerson’s Bromo-Seltzer” on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are not the same balanced preparation... are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.
Thumbs up for Paul Kelly!

(Continued from page 72)

He Appreciates Those Letters

"I DON'T think they really wanted me to be barred from the screen," he explained. "But whether they did or not, I am glad they liked me in my first picture. Just a few days after it was released, the first mail started. There were thirty-five letters that first day, and ever since the letters have been coming constantly and in greater numbers.

"It makes me glad. It makes a man proud of his efforts. It makes me want to go on and show these people that I appreciate their friendship."

"I hope I've given the chance to play good, clean comedy. People like to laugh.

Whatever the future holds for him, Kelly wants it to be in Hollywood. He loves the feeling of permanence that one has in pictures, with the opportunity to settle down in a pleasant home to which he can go each evening.

He says he never again wants the excitement and rush of being on the road with a stage play, living in a hotel room, eating in restaurants and dratting the unnatural and abnormal existence. Hollywood, the scene of his triumphs and his tragedy, holds a charm for Kelly. He loves it."

"It's a great place," he declared. "And the people are so marvelous. They opened the door of hospitality to me on my return and showed me that there is not a mean person here, not because of where he is, but because of how he is. Any town is wonderful if you are doing well and the world is right.

Where He Has Found Happiness

"YOU hear people say that Boston is cold and dreary and the people give strangers the icy stare. I think it glorious because of the associations I formed while playing there. They wisecrack about Pittsburgh and its dirty streets. I love Pittsburgh, and I take offense when people say I am not in agreement with them. Why? Because of my experiences there. I blew into Pittsburgh while on the road with a show. I took the money I saved at a cheap hotel and went canoeing on the Monongahela River. Was Pittsburgh grand! "Well, that's the way with Hollywood and the world. They have practically brought up in them, having played in stock with the old Vitagraph Company when I was a kid. And now to be back again and to be getting along—well, add to that a wife who is the dearest woman in the world, a home, a flower garden that is ablaze with blossoms, a dog that thinks I am the world's hero, a car, a job, a home that has the coziness I have always wanted... what more could a man ask of life?

But Kelly has lived a whole lifetime in his few short years. He accepts the fact that what has happened must be faced, but faced with frankness and simple candor as a mistake that will not recur. He believes in clean living and faithful service. To his credit, he has proved he can take it. His future, he says, will have no mistakes.

First, I knew what I was doing in my first stage show in New York," he exclaimed as his eyes sparkled enthusiastically. "Of course, I had been off the stage some time and the people came to the show and when the critics were so kind—that's the way the world looks today.

And now that I have made my first picture and that has been received with the same kindness—the world looks simply marvelous.
HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women—a project never before dreamed of. The result is now presented to all of womankind—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

WONDERSOFT—third exclusive Kotex patent

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. First—came flattened, tapered ends that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,884. Second—the famous Equalizer strip, increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—Third and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—U. S. Patent No. 1,945,626.

What WONDERSOFT Kotex means to women

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and only the edges. This is important—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. That—women told us—was the greatest single need in sanitary protection. Wondersoft remains gentle, marvelously soft for hours. Women by scores tell us that Wondersoft Kotex has utterly changed their lives. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. In width, thickness—in fact in all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same.

A new package—new in color, shape and design for your protection

To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex! Obtainable in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Company.

"I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 3-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection."

Home Girl

"Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before."

Musician

"For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls."

Housewife
Any camera plus Verichrome Film is the best combination yet for day-in and day-out picture-making...

...Verichrome works where ordinary films fail.

Don’t Let Hollywood Change You, Elizabeth Bergner!

(Continued from page 52)

them teach you how to walk, act, talk, and look like everyone else. Don’t let them place their trade-mark of approval on your forehead: “Made in Hollywood.” Don’t let them touch a hair of your head, the tiniest little echo of your charming accent, or even your smallest thought. For you are a rarely perfect person as you are.

Hollywood can transmute the small, painted face of you into its mold of cheap beauty; it can make you very rich; it can make you famous (it was one of your own countrywomen who said that no actress can be famous without a Hollywood success!). But as surely as you are a living, breathing woman it will also—unless you are warned—take something away from you, something very precious and wonderful...your very SELF.

I do not pretend to understand why, but Hollywood is never satisfied to let its new stars alone. It must start at once to experiment and change it. It will send for you, offer you extravagant riches because you ARE “Little Catherine,” and when you arrive, it will call in its army of make-up men and electricians and cameramen and costumers and proceed diligently to make you look like somebody else. It will try you with bleached hair and in dark wigs; it will outline your sensitive lips into a Crawford pout or a Cupid’s-bow simper. It will add inches to your small stature and put you on a diet to achieve Mae West curves. It will try to change your accent, voice, walk, mannerisms. And it will scatter away your changing, subtle expressions and give you a mask for a face.

What Happened to Others

LITTLE CATHERINE, when you come to Hollywood, read the handwriting on the wall—the handwriting of all those artists who have been poured into the common mold and emerged with new, identical personalities, losing their souls to satisfy the ego of those who are frightened by anything and everything that is different. Consider for a moment the case of Marlene Dietrich. Remember her heavy, human seductiveness in “The Blue Angel”? When Hollywood saw that picture and sent for her, Dietrich was a bountiful, wholesome, lovable creature, with full red cheeks and a contagious happiness. And now? Now her face is a mask-like, ghastly-white, unformsing, unplayable creation, beautiful and characterless, only her accent distinguishing her from the average Hollywood star.

There was Greta Garbo, too. Remember the Garbo of “The Torrent” and “The Flesh and the Devil”? She had a woman’s curves and smiles. Hollywood put her on a diet that almost murdered her, and made her into the strange, unearthly, gaunt Garbo of to-day—beautiful, unreal, as tragic as a lost soul. Perhaps the creation of this exotic Garbo is one of Hollywood’s greatest triumphs. It should be a terrible warning to you, Little Catherine, of what it can do to a woman.

And so I ask you to read the handwriting on the wall—and then take, as your examples of conduct in this strange land, Margaret Sullivan and Katharine Hepburn.

They tried to change Margaret Sullivan. They tried to make her over emotionally, spiritually and physically. But light shone, she waged to protect her SELF from Hollywood’s meddling impudence was a classic one, and, with the exception of one tiny mole, she won on every count. What was the result? Her first picture, “Only Yesterday,” was one of the greatest artistic and financial successes of last year. She refused to conform to the Hollywood criterion of sameness, and she refused to wear a mask on her face or on her soul.

What Hepburn Won by Fighting

KATHARINE HEPBURN also won a battle of sorts. They did manage to change her hair-dress, her manner of walking, her makeup, the superficialities of her style. But her SELF they never touched. She fought like a tigress when they approached, with gleaming, avaricious eyes, her essential manners, her design for living, her ideals.

What was the result? She played a small part in “A Bill of Divorcement” and shook the critics’ standard type. She clung to her “Morning Glory,” shook the nation, and was later acclaimed the best actress of 1933.

But turn the slate over, and consider for a moment the plight of Ruth Chatterton. For years one of the most scintillating, engaging and charming of the New York stage, she is now stamped in celluloid as a darkly dramatic, sex-conscious, calculating tragedienne.

On the wrong side of the slate, also, is Lionel Atwill, who was famous on the stage as one of the most expert, important and gallant of the romantic actors. To-day he is—of all things—Hollywood’s pet horror-mystery “idiot”!

It may seem to you, Little Catherine, inasmuch as it is the Hollywood gesture to hit the public in the eye, rather than in the heart or mind, that this is no place for a genius. And yet it may be that you will come just in time to help us make that transition from eye to heart. And you will not be a pioneer alone. Helen Hayes let out the first whimper, which was emphasized by Charles Laughton, and strengthened still more by Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan.

Don’t Fit into the Pattern

THE feminine stars of Hollywood have been in much the same position as the chorus girls were at the beginning of the big musicals. They came, they were met by Hollywood’s standard of beauty, were fitted into a human stencil, a heavy cardboard frame cut out in correct proportion and given to the world as poor little stars.

Little Catherine, don’t ever stand in the cardboard mold. Don’t ever let the Hollywood varnish stick limit your height. Your face may not be beautiful, but you are, and the contours of your greatness will never fit in the average mold. No make-up pencil could ever outline your moods, and no trick lighting could ever dim or brighten the electric vividness of your personality.

Don’t be bewildered by the chaos of indecision, the vague song songs, the shoutings and the general noisy blatancy of Hollywood. Bring with you the quietness and certainty of the inspired.

Don’t be saved or strengthened by the taut elegance, the flawless faces, the neat line- and curve-beauty of our stars. For you unconsciously found your own; for you were given your own world, your own special beauty.

And, above all, don’t let Hollywood concentrate and limit and compress you into one woman. When you come, bring with you your marriage vows, your views on war, your different visions, and your great spirit.

For we need you, Little Catherine, and your vivid white face, in which pounds and beats and screams the ecstatic agony of creative genius.
How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—
Picture it—with snapshots
SUCCESSFUL didn’t have HE thought understood shouldn’t have double wasn’t.

STEIN I began had year girl had A. Jieze COMBINATION seamless, Garters or Garments will Step clothes.

WARDROBE Small, & Department. W. jujo is Hickory too.

CONGRESS Hickory is THE girl in the girl’s look, and wearing a New fancy picture as an old-fashioned, and emotional. But it was never, never a very long while. And then I had, a few months ago, a short note from her, saying that she was coming to Hollywood! Her doctor—her doctor, mind you—had advised her to come out here, to meet me, whether married or not, ‘to face the reality’ as she put it and so try to lay the ghost, which was, after all, nothing to her but a ghost—she crooned!

I was scared to death. I told Dixie about it and we decided to cooperate with the doctor.

Went Abroad to ‘Forget’ I DIDN’T hear from Frances for several months after that. Agnes and another girl and Frances had gone abroad together and the other girls had constituted themselves as a sort of secret fan club; Frances from writing to me or hearing of me, They were hoping she would ‘forget.’ When they came back to America, Dixie and I had been married for some little time. I had a note from Frances, telling me that neither all the sights of Europe nor the news of my marriage had been able to ‘cure’ her. She realized that I must consider her a psychopathic case if I considered her at all, and so she was, and she was going to try to stop writing to me.

I began to feel bolder. Was this never going to cease? Dixie felt sorry for the girl. She said that she hated to admit it, but she understood it was necessary. She sat down and wrote her an old voice on the air that brought Dixie back to me that time, soon after our marriage when we had an old-fashioned row and Franny had gone wild. She could ‘get’ the feminine psychology of Frances. It was more than I could!!

I didn’t hear from Frances after that for a very long while. And then I had, a few months ago, a short note from her, saying that she was coming to Hollywood! Her doctor—her doctor, mind you—had advised her to come out here, to meet me, whether married or not, ‘to face the reality’ as she put it and so try to lay the ghost, which was, after all, nothing to her but a ghost—she crooned!

I was scared to death. I told Dixie about it and we decided to cooperate with the doctor.

Her Doctor Asked His Help SHORTLY before Frances’ arrival, believe it or not, I had a letter from her doctor. He said she was a normal, sound and balanced individual with the single exception of this obsessive fancy, which was stifling her normal tendencies and outlets. She had built up an image that had become distorted out of all semblance to reality. He figured that if she could meet me, spend a little time with me, see me (Continued on page 85)

Untold Secrets of the Stars (Continued from page 42)

"Then came Dixie Lee, our romance and our engagement. And after that, very shortly afterwards, I had a horrible letter from a girl named Agnes, who was, it appeared, Frances’ best friend and worked in the art department of the same magazine. Frances had told Agnes...

"Agnes wrote that Frances was fiercely resentful of being saved. She had given five years of her life, of her youth, trying to put her love onto paper, trying to span the distance between us with a really great love. She had gone on in the belief that the sheer greatness of it might evoke response that January had failed. And what was the use in going on? Agnes wrote that she wondered if I really knew what this had meant to Frances...

"Gosh, I didn’t know what to do. I tried to shrug the whole thing off as no responsibility of mine. I couldn’t. I felt guilty. She realized that I must consider her a psychopathic case if I considered her at all, and so she was, and she was going to try to stop writing to me...

"I began to feel bolder. Was this never going to cease? Dixie felt sorry for the girl. She said that she hated to admit it, but she understood it was necessary. She sat down and wrote her an old voice on the air that brought Dixie back to me that time, soon after our marriage when we had an old-fashioned row and Franny had gone wild. She could ‘get’ the feminine psychology of Frances. It was more than I could!!

I didn’t hear from Frances after that for a very long while. And then I had, a few months ago, a short note from her, saying that she was coming to Hollywood! Her doctor—her doctor, mind you—had advised her to come out here, to meet me, whether married or not, ‘to face the reality’ as she put it and so try to lay the ghost, which was, after all, nothing to her but a ghost—she crooned!

I was scared to death. I told Dixie about it and we decided to cooperate with the doctor.

Her Doctor Asked His Help SHORTLY before Frances’ arrival, believe it or not, I had a letter from her doctor. He said she was a normal, sound and balanced individual with the single exception of this obsessive fancy, which was stifling her normal tendencies and outlets. She had built up an image that had become distorted out of all semblance to reality. He figured that if she could meet me, spend a little time with me, see me (Continued on page 85)

Two Step One Piece Combination Girdle and Step-in by HICKORY

Two Step is not only one piece but it’s seamless, too. There’s not a hook or seam to break the lines of your most fitted clothes.

By a patented process the Lastex girdle portion is knitted to the cool fabric panties in one continuous piece. Garters are concealed. In Two Step you will enjoy the convenience of two garments and the lightness and comfort of one.

Two Step by Hickory launders beautifully. Comes in Small, Medium and Large sizes. 12 inch length is $3.00, 14 inch is $3.50.

You should find Two Step in your favorite Corset Department. If not, please send us your dealer’s name, with your size and remittance, and we will send your girdle to you.

A. STEIN & COMPANY 1145 W. CONGRESS ST., CHICAGO

Here’s THE COMBINATION FOR A SUCCESSFUL WARDROBE

all that happened might never have been.

She had told me, in one of her very first letters, that she had recently broken off her engagement to a chap who wanted nothing more exciting from life than a nice little home and a nice little family. She wanted more than this from life, much more. She said that she didn’t cut the whole thing short then and there. I should have been warned by this—but I wasn’t.

Changed Her Whole Life

THE letters came, first, from a small town in upstate New York. Then she wrote that she had gone to live in New York, to study design and theatrical costume. She didn’t think she had much talent for it and her course and her living away from home were a severe financial drain on her family. But she had decided that the only way she could ever get any education was to try for some sort of professional career.

"I wrote her a note at that time, I remember, not to be silly. Not to guide her life or form her plans because of a voice on the air. She wrote back that it was more than a voice on the air to her—it was the definite embodiment of all her dreams.

It’s hard, isn’t it, to picture a girl like that?

"I figured that she was young and emotional and that, in time, this fantastic fancy would burn itself out. I thought I had been right when, about a year later, I had another letter from her, telling me that she was engaged to some chap in New York. Her letters became brusque with longer intervals between them—much to my relief.

"But after a few months she began to write again, frequently. And I didn’t like the tone of her letters. She told me that he was somewhat my type. She said that when she closed her eyes it was easy for her to imagine that he was I. Can you imagine?

"Not more than two months later, she wrote that she had broken off her engagement. She said that she simply could not make the grade. She said that Step time had tried to make love to her, her voice came between. What, she asked me, was she to do?

"I didn’t know. And I was going to me so often. Up to then I had been thinking of her as one of hundreds of emotional girls who get crushes on radio and picture people and eventually get over them with no harm done. But this fantastic infatuation was actually affecting this girl’s whole life.

"I wrote her a very earnest letter. How could she be fancying a radio crooner’s voice to prevent real love and real marriage? The more I wrote in this practical vein, the more her letters became calm and fatalistic, as though this thing had been predestined.

"She never asked me for anything; she never even suggested, in so many words, that we meet. But she had sent me one or two pictures of herself. A sweet-looking, nice-looking girl, with breeding and refinement. I understood that if I ever after had seen the pictures. She didn’t look like the type of girl who goes in for this sort of thing. She wasn’t—that was the tragedy of it.

Lived for Him for Five Years

"I would have been one thing if this correspondence had gone on for weeks or even months. But it went on for years. Time after time, in her letters, she mentioned meeting men who were very interested in her and who might have been interesting to her—if.

She spoke of things that might have filled her life, which she was deliberately renouncing because of a voice on the air. It might have made me feel silly if it had not seemed so serious.
"Lucky for me when I heard about Lux! Before that, stocking runs nearly drove me wild. At first I didn’t believe just washing stockings with Lux every night would make any difference... but honestly, since I’ve switched to Lux and cut out cake-soap rubbing, my stockings last ever so much longer. And they fit better, too. People tell me it’s because Lux saves stocking elasticity. I guess it does all right, for I know that Lux cuts down my runs. It will cut yours down, too!"

says Sally Eilers

Cut down YOUR runs the Hollywood way... When stockings go into runs almost without reason, it’s apt to mean you’ve weakened their *elasticity*. Then, instead of giving under strain, threads tend to snap—runs start.

But Hollywood stars know that there’s one easy way to save stocking elasticity. Just Lux stockings after every wearing. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there’s no need for injurious cake-soap rubbing. These are the things that ruin the precious elasticity that makes stockings fit and wear.

Why not try Lux for your stockings? Then keep a record and prove to yourself how Lux cuts stocking runs way down!

Sally Eilers
popular young Fox star, is a fan herself—when it comes to Lux! "Now I insist that my maid use Lux for all washable things," she says. "It’s simply marvelous how absolutely new they look!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman, wardrobe supervisor in the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I’d have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

Hollywood says—Don’t Trust to Luck—Trust to LUX
The Winners of 1933—as Described by Will Rogers

(Continued from page 61)

“Nowadays, it’s different. All you see now is pictures of Jack Warner going to the White House. So maybe a poor Democrat is welcome at the Academy—if he can pay his five dollars for a banquet ticket. Anyway, here I am, all dressed up in my blue serge suit. It’s the only blue serge here tonight and the only really comfortable suit in the house.

"Still, even though I came, I doubt if I would have had nerve enough to talk at all of these here stiff bosoms if it hadn’t been for something I read in the papers yesterday. All I ever know is what I read in the papers.

"Well, anyway, there was an item yesterday to the effect that Sam Goldwyn gave an address at Harvard University. After that I’ll never be afraid to talk anywhere. The boys at good old Harvard liked Sammy’s speech, too—liked it so well, they’re sending out here for an English translation of it.

Voting “On the Level This Time”

JUST before I came up here to the platform tonight, they shoved a piece of paper in my hand. I reckon it is the piece of paper you have been waiting to hear read. I’m not much at reading but you asked for it. So here goes... They say the voting was on the level this time. I hope it doesn’t hurt nobody’s feelings.

The short subject field was quickly disposed of, with awards going to RKO for the Lou Brock production of ‘So This Is Harris’ as the best comedy and ‘Kukakukos’ made by Joe Rock for Educational release, as the best novelty. Walt Disney won in the cartoon class, with the largest vote recorded by any winner (and the biggest hand from the crowd) for ‘The Three Little Pigs.’

“When you make ‘Six Little Pigs,’ we’ll give you two of these things,” Walt,” said Rogers, handing over the gold statuette. During the balance of the evening, he continued to call the awe-inspiring figures by no other name than ‘these things.’

Moving to the feature production class, Will passed over one of the ‘things’ to Franklin Hansen, a representative of the Paramount sound department, for the best sound reproduction of the year, the picture cited being ‘A Farewell to Arms.’ Will commented that there is ‘no possible definition for a guy who can’t voice.’

When Dorothy Fox won the art direction award for ‘Cavalcade.’ In introducing Darling, Rogers characterized an art director as the ‘feller who loved to take a simple little living room, paint it white and make it look like the Grand Central Terminal.’

Photographers have used so many dollys, cranes and devices for traveling shots this year that somebody, deciding to be different, finally filmed a scene in a standing shot. But they didn’t know what to do with it after it was taken. So they had to send it to the still department to be developed,” grinned Will as he handed a statuette to Charles Lang of Paramount for his photography of ‘A Farewell to Arms.’

Suggests Couple Split Prize Now

SARAH Y. Mason and her husband, Victor Heerman, won the writers’ adaptation award for ‘Little Women,’ with second place being taken by Robert Riskin for ‘Lady for a Day’ and third by Sonya Levien and Paul Green for ‘State Fair.’

‘Adapters’ cracked Rogers, “are people who are engaged by studios to disguise an original story as much as possible. That is, the studios call it a disguise. The author of the story more often calls it just plain murder.”

Before handing the statuette to the Victor Heermons, he said, “Now, I understand you folks are happily married. I’ve known a lot of happily married couples in Hollywood and I’ve seen a lot of things happen to ‘em. It’s none of my business, Miss Mason, but I’d suggest that you choose your half of this thing right here and now.”

For the original story award, Robert Lord, writer of ‘One-Way Passage,’ placed above Frances Marion for her ‘Prizefighter and the Lady’ and Charles MacArthur for ‘Rasputin and the Empress’ Rogers said. ‘There isn’t much choice in this classification.”

“Charles Laughton deserves to win the prize for the best actor,” Rogers drawled, “if for no other reason than because he put sex appeal into a beard in ‘Henry the Eighth.”

(Continued on page 82)
Why not begin today to make your teeth more attractive? Why not use a dentifrice that gently but swiftly erases tobacco stains, tartar and unsightly discolorations?

Within the past three years more than 2,000,000 women, including famous New York models, have discarded old favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste made by the makers of Listerine. They have found, as you will find after a few days' trial, that Listerine Tooth Paste produces brilliant results. They have found that dentifrices costing twice and three times as much can do no more.

Why not get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and try it? Note how much cleaner your teeth appear after you have used it a few days. See how they sparkle and gleam. Observe how the tooth paste permeates the hard-to-reach crevices between the teeth removing deposits and checking decay.

Observe how much firmer and healthier your gums are. Look for that delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that you associate with Listerine itself.

Recall also that Listerine makes your breath sweeter, and then reflect that all these benefits cost you approximately one-half of what you would ordinarily pay.

This remarkable modern dentifrice at 25¢ the large tube saves you roughly $3.00 a year as compared to dentifrices costing twice as much. Get a tube at your druggist's. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The Winners of 1933—as Described by Will Rogers
(Continued from page 80)

EYES
SAY MORE
than lips ever can.
—How to beautify your eyes in 40 seconds.

LOVELY eyes depend on long, lovely lashes. You, too, can beautify them in 40 seconds! You’ll be delighted at your utterly changed appearance—so will others.

You’ll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smearing, tearproof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bedtime.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

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

**WINX**
For Lovely Eyes

**FREE**
Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 243 W. 17th St., N.Y. City.

Name__________________________

Street_________________________

City__________________________ State_________________________

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish □ Cake or □ Liquid □ Black or □ Brown.

**ACADEMY AWARDS FOR OTHER YEARS**

1932
Frederic March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Extra Award—Wallace Beery in "The Champ")

1931
Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul"

1930
Doris Arians in "Desire"

1929
Warner Baxter in "In Old Arizona"

1928
Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command"

**BEST DIRECTORS OF THE YEAR**

1933
Frank Lloyd for "Cavalcade"

1932
Frank Borzage for "Bad Girl"

1931
Norman Taurog for "Skippy"

1930
Lewis Milestone for "In Old Kentucky"

**WINX**
For Lovely Eyes

Cake or Liquid

1932
Cavalcade" (Fox)
1931
"Grand Hotel" (M-G-M)
1931
"Cimarron" (RKO-Radio)
1930
"All Quiet on the Western Front" (Universal)
1929
"The Broadway Melody" (M-G-M)
1928
"Wings" (Paramount) - "Sunrise" (Fox)

**BEST ACTRESSES OF THE YEAR**

1933
Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory"
1932
Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"
1931
Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill"
1930
Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"
1929
Mary Pickford in "Coquette"
1928
Janet Gaynor in "Seven Heavens" and "Sunrise"
1927
Mary Pickford in "Get amid the Year"
1933
Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth"

1932
Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Extra Award—Wallace Beery in "The Champ")

1931
Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul"

1930
George Arliss in "Disraeli"

1929
Warner Baxter in "In Old Arizona"

1928
Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command"

1933
Frank Lloyd for "Cavalcade"

1932
Frank Borzage for "Bad Girl"

1931
Norman Taurog for "Skippy"

1930
Lewis Milestone for "In Old Kentucky"

1929
Frank Lloyd for "Weary River," "Divine Lady," "Drag"

1928
Frank Borzage for "Seven Heavens"—Lewis Milestone for "Two Arabic Nights"
Two delightful Beauty Creams that stay Germ-free! That the most sensitive skins can enjoy, safely! That help to keep normal skins in top-notch health and vigor! That Skin Specialists have proved bring swifter, surer, finer beauty to every type of skin!

Woodbury’s Cold and Facial Creams contain a new, exclusive element, just recently discovered, which no other creams possess. This element eliminates the risk of bacteria infecting these creams after the lid of the jar has been removed! Keeps them pure, germ-free until the last dab has been used!

Every skin that uses them is doubly guarded from blemish. But thin, dry skins, easily infected, especially need this sure protection.

Element 576 in Woodbury’s Cold Cream is unique in its power to combat skin dryness. And now, as leading authorities confirm, the germ-free quality in both the Cold and Facial Creams makes them unmatched in the world of beauty aids.

109 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS APPROVE WOODBURY’S CREAMS 93.5% report them to be free of the risks of spreading infection to which ordinary creams are subject.

One says: “After carefully trying Woodbury’s Creams, I am satisfied that they are of superior quality.” Another: “They’re the best on the market! I shall take great pleasure in recommending them to my patients.”

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: “I welcome with great satisfaction Woodbury’s Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms.”

The loveliest, most alluring skin is healthy! To remain healthy it needs to be protected. Woodbury’s Germ-free Beauty Creams afford unique protection. They have, within themselves, the power to stay safe, germ-free as long as they last.

PROOF OF WOODBURY’S GERM-DESTROYING POWER

These agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs, tell the story. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury’s Cream. The germ-destroyer has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy the germ surrounding it.

FREE... WOODBURY’S NEW GERM-FREE CREAMS:
Send for a free tube of each of Woodbury’s Germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing the whole world of beauty preparations! See how safely you can use them on the most sensitive skin! How they will protect your face from blemish. You will also receive six samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder—one of each of the six skin-harmonizing shades!

waylaid and urged to speak of the Hermit of Hollywood.

There have been stories written about Garbo, the Goddess; about My Neighbor, Greta Garbo; about the possibility of her nursing a broken heart; about the possibility of Garbo’s being dead—dozens and dozens of stories, some sensational, some silly, all of them unnecessary if Garbo ever gave authenticated stories to the press at reasonable intervals about reasonable matters. But not! To give casual stories in this normal way would be to kill dozens of other stories, not normal at all. Subtle and devious are the ways of ego!

Marlene Censors Own Interviews

Marlene Dietrich modifies some of the Garbo ways to a certain extent. She came here after Garbo. It would not be clever of the individualist to copy a predecessor. Dietrich will, sparingly and reluctantly, grant interviews to those of the press she can manage to tolerate. But the interviews must, when written, be submitted to her for reading and approval or, as often happens, disapproval.

She will not say, as Norma Shearer might, "I have thought over the idea you want me to talk about very carefully. Here is what I think. Do the best you can with it and for me"—and let it go at that. No, the Dietrich words are pearls that drop from the Dietrich lips and as such they must be polished and protected as the gems of great price they are. Not very long ago Dietrich tore a bloody history out of her shreds before a writer’s eyes and deposited the pieces in the nearest waste-basket.

She will not talk about this; she will not discuss that. She is careful of the public’s interest in the love-life, the home-life, or the political opinions of the stars. Not a syllable, then, must escape into print that does not pertain to the Dietrich world, to this particular brand of self-obsession. No man, no woman at the helm of a nation could be more coyly, more cautiously about his or her publicity.

Self-obsession, you see, can never say, or think, “What does it matter?” To the self-obsessed, everything that happens is the mere maudlinities, poignantly, passionately and absorbingly.

Dietrich’s masculine attire is another manifestation of exhibitionism. Nothing but. Let no one tell us that she wears men’s clothing because it is more comfortable. It might be at the North or South Pole or in a frigid climate. In not sunny, sub-tropical California. Anyone who has to wear heavy trousers, shirts, coats here knows better. The woman who chooses to wear male attire does so because it is one of the short-cuts to the center of the spotlight! It proves itself. Reams of copy, tons of photographs, pages and pages of discussion pro and con have gone over the presses because of the curvaceous Marlene’s exotic deviation from the herd.

Modeling Child After Herself

Marlene, her youngest daughter, Maria, with, I am certain, even more than the usual maternal passion. Yet the child’s face and form also mirror Narcissa. Marlene dresses the little girl in mannish attire, as she dresses herself. Marlene is willing for the child to follow in her screen footsteps and the child is willing, too. The key to copy her own mannerisms, points of view and attitudes toward life.

A little bird tells me that Marlene’s dressing-room is wall-lined with mirrors, so that no matter in what direction Marlene turns her beautiful head a reflection of herself is seen. She does not need to kneel, like Narcissus, on the slippery edge of a pool.

Unlike Garbo, Marlene graces the studio commissary frequently. Observers have noted that the only times she does not lunch there, beholden of all eyes, are the times when her costume is not particularly striking or during sequences of her pictures when she is not at her most sumptuous. Usually, Marlene waits until one o’clock or after to enter the luncheonette. But until everyone is sure to be seated. And then, wearing mannish attire or one of her more magnificent costumes, she strolls in, accompanied invariably by director von Sternberg and certain, very certain, that every eye is riveted upon her. Garbo strikes the infinity a hit before she is even visible at all. Dietrich strikes more directly by being visible only when she must evoke startled admiration. Both methods stimulate the imagination to fever pitch.

It has been said that Marlene’s friendship for and with director von Sternberg is based on the two manifested self-consciousness (with the accent on the “self”). Her director and discoverer admires Marlene inordinately; he believes in her as one believes in a divinity. In his eyes, Narcissa sees her image reflected in its most delicious aspects.

Perhaps Garbo and Dietrich are right—who knows? There are plenty of human beings in the world; plenty of grubs who paint their faces and rub elbows and love their neighbors as themselves and go to parties and are self-deprecating. Maybe the whole world needs two rebels in high places.

These two great women of Hollywood, Garbo and Dietrich, have deviated from the herd. Abnormality is always more interesting than normality. A veiled lady is infinitely more provocative then a nude. If you have to pay ten cents extra and walk through a couple of curtains at a side-show, you are proportionately more eager and more curious. Sometimes suppressed editions are always more sought after than ordinary best-sellers obtainable at any book stall. This is exhibitionism—and of all show-women now alive, Garbo and Dietrich are Barnum shivers in his grave to think that he died too soon.

**Did You Know That?**

The only man who can say that he has directed both Garbo and Dietrich is Rouben Mamoulian—who is on friendly terms with both of them.

He is now directing Anna Sten—who looks like the most dangerous rival of both of them—in "Resurrection".

The latest pictures of both Garbo and Dietrich feature them as queens—Greta as Queen Christine and Marlene as Catherine the Great in "Scarlet Empress"!"
Untold Secrets of the Stars
(Continued from page 78)

wife and child and my home, it might work wonders. Would I be so kind? I would be!

"Frances arrived. She was a girl of about twenty-four. Tall, dark, rather quiet. Extremely intelligent, with a fine sense of humor, fine enough and poised enough to be able to laugh at herself—to me. She was a bit constrained just at first, didn’t know what to say. I made a few strained
remarks, myself, and she around the studio lot. Before very long the ice was broken
and we were talking like old friends.

"She admitted to me, frankly, that she really was an ‘interesting case.’ She
thought so, herself. She couldn’t account for it. It was as though a spell had got hold of her
and though her intelligence and her common sense rejected the potency of it—there it
was, actually.

"Well, I took her out to the house for dinner. My brother Ew drove us out. On
the way we talked about the business aspects of my ‘career.’ We told her about
secretaries who do nothing but answer the mail I am unable to attend to. We
emphasized the fact that every letter is answered. We explained their job of sending
out thousands of photographs. We told her how the songs most often requested are
listed for my programs.

The Result of Their Meeting

"We arrived at the house and Dixie met us, wearing a little house dress
of some sort. She was cordial and friendly. She rushed us both right up to
the baby. I crooned to him and he took his cue perfectly and let out a howl.
I donned some dusty bedroom slippers. I
smoked a not-very-fragrant pipe. It was
warm and I asked to remove my coat.

"We had dinner and Dixie and I talked
about the house, and the fact that we would
have to change cooks, and what the nurse
had done about the baby’s diet that day.
We said we hoped we were going to have
four or five children and I spoke of the
time when this vague that I shall never
really understand will have passed, and
how I shall then settle down to become a
comfortable business man.

"Well, Dixie and I drove Frances back to
home that night. She was going up to
San Francisco the next day to stay with
an aunt for a time, but intended to come
down to Hollywood again afterward. She
didn’t come back. She wrote us a letter from
San Francisco—wrote US a letter. She
knew what we had intended to do.

"We had intended to let her see that we
were really nice, normal American people,
living a nice, normal American life. I had
intended her to know that I was nothing
more or less than the average well-inten-
tioned citizen—with a break in my voice!
Well, we had succeeded better, though per-
haps differently, than we knew. She
thought that her ‘obsessional fancy,’
her doctor had called it, was cured.
But it was more than that. She had made
her whole life on a sort of contemptuous superi-
ority of all things practical and humdrum
and everydayish, and we had shown her
how ‘lovely’ such things can be. She hoped
we would be friends for all of our lives.

"My last letter from her, a few days ago,
is written from New York. She is seeing
something of the chap she turned down a
year or two ago. I gather that she will be
seeing him for the rest of their lives!

"Now, I have told you this secret in the
modest hope that it will serve to show other
girls all over the country that most of us
out here are just normal men with a certain
cast of feature or—with a crack in our
voices!

Film is a dull, dingy coating on your
teeth. And it’s that film—and nothin-
else—which keeps your smile from
gleaming like your favorite movie star’s.
That’s why your most important beauty
treatment is to remove stained, ugly
film from teeth effectively—and safely.
Film is the greatest single source
of most tooth trouble. Film forms on
teeth in coats—stubborn, clinging. It is
laden with acid-producing germs that
destroy the tooth’s enamel. It can lead
to many serious disorders. Hence, re-
moving film effectively, and at the same
time safely, is the object of all scientific
tooth pastes.

How safe is it?

A revolutionary cleansing and polishing
material is contained in Pepsodent that
removes film—differently. This material
polishes away stained, unattractive film.
Then it polishes tooth enamel to new
and brilliant lustre. And, above all, this
new cleansing-polishing material is ab-
solutely safe . . . safe because it’s twice
as soft as that in common use. It is by
far the softest used in any leading tooth
paste. That’s why Pepsodent is safe for
children as well as for adults.

It is the newly-discovered polishing
material that makes Pepsodent so differ-
ent from all other tooth pastes. If you
would have Pepsodent results you must
use only Pepsodent to get them.

Pepsodent
the special film-removing tooth paste

That ugly mask creeps over teeth and robs them
of all sparkle—discolors them with stains
from food and smoking—finally destroys them.
Have you tried the new improved Kurlash?

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto.

Gray Faded Hair

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair, at the same time with new French discovery SHAMPO-KOLOR, takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 21, 25th W. 31st St., N. Y.

Free! Horoscope Reading

Sensational Offer:—Free Horoscope Reading with this beautiful "Good Luck"fortunate ring, containing the stone representing your month of birth—all her only 5c. Actual value up to $5. This ring will be the envy of all your friends; will bring you good luck in love and business affairs. Simply send a $1.00 bill with your date of birth and ring size—ring and horoscope will be sent C.O.D. free postage. Limited supply—Mail order. TORREY NOVELTY CO. Dept. MP. 41 Grand St., Mt. Vernon New York, N. Y.

With Good Luck ZODIAC RING

They Take the Gaff While Others Take the Glory

(Continued from page 31)

scores of star pictures, "we naturally see to it that no one overshadows her. That is just good business. The story has been written for the center of attention. No matter what wonderful things the story might be able to do for the leading man, the heroine must be made the shining light. We cannot get away from the leading men. But a popular star is not found so easily."

"If making the leading man an unsympathetic fellow is the advantage of the star, we naturally make him unsympathetic. If it kills him with the public, we cannot help it. Better kill him than kill a star. Of course, it is plain murder, and I often feel sorry for some promising young fellow, but that is the system in the movies to-day."

For an actor to select a leading man to get a break in a Mae West picture? Mae's stories are her own ideas, and she wouldn't be the clever business woman she is if she didn't feature Mae West. If the leading man is a cypher throughout the picture, that doesn't bother Mae or anyone else. A leading man for her is a stooge. She doesn't want a good-looking leading man stealing the show by witty lines or dramatic business. She wants the audience to be looking at her undulating figure.

"Do you think for one moment that producers would ever take a chance on cutting down the popularity of a Joan Crawford simply to give a new leading man a big break? You're silly if you do. They have built Joan to be one of the biggest box-office bets on the screen. Everyone in her pictures must help to keep her where she is."

"The same goes for any other woman star. Look at what 'Red Dust' did to Clark Gable. It almost ruined him with his public—making him a foil for still another woman star. But it put Jean Harlow over at a time when the studio was worried about her."

"Take Frazer or "To You, Moulin Rouge" Can you imagine fattening his part and so detracting from Connie Bennett's brilliance?"

What It Does to the Boys

"I HAVE seen big women stars go into tantrums right on the set because they thought the cameraman was giving too much attention to their leading men. Can you imagine how good of an ambitious young fellow under those circumstances? Murder! It's worse than murder to those fellows. It does something to them. It breaks their spirit."

That's what the young actor who has just been given a contract runs up against. He doesn't dare complain too loudly, for he is not important enough to anybody on the lot to get a hearing. They would only point out that he is lucky to have a contract at a fair salary with promises of more from time to time. He can't leave because he has bought himself a home. He is financially at the mercy of the studio.

So he accepts the situation, as a rule, and goes on until the women on his lot find another young actor whose way of wearing a dinner coat they prefer. Then it is too late. He finds himself just another Hollywood actor, generally a "free-lance" hopping about from studio to studio, glad to get anything. He has been overcome by the star complex.

"Where am I now?" asked Joel McCrea bitterly the other day, in talking about this situation. "Not so long ago I thought I was headed somewhere. But now I'm not so sure.

"I thought it a marvelous break when I was cast opposite Constance Bennett. But what did it do for me? I played opposite a dozen of the most beautiful and famous women stars in the business. Now, the studios only think of me in terms of how I will look opposite a woman star who will get all the headlines. And there is nothing I can do about it."

The producers even stripped Joel of his clothes and put him opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Bird of Paradise" because his nearly-nude body would look better than any other beside that of the glamorous Dolores in those scenes that were designed to be sexy. After that, Joel was classed as a "stripper." The women he supported were glad to have him look ornamental, athletic, handsome. But—they preferred to do the acting, themselves.

Some Successful Rebellions

Some of the young actors have the courage to rebel at this system. George Raft was fortunate enough to have sufficient strength to back him up when he refused to play opposite Mae West in her latest picture. He knew what it would mean to him. Clark Gable, after "Red Dust," managed to snap out of the "second-fiddle" rut and yell loudly enough to get a better break. And he had enough strength among his fans to make the studio listen to him.

Charles Farrell, who was technically a co-star with Janet Gaynor, felt that her roles were doing more for him than his were doing for her—and that he was expected to be the same in picture after picture. All of which was great for his pocketbook, but not so good for his self-respect as an actor. He asked for his release from his contract. For months he was idle, waiting for "different" roles. Three finally came. Only then, having established his individuality, was he willing to have a reunion with Janet in "Change of Heart"—knowing that audiences would be wondering what sort of rôle he would play.

Douglass Montgomery quit Hollywood and went to New York with no job in view, rather than accept a contract and stay under the thumb of such a system. He would not be a sacrifice on the altar of women stars. Now he has come back with a certain standing that will get him somewhere.

You hardly hear now of Robert Young's chances for stardom. His good fortune in being picked as leading man by Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Norma Shearer and Helen Hayes did him well. Robert Montgomery has walked through pictures with Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford and Garbo, along with others. He takes his check and the leavings of glory, when there are any leavings. And now comes Franchot Tone, who was hailed as Broadway's most promising young actor before he departed for Hollywood. In "Stranger's Return" with charming Miriam Hopkins, he was promising. But in "Dancing" he was a "beta" of oblivion on him. In "Moulin Rouge" the shadow was darker. Will it get Franchot, too, this system? Will an inferiority complex beat him down again? He is just another adequate leading man who wears his clothes well and is considerable above camera angle. He'll join the ranks of the sacrificial lads who allow themselves to be cinematically murdered so that pretty women may find glory?
"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!!"—Jean Harlow
(Continued from page 33)

I must point it out to you some day!"

Raspberries, loganberries, dewberries, and any other small fruits with tiny seeds in them get the cold shoulder from Richard Dix. That special dislike goes back to the day when Dix was cutting his wisdom teeth and a couple of the pesky seeds got lodged in painful places. From then on he has been diligently avoiding seed-filled berries.

Jeanette's Pet Aversion

It takes parsnips to send Jeanette MacDonald into a dither. Fried, candied, roasted, mashed—they're still parsnips to her, and she will arise in all her dignity and remove herself from their vicinity. But she is not difficult to please. Any hostess is safe if she will only serve the exquisite MacDonald bowls and bowls and bowls of thick vegetable soup—minus parsnips.

Those rich, luscious desserts are anathema to Jean Harlow, the platinum Venus. Not because she is afraid of getting fat—nothing puts an ounce on Jean—but because she simply doesn't like them. Nor candy. Nor candied fruit. But put a platter of spare ribs and sauerkraut in front of her, top it off with a couple of slices of raw onions, and your standing with her will immediately rise a couple of notches. She isn't averse to juc'ry steaks, either. But they must be soaked in olive oil and garlic an hour or two before broiling.

The husky Johnny Weissmuller—Tarzan, himself—won't put a fork to pie or cake. But put a freezer of ice cream right in front of him, and in almost no time at all the freezer can be removed with the contents only a memory. Lupa Velez early learned of Johnny's passionate devotion to ice cream, and then she and her serving-maid devised a system of signals. Lupe would talk to Johnny brightly, and while his attention was engaged, the maid would whisk away Johnny's empty dish, and replace it with another helping and Johnny would go on eating from an inexhaustible dish, never the wiser. It became a game—but no one has ever kept score on Johnny's ice cream consumption.

Ice Cream? She'll Scream!

On the other hand, just mention ice cream to diminutive Sidney Fox and you'll completely spoil the day for her. Sidney's friends never have ice cream on the dinner menu when she's a guest. And it all goes back to the time when Sidney was ten. Her tonsils had just been left in a doctor's office, and for days the youngster was fed ice cream. Once recovered, she never wanted even to see ice cream again.

If you really want to get Ken Maynard a bit worse, just wave a kettle of boiling water in front of him. It's a passionate aversion with him—and it harks back to his circus days when circus cooks camouflaged bad meat with potent sauces. He becomes very suspicious of restaurants when the waitress says brighty, "You'd like some kettle, wouldn't you?" He would not.

Both Ruth Chatterton and Mariel Kirkland take their food unseasoned. No salt—no pepper—just a la natural. Glenda Farrell goes a step further. With vegetables, that is. She'll take them raw—nice and crisp, just out of the icebox. Oh, she'll bear with cooked vegetables for the sake of good manners—but she'll swap you fancy named dishes for an option on a vegetable patch any old day.

Dynamic Mae Clarke turns thumbs down on squash. Her complaint is that squash lacks personality, and she demands it of her vegetables. Even spinach has something

(Continued on page 69)

New Hair Styles ... Created by Hollywood

But not for hair too DRY or too OILY

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silker and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo— it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluidness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Packer's

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO  |  PINE TARR SHAMPOO

for DRY hair  |  for OILY hair

(above) A lovely Hollywood blonde goes in for a "Helen-of-Troy" hairdress with romantic curls at the back. Ideal for evening if your hair is soft and silky, but merely untidy if your hair is dry and harsh. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.

(below) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should not look plastered down, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

(Continued from page 33)
Is Little Caesar Turning into Napoleon?

(Continued from page 45)

portray the Christ. I never yearned to do Hamlet. I never aspired to do Abraham Lincoln. I’ve never wanted to play any particular rôle.

Objected to Gangster Rôles

"H"O

O

WEVER"—at this juncture Edward G. passed for a moment or two while he pretended to be asleep and snoring for the amusement of nearby Little Caesar. But he did not indisputably regards Edward G. as a comic and who promptly imitated the Robinson snoring act to perfection. “However, I may have had a little something to do with the projected plan for my playing Napoleon. Not because I spoke of any rôles I wanted to play, but because I did kick a bit about parts I didn’t want to play. I did tell the producers that I wanted to stop doing gangster parts—all of the time, at any rate. I’m being stamped with tired of them. And besides, characters you play do influence you to a certain extent while you’re playing them. When I play the part of an old man, for instance, I find myself walking and talking and even thinking, a bit wearily, as an old man does. When I play a young, up-and-coming fellow, then, you know, and act young, active, enthusiastic. By the same process of cause and effect I might be—well, unprepared for some other gangster rôle much longer. I’m too lazy, no doubt, to shrug off the garment of the man I am portraying.

So I did say that: I wanted to do other kinds of things. And they started planning to cast me as Napoleon. At that, they may be one up on me. Come to think of it, what was Napoleon but a gangster de luxe—Corsican who went into France and made France his territory and the army his gang? And what are gangsters—after all, the same things as world-conquerors? They have their machine-gun Austerlitzes now and then. They also have their Waterloo—inevitably. They spend their last days, nine times out of ten, in the St. Helena of some penitentiary. And so, I may just have been promoted, that’s all...

“There is another thing—it’s rather a poor idea, I’ve always thought, for an actor to play a rôle like the Christ or Hamlet or Lincoln. It does things to us. Look at the men who have that in their bones—those who have been identified with them forever after. They’ve never got away, never been able to break the mould. His face has been anything but Abraham Lincoln since he first played the part on the stage. Ever since H.B. Warner played the Christ he has gone on playing him, no matter what character he is supposed to be playing. John Barrymore has never quite lived down his Hamlet and never will, I suppose. Certain parts have been known to kill the people who played them—professionally, I mean. The little girl—what was her name?—who played Little Lord Fauntleroy, was almost the end of her professionally. Like Peter, she stopped growing up.

“So it goes. The rôles either draw the actor up into the sun, and absorb all of them, so that we try to live up, forever afterwards, to the highest notch we have struck, professionally.

Everyone Is Napoleon-Conscious

A

ND if when the picture is made, I shall have to work very hard with Napoleon—very hard. I believe everyone is Napoleon-conscious. Almost everyone has read books about him, studied about him in school. We shall have to do a job of research and a very complete historic characterisation and production through.

“We have, every last one of us, something of the Napoleon complex, of course. If we analyze ourselves we can find it, whether we ever thought about it or not. It’s a rare human being who doesn’t dream of world conquest, of one form or another. A conqueror dreams that his pen will mold the dreams and deeds of men nearer to the heart’s desire.

An actor envisions himself holding international audiences while his fiery declamations transmute the base metal of humanity into gold. A statesman sees himself plainspoken, supreme; Czar of all nations. A great doctor conceives in his own mind the possibility of a clinical altar to which will come the halt and the blind of the whole world. The artist visualizes himself as a noble

“I am, perhaps, pretty much alone in that I have never dreamed of world-conquest—in any way. It may be because I have something of the fatalistic philosophy that I know that the mortal always destroys his own dream. The man is, inevitably, less than his rôles or his idea. He cannot reach to the heights; he cannot maintain the heights he can imagine. Sooner or later he brings his ideal down to the level of his own fallible self. Or if he doesn’t appear to do so, himself, some posthumous biographer does it for him!

Even Napoleon brought his dreams of world-conquest to the level of a small, lonely island. His dream, his ideal has lived on, is living on to-day. It is probable that one day we shall save the world from its present perilous position. This was Napoleon’s dream—a united world under his supreme dictatorship. But he could not reach the heights; he could not maintain the heights he can imagine. Sooner or later he brings his ideal down to the level of his own fallible self. Or if he doesn’t appear to do so, himself, some posthumous biographer does it for him!

What’s Napoleonic about Him?

W

HICH is why, perhaps. I have not entertained the Napoleon complex. I am too fond of the creature comforts to reach Napoleon or any fancy island. I am too lazy to keep boosting my physical activities on to a par with vast dreams.

I ventured, “You said that if we analyze ourselves, however, we shall all find that we have a streak of the Napoleon complex. Can’t you analyze yourself, and perhaps, dredge up a few similarities.”

Well, we said, “Not quite. Napoleon was a man of the law, the maker, the warden of the world, not of nations. Great, he had one or two grown women when he married her. Napoleon was a Corsican, who left his native land for conquests and ambitions in France and Britain. He married Josephine there. I am a Rumanian who have left my native land for conquests and ambitions, such as they are, here in America. My wife is an American. She has a daughter, Jean, aged seventeen.

I am a small man. Bonaparte was a small man. He could never have ridden a horse. I am liable to delusions of world power—much more liable than are men of large stature. It may be possible that, had I been a six-footed, I should have remained in my native land and lived there in a comfortable and unambitious mediocrity for all of my life; I suppose there may be something to this—the theory of counteracting. The urge to impress yourself and your manhood largely upon the world, if not in one way, in another. "I am a Corporal"; I’ve been “Little Caesar”—well, well, we are getting along fine, aren’t we?

Little Man, Big Ambition

A

ND it is true, of course, that a man of small stature must work harder and matter more in order to make the impression, gain the attention that a large man makes
by the mere fact of being. It is like the plain women who must be possessed of a double artistry in order to get in the theatre what their more beautiful sisters have handed to them, without effort. And as the most talented and permanent women of the screen and the theatre—Minnie Maddern Fiske, Eva Le Gallienne, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn—have not been beauties in the Ziegfeld sense of the word, so many of the men of prominence on stage and screen have been men of less than average size or stature—Chaplin, for an instance; and Leslie Howard, James Cagney, Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Lionel Barrymore. All are men well under six feet.

"Napoleon was a great and omnivorous reader. You can see with your own eyes that I am surrounded by books. He loved music, I understand. So do I; many of my most intimate friends, are musicians. Napoleon was a great family man, with a virile desire for offspring. Ditto. He loved collecting things, paintings, books, tapestries, objects of art. 1, too. He was considerably of a philosopher—the Napoleonic Code proves that. I enjoy philosophizing, too, for my own benefit and interest.

"I am afraid the similarities cease here. For Napoleon was a man of terrific physical energy. I am the reverse. Napoleon believed, no doubt, that his deed and his dream could be one. I know that we can only dream...."

"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!!"—Jean Harlow

(Continued from page 57)

intriguing about it—but squash is completely colorless. Even when it takes on fancy dress with marshmallows and cheese, Maie finds it completely minus enticement.

Ronnie's Off Rice for Life

WHEN Ronald Colman first came to New York from London, his steady diet was soup and rice pudding. Those were the days when his nickels had to do double duty—long before he became the tangible hero for a million women. Quick- and-dirty restaurants seemed to specialize in soup and rice pudding at five cents a throw. And so the young man wouldn't touch soups—not even subtle and fancy ones. And he will run a mile to escape rice pudding. Tapas, for instance, is Richard Barthelmess' pet aversion; and fish is Paul Muni's, because when he was on the road with an itinerant play troupe Fridays were defined by the smell of fried fish restaurants. Jerry Crawford hasn't tasted bread or potatoes in years, but that's for her figure's sake. However, she adores mustard on crackers and will frequently make a lunch out of it.

As strange as the food dislikes of the stars are their likes. John Barrymore is mad over water-cress, and Garbo likes crackers when she can eat them in bed. Norma Shearer can't be trusted with a mess of molasses cookies, and Constance Bennett goes for chocolate eclairs. Jimmy Durante turns up his schnozzle at the insides of pies, but he will eat every crumb of the crust, and go around collecting odd bits of crust from the plates of his friends.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., adores spaghetti and cheese-cake and peanut-brittle and eats them all together. Which isn't so good for his insides, but it makes him happy. Loretta Young dotes on hamburger sandwiches—"with onions, please."

There are some stars in Hollywood who are almost no problem at all to their hostesses. But there are others who make entertaining somewhat complicated. On the whole, if you are having a Hollywood star to dinner, you'd better call up the glamorous one's cook and inquire, "What won't the creature eat?"

WHEN I first danced with Jerry I knew he was the one man for me.

"One glorious dance! But when it ended, I was wretched. He didn't ask for another.

"I wondered why, as I watched him dance with other girls. And probably I would never have known why had it not been for something I overheard in the dressing room about me!"

"What a lovely dress Lois is wearing tonight!" I heard one voice say.

"Lois always looks lovely—'til she smiles," another voice replied. 'And then she ruins it all with those teeth of hers. She ought to use Colgate's and get those stains off!"

"It hurt terribly. But I realize now how true it was. For I had let my teeth get dull—not attractive.

"These stains had built up so gradually I was not aware of them. And the toothpaste I was using wasn't getting them off.

"Then I started using Colgate's. And very soon, my teeth were white and lustrous again.

"And then, one heavenly night, Jerry said: 'Honey, I want to see that dazzling smile of yours every morning.' And now he's mine forever!"

Let Colgate's add to your loveliness, by removing the 7 stains

White, sparkling, beautiful teeth are a woman's greatest single beauty asset. The secret lies in removing completely all the seven kinds of stains left on teeth by everything we eat, drink and smoke.

And Colgate's does this...where most toothpastes fail. Because Colgate's has two cleansing actions—not one alone. The first washes away many of the stains...the second gently polishes away all stains that remain.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Then see how white, lustrous and beautiful your teeth are. Note how Colgate's sweetens your breath, too. At 20c for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes...the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions, sells at the same low prices.

By removing the 7 kinds of stains that gradually discolor teeth, Lois found a new beauty that made her life rich and full.
Don't Laugh at Dreams!  
Jean Parker Didn't!

(Continued from page 36)

"IUESS we'll go wanderin' up North this summer," her father announced at dinner one night. Jean knew what that meant. He was a gypsy, not content to settle in any place for long. They wouldn't be coming back.

That trip was a nightmare to the girl. Hot, dusty camps, double work, freeloafing children to tend. Somehow, she had to get back to Pasadena. She had made a name for herself in school there. It was the only spot where she was somebody.

She had nothing to go on—except will power. But Jean ran away, back to Pasadena. She made arrangements with the Spickards, who were both working, to care for their house, look after their two children and cook the meals in return for her board and room. Then, in great excitement, she went down to High School to register. And standing at the curb, talking to a boy she knew, was Armand.

There could be no mistake. He was the image of the boy she had been idealizing for three years. His real name was Francis Lucus. And he would be the most successful person in High, drive a powerful car and have a millionaire father! That was all in

Saw Only Dark Future

Jean Parker LOOKS like a girl who wouldn't let fame change her. And she hasn't. Her old high-school beau is still her boy-friend. His name is Francis Lucus.

The story ... Jean sighed that evening as she plunged her arms into the soapuds.

They met only casually along the corridors. She would sit in silent adoration in the front row while he delivered pep talks and practised school cheers—but when they talked together, she was as cool as a January morning. Her other companions considered her aloof, too. She never invited them to her home. What they didn't know, of course, was that Jean lived in two very separate worlds. In her school world, she was a persona, the girl who won all the art prizes and did whimsical solo dances. At the Spickards', in spite of their kindness, she was just the girl who worked there...

How She Got Into the Movies

AND so things stood two weeks before Christmas, 1932. Someone asked her, "Are you going to enter a poster in this contest?" She shook her head. It was too large a contest. But there were extra credits to be gained, if she submitted a

---

RETAIL THE
Natural Beauty
OF YOUR SKIN

with this marvelous
Olive Oil Face Powder

HAVY you looked at your complexion lately?  Really looked at it? ... Is it soft, smooth and clear? Or is it a little coarse, a little rough?

Sun . . . wind . . . days spent in the open! They drain the natural oils out of your skin. Cause your face to become dry and old-looking.

But your skin need not grow old! Outdoor Girl Olive Oil Face Powder enables even the most delicate complexion to remain soft, firm and youthful. This unusual powder acts as the skin-oils do to keep your skin smooth and supple. Yet it is as dry and light as thistle-down.

Try this different face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

Outdoor Girl Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug and department stores in large economy sizes—50c and 55c. If you would like to try live of the most popular Outdoor Girl beauty aids, mail the coupon below.

OUTDOOR GIRL
Olive Oil
FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 53F
WILLIS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY .............................................. STATE

90
She was Mother. Feel the little one. 'Tain't much they'd leave her. It's Jean and the little One. Jean—more real than the life she has lived. And there she stood, her heart-broken. It was Armand who was on the bottom now and Jean didn't want it so.

And Then Came Love

SHE was a little scared at that Spring dance in the High School auditorium—the first she had ever attended. But she trusted in those good-luck slippers of hers, the pink satin ones she had worn as the little Russian Countess in the picture. They beat an eager tattoo when Armand asked her to dance. Armand thrilled her with words that always have been and always will be sweeter than music. She hadn't been alone in her devotion. He had followed her step by step since that first day at school—feeling her remoteness, yet loving her so...

"I can't keep it back any longer, Jean." "I don't want you to, darling. Not ever." But she wouldn't plan to see him again or tell him what was keeping her away from school so much. Neither did she confess that she had done two years' work in one so that she could graduate with him! It had not been easy, especially during those hectic months at the studio. But Jean managed. Finally, on a soft April night, she made her first date with him—and pretended to break it. She didn't know best friends kidnap him and bring him to the home of Mrs. Spickard's aunt in Beverly Hills "because it had a balcony." It was Jean who untied his wrists, who took the bandage from his eyes, and stood there radiant, waiting...

They plan to be married in four years—when Armand has established himself. Jean arranged for Al-G. to give him a job, but he prefers to go his independent way. Didn't she? Shouldn't he do as much? Oh, he is a proud young prince, this Francis Lucus. And not all the screen's heroes can take Jean away from him. They have tried, Heaven knows! She could be the most popular person in this popular town. But she just shakes her head and smiles.

And so the little girl—who had nothing to-day has everything. You can see why she says, "Anything can happen. It can happen to any girl—if she will only believe her dreams. It never occurred to me that I wouldn't find Armand, or that I wouldn't be able to keep my promise to Miss Phillips—even though I've barely started to do that... You have to live in the possession of your dreams!"

That is Jean Parker's secret. Jean, who is Hollywood's newest success story!

I'm glad she's coming tonight, Sue. She's left out of so many things. Such a pretty girl, too. I feel sorry for her.

So do I, mother. She doesn't realize how she sometimes offends. I want to help her.

TWO HOURS BEFORE THE PARTY

So sweet of you, Sue, to let me come straight from the office and dress here for the party!

Delighted to have you dear, the bathroom's right next door when you want your bath.

I've just had mine and it's marvelous how a Lifebuoy bath freshens one up. No 'B.O.' worries either. 'B.O.' surely there's no danger of that?

You never can tell, when there's a crowd and dancing... and the room gets hot... well I'm not taking any chances.

I never realized about 'B.O.' before but I'll be more careful now—bathe often with Lifebuoy, what marvelous lather?

No 'B.O.' to spoil this party!

Sue, I've had a marvelous time! Bill's waiting to take me home. He's made a date for tomorrow. Thank you for everything—everything!

Blonde and bruisette—and I don't know who has the prettier complexion! Lifebuoy

No difference! We both have the same beauty secret—Lifebuoy

Have you discovered yet what a wonderful complexion soap Lifebuoy is—how mild its lather—how kind to the skin? Yet it cleanses thoroughly deeply—washes away clogged impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.

Summer warning

Warmer weather means more perspiration—more danger of 'B.O.' (body odor). Lifebuoy's abundant lather—its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tell you Lifebuoy gives extra protection against this unforgivable fault. Play safe—use Lifebuoy.

Lifebuoy

Lifebuoy Health Shop
Let me tell you how to improve your skin, as I did mine.

It is so embarrassing to have your skin clouded with blackheads, coarsened by clogged pores or roughened by pimply spots and blisters. Cosmetics will not hide them, and you feel conscious of unspoken criticism, ill at ease, unable to appear at your best.

Why endure this mental distress—and perhaps physical discomfort—when the Refinol treatment provides a safe, simple way to help nature relieve complexion ills and make the skin clearer and smoother?

Bathe first with Refinol Soap. You will find it ideally refreshing and cleansing, and, because it has no traces of free alkali, it can be used safely on sensitive, tender skin—where harsher soap might irritate. Then apply Refinol Ointment to the sore pimples spots. In special Refinol medication is particularly effective in giving quick relief and promoting healing. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve.

Your druggist sells Refinol Ointment and Soap. Keep them always on hand.

For a convincing free sample of each write Refinol, Dept. 5-H, Baltimore, Maryland.

Resinol

Why have GRAY HAIR?

(Test Bottle FREE)

Have young-looking hair instead of gray? This way SAFE. Test it—Free—no risk—no expense. Complete Test Package proves results.

Comb colorless liquid through hair. Gray vanishes. Lustrous color alone—no dye, no brown, no yellow, ash, blond, black, brown, blonde. Won't rub off on clothing. Leaves hair soft.

Make full-sized bottle from druggist. Money back guarantee. Or we'll send Free Test.

DODGING THE PITFALLS

"But about my future, or the future of my pictures. Let's see what causes a man or a woman on the screen to become passé. Love is one article of the contract. Age, another. Marrying, dissipate their energies, their time, their talents, and their emotions. Naturally, they have to pay the penalty—a shorter life on the screen. Other actresses become drunk with power, with position, success and money, and that form of intoxication is just as certain to ruin their careers as the intoxication that produces delirium tremens. Other actresses become afflicted with mental strangulation. They lose their perspicacity. They all go to Hollywood."

It means oblivion, no matter what you call it.

"Those things, with bad stories and directions, sometimes force really fine actresses off the screen. I don't suffer from any of these afflictions, and I'm going to be vaccinated against every one of them."

"Then let's admit that the public gets tired of the same characterization. Is that what people thought mine would be—just the same thing over and over again?"

"Well, variety isn't half my answer. What I give them is romance in a franker presentation—love in its broader implications. It's a different type of style. You've got to have it in every picture to make it a success. Some kind of love. Maybe only love of my dog, a dog father figure, mother figure, or the most exciting of all, love between the sexes. Yes, I know about pictures like 'The Lost Battalion' and others of that type. Even there the picture succeeded because of the loyalty—which is another name for love—that many had for each other. So, as I was saying, the right subject to hold throughout the years."

"I'm just crazy enough to believe that when I have been studying human nature so many years, I want to change the love scenes to suit the changing tastes. You think because you served file mince, with mush and rice, in the first two pictures that I couldn't cook steak in any other way? Be yourself, I know a hundred!"

Suddenly, Mae turned to me with the question: "Do you think that all I have to offer is a Bowery toddler, an upholstered hip and a bulging waistline?"

My astonishment must have satisfied her, for she went right on: "If that were true, then I would pass out of the picture. But I study my public. When I made 'She Done Him Wrong', I studied a long time about what I thought the public would think. Then I have to be prepared to change."

The studio pooch-posed the idea of my doing a costume picture, but I had to think about my public. I've got to keep thinking about them. Just as long as I do, nothing can stop Mae West."

Letting You in on a Secret

"But don't get me wrong. A woman can't hold her public by appealing to nen only or by being entertaining to women only. I'll let you in on a secret. You might appeal to a thousand women, and it builds actresses. If you were able to dissuade their talents, their time, their emotions. Naturally, they have to pay the penalty—a shorter life on the screen. Other actresses become drunk with power, with position, success and money, and that form of intoxication is just as certain to ruin their careers as the intoxication that produces delirium tremens. Other actresses become afflicted with mental strangulation. They lose their perspicacity. They all go to Hollywood."

It means oblivion, no matter what you call it.

"Those things, with bad stories and directions, sometimes force really fine actresses off the screen. I don't suffer from any of these afflictions, and I'm going to be vaccinated against every one of them."

"Then let's admit that the public gets tired of the same characterization. Is that what people thought mine would be—just the same thing over and over again?"

"Well, variety isn't half my answer. What I give them is romance in a franker presentation—love in its broader implications. It's a different type of style. You've got to have it in every picture to make it a success. Some kind of love. Maybe only love of my dog, a dog father figure, mother figure, or the most exciting of all, love between the sexes. Yes, I know about pictures like 'The Lost Batt
"The very best thing that I have done for the public during this depression has been the humorous manner—even ribald sometimes—in which I have treated sex. My fight has been against depression, repression and suppression. You know 'A Farewell to Arms,' a great picture, was a story of sex, but it was tragic and awfully depressing. Men saw it and were afraid ever to fall in love again. They didn't even want to take a pretty girl around the corner and give her a kiss. I don't want to leave that sort of a feeling with them. I want to treat sex and love lightly—enough to make both men and women feel that life is worth living; that it still holds heaps of fun, no matter what the conditions. I fight always to keep people from feeling depressed by sex. It's not right that they should be. It makes them feel cheated when love is presented tragically. "I like to excite the imagination of people and I try to do things in a startling way. You know it was Plato who said, 'Good people dream about the things that bad people do.'"

Mae receives thousands of letters from fans, of every age and size, that express appreciation that she has relieved their inhibitions; that she has kept some of them from suicide; that she has saved hundreds from the divorce court; that she has made them all feel more the joy of living. "Just as long as I can do that, I'll have friends enough to keep me making pictures," said Mae. "That's what I am striving for.

Everyone Has Creative Instinct

"The biggest mistake that most people make is in thinking of sex as only something physical. The truth is, sex includes all the creative instincts of the race. We have no writers, painters, musicians, no artists of any sort, but for the sex urge, I don't mind telling you. I'm as fed up on this pseudo-frigidity in women as a lot of men are. It all started a few hundred years ago with some religious fanatics who decided that because the religious leaders had been supernaturally conceived, it naturally followed that any expression of sex through the human body must be sinful. Bosh!"

Anyway, don't say I have made sex cheap. If you follow my pictures, you will observe that I never make a woman too easy to get. A cheaply immoral woman is as uninteresting as the hurdy-gurdy players outside a side-show. And any woman who gets anywhere has to have sense. You have to know when to weaken and when not to. Otherwise you will be given tickets to a nickelodeon when you might just as well be wearing diamonds.

Sex-appeal is a promise of love—nothing more, nothing less. All the little tricks and accomplishments to attract are not to be despised. In fact, they are respectable tools with which to assure a man. But they are only the window dressing for the thing that really matters. The thing that matters is love. The whole art of fascinating man is the art of promising love and then making good on your promise.

"Young and old are all thinking about love, wondering about it, trying to express it. They're all praying for a future that will satisfy that ever-present love-hunger—and nobody quite succeeds. Nor will they in any generation. The more you love, the more you want it. And you don't have to get used to it—like avocados. You just naturally can't live without it."

"But what has all this to do with my staying in the picture business? Just this. The only thing in the world the public has not changed its taste for is sex. It's the only thing that makes the world go around, no matter what anybody tells you. Since its popularity hasn't waned for thousands of years, I guess I needn't be afraid it will go out of style overnight. Anyway, I'm gambler enough to bet my future on it."

---

**Hip-lines become streamlines in a Jantzen**

It is hard indeed to tell where a Jantzen leaves off and you begin, so perfect is the fit, so expert the tailoring. It molds your body in slenderizing lines with an amazing degree of figure-control.

You'll approve and applaud the Jantzen styles of 1934, individual and distinctive. You'll like the new fashion colors, rich and alluring. You'll be greatly interested in the new Sunsheen fabric of Bemberg and Lastex—exclusively Jantzen. Soft, silky, lustrous, elastic in all directions; the most luxurious fabric ever developed for swimming apparel!

---

**Jantzen Knitting Mills**

Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia
Revealing the Hidden Wives of Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

When I was in school, I used to be something of a hero-worshipper, myself. Nothing irritated me so much as to learn the intimate sock-darning details of my idol's domestic life. Far worse than idol's feet of clay are idols with socks that need darning!

Life Full Without Fame

"My" life, as the private wife of a movie idol, is long and colorful, without borrowing the glare of the spotlight that belongs to John. Sometimes I think it is hardly fair that we should all have the fun of refected Hollywood fame with none of its disadvantages. I have my own circle of friends in Hollywood, my home, my children and my husband; and they are sufficient interest for any woman!"

Hollywood's second group of "hidden wives" includes a larger number—women formerly of the stage or screen who gave up interesting careers of their own when they married Hollywood's handsome heroes. Check on this list such interesting and pretty women as Mrs. Robert Montgomery (Elizabeth Allen), who met Bob six years ago on the stage of an Eastern stock company and married him three weeks later; Mrs. Wallace Beery (Arta Gilman), nine years married to one of the most lovable men on the screen, following a courtship that began on Dick's "Robin Hood" sets, where Arita was playing a "court lady"; Mrs. John Barrymore, who was, until five years ago, the very popular Dolores Costello (Elizabeth Ansford)—her stage name; Mrs. Lionel Barrymore (Irene Fenwick), famous stage actress before she was forced into retirement by ill health; Mrs. Warner Baxter (Winifred Bryson), who married Warner sixteen years ago in New York and continued her career in Hollywood until ill health forced her to give it up.

Then there are Mrs. Chester Morris (Suzanne Kilbourne), a former Paramount stock company player until she married "Chet" so long and decided to devote her time to home, husband, and two small children; Mrs. James Cagney (Frances Vernon), who met Jimmy in the stage play "Pirates' Paradise," but decided that she got more of a kick out of his career than her own; Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd), who, after ten years of successful marriage, occasionally plays a "bit" in Eddie's pictures—just for fun; Mrs. Clive Brook (Mildred Evelyn), who married Clive in England twelve years ago; and Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jolyna Ralston) who completely, totally and definitely abandoned a career as Harold Lloyd's leading lady when she married Dick seven years ago.

"Hidden" wives of Hollywood they all may be—but they seem to have accumulated most of its hidden marital happiness.

Dolores Looked Far Ahead

D OLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE, who gave up stardom for marriage, has this to say: "It has been figured that the average length of the career of a woman star is from five to eight years. When I was married, I merely came to the conclusion that I wanted the best years of my life devoted to something more lasting and worth while—my husband, the children and our home!"

Mrs. Robert Montgomery bitterly resents the assertions made by a couple of writers that Bob has "attempted" to keep her in the background. Though she does not care to give dignity to the subject by being quoted, she feels that the charge is absurd and terribly unfair to Bob. When he first was signed by the movies, he was a young actor who still had to make his way to the top. He was advised by men who had his greatest professional interests at heart to "go easy" on his domestic life. This philosophy was perfectly agreeable to Bob—but for an entirely different reason.

Once, when I asked him about his home-life, he said: "Actually, I was called upon to share everything with the public—their loves, their emotions and their heart-aches. I suppose that is all right; it's the price you pay for the prize you get. But I think len an actor is entitled to the refuge of four walls that mean 'home'!" And the pretty little Betty Montgomery agrees with him perfectly!

Richard Barthelmes' second wife—Jesica Sargent—is not an actress and has no desire for the spotlight. She can concentrate on being Dick's pal!

The sentiment of all of these ladies is pertinently expressed by Jobyna Ralston Arlen: "I gave up my career because my marriage was more important to me. I don't mean to appear cynical about it, and there are several cases where two stars have been able to make a 'go' of one marriage, but they are the exceptions and not the rule. I don't think it fair for any marriage to be expected to stand up under two sets of tired nerves."

"If I had been a Katharine Hepburn, or a Garbo, perhaps everything would have been different. I would have felt, then, that my marriage must rightly come before anything else in life. But when we were married, I had a very short talk with myself and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that Dick's career and future were more interesting than mine would be. That was the answer!"

One Rumor-Free Marriage

H AROLD LLOYD's wife (Mildred Davis) is another Lloyd leading lady who decided that she preferred a happy marriage to a bright career, refusing to try to mix the two; and this is one marriage that no divorce rumor has ever toyed with. Other actresses who have given up their careers and husbands, however, for love, and under their husbands' names are Mrs. Bing Crosby (Dixie Lee), Mrs. Morton Downey (Barbara Bennett), Mrs. Charles Farrell (Virginia Valli), Mrs. Cary Cooper
(Sandra Shaw)—and, to a lesser extent, Mrs. Bill Boyd (Dorothy Sebastian) and Mrs. Stuart Erwin (June Collyer).

But there are some wives who are, strangely enough, better known away from Hollywood than in the film city, itself. One is Mrs. Charles Laughton (Elsa Lanchester), who did one of the best bits of acting in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth." starling her husband; probably Hollywood will give her a chance now. Another is Mrs. Walter Huston (Nan Sunderland), who is now playing with her husband in his Broad- way hit, "Dodsworth." Another is Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge), who has appeared in a few pictures, but would be in constant demand on Broadway if she did not prefer to be with Fredric in Hollywood. Still another is Mrs. Gregory Ratoff—who is Eugenie Leontovich, a star, to Broad- way. Another is Mrs. Jack Haley—who is Florence McFadden to vaudevillne.

Probably the least hidden of Hollywood wives is Eddie Cantor's Ida (née Ida Tobias). He mentions her—and the five daughters—on the slightest provocation. On the other hand, who in the audience knows even the first name of Mrs. Will Rogers, that comedian's dearest and severest critic, for lo, these twenty years? Her maiden name, according to the records, is Betty Blake. Roland Young has a mother- in-law whose name is known by practically everyone, though few by comparison are aware of his wife's name. Clare Kummer made Roland famous with the plays she wrote for him, and he fell in love with her little girl, Marjorie, and married her when she grew up.

They're Married, Too

On the screen, John Miljan never seems to win the girl; and Guy Kibbee always seems to pretend he is etasy-free. Maybe you don't think of them as married. But they are, very much so and very proudly so—John, to Victoria Lowe; Guy, to Brownie Reed. And in case you didn't know Jimmy Durante was kidding when he said Garbo wanted him for her leading man, just remember that there is a Mrs. Jimmy (Jean Olsen), who has a great sense of humor, herself.

When Paul Muni recently went abroad, he was photographed with his wife—which was the first that many people knew of a Mrs. Muni (Berta Finkle). And there are other wives of other heroes who hide from or, at least, avoid—the spotlight. For example, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown (Corne- lia Foster); Mrs. Warren William (Elena Natasha); Mrs. Pat O'Brien (Eloise Maxim); Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (Catherine Willard); Mrs. Monte Blue (Tove Jensen); Mrs. Paul Lukas (Gizelle Bentz); Mrs. Victor Mc- laglen (Eid Marmon); Mrs. Phil Harris (Marcia Ralston); Mrs. William Gargan (Pat Kenny); Mrs. Neil Hamilton (Elsa Whitmer); Mrs. Henry Garat (Betty Rowe); Mrs. Richard "Skeets" Gallagher (Pauline Mason); Mrs. Victor Jory (Jean Inness); Mrs. Reginald Denny (Isabel Steil- te); Mrs. Larry "Buster" Crabbe (Alla Virginia Held); and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez (Christian Lee).

For years Ronald Colman was believed a bachelor, until someone—who-knew-him—when revealed that he was married to an English actress named Thelma Raye, from whom he had been separated, but not so far as known—divorced. George Raft was similarly publicized as a very eligible bachelor, until George, himself, tired of the pretense and revealed that he, too, had been married and had a son twelve years old. The fact that these wives were "hidden" by press-agents may have boosted the stock of the boys; and, again, it may have had little to do with their rise. Does the public object to its heroes' marrying?—

If only they'll stay married...

MRS. ERNO RAPEÉ

wife of Noted Conductor, 7 Star Revue Radio Orchestra

laughed when she heard about the 50¢ Lipstick for 10¢ and then...

Mrs. Rapeé tried the marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath, sent for a lipstick (see coupon below) and is now convinced of the genuine, delicate scent and attractive appearance of these exquisite lipsticks.

The makers of LINIT, The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin, are offering you these astonishing values in lipsticks solely to introduce their famous product, LINIT, and prove that using LINIT in your bath will give you a new sensation and make your skin feel velvety soft—immediately.

Merely send a top from a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for each lipstick wanted, using the convenient coupon below.

A

LINIT is sold by grocers and department stores.

CORP PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. MP-6, P. O. Box 121, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me........ lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. Enclose........ cent and........ LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name

Address

City

This offer good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

95
Do Radio Stars Stand a Chance in the Movies?

(Continued from page 4)

another radio star. That scene was laid in New York, some four years ago, when I was almost trapped up one foot by the rush of reporters, publicity men, radio followers and what-not who joined in the mad scramble to get Rudy Vallee aboard the train, Hollywood-bound with high hopes.

Rudy and Amos 'n' Andy were then the great menaces to pictures—or, at least, to box-office receipts. Picture executives held many a long conference, figuring how to offset radio's inroads in their popularity. Then they hit upon an idea. They would say they didn't need any money, but—

What Rudy Had to Learn

But, according to Rudy, they did something entirely different. They wouldn't let me do things the way I knew how to do them," Rudy later confided to me, "and made me do them in a way to appear ridiculous, anything about lighting or camera angles or close-ups then. They put me through scenes that I felt were ridiculous and unnatural, and I didn't understand their picture technique or tempo.

Whether the resultant disappointing picture was intentionally or unintentionally that way, the effect was there. For two years afterward, his radio popularity was hardly a menace to the movies. But now, with a variety program—on which he often introduces scenes to radio audiences—the way—his weekly broadcast once more keeps many moviegoers home one night after another. And, once more, the screen has beenbeckoned him. But in “George White's Scandals” he made sure he had material to fit him. Meanwhile, he has also added to his knowledge of screen technique by playing in a number of Our Gang comedies. Neither Rudy nor the movies have lost anything by their latest get-together.

It has been said before and on, that the studios have taken advantage of lighting effects and camera angles and close-ups in the case of the less glamorous radio personalities, unfamiliar not only with camera technique, but often with acting, also. They claim that no one has had more reason to regret the disappointing screen appearances of so many radio stars than producers, who have invested minor fortunes in their pictures, expecting to capitalize on their radio popularity. They claim that the public apparently has built up images of its radio favorites that led to disillusionment when it actually saw them—and who could anticipate that?

Amos 'n' Andy in Cartoons Now

REMEMBER when Amos 'n Andy were at the height of their popularity and showmen, in the United States, had to promise people that they wouldn't miss the blackface comedians by going to the movies; that the pictures would be turned off when and where the showmen wanted? Amos 'n' Andy made a movie—and shown now have to offer those desperate promises, through Amos 'n' Andy are still on the air. The public was disappointed in the boys on the screen. Now Hollywood is trying a new experiment—offering their famous voices, but with their figures in cartoon shape, in short comedies. Ed Wynn is a splendid comedian; and as the Fire Chief, is one of radio's greatest entertainment assets. But something happened to him in his recent transition to the screen; his picture was dull, pathetically so. It was a strange turn for the famous radio star, who arrived in Hollywood with his face as red as his Chief's helmet—making the comment that it was the first “Hop” he had ever appeared in, leaving the viewers to imagine how his nonsense, which has made Broadway hysterical for years, could fall so flat on the screen through a little outside help.

And Jack Pearl—who certainly had proved on both stage and radio, time and again, that he was funny and entertaining—why should his Baron Munchausen fail to make movie audiences roll in the aisles? What was wrong? Didn't the studio know that the humor in the scenario was priceless? One did have such faith in Pearl's comic ability that it thought he could make a trite script hilarious? And why did the camera fail to do justice to even the physical appearance of Donald Novis, romantic radio singer? For the camera has done all right by those other radio Romances, Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo.

The fact remains that several of the most dismally disappointing pictures of recent years have been those in which radio stars have been featured, with great expense and hokum ballyhoo. And they have been made by companies that pride themselves on their ability to make good pictures. Since they know their pictures will probably seem to be that they don't know their radio stars—or how to carry their radio glamour over into pictures. "Is Bing Crosby and Eddie Cantor?" asks Hollywood. The studios point to Crosby and Cantor as proof that radio stars can make good in films. Yet Crosby was a screen comedian before he became a menace on the air, and snatched himself a healthy movie following before the big studios spotted him; and Eddie Cantor is a veteran of Hollywood's early musical comedies, wise to all the tricks of the game and always smart enough to have considerable control over any picture in which he plays.

What Are the Explanations?

PERHAPS it is true that radio stars very often have nothing to bring to pictures and that their little characteristics or catchlines, which go well for a few minutes on the air, very quickly tire an audience sitting through a long hour of visual entertainment. Still the skeptics ask: "Why then sign them? Who should be able to know their failings better than the movie producers? And if a radio star hasn't the stuff to carry through a picture, isn't it a little strange to star him or to assign him big parts? If it is done merely in an effort to cash in on the name of the radio star, then who is left holding the bag—those who suffer from his disappointing performance, or the public, which is enticed to spend money on poor entertainment—or both?"

"Radio is altogether too variable for being starred in full-length pictures," asserts George Burns, of the successful radio-and-screen comedy. "It depends from smaller screen parts they would be successful, but a movie audience wants to look at romantic faces for the leading roles—These comic couples call Ed Wynn romantic-looking. It's a radio performer's own fault if he asks for screen stardom—or even allows himself to be starred on the screen. The studios may...
petit-point chairs in Jean’s salon are genuine antiques, you will find that the furniture shops in the big cities have copies of French pieces of the Louis Quinze and Quatorze epoch for surprisingly moderate prices. And you may buy petit-point patterns, copied from very old embroideries and already stamped on canvas at most department stores, together with the tools for the embroidery. (Jean, herself, has made several chair seats for her house.) Another beautiful thing about petit-point is that it wears like armor-plate.

The heavy carved and gilded screen at the entrance of the salon would be beyond the purse of any twenty-three-year-old except a picture star, as would the gold Cupid clock and ornate gold and ivory candlesticks on the marble mantel. But a screen with French wallpaper, real or imitation, would be a simple substitute for a French drawing room, if you wished to model your new house after Jean Harlow’s.

In this setting of exquisite formality and artifice, of faint pastel tones, and velvet and satin surfaces, the platinum-haired mistress of the house is natural and unaffected, sauntering about her exquisite domain in slacks and a childish sweater, famous hair flying. Aside from the café au lait upholstery and the pearl window drapes, the color note is

FAO

FIDDLESTICKS! YOU COMING, BECAUSE I C TELL YOU HOW TO AVOID REGULAR PAIN.

AND SHE DID.

(Thanks to Midol)

How to End Periodic Pain:

Yes, the girl who once gave-in to periodic pain has found a way to snap out of it.

Even those women who have always been “knocked flat” may now menstruate in perfect comfort.

The treatment is explained here. It’s simple. It’s perfectly harmless. It doesn’t interfere with Nature’s necessary process; all it does is block the pain. And this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. Just before your time, take a tablet of Midol, followed by a large glass of water. The usual pains may not start at all. But if you feel one twinge, take a second tablet.

That’s all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to “favor” yourself, or “keep off your feet.” Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don’t be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don’t hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you’ll be prepared.
Can Such Youth—
Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color, Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

REMITON
g Only 10 Day
ble=
A new Remington Port
able. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write, Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial order for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 1404, Buffalo, N. Y.

rack by an apple-green velvet couch
cludes the huge windows at the farther
, and several green velvet and chiffon
. (If you're interested, corduroy would
less expensive—and longer-wearing—
ute, and with darker green fringe
's would look very luminous that the occu-
the hall is the dining room, with furni-
ure of the Empire period. The
ere upholstered in peach velvet. The
are of heavy emerald green satin,
the same faint gray-green as in the
rs the floor; there is the same ic
the walls. It is ready at her mo-
ance for the most elaborate dinner
ould wish to give—though, as a
act, Jean Harlow seldom enter-
then she does, never elaborately.
, however, is spacious and daz
with tiled walls and ample

Where Jean Writes

The dining room, toward the
s Jean's study, a room that has
being lived in. It is white pan-
windows are hung with a
chintz with pearl background.
reen foliage is the predominant
carpet is dark green. Set into
ceases on the walls are the bright
ooks, some of them distinctly h
reading. The wide, flat-topped
desk set against the window also
orks of hard work, for it is here
writes her novels (she's working
one now) and studies her
son, which a trainer will drop in
he afternoon.

the bookcases cunningly swings
inges, revealing a bar behind
the modern touch for you! Pluster
rs of the ceiling—an informal French
cure. There are
ments; there is none of the flipant
ss associated with the homes of bea
-screen stars. On the mantel shelf, two
n white porcelain vases hold growing ivy,
which sprays across the walls.

The sun room at the rear of the hall has a
brick floor covered with grass-green rug; and huge
choughas and chairs in heavy white up-
holstery of several weaves and materials,
some wool, some cotton. (You don't need
to be in the movies to afford a sun room.)
Nothing looks so cool or summery or smart as
white coverings for chairs. Contrasting
tomato-red fringe adds a gay accent. Low
white tables bear bowls of bulbs and mag-
zines with gay smart covers. (Magazines,
by the way; play an important part in color
notes for decoration these days.) In one
corner a bridge set stands invitingly.
Through windows hung with white Venetian
blinds you see Jean's swimming pool and
play house and the breathing-taking view
of city and far-distant sea, which alone is
worth the steep climb to Jean's house.

Not in Debt, Either

"A
D it's all paid for, every cent.
House, grounds, furniture—every-
thing," Jean says with a deep sigh. "We
did it as we could afford to, and waited to
furnish it as we could. That was the cash in
hand. That's why my own bedroom up-
stairs still lacks several pieces. But I'll get
them out of next week's salary."

Few girls could afford to copy that bed-
room of Jean's, for it, too, is all in white.
It has pinkish-white walls, creamy white
carpet (which may be cleaned on the floor
when spots appear), white satin hangings,
white furniture. The chaise lounge, puffy
with great pillows, is really two chairs, lac-
ing, one longer than the other. There is
even a white enameled radio—a hint for
everyone. This bedroom radio of Jean's
cost only fifteen dollars, and is so small as
to be inconspicuous.

The easy chairs are of varied shapes,
small and low. Many of them are old chairs,
which have been upholstered with the same
damask so that they become homogeneous
with their setting. But the bed is what gives
individuality to the occupant of the room
is a gorgeous screen star. For the bed, which
has no footboard, has its headboard upholstered completely in the
same electric gray-green that surrounds the
room, and is a huge screen covered with large French
prints—and several dozen signed photo-
graphs of Jean's favorite stars! She is one of
the most ardent movie fans in Holly-
wood.

It is a sunny, lived-in room, which could
be duplicated by any of Jean's admirers for
a very reasonable sun, complete with the
drum table, the ladder back chairs and the
printed bookcases that hold Jean's most
beloved novels. Sometimes as many as three separa
tetrones, chintzes or printed linens are used in one
large room.

It would be a grave omission to leave
Jean's home without a peep into her dress-
ing-room, the workshop of Beauty. Jean's
is not cluttered up with unnecessary fur-
nishings. It has a built-in dressing table
the width of the room, a comfortable chair
before it, and a small, puffy chair that is
used to move about for the chance visitor.
The closets that line the walls are all mirror-
dooded. A dozen small drawers for all the
really useful, but not so ornamental tools of
the toilette are within reach at either side
of the dressing table. Glass mirror tops to
the table prevent the smears of lipstick, dabs
of rouge and greasy cold cream streaks of a
soft-tissue- and lace-type, and satin cry-
stal lamps are arranged at all heights on
the sides of the dressing mirror. Only in the
ornaments—elaborate hanging ones—of the
bathroom, are there the usual crystal pictures
in which gems and topaz stones are inlaid.

Contrasts in Prints

The chintz curtains in the upstairs sit-
ting room are of a different pattern from
the chintz used in the slip covers of the
furniture. The best decorators these days
try to harmonize fabrics used in a room, in-
stead of repeating the same patterns and
materials—something to remember when
you are planning your own house. Sometimes
as many as three separate cretonnes, chintzes or printed linens are used in one
large room.

Can Such Youth—
Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color, Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.
The Picture Parade
(Continued from page 63)

VIVA VILLA

Berry Makes Him "Vivid Villa"

THIS overwhelming picture leaves the
spectator stunned by noise, violent
movement and the display of primitive
emotions. It reeks of sweat, dust, tobacco
and blood. Emotionally not historical as
to fact, its creators and Wallace Berry have
given the screen a living, breathing hero, as
childlike in his cruelty as in his loyalty, a
gay, sentimental bandit whose personality
explains why simple peons were content to
leave their fields to follow him to death with
a shrill cheer.

Unforgettable episodes, showing Villa's
attitudes toward women, toward his idol,
throughout his life, toward his men to-
ward Johnny, the American reporter, and
toward his enemies are scattered through
thundering charges of ragged men, whole-
se sale executions, processions and massings
of troops. Continual anti-climaxes mar the
sweep of the story. But Berry's perform-
ance is beyond criticism; and Henry Wal-
thall as the tied, pitiful idealist, Madero,
paints a memorable portrait. Lesser roles
are equally well done. Stuart Erwin, pinch-
hitting for Lee Tracy as the reporter, is
likable. Katherine DeMille, as one of Villa's
numerous wives (of whom he stands in awe),
is strikingly beautiful.

Highlights (a few of many): The ghastly
humor of Villa's "trial" with dead peons as
the jury, his speech at the banquet in Mex-
ico City. The death scene in the butcher
shop, in which Villa's eyes close as he mur-
murs with childish wilderness, "But
Johnee what have—I ever done—that was
bad?" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

GLAMOUR

Backstage Stuff—But Different

THIS is a story—more dramatic in irony
than in suspense—about theatrical ups-
and-downs, about the eternal war between
marriage and career. Under the nervous
strain of holding her position as great musi-
cal comedy star, Constance Cummings
tires of her first husband (Paul Lukas), who is
responsible for her success. But when she,
herself, marries a young cafe singer (Philip
Reed) she has made famous, she is, in her
turn, thrown aside.

Paul Lukas is, as always, sympathetic
and warmly human. Constance Cummings
never looked better and her work is growing
in sincerity and sureness, though she some-
times strains for effect. Philip Reed will
bear watching.

Highlights: The two amusing scenes in
which first Constance Cummings and later
Philip Reed are interviewed, fitted for cos-
tumes acclaimed. (Universal)

FINISHING SCHOOL

Won't These Girls Ever Learn?

REMINISCENT of "Eight Girls in a
Boat," this picture deals with the go-
ings-on in a fashionable school for girls, with
Ginger Rogers as the hard-boiled roommate
who disillusion Frances Dee about her ideals
of the rough and Küche her toward trouble.
Billie Burke plays the brittle, flapper-trained
mother and Bruce Cabot is youthful in the
modern manner as the lover. But the pic-
ture is more than that.

Even the predominance in which the girl finds herself is so familiar
by this time that it is expected from the beginning. And stern teachers again take it on
the chin—a bit unjustly this time.

Highlights: The very touching love scene
in the boathouse, with the snow beyond the
window gradually obliterating the lovers' 
footprints. (RKO-Radio)

TEST the...

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

"I have reduced my hips*

Nine Inches" writes Miss Healy!

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company
...and sent for FREE folder!" 

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days
on trial!" 

"The massage-like action did it...the fat seemed to have
melted away!" 

"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my weight
20 pounds!"

R E D U C E

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR...

...it won't cost you one penny!

W E WANT YOU to try the

Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for
yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE.

Then, if without diet, drugs or exer-

cise, you have not reduced at least
3 inches around waist and hips, it will
cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

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

Ventilated...to Permit the
Skin to Breathe!

• And it is so comfortable! The
ventilating perforations allow the
skin pores to breathe normally. The
inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle
is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric,
especially designed to wear next to
the body. It does away with all irri-
tation, chafing and discomfort, keep-
ing your body cool and fresh at all
times. There is no sticky, unpleasant
feeling. A special adjustable back al-
lovs for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

• You can prove to yourself quickly and
definitely whether or not this very efficient
girdle will reduce you. You do not need to
risk one penny...try it for 10 days...
then send it back if you are not completely
astonished at the wonderful results.

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also
features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brasierette!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 166, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing
and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and
Brasierette, also sample of perforated rubber and
hardeners of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name______________________________

City______________________________State______________________________

Our Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

99
MERCOLIZED WAX
Keeps Skin Smooth
and Young Looking

IT is the one beauty aid you can
afford because this single prepara-
tion embodies all the essentials of
beauty that your skin needs. Mercel-
ized Wax absorbs the discolored
surface skin in tiny, invisible parti-
cles, revealing the beautiful, soft,
young skin that lies underneath. So
simple to use, too. Just like an
ordinary cold cream. You need
such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax
for each application that it proves
an inexpensive beauty treatment.
Mercolized Wax has been
making complications radi-
antly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make
your complexion fresher, prettier and
clearer. Mercolized Wax brings out the hid-
den beauty of each individual complexion.

PHLEACTINE removes hairy growths—takes
them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves
the skin hair-free, soft, smooth and clean.
Phleactine is odorless and non-irritating.

POWDERED SAXOLITE dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel is a
refreshing, stimulating astrangent lotion. When used daily, fatigue
lines fade away and skin glows with fresh, warm color.
Sold at high class drug and department stores everywhere

Try My Way to Reduce Your Form—Free!

Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unat-
tractive fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an overbite bust. I'll
gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of
"Prescription-36."

Send Me Your Name
and address and your pleas-
ant home treatment will
come to you by return mail in plain wrapper. Please en-
velope 10c for forwarding charge.

DORIS KENT, Dept. K-6
50 East 11th Street.
New York, N. Y.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE A NEW SKIN
IN 3 DAYS' TIME!

GET THIS FREE
—and learn what was considered impossible before—the
removal of wrinkles, freckles, blemishes, discoloration of the face,
more wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin can now be
done handsomely and permanently at home in three days' time
in many instances, as stated by leaders of men and women,
young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called
"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"
which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine.
No worry for those who are handling the skin and the
cases of those if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Sim-
ply send your name and address and name the skin identi-
fication which trouble you most to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATO-
RIES, Dept. E-9, No. 1300 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and
you will receive a free copy of the home treatment to
restore mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your
friends about it.

Ben Bernie—the Old
Maestro—Is Now a
Movie Star

(Continued from page 50)

know. She’s the race-driver’s idea of
heaven. All inside scenes. Very few know
it, but I’m Mae’s brother. My real name
is Ben West.” (Heah, Heah, Bernie!)

“Too, that’s wrong. My real name is Ben
Burbridge. I’m the plantation steward you
ever met. I really came to California to try
to create a blond tomato. It’s going to be
tasty, but I think I went a little too far. I
don’t mean it. ‘Flowering Winchell’ in honor
of the biggest tomato in history.”

“Then that’s why you really came to
California?”

“Of course not,” Ben continued, flicking
the ash from his cigar down some choline’s
back. “The real reason I came here was
because the doctor said I had been working
too hard and had to go some place where it
was quiet. ‘You’ll have to go either to
Philadelphia or Hollywood,’ he told me.

"No! I’m not sick, doctor!”

“I thought the doctor was all wrong when
he suggested Hollywood. N. Y. There were
no signs of worry, absolutely no signs of trouble.
But if he were going to listen for the street-car that comes past
every twenty minutes. If that car ever
breaks down, I’ll catch the next train. It’s the only thing I’ve been able to find
here that moves, so help me.”

By this time we were in the restaurant on
the lot, attacking luncheon. I noticed that
Ben ate little and asked him why.

Dieting for Humanity’s Sake

"Oh, it’s that darn doctor again,”
he lamented. “He told me I was getting
to look more like Winchell every day and
that the only thing I could do to prevent it
should adopt a strict diet. He warned me
that the diet might cure or kill me, but
assured him it was worth the chance.
Better death than inflict another mug like
his on the world.

Suddenly I decided to retell. This guy
Bernie didn’t seem to like Walter Winchell.

“Like him?” he snapped. "I can’t
what this guy bad enough luck. I don’t
like the sort of stuff he writes even if it
hurt him. I keep away from the fact with
awful things I’d like to see happen to him.”

"Such as—?"

"Well, the worst torture I’ve been able
to imagine is to make him read his own
stuff. That ought to learn him. Why, it’s
guys like Winchell who are bad enough like me.
But I’ve got the dope on him. Why, I’ve
got enough on that guy to send him up—
up, up and up on the end of a rope.

Single-handed (this old single-handed
Bernie speaking, folks) I dug up his family
tree. I traced his ancestors back beyond
the horizon. I traced them clean back to
Rome in the olden times. And what do you
think I found? I found that the first
and original Winchell lived in Rome, way
back in something B.C. and that his name
was Octavius Romulus Winchellus and he
had a bad, a verra, verra bad record. The book
shows they strung old Octie up the nearest
tree pole one day for giving burn tips
on chariot races.

"No!" I gasped.

Has Some Big Picture Plans

“ACTUALLY,” Ben reitera-
ted. "Jest so, jest as yo’ o’l pappy Bernie is tellin’
yo’. Dat’s exactly what dey did, sonny,
strike yo’ o’ pappy dead, didn’t dey. (I
suddenly realized that Ben had gone old
In Favor of Just One More War

"Ben," I said, finishing luncheon, "it's good to see you. You haven't been in California for about five years, have you?"

"Oh, longer than that," Ben returned. "I haven't been in California for—oh, gosh! I don't think I've been in California since Winchell had a new gag!"

I hemmed and the story was on Winchell. Desperately, I tried to change the subject. "They tell me you had quite a War record, Ben. Is that true?"

"That's right," he affirmed. "I was in vaudeville at the time. I followed the Germans."

"In vaudeville? Followed the Germans? I don't understand. How could you do both?"

"Easy, my lad, easy. My act on the bill followed a bit of German tumbler. I took my beating, asked him to skip it and asked, 'You aren't in favor of any more wars, are you, Ben?'"

"Just one," he snapped. "I'd favor a war to end Winchell. But seriously, if we have a war, they ought to make that guy a general in the poison gas division. He wouldn't have to change a bit; just keep talking the way he always does. He wouldn't even need a uniform."

"We finished and moved back toward the set. Ben became serious. 'You know,' he said, 'this is a funny business I'm in. We're all overpaid. When a guy asks me how long I'll stay in it, I always answer, 'Until the cops catch up with me.' The dough they pay us mug entertainers is criminal. I'll never be able to understand it."

"Well, Ben," I asked, 'if you consider yourself overpaid, what do you think about Winchell?"

"Winchell?" Ben hissed. "They aren't paying that guy, are they?"

And so the Old Maestro with this parting crack at Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, wishes you a bit of a tweet-tweet, a nodoo-o, and pleasant dre-a-ums.

Southern darkly on me.) "In dem days, sonny," continued Pappy Bernie, "I seen in dem days de Romans had a word for it—like de Greeks. De book shows dat de word dey use to describe Winchell was —— (deleted by the editor)."

"What kind of picture are you going to make here, Ben?"

"Oh, it's going to be wonderful. It's going to be stupendous. It's going to be superb, tremendous, COLOSSAL! It may," he finished weakly, "even be good. I don't know yet. I haven't read the script. RKO thought they were pretty hot, putting 'Flying Down to Rio' up in the clouds. Busby Berkeley thinks his under-water epics are some stuff. But wait till the Old Maestro gets hot. I've got a few ideas on movies. Yowzah!"

"I haven't definitely decided yet just how I'll shoot my movie, but I'm considering doing part of it in the clouds, some more under the water, still more in an elevator, then move it to the eighty-third floor of the Empire State Building, then take it to Egypt, Paris, Berlin (that's in Germany), London, the Wyoming plains and wind it up where we exist, Avenue 44 and Street New Yawk. Warners thought they had something when they made '42nd Street.' Nothing! Pooh! Nothing at all. I may name mine '42nd Street' so it will be two hundred times better. They can't stop the Old Maestro when he gets hot."

"How about all the lads, Ben? Going to give them much to do?"

"I'll give 'em some, but not too much," Ben answered, "because it has been my observation that a lot of Hollywood boys with walk-on, walk-off parts have been walking on and walking off with the picture. That's bad. Real bad."

---

Get the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run-down, nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others. These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific processing gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear, I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

*OAKWOOD, WEL*

Not a blashm now: "My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a Blashm on my face."

---

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MT-6
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

101
1. Something you seldom see off the screen is a picture of a movie siren in the role of doting mother. This is especially true of Constance Bennett, who wants her son, Peter, to grow up free from publicity. Peter is Connie’s adopted son, although rumors have been circulated from time to time hinting that he is her own son and that Phil Plant, from whom Constance is divorced, is his father." (Continued from page 10)

2. When Lilian Tashman, wife of Edmund Lowe, also of the movies, passed away following an operation or a serious condition on March 21st, the whole movie world was shocked. Few knew she had been ailing. Lilian Tashman, who earned for herself the reputation of being Hollywood’s “best-dressed star,” was a great trouper to the end, working long hours in agony to complete her role in ‘Frankie and Johnnie.’"

3. Irene Dunne’s lyric-soprano voice was insured for $100,000 while she was working on “On Thin Ice,” a radio musical drama, in which she is co-starred with Richard Dix. Producers take no chances.

4. Ruth Chatterton, film star and her husband, George Brent, also of the screen, who have been denying for months rumors that they will soon separate, now admit that they have separated and will be divorced. There have been rumors (and the usual denials) that Ruth would marry the former husband, Ralph Forbes, from whom she was divorced the day before she married Brent. Ruth called it a “civilized divorce” and the three, Ruth, George and Ralph, chummed around together.

5. The thirteen girls picked by the Wampas as the most likely to attain stardom during 1934 are: Judith Arlen, Jean Carmen, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hoyt, Lucille Lund, Lu Ann Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Katherine Williams, Jacqueline Wells and Betty Bryson.

6. When Miriam Jordan filed suit for divorce from her husband, Joseph Davis, it came as a surprise to everybody as no one knew Miriam had ever been married. Miriam and Davis were married in London on April 14, 1925, and separated in October, 1929. When Miriam appeared in a beauty contest and was crowned queen of the Wembley Exposition, she came to the United States and started on a stage career which led to her movie career. Miriam’s suit charged non-support and she was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce.

7. Marty Martyn, a studio dance director, brought suit against Jack Oakie, motion picture comedian, for $125,000, because, according to the dance director, Jack made several insulting remarks to Martyn in the presence of many screen notables and important members of the motion picture industry. Jack is said to have called Martyn a "chiseler" among other "nasty" names.

8. After her divorce from Arthur E. Hopkins, wealthy New York realtor, Doris Kenyon dropped the name of Hopkins and is now known as Miss Doris Kenyon Sills. Doris is the widow of the late Milton Sills of the screen and resumed the name of Sills for the sake of her Kenyon, Sills.

9. Dolores Del Rio, Ann Harding, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Jean Blondell, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and Victoria Vinton were picked by Willy Pogany, designer of motion picture sets and portrait artist, as potential maid of honor to Miss Ann S. A. in this case stands for Shoulder Appeal.

10. If Isabel Jewell warns people believe that she and Lee Tracy are married yet, she had better stop signing her checks, when she dines at one of the popular Hollywood restaurants. (Continued from page 18) An article in the April 16 shows Constance Bennett as she swings little Peter and seems to be saying, "Hold on, sonny, here we go!"

11. Despite all her raving and ranting, Fini D'Orsay, the motion picture actress now making personal appearances, was unable to restrain the sheriff from entering her dressing room and taking possession of her $3,500 mink coat to satisfy a judgment of $420, in lieu of the amount which Fini is said to owe a certain law firm. Fini said she was "nevarre so humiliated."

12. Sally Eilers’ husband, Harry Joe Brown, movie director, was sued for $100,000, by Marjorie Gay, film actress, charging breach of promise. Miss Gay, who is Marjorie White’s adopted daughter, was engaged to Brown, who had asked her to marry him, but that on September 24, 1933, while on location, she learned that he had married "sally" who admitted they were good friends, denied he promised to marry Miss Gay, Sally, to be a mother soon, testified for her husband.

13. Finis is being written to the Hollywood screen career of Dorothea Wieck, who was brought to the film city because of her fine work in "Maedchen in Uniform" in the role of the school teacher. Since coming to this country from Germany, she has appeared in "Cradle of the wave" and "Miss Fanny’s Baby is Stolen." Miss Wieck’s pictures are being boycotted by the Jews in America because of circulated reports that accuse Dorothea of being a Nazi. These rumors started when it was discovered that her husband, Baron Ernst von der Decken, worked on a German newspaper. Dorothea, who feels very badly about these accusations, has no Nazi or political connections and that her only interest is her screen career.

14. Charlie Chaplin won’t admit a thing, but they do say that he and Paulette Goddard were married aboard Chaplin’s yacht by the captain of his boat, with the crew and a few friends, who won’t tell, as witnesses.

15. Gloria Swanson just can’t seem to stay married. Gloria and Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, are about ready to call it quits any day now. Farmers and Fords is in Europe while Gloria is making personal appearances prior to starting on her picture, "Three Weeks." Gloria, herself, recently admitted that she was ‘destined for divorce.”

16. The screen capital’s newswomen who make the happy foursome on page 16 are, left to right, Caroline Feddersen and her seaside bride, the former Veronica Balle, known to movie fans as Sandra Shaw, Lupe Velez, and her spouse, Johnny Weissmuller, former swimming champion for the films. They are pictured together as they attended the Little Club’s dinner-dance. It is surprising to see these two couples together and so friendly, because, if you recall, Cooper was Lupe’s "Garee" at one time.
Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 38)

Later, on the set, the girl came to Leslie and, with tears in her eyes, apologized and thanked him for not letting her down.

Nazis Peeved at Marlene

WHEN a Nazi official in Berlin recently announced that Marlene Dietrich had contributed "a considerable sum" to the Nazi cause, was he extending the olive branch to Germany's most famous daughter or was he trying to hurt her with her American public? Hollywood is trying to figure it out. Marlene promptly denied giving aid to the Nazis. She said she sent a five-hundred-dollar check to a fund for poor children in Germany, at the same time contributing a larger amount to the Los Angeles Community Chest. A few days later, her picture, "The Song of Songs" was banned from Germany.

Three other pictures have recently been banned from the land where Hitler rules. "Catherine the Great," because its talented star, Elizabeth Bergner, was an exile from Germany; "The House of Rothschild," because it glorified the rise of the Jews during the Napoleonic era after centuries of persecution; and "The Prized Theater and the Lady," because its hero, Max Baer, has Jewish blood. Maxie, himself, thought the ban was because he had kayoed the German heavyweight, Max Schmeling—and added, "Too bad they won't get a chance to see the world's greatest lover and the world's greatest fighter in action." Modest Maxie—whose sense of humor baffles some people.

He's Still One Lady's Man

FRANCIS LEREDER may not be engaged to Steff Duna (charming name), but he did feel enough interest in the young lady to close his show, "Autumn Crocus," for one night just to attend the premiere of the "Tangel Tangel," Freddie Hollanders' new Continental variety show in which Steff is headliner. And is she good!

All Starting Little Theatres

THESE small specialty shows are beginning to be regarded seriously by the movie producers. Every night there are several in the audience at the Tangel Tangel, and the Community Playhouse in Pasadena is the back door to the movies. Now, Ann Harding is said to be planning a plan to reopen the Carthy Circle Theatre in Beverly Hills as a stock company theatre, in which the best literary type of play will be presented by actors drawn from the movies. Gloria Stuart, Onslow Stevens and others are forming a Little Theatre company to act when they're not working at the studios. And Joan Crawford is building a complete professional theatre in her own backyard, which will hold thirty in the audience.

Embarrassing Moment

SUCH an embarrassing meeting at Palm Springs in a swimming pool the other day! Connie Bennett was there, escorted by Gilbert Roland; and Clara Bow—formerly Gilbert's fiancée—escorted by husband Rex Bell; and Connie Talmadge, sister of Norma, who was certainly very much interested in the dark and dashing Roland once. Gilbert and Clara happened to dive into the pool from different ends at the same moment. They came up gasping in the middle of the pool, clutching each other. After they had shaken the water out of their eyes, however, they let go their hold on each other precipitately and swam away from each other as rapidly as possible.


date

Judge that is Judge!

Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (137° F. to 138° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nuts and add. Best until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!
Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. MP64
530 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

To make sure that you receive your copies of Motion Picture on time, just drop a card to the Subscription Department, telling both your old and new addresses.

FREE IF YOU ORDER NOW!

My world-famous SLIMCARE Treatment, a gold mine of youth-giving secrets, arrives every month before delivery. FREE with our Slimcare starter kit. Order it now and save money. BULK THERAPY, FREE. Daisy Stebbings, Dept. MP-8, Forest Hills, New York.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY and have a profitable career

These are big opportunities to become successful, and we have the recipes for success. Complete courses of studio and field training now available. Free 16mm film. Write for free booklet, "How to Learn Photography." New York Institute of Photography
30 West 33rd Street, Dept. 21, New York City

TONIGHT & EVERY NIGHT

MAGIC! ASTONISHING SHORTS

Fifteen amazing shorts
Illustrated by Longstreth's New Book "Amazinc Shorts"

FREE! Borden Quality

NEW! Java Coffee

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!
Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. MP64
530 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!
Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. MP64
530 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

To make sure that you receive your copies of Motion Picture on time, just drop a card to the Subscription Department, telling both your old and new addresses.

FREE MYSTERY REWARD!

MASTERS' NOV. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24...

Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde

Our Present is as important as our Past. We do not have to go about saying wistfully, ‘When I was young, my dear . . . ’ because, when we are old we are just as interesting, doing just as many things, mattering as much as we did when we were young. It is often said that Hollywood is for the young. I don’t think so. Age favors better than youth out here. It is the one place, I should say, where a woman doesn’t have to fear old age.

So many people are not important any longer. That is, usually, the tragedy of old age. They are relegated, so many old folks, to the home of a son or a daughter or Homes for the Aged. They are not only unimportant; they are, also, apologetic; they are burdens, of one sort or another, to their families.

“They have had to abdicate their thrones. They no longer have the reins in their hands. They are not the heads of their families. I can still see—I am—the head of my family. Just as I always was. I can do little things for them. I do not need them to do anything for me. I can send them little gifts, give them trips and presents. If they should ever be in any difficulty or trouble, they can look to me or advice or for help.

Still in on the Parties

We are living, here in Hollywood. We are not just waiting to stop living. When we go to parties, or are given parties, we do not have to sit in some corner, relegated to the position of onlooker. We are the center of attention, very often the reason for the party. If anything can make you forget that you are living on borrowed time, it is the knowledge that you still have young fingers on the pulse of things.

They do not, as has been said, work eldery, or too hard in pictures. Quite the contrary. We are, or we could be if we wanted to be, cared for as though we were in some House for the Aged. Look at Marie Dressler or at the center of attention. She simply cannot work. Yet she is happy. Her contract has called for her to work only three—or is it four—hours a day. Not one minute over-time. And if she would make the mistake of keeping her that one minute over-time, Mr. Louis B. Mayer has the whole studio in an uproar.

I haven’t any such clause in my contract—only because she wanted it. And if she don’t need it. I don’t care how hard or how long I work. My mother lived to be ninety-three and to the day she died she resented it. I simply was not age-conscious or age-minded. And that’s where Hollywood is Heaven, too. It doesn’t let you become age-conscious.

Here we are, here I am, one of the crowd—along with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable and Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy, doing my work as they are doing theirs, on call as they are on call. drawing up contracts, having important conferences, reading scripts, studying lines, being interviewed and photographed—just one of the lot of ’em, all the young ones who are at the active place of their lives. I get the attention they get, the notice both personal and public, the flattery and, most of all, the work—!

No Dieting for May

May, as she talked, was lunching. I was fascinated by the faithful meal she was nonchalantly tucking away. Clam chowder, a soup tureen of it. Hungarian goulash, a whopping order with all the fixings. Several man-sized cups of coffee. A salad of mixed, very mixed, ingredients. A wedge of pie with an accompanying wedge of cheese that would have put a longshoreman to death.

May—"Muzzy May" to so many hundreds of men and women, boys and girls all over the world, in every walk of life—said, "I Don’t look as if I eat like this. I always have. I eat what I want and how much I want. It has never bothered me. I’ve never had indigestion in a life. I believe in the strenuous life. I’ve never missed one single performance. Just once I was in the hospital for a minor operation—three days. I was back in the theatre, as hale as ever, on the Monday night. I’ve never had time for or any interest in thinking about calories or what my diet should be or should not be. I let my appetite be my guide.

"I am conceited—yes, conceited is the word—about just two things: my eyes and my teeth. My teeth are as sound as when they were when I was eighteen, and not a vacant place among ’em. My teeth are as sound as when they were the day I stepped on the stage, in Brooklyn, in ‘Tilly’—and that was in 1883.

"Not long ago, in a picture, I had to walk up and down a long flight of stairs about thirty or forty times. Up and down, up and down. They were having some difficulty in getting just what they wanted with one of the other stars. They were worried for fear I would be exhausted. But I could have kept going even after the forfeit take!"

Never Will Quit Voluntarily

"We love our work, of course; all of us do. That’s why we’re in it. That’s why we went into it in the first place. That’s why we hope to keep on doing it until we die, right on the stage or on the set. I have never known a real actor or an actress, when on the stage with the fixed objective of making money. Or for the sake of ‘a job.’ We go on because we want to, to let the consequences be what they may. And we know if can get as we can totter or find a place for ourselves.

"In my time, I’ve heard every actor and actress I’ve known announce that they would retire at such and such a time. But now, next month, next year. They usually said that they would ‘go back to the land.’ They would have little farms, lead the simple. But once a life, raise chickens and yet to eat the first duck or the first egg from any one of these farms.

"When those among us, for reasons of health or finance, have to go to some Actors’ Home, they usually don’t last very long. They are the like business men who, retiring from active work because it is too strenuous for them and they can’t stand it, die because nothing is more strenuous than idleness and being out of it all."

"We can, and we do, have our homes out here. I have two. We can and we do have cars and servants and all the clothes we want and a good many luxuries. It is fun in it in being in a young life to have to go to hairdressers and manicurists and dressmakers: to know that it is still vitally important for us to look our best, dress our best.

"We are among our own people. We can talk shop, as we always have done. Marie Dressler and I telefono together two or three nights a week. We have many a laugh together over old times and—over the new.

"There are no compensations for old age. I mean that. I repeat it. But if there is any place where we can forget that there are none, that place is Hollywood, where we live because we work."

Sixty-Five, and Still a Star—May Robson
(Continued from page 65)
Coming Pictures That You Will See
(Continued from page 65)

the life of Arnold Rothstein written by Mrs. Robert M. Coles. The famous gambler Otto Kruger moved over to Fox from M-G-M to do "Springtime for Henry." Nancy Carroll returns after a long—too long—absence to play opposite Kruger. Heathcote, Nigel Bruce and Herbert Mundin are others in this comedy. In "Call It Luck," Mundin gets his biggest role since he came from England for "Cavalcade"; the leading lady is Pat Paterson (the studio's excited about this girl). This was the London cabby who won an undreamed-of wealth.

Peggy Happy at Last

A run away from Hollywood once since starting "Little Man, What Now?" under the direction of Frank Borzage. And the director of "Seventh Heaven" has a favorite theme in this story of love in a garret. Douglas McQuoid is the boy.

In "The Hound," by Max Marcin, Nils Asther plays a hypnotist. When he attempts to make love under the spell of his hypnotic power, O'Brien Moore, playing the wife of Alan Dinehart, the husband plots a perfect crime, aided by his brother, played by Paul Kelly. Gloria Stuart is the reason Kelly joins the plot. Casting for "The Black Cat," based on Edgar Allan Poe's horror story, brought Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, the terror twins, together for the first time.

"Half a Sinner," once made as "Alias the Deacon" in silent days, is now a talkie with Berteh Churchill, who created the title character on the stage. The story concerns a gambler in religious guise.

At Warner Brothers—First National—another gangster story has just started shooting. In the cast are Charlotte Henry, Edna May Oliver and Ralph Morgan.

All Playing Rôles They've Lived

At Columbia, an unusual situation exists. The actors in "One Night of Love" are, without exception, playing rôles that they have actually lived in real life. Grace Moore and Tutlio Carminati portray opera singers. Lyle Talbot is a Mid-West boy. Luis Alberni is a music teacher.

"Most Precious Thing in Life" is reminiscent of the "Madame X" school, and is based on the magazine story, "Biddy." Jean Arthur has a dual rôle, playing both the young girl and the old scrub-woman mother; Richard Cromwell is the son.

In "G-M-I, Operator 1," the China War story, starring Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, has resumed production after a halt of several weeks.

"Sadie McKee" is still shooting—with Joan Crawford again a dancer whose ambition almost closes her eyes to real love. Gene Tierney is also for the much-sought crooner rôle, and Franchot Tone is again her leading man. (He'll win her this time.) Edward Arnold also has a big rôle.

"Manhattan Melodrama" has Clark Gable and William Powell together for the first

WHAT MARY DID

WHEN JIM SHRUNK FROM HAIR STUBBLE ON HER ARM . . .

WHY MARY—YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN
WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE . . .

NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

Now one can actually get rid of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble.

For this amazing creation definitely ends after-razor "stubble!" When re-growth finally does come, it is usually unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel free than probably ever before in your life of any shaving hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

Gone—GRAY HAIR

No drugs or appliances, nothing artificial. Just use the famous NEET for 816 days—stand up to the test. You can be certain that there is no other hair color like the one that is given by NEET. The hair turns white—black—brown or any shade in between. Neets are 25c. Covers as a white shade at 75c. B-NEET . . . 2.25 P. P. B-PAUL'S WHITE PASTE (Formerly Called "White Henna") for lightning blonde Hair—grows dark. Price $2.25 P. Price Free Advice and Booklet. B-PAUL'S, Inc., Dept. 4-E, 24 W, 336 St., N. Y.
Chocolate Coated

Take these Tablets in time and you can probably escape the usual pain altogether because this medicine treats the cause of your trouble. Clinical tests prove that persistent use brings permanent relief.

Small Size . . . 50 cents

LEARN TO DANCE
LEARN THE LATEST AT HOME, LEAD AND FOLLOW
BROADWAY STEPS!
This new, simple method makes you masterful and expert in the latest and most popular modern dances. TANGO, WALZ, EL SALON, FOXTROT, BULGARIAN, JIVE. QUICKER, HAPPIER, HOME POPULAR. All are expertly taught in easy, simple steps. Start at once.

ROUGH ON RATS
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE
The OLD RELIABLE EXTERMINATOR
Use the World over, for many generations, to kill rats, mice and noxious animals. A sure way to do away with dangerous pests. Sold by general stores and druggists.

Consult Yogi Alpha

Big Reading Only 25c
What will be your lucky day? Will you win $50? What occupation should you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers you free 1000 word life reading only 25c. Covers marriage, love, health, partnership, lucky days, etc. You can know this big day by a mere thumbprint. In the office: YOGI ALPHA INC., 3581 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Send only 25c in coin or stamps with name, address and exact birthdate, 50 good September Reading. For addresses, 10c, address YOGI ALPHA, box 902, Hollywood, Cal. If you have a friend who needs reading, send 50c for the TWO readings.

FREE WORD CURL BEHIND MY READING with address for exchange of Reading.

For the information of those readers who would like to write to any of the players mentioned this month, the addresses of the various studios are as follows:

Ford Studios, 1101 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.
Paramount Studios, 5351 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
20th Century Studios, 1021 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Columbia Pictures Studios, 1138 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mae West Back in Bustles

"IT AIN'T NO SIN" takes Mae West back to the Gay Nineties. She is a burlesque queen and her boy-friend is a prizefighter. Wait till you see the "beef-trust" chorus and the ladies who frequent the Sensation House—a gambling resort.

And "The Witching Hour," also has a gambling house in it. That makes six. It must be a cycle. Tom Brown, Judith Allen, John Halliday and Sir Guy Standing are featured. The plot concerns a murderer and a hypnotist and a cat's-eye ring.

"Thank Your Stars," once called "Many Happy Returns," gives George Burns and Gracie Allen the chance to deliver another large helping of nonsense. In this they are, practically, the whole show. Instead of comedy relief. The picture opens with the tearing down of a department store. It may interest you to know that it requires a much more solid set than usual for such a scene. In other words, in order to tear down, it must be built extremely well.

"Private Scandal" features Zasu Pitts, Mary Brian, Phillip Reed and Lew Cody. Cody commits suicide in his office and the whole staff is suspected of murder.

At RKO-Radio, only one picture was in production—"Of Human Bondage" with Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. We told you about it last month, so we won't repeat. In preparation is "The Great American Harem." The title sounds intriguing. Watch for our report next issue.
PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the new endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

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

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

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

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

Modern doctors know that Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grim and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

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

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

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

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

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

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS Colds

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

MAKE THIS TEST

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

Originaly Developed for Children

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

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.
LUCKIES ARE ALL-WAYS KIND TO YOUR THROAT

"It's toasted"

NOT the top leaves—they're under-developed—they are harsh!

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves

Cream of the Crop They Taste Better

NOT the bottom leaves—they're inferior in quality—coarse and sandy!

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company
MOTION PICTURE

July

15 cents

20c in Canada

MARGARET SULLAVAN
by MARLAND STONE

JOAN CRAWFORD PLANS TO GO ON THE STAGE
“One little fault nearly ruined my career”

After 4 years of college and art courses, I wound up as one of those thousands of misinformed youngsters who thought that special training, plus college, would guarantee a job.

I must have walked a thousand miles before I learned otherwise. From June until the following May I tried to connect, but everywhere I got the same old story. “We’ve got artists to burn.”

At last I got a break through a man named Kelsey—a tennis bug. After I’d trimmed him regularly, he said to me one day: “Kid, if you draw pictures as well as you play tennis, you’ve got a job, but I expect you to help me with my game.”

So I went to work. Not much of a job to do—but a job at the thing I could do best. Was Mother tickled! And was I delighted!

For $12 a week, I began drawing pictures—all kinds—for Mr. Kelsey’s clients—and helped Mr. Kelsey with his tennis after hours.

I pride myself that I made good. In six months I was getting $45 a week. My fashion drawings made a hit with Miss Lane, Mr. Kelsey’s best—and meanest—client.

I got along fine with her for a while, until one day after I had delivered my drawings as usual, she gave me a dirty look. “You’re a very ill-mannered young man,” she said, “the sooner you leave the better.”

I didn’t know what I had done to offend her, but I wasn’t long in finding out. She called Mr. Kelsey and told him she wanted me fired. Nice girl!

Mr. Kelsey did it in a nice way. “I don’t entirely blame her,” he said. “Halitosis has no place in business, so take that hint. Use a little Listerine once in a while, and come back in two weeks and I’ll hire you over again.” That’s all there is to the story, but I shudder to think what might have happened. I’m back on the job again.

It is simply unpardonable. Halitosis (bad breath) is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life. Many firms recognize this and suggest that employees who represent them to the public take precautions that their breath does not offend. Why take the risk of offending others needlessly, when it is so easy to put your breath beyond reproach? Simply use Listerine every morning and night. If you wish to be particularly careful, rinse the mouth before important social and business engagements. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth, credited with being the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your druggist now has Listerine at new low prices.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis (Bad Breath)
When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen! 

Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yacht races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times! 

The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth! 

Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm! 

Older men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles. 

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums. Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana. 

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage! 

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too. Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS 

IPANA TOOTH PASTE 

VISIT "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS" 

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH 

See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934
10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

**Starring** WALLACE BEERY
Features

What Secrets Does Your Profile Tell? .... Jerry Lane 28
Success Hasn't Turned His Head!—Clark Gable .... Sonia Lee 31
Scoop! The "It" Stars of the Screen—
As Chosen by the Stars, Themselves .... William F. French 32
Joan Crawford Plans to Go on the Stage ..... James M. Fidler 34
The Girl That Gossip Doesn't Hurt—Alice Faye. Elisabeth Goldbeck 39
“Wild Jack” Is Back Again! .... William F. French 40
Nothing bothers Lew Ayres—Not Even Stardom. Richard English 42
Hollywood Will Tame Margaret Sullavan ..... Elza Schallert 44
Women Are All Falling in Love with Otto Kruger. Gladys Hall 48
Lupe Velez’ Hacienda Is Vivid—Like Herself. Dorothy Calhoun 50
Margaret Lindsay—the Girl Who Got Hollywood’s Number. Ben Maddox 59
The Secrets of the Dressing Table .... Lilian Harvey 63
How to Dress Your Husband Like a Movie Hero. Mark Dowling 62
Horatio Alger Hero Makes Good in Movies—
Larry (Buster) Crabbe .... Mark Dowling 66

Departments

Inside News Flashes from Filmland .... Glen Dale 6
You Know Your Movies? Puzzle This One Out! .... L. R. R. 12
Letters from Our Readers .... 14
Movie Gossip Test .... Marion Martone 16
Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood .... 36
Latest Hollywood Fashions .... 52
Hollywood Patterns .... 58
The Picture Parade—Reviews of the Newest Pictures .... 64

Cover Design of Margaret Sullavan Painted by Marland Stone
Director Josef von Sternberg may take his lunches to the studio and eat alone, but he and Marlene Dietrich are still "inseparables." At least, the director and star of "Scarlet Empress" were very much together at the recent dinner given by film companies to visiting theatre owners. (P. S. Marlene was not in trousers)

Lanny's Stock Goes Up

LANNY ROSS apparently was right. He told MOTION PICTURE last month that Hollywood was not going to stunt the growth of his career—no matter if it had done just that to the careers of other radio stars, after showing them on the screen. And here's the evidence in Lanny's case:

He recently made a personal appearance on a New York stage at a salary of $2,500 for the week—and that was a raise of $1,000 over his last previous personal appearance revenue. In other words, Lanny gained in a big way by becoming a movie star in "Melody in Spring." He's now back in Hollywood, starting his second picture, "Her Master's Voice." That's the comedy in which Roland Young has been making a big Broadway hit, and which he is now taking to London. Like "Annie," in the w.-k., song, Roland doesn't live here any more.

Bing Setting Dizzy Pace

BUT Lanny—or any other radio Romeo—will have to step fast to catch up with Bing Crosby. Bing is standing 'em up at the box office, women stars are crying for him as a co-star, and Paramount is giving him a big push—like the one that M-G-M gave Clark Gable when the susceptible sex first began to be Gable-conscious.

The story is that Bing was just a bit peeved at the number of songs he was asked to put across in "We're Not Dressing"; he thought it might be overworking the audience's ears. But Bing, apparently, was slightly mistaken. The picture—which no one would ever suspect from the title was once Barrie's comedy, "The Admirable Crichton"—has "wowed" 'em. He is now playing a bewildered Princeton youth in "She Loves Me Not," harboring Miriam Hopkins in a dormitory room. Next, Marion Davies would like to borrow him again for "Movie Queen." If she can't get him, maybe she'll take Chevalier.

Bing and Mae Both Protected

BING recently was tipped off that he was the apple of the eye of some would-be kidnapers. (Fame isn't all pleasant!) Taking no chances, he has hired guards for his family, as well as himself—his family including year-old Gary and Dixie Lee Crosby, who is due for a second round of "baby showers."

Mae West, because she had the nerve to go to court and identify a gangster as the man who robbed her of some jewels, has had death threats. And Mae isn't wisecracking about them. She's riding around in an armored limousine, said to have cost about $13,000. And meanwhile tryin' to concentrate on her next screen project—the title role of "The (Continued on page 8)
"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!
Queen of Sheba. She is now shopping for beads and a man wise enough to play Solomon.

Gloria Shakes Hubby No. 4

"WELL, one never knows whether one is married or divorced when one is wed to a film star."

With those words, Michael Farmer received, in Paris, the news that Gloria Swanson, in New York, had announced that she would seek a divorce. Only seventeen days before, she had told reporters, "All rumors of marital trouble between my husband and myself are absolutely unfounded." Verily, "one never knows when stars are kidding."

Gloria, who is about to resume her career in "Three Weeks," denies any plans to marry again. But after her other denials, the columnists are skeptical. They innocently inquire: "How come she would take the 'risk' of a fourth divorce announcement, on the eve of a comeback, unless she wanted to be free to marry again? Farmer, after all, was abroad; he wasn't making marriage unbearable by getting in her way." Gloria explains that they were "incompatible." He wanted to play, and she wanted to work—had to work, she says. And that, it would seem, is that.

Joan SAID "Nix"

JOAN CRAWFORD was another star who took the precaution of denying any plans to marry again, before her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became final the other day. But Franchot Tone, who admitted having asked Joan to marry him, wasn't exactly moping after Joan's announcement, Holly-wood noticed. The way Joan put it was: "An actress should never marry; I am convinced of that. It is better to say now that I shall not marry, and cause a small hurt, than to say 'yes' and cause a great hurt later on. It is simply the oft-told tale that career and marriage do not mix." (P. S. The George Arlisses have been married only about twenty-five years or so—and George has always

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES

Ruby Keeler—relaxing from "Dames"—finds solid comfort, sitting in a boat and letting the offshore breeze do all the work.

The floats have a rudder, of course

Douglas Fairbanks, who is due to return to America very shortly, is returning meanwhile to swashbuckling adventures in "The Private Life of Don Juan." And he has four leading ladies—left to right, Joan Gardner, Elsa Lanchester (she is Mrs. Charles Laughton), Benita Hume and Merle Oberon
From Filmland

taken his career seriously, too. More seriously, probably, than any other star in Hollywood to-day.) Joan wished Doug "happiness" in marrying Gertrude Lawrence, with whom he is now co-starring in a London play.

Whatever became of Conchita Montenegro? She has been making foreign versions of films. But you will see the Spanish beauty again in Will Rogers' "Handy Andy."

Married a "Different" Way

Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames found a romantic and "different" way to get married. Whereas the bride and groom usually do the "fadeout" act, Raquel and Stephen made the guests run away. They were married on board a liner about to sail for Hawaii, while the ship's chimes tolled eight bells (four o'clock, to you); and after the ceremony, the guests had to leave in a hurry—while the bridal couple stayed right where they were and sailed away to Honolulu. (And Raquel said, optimistically, "This is one marriage that is going to last forever.")

The guests who had to depart in haste were such stars as Al Jolson, Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Fredric March, Paul Lukas, Monte Blue, Don Alvarez and Nancy Carroll; and such producers as Louis B. Mayer, Jack Warner, Charles R. Rogers and Valter Morosco.

When Adrienne Ames divorced him a year ago and married Bruce Cabot the other day, Stephen Ames was in a frame of mind that didn't encourage any thoughts of a second marriage. But then he met the little Mexican girl, who stepped out of a convent five years ago into the movies in "White Shadows of the South Seas"; she changed his mind. One of his presents to her was a twenty-two-thousand-dollar car (imported); and he talked of building her a gorgeous home in the movie colony, where they will settle down. Raquel said "No." She had a bedroom and an additional bath built onto her Malibu Beach cottage, and there the honeymooners will live for a while—within a stone's throw of the cottage that the Bruce Cabots are sharing with the Johnny Weissmullers (Lupe Velez).

Sally Gets the Sympathy

How does Hollywood feel about the jury's verdict in the breach-of-promise suit against director Harry Joe Brown, husband of Sally Eilers, by Marjorie Whiteis, actress? Miss Whiteis asked $100,000 damages, was awarded $5,000 by the jury. Sympathy is divided between the principals, with Sally—who probably doesn't want it—getting the "sympathy" of everyone; temporarily off the screen, awaiting a blessed event, she was at her husband's side throughout the trial and briefly testified for him.

Gifts of jewelry (and even hats), big loans of money, letters, telegrams, photographs of them together—these constituted the evidence in Miss Whiteis' case. Harry Joe discounted them all as merely evidence of "friendship," Holly-

Who discovered EX-LAX?

Who discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnny revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores, 10c and 25c.

Keep "regular" with

Ex-Lax
The Chocolate Laxative
INSIDE NEWS FLASHES
FROM FILMLAND

Here’s That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!

Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to increase and intensify the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you’re blonde... with the golden shimmer of your hair!

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and fascination of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded, looking to restore its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

TRUBLOND
BLONDE SHAMPOO
by Jo-cur'

In Boston

HOTEL KENMORE
Commonwealth Avenue at Kenmore Square
400 Rooms—400 Baths
Each with Tub and Shower
Bar and Grill Room
Choicest of Wines and Liquors
Rates from $3.00

Grace Bradley is rapidly becoming news to Hollywood. Not only because she has one of the newest figures of the new starlets, but can act, sing and dance. She was just borrowed from Paramount by Harold Lloyd for "The Cat's Paw".

Parents vs. Daughter

The most unusual Hollywood lawsuit in some time is the suit for permanent support brought against Mary Astor by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke. They claimed to be penniless and living on the bounty of neighbors. Mary did not dispute this, but claimed that they had spent a fortune that she had earned and were living in a $200,000 mansion, adding that she had offered to support them in "reasonable comfort" if they would give up the mansion.

Pending outcome of the suit, the court ordered Mary to pay her parents $100 a month; but Mary won a point, too—for her father announced that the mansion would be sold at auction. Meanwhile, Mary’s fan mail has jumped up.

Al Takes It All Back

AL JOLSON said, after he finished "Wonder Bar," that he was getting out of Hollywood for good, and ife Ruby Keeler would follow. Hollywood winked its off-eye facetiously. In other words, it thought Al was just exercising his vocal cords; nothing more. And Hollywood, for once was right. Ruby is staying, and Al is returning. (P.S. "Wonder Bar" was a hit.)

(The more news of players? Turn to page 36!)
As always—Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

"DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR * WARREN WILLIAM * VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley - A First National Picture
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

HORIZONTAL

1. "— of Me"
2. This is what made Sally Rand famous
3. Frances Dee's role in "Little Women"
4. "— of Aces"
5. She was last seen in "The Torch Singer"
6. May — was a favorite in silent days
7. "— Broadway"
8. "You're Telling"
9. A person who puts X's in love letters
10. Director Sutherland's initials
11. "Rubber-legged" comedian (init.)
12. Waves in "This Side of Heaven" (init.)
13. You must be able to show this to get by on the screen
14. The amusing Alice's initials
15. Her first name is Myrtle
16. Poor scenes have to be made over —
17. And (Fr.)
18. What makes a rowboat move
19. A Cockney lass would say this of Gable
20. "Wild Bill Smith" in "She Made Her Bed" (init.)
21. Belonging to director Reeves Eason
22. Descriptive of Adolphe Menjou
23. The hand-kissing Ivan's initials
24. "— Nellie"

VERTICAL

1. "— of the Law"
2. See illustration above
3. Martin Turner in "This Side of Heaven" (init.)
4. Her first name is Helen
5. "Storm — Daybreak"
6. She was formerly Mrs. Edward Hillman
7. Her last name is Marsh
8. First name of a screen comedian
9. The first part of his name is J. Frank
10. "— the Devil Commandments"
11. Ellie in "It Happened One Night"
12. Point of the compass
13. Wonder when Clara, Lou and — will enter the movies?
14. "This Man — Mine"
15. The comical Trues' initials
16. "Antelope Valley"
17. "Broadway — Bust"
18. "— of Aces"
19. "— Frontier"
20. "— of Hell"
21. "— of Heaven"
22. "— of Texas"
23. "— of the World"
24. "— of the West"
25. "— of the World"
26. Heroine of "You're Telling Me"
27. A cricket term (pl.)
28. "Fallon in "Gambling Lady"
29. "— America Thirst"
30. Eddie Dowling's Ray — husband
31. An Irishman named Pat
32. What has become of wistful Charles —?
33. "Dinner — Eight"
34. Standing's title
35. Prefix; three
36. Valley (Sp.)
37. How they spelled Cop in the old Keystone days
38. Verve Tealdball's role in "Roman Scandals"
39. One of three famous movie sisters
40. "— the Earth Turns"
41. Explanations
42. Good ones are made into movies
43. "— of a Sailor"
44. "— pros. (unwilling to prosecute)
45. Her first name is June
46. Earle's initials
47. Eyelashes
49. See illustration above (init.)
50. "— of the Storm Country"
51. "— American Tragedy"
52. The runaway lord in "Where Sinners Meet" (init.)
53. Humorist who wrote "Fables in Slang"
54. "I — Suzanne"
55. The kind of appeal Jean Harlow has (abbr.)
56. Heroine of "I Like It That Way" (init.)
57. Robert's initials

Solution to Last Puzzle

... (Solution not shown)

There'll Be Another Puzzle Next Month—Watch For It!
SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.
In the mercile slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginal white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages regrowth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**First Prize**

The Movies and the Younger Generation

"The influence of the movies on this younger generation is there all right, but not the way our worried mamas think it is. It isn't the morals of our favorite stars that we copy, most of us realize that the plot is just a bed-time story. But oh, the trouble they cause us otherwise!"

We passed safely through (1) the Clara Bow stage, when we refused to comb our hair and walked like cripples in short, tight skirts; (2) the Garbo era, when we adopted the long bob and a stride instead of a normal walk; (3) the Coxe-Benzoni period, when snotty sophistication was the order of the day and we barricaded our long-suffering families by yawning in the face of their bridge friends.

"We expect to be a whole lot more comfortable now that naturalness has come back into popularity" Margaret Sullivan and Katharine Hepburn, besides their real acting ability, have the added virtue of not making boy friends too acutely conscious of our shortcomings in the way of eyelashes and classic noses. Watch the box office returns from their pictures if you don't think we appreciate it!" — Estelle S. Miller, Chicago, Ill.

**Second Prize**

Players Must Stand on Their Own Merits

"Why do movie producers and critics find it necessary to label each new performer another Garbo? Valention's successor. Clara Bow the second? And now comes Anna Sten, tremendously handicapped long before her first picture appeared, with the warning to let Marlene Dietrich look to her laurels! Why not let them stand or fall on their own merits — their own individual screen personalities? Anna Sten, for example. A voice and eyes like Dietrich's to be sure — but there the resemblance definitely ends. Sten is a charming coquette, Dietrich a seductive siren. The first, a fluty schoolgirl type of acting; the second, the repressed technique of the true artiste.

"Surely there is room for both types! Does the legitimate stage bill Helen Hayes as a menace to Katherine Cornell, or compare Walter Hampden with Leslie Howard?"

Highly-Exploited Pictures Not Always Best

"Realistic stories — things that happen to you and me — and not impossible or improbable ones are the kind that make the best pictures.

"Three recent popular pictures proved this. They are: 'It Happened One Night,' 'Only Yesterday,' and 'This Side of Heaven.' Packed houses greeted these pictures all over the country, yet they were not exploited in advance. We are being 'colt exploited.'

"After a picture is released to the theatergoing-public is time enough to rave about its qualities — not months before. Let the fans decide its worth!" — Elcy Oberdick, Lebanon, Kan.
Advice to Blondes on Make-Up
by Genevieve Tobin

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
AND CARY GRANT IN "Kiss and Make-Up"
A Paramount Picture produced by B. P. Schulberg
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

...As told to Florence Vandelle

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created 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. Now featured by all leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

Just fill in the coupon for burette box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Free, 2-7-82 © 1934 Max Factor.
WHO IS THIS GIRL—

AND TO WHAT STAR DOES SHE HAVE A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE?

AND HOW MANY OF THESE OTHER QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY? GIVE YOURSELF THIS MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By Marion Martone

2. Whose father threatened to disinherit him because of his interest in a blonde motion picture beauty?

3. Can you name the prominent screen and stage star who recently divorced her husband via the Mexican route?

4. Who are the two handsome screen heroes who almost came to blows over a blonde movie queen?

5. Which former screen star committed suicide in a fit of despondency over his failure to obtain motion picture work?

6. Why did Ginger Rogers, Hollywood actress, file a damage suit for $100,000, and against whom was the suit directed?

7. Do you know the name of the former star of stage and screen who is returning to pictures after an absence of twelve years?

8. Who is the girl who actually turned down a film contract calling for featured roles at the start?

9. To whom was Raquel Torres, cute Mexican screen player, married recently?

10. Who said, “Marriage for an actress is impossible”?

11. Which former well-known movie star recently married a popular comedian and master of ceremonies after obtaining a Mexican divorce from her producer-husband?

12. How did the newly-formed Broadway producing company, Zetroc, Inc., get its name?

13. Who has been seen with Herbert Marshall since his wife, Edna Best, went back to England?

14. Do you know the screen crooner who has asked to have the no-marriage clause taken out of his contract with his producing company?

15. What were the charges brought by Mrs. Richard Bennett when she filed suit for separate maintenance against her husband?

16. Can you guess who is going to play the title rôle when “The Queen of Sheba” is filmed again? (You will find the answers to these questions on page 82)

17. Do you recognize the features of the star above, under the heavy make-up of a Southern gentleman?
LAMPS STILL BLACKEN QUICKLY
—if you buy them carelessly

The smoked-up chimney of the old-fashioned kerosene lamp has its modern prototype in the inferior incandescent lamp!
Premature blackening of lamp bulbs due to the presence of "water vapor" or from other causes adds to the cost of light. They are unsightly too! As bad as grandmother's chimney when the flame was too high.

Avoid premature blackening, as well as other expensive imperfections, by looking for the famous General Electric monogram on every lamp you buy— for any purpose. Get all the light you pay for by being careful. Don't merely ask for a light bulb. Say: "I want General Electric MAZDA lamps." General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Good Light at Low Cost

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS
IT'S MY BUSINESS
To look beautiful

..that's why I changed to
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.

Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is different! Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to your teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Ber- nice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.
Facing "One More Spring" Together

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor look as if they never want to be parted again. He looks as if he'd like to hold her close, and she looks as if she'd like him to hold her closer, for a movie eternity. And now that they have had a "Change of Heart" and a reunion, they are looking forward to "One More Spring"—together
Gloria Swanson has been out of the movie spotlight for almost two years—ever since "Perfect Understanding." But now her up-and-down career has taken a sudden upturn again. She's back—ambitious, confident, as much "glorious Gloria" as ever. Ending a stage tour, she is about to start work on her first picture, "Three Weeks"—perhaps with Clark Gable as her co-star.

Gloria Swanson
Back in Spotlight
Clive Brook Has Decided to Stay

Not so long ago, Clive was on the verge of leaving the movies for two years "and maybe longer." And what made him change his mind? A change of roles! He looks serious enough here, but the lighter side of life is now absorbing him. He is doing clever comedy. "Where Sinners Meet" is a sample. And he and Diana Wynyard are making another—"Sour Grapes"
Cleopatra Lives Again
The most famous queen of them all—that's the one Claudette Colbert is bringing back to life in "Cleopatra." And she is out to give you some new ideas about the Nile Siren's romances with Marc Antony (Harry Wilcoxon, lower left) and Julius Caesar (Warren William, right)—who "forget" Claudia Dell and Gertrude Michael (bottom), pining in far-off Rome.
There are three intriguing items of news about Ronnie. First, he has quietly returned to Hollywood, after a long, quiet stay abroad. Second, his wife—after eleven years of separation—seems about to give him his freedom. Third, he has just made "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"—reviving his earlier and famous character of an amateur detective.
Two lovable frocks whose future is rosy if washed with pure IVORY FLAKES!

In New York, you’ll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor’s, the famous Fifth Avenue store that’s a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America’s finest!

They are made of Suavelle® a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the sixth washing looks as lovely as new! That’s the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they’re quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—so safe, that goodness knows why you’d ever risk using any other soap flakes!

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience...the collar buttons high or unbuttons low...Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons...the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

the famous New York store, says: “Wash these silk frocks with IVORY FLAKES”
What Secrets Does

IF Norma Shearer's nose were a shade more up-tilted, the Thalbergs' home-life would be a different story! If Janet Gaynor's mouth agreed with her chin—fireworks! She would be Hepburn, Swanson and Lupe Velez rolled into one! And Mae West would never make a wife for Clark Gable—not with their features so at war!

Your profile, you see, reveals the innermost secrets of your personality. It's the guide to what is deep inside you. For instance, that nose of Norma's. Cute? Of course! But that's not the half of it. ... It's slender and slightly retroussé and just a bit blunt at the tip. For which Irving Thalberg can be thankful. For if Norma's charming breathing organ had turned skyward a trifle more, it would have indicated she could never be happy with only one man.

As it is, it says that the sparkling Shearer is clever, but shy; good-natured, but obstinate. When a retroussé nose is thin and not too pronounced like hers, it signifies versatility, capriciousness and refinement. It indicates that Norma gains by patient and persuasive ways what Mae West, for example, acquires by force!

For Mae's grand little "schnozzle" is oh, so gently arched. But arched, nevertheless. Which means that she uses fire-engine tactics and loathes restrictions. It's broad at the base, too. An extravagant person, is Mae, and generous to a fault. And watch out, you men! The West nose is tilted, ...

Mae and Norma a Bit Alike

ODDLY enough, she and Norma have foreheads very much alike. They both have a somewhat masculine shape—sloping backward and comparatively low. Direct, intense thinkers, these women, and extremely energetic. Their eyes also are similar. If you have deep-set eyes that are small and slightly oblique like theirs, be thankful! For they show wit and spontaneity and a flare for independence. It would be difficult to impose on these two. They're far too keen, too observing. If the gangsters had been able to read the signs in Mae's face, they never would have dared to steal those diamonds or would have known they would get caught. They would have known that every feature was a danger signal ...

But it's strange about Mae. Her lips say "go," while her chin says "no." You'll notice that her mouth protrudes a little and that she has a long upper lip. There's force of character here, enough to outwit an army, ever-ready humor—and something else. The curve of those lips indicates mastery of love. (Surprised?) The full, rounded, lower lip spells romance! The indentation below it reveals her power to love very deeply. But the chin, prominent and square at the tip, is arbitrary. Mae stands prepared to sacrifice anything, her own emotions included, to forge ahead. She is more severe with herself than with any other person in the world.

Norma, on the other hand, is passive in affection. Her lips declare it by their more compressed, slender look. That also denotes her executive ability, her orderly system, whether running a house or rehearsing a play ...

Norma and Clark Gable could have an unexciting friendship. Mae and Clark would be the center of a cyclone. For Clark's chin signifies that he would never allow Mae—or any other woman he was interested in—to be even minutely attentive to another man. And Mae's nose says she really couldn't help it ...

What Gable's Profile Reveals

IF your boy-friend has the Gable features, you're in the red zone. You're in for plenty of thrills and not a dull moment. But watch your step! Here are the indications:

Forehead—short and narrow. Which suggests he's quick, energetic and easily popular. Receding. He has an absorbing mind, reasons well, but his memory is not so good!

Eyebrows—low and heavy. Denoting a strong, thoughtful character, with courage. His likes and dislikes are intense.

Eyes—straight and medium-sized. No half-way measures with Clark. And there's no fooling men with eyes like these ...

Nose—straight, horizontal at tip. He's courteous, accommodating; loves ease. If you appeal to his vanity you'll get along with Clark!
Mouth—large, firm, with a distinct downward line at edge. A gentleman who gets what he goes after. A good-fellow type, sporting, shrewd. And with that sharp dent beneath his lower lip—what a lover!

Chin—cleft and squared. Possessive, impulsive, dynamite!

And little Janet Gaynor has the feminine counterpart of the Garbo chin—which is reason a-plenty why she has been at the top so long! But her mouth defies it. The more curved and flexible the lips, the more yielding the nature. Janet’s mouth is quaintly flexible. Her nose says that she loves quiet (shades of that chin!), and that she’s artistic to the nth degree; also, it’s short enough to express humor. Her wide-open eyes protrude a little, too. Very changeable is Janet—timid on one hand, and rash on the other. All eyes that naturally protrude show a love of books and a craving for knowledge. But their owners are apt to act first and think afterward.

The Assets of Joan’s Face

A GOOD many girls bewail the fact that they have that “squirash” look—heads that are broad through both the upper part and the jaws. If you have it, thank your lucky stars. Because it’s very likely that you’ll reach high places and do big things—just as Joan Crawford has. You will have the perseverance and ambition and will to travel far. Width through the lower face reveals that. And notice how wide Joan’s is!

Her forehead curves back in a way that shows a poetic temperament, craving for beauty and an ardent love of music. The Crawford nose denotes her doctrine of “live and let live.” There’s strong feeling, which sometimes overpowers her, expressed in those full lips. They slant down, signifying a sympathetic nature—one to whom sympathy has been taught through suffering.

And right here is a warning. Men like Gary Cooper need technique in handling! If you have a husband or sweetheart like Gary, never force him. And stop worrying over him. He’s not likely to do the foolhardy things you imagine—not with high cheek-bones such as he has! They indicate a cautious nature, the kind that holds a job a long time and a place in the public eye. That long nose of Gary’s suggests dignity and repose and, being aquiline, it also suggests a resolute person who is seldom caught napping. The blue eyes with the overhanging lids reveal creative talents, originality, and a deep inner reserve. Women don’t lead the Coopers of the world. But they can enslave them by sheer femininity and gaiety.

Warner Not So Easygoing

AND if you’ve been thinking of Warner Baxter as a fairly easygoing fellow, banish the thought! He possesses one of the few Roman noses in the film colony. And that means authority. It denotes a man who compels obedience and respect, the leader-of-in-
dustry type. These Roman-nosed chaps worry too much and are carried away by their spurs of enthusiasm. Warner's chin, however, denotes self-mastery. It has that sharply-defined look that shows success won through the possessor's own efforts. That perceptible bulge of his eyebrows is a sign of a cool, deliberate thinker. It's combined with a short, receding forehead, signifying that he would be successful in any business he undertook, but that he is not especially artistic.

What if you resembled Marlene Dietrich? What if you had a vertical profile like hers, with the forehead and chin directly in line? That refers to a serious, matter-of-fact character—and to a certain amount of stubbornness. The forehead indicates memory, placidity, religious tendencies. The chin suggests firmness—and passive love. This type also shows adaptability for details and an imitative capacity, but it is deficient in initiative. High cheek-bones indicate that Marlene can take care of herself. A broad nose tells that she is fiercely loyal, and generous. Large, well-spaced eyes reveal a quiet, easy-going nature, one slow to rouse, but more intense when roused....

Katharine Hepburn has the most buoyant, hopeful, confident disposition of any star in Hollywood. That trick little nose of hers says so, the way it slants upward at its base. It gives away a number of secrets—that nose. For instance, did you ever suspect Katie of being extremely sensitive and affectionate? Noses that are not broad, yet have wide nostrils, reveal that. Flaring nostrils indicate other things as well—quick temper and unquenchable aggressiveness and great activity and courage.

Hepburn's Traits—and Garbo's

If you have a Hepburn style of forehead, low and arched, you're a distinct individualist. You like to do different things. You have a passionate love of music and all the arts. Her unyielding mouth—she has the least flexible mouth of any feminine star—speaks of strength to carry out any of the mad schemes those long green eyes of hers suggest. But the short, indented upper lip reveals another side of the Hepburn character. She can't do enough for her friends, this girl. She rushes to aid the "lame ducks" of the world, the oppressed, regardless of public opinion. She has the same "squared" facial contour as Joan Crawford—even more pronounced. Nothing, neither earthquakes nor floods, can stop Katie Hepburn!

Garbo, in not so marked a manner, belongs to the same class. And in this case, notice that her jaw is almost at right angles to her chin. Greta is entirely self-reliant—and good at outdoor sports, because a broad, long jaw like hers shows quiet coordination of brain and muscles. She, too, has a slender nose and wide nostrils—so she is not so remote and cold as she pretends! Her broad, prominent forehead denotes practicality, caution, secretiveness. Her long upper lip expresses a subtle kind of humor and severity.

The famous Garbo eyes and lips are clearly at odds. For her mouth, with the lower lip fuller than the upper, is emotional. It professes her to be determined in love. But her eyes refuse. From their deep-set placement and slant it can be surmised that she is afraid of loving too much—afraid of being intolerably hurt. Yet the high eyebrows say that she could become even greater, if she could come under the absolute sway of love or hate....

Claudette and Norman a Match

CLAUDETTE Colbert and Norman Foster may stop romancing some day, but they'll never stop being fond of each other. Their features are too nicely matched! Claudette's round, wide-open eyes belong to a person who's willing to listen attentively; Norman's small, bright ones belong to an animated talker. All the signs of Norm's face point to decision and grand humor—the squared chin, the upturned lips and slanted eyes. And if you have an oval face like Claudette's, you respond quickly to lively individuals. Incidentally, her broad nose says that she delights in being madly extravagant, generous—and that she has the "put-off" habit! (Most impulsive people do have it.)

Maybe you've wondered about that "Hapsburg lip" of Maurice Chevalier's. Maybe you have one. Then it wouldn't be wise for anyone to try to make you change your mind! You're much too determined. Even youngsters who prowl their lower lips mean business....

And that high, square forehead of Fredric March's says that he's a serious thinker, given to working out small details. At the same time his nice aquiline nose and slightly crooked mouth declare him to be a gallant, quick fellow with a delightfully devilish streak.

With eyes like Ruby Keeler's—those that stand out a bit from the face—you adore action and lots of it. You're good at routine, but you prefer traveling any day. And observe that her nose slopes out directly from the forehead without marked indentation—indicating that Ruby is an ambitious youngster with plenty of punch and power. With a nose like hers, however, you have to be careful not to overreach yourself, not to attempt all that your ambition dictates.

Profiles—they offer the key to the stars' personalities. They offer the key to yours!
Success Hasn't Turned His Head!

CLARK GABLE has finally met his big test—coming face to face with his audiences. And he has had the greatest triumph of any movie hero since Valentino. But his hat still fits!

By Sonia Lee

"They belong to us!" "We pay their salaries!" Clark Gable understands those hysterical cries of a violent crowd that jammed the street before a chapel in New York City where the funeral of Liliyan Tashman was taking place. And as her friends, the stars of Hollywood, came to say their last goodbyes, to pay their final tribute of love to a gallant lady, they met the force that gave them fame—the unrelenting and relentless mobs, which broke the police lines, backed them against the wall, tore their clothes to shreds for souvenirs.

It was a shameful scene. Women climbed on the running boards of the mourners’ cars and thrust autograph books through the windows. Women tore Mary Pickford’s flowers to bits. Women shrieked abuse, fainted, fought. Made a Roman Holiday of Death.

And yet the stars could not complain. For more intimately than the statesmen of Washington, the men and women of the screen belong to their public. Every motion picture star is a prisoner of Fame. And that bondage becomes tangible when a top-notch player like Clark Gable goes on a personal appearance tour.

With greater interest than customary, Hollywood awaited Gable’s return from his recent appearance tour in the East. Stories of the furore he had caused, of the turbulent scenes his presence had awakened, had been duly reported. But what would this do to Clark, the man—not Clark Gable, the motion picture star?

He Met His Big Test

Like few others, he has maintained his balance, his sense of values, his innate wholesomeness in the face of sudden success. When stardom came, it only intensified his human qualities and his charm. But he had never been tested in the final Crucible of Fame—personal appearances. He had never really known what screen fame means except in the figures on a salary check.

Clark went away utterly fed up with pictures, feeling that success was empty and ambition futile. He was weary to the bone. His long and serious illness had sapped his vitality—and lowered his spiritual morale. The cameras spelled drudgery and not the excitement and thrill they once gave him. He was restless, bored, frantic to escape. Would stage appearances completely alienate him from Hollywood?

(Continued on page 92)
Jean Harlow is the girl whose screen personality gets William Powell most excited—for a variety of reasons.

Screen stars are supposed to know their sex appeal. But which actresses put their "personal magnetism" across most with the home-town boys? Which actors are "living dynamite" to the actresses? Your favorites—from Mae West to John Barrymore—vote for their favorites!

Of all the glamorous and beautiful women on the screen, which carries the strongest fundamental appeal to men? Which, in short, has the most sex appeal? Is it Jean Harlow, or Mae West, or Miriam Hopkins, or Greta Garbo, or Marlene Dietrich, or the more recent importation, the tempting Anna Sten?

And which male star is most devastating to women? Is it the virile Clark Gable, the suave William Powell, the frivolous Maurice Chevalier or Robert Montgomery, the dynamic James Cagney or the polished Leslie Howard?

Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen: who are the great all-around "It" stars? We've put it to a vote, among the stars themselves, and we guarantee the result will surprise you. So how do you wager: which star attracts which—and just who is it that the other sex cannot resist?

The stars, men and women alike, were asked, bluntly, who carried the most dynamic, compelling, fundamental attraction for them. Not as friends, not as fellow-artists—but as man for woman, and woman for man, based entirely upon their reaction from watching the opposite sex on the screen.

We were not interested in what they thought regarding what this star or that star did to men or women as a whole, but merely, Carole Lombard (above) has glamour for John Barrymore; Carole, herself, is intrigued by Ronald Colman. James Cagney (right) is the Big Attraction to both Kay Francis and Joan Crawford.
and explicitly, what one star exerted the greatest fundamental influence (or good old sex appeal) on them, personally.

A few stars hedged; one or two refused to answer; but most of them were frank and direct and gave their honest reactions. And, added up, they indicate that there is no one woman on the screen who has universal sex appeal for men—no, nor for one-tenth of the men. And there is no hero who can tempt ten per cent of the women. That's because humans just won't agree.

By Their Likes Shall You Know Them

That's what makes knowing who attracts whom—and why—interesting. Because that "and why," according to psychology, will give us more than a hint as to the real character of the people who express it. A man's fundamental qualities, his true self, we are told, are expressed by his choice of women. And the same, we are also told, is doubly true of a woman. So here's where we ought to get a peep into the characters of some of the stars by analyzing their votes in this poll.

Because the whole thing started from a casual remark made by Jean Harlow, we shall count her vote first.

In discussing stars, Jean told me:

"Most of us agree on the comparative ability of the different stars, but few of us seem to agree on their fundamental appeal. Now, to me, Eddie Robinson is dynamite. There is something so certain, so fundamental, so almost sinister about him that his personality grips me—and leaves me a little a-flutter."

(Continued on page 30)

Claudette Colbert (above) is TNT to Bing Crosby—but Claudette says that everyone has sex appeal, and that "charm" is the thing to rave about. She raves about John Barrymore. George Raft (left) is the lad who attracts Mae West. (The Queen of Sex, herself, gets the vote of Cary Grant, the lad she invited to "c'm up sometime.") Edward G. Robinson (far left), who is "dynamite" to Jean Harlow, casts his vote for Katharine Hepburn and "her mystery"
As long as she can remember, that has been Joan's dream—to be a dramatic actress on the stage. And in a few months the dream is coming true. She is getting ready for the event by building a small theatre in her own backyard and acting there before critical friends—particularly, Franchot Tone!

CHIQUITA, a mind-reader from the Middle West who reads the future with unbelievable success, as Hollywood is discovering, traveled two thousand miles just to tell Joan Crawford that she must leave the movies for the stage—that all signs forecast a tremendous success for the star behind the footlights.

"I must see Miss Crawford," Chiquita begged studio officials for weeks. "It is important! I have a message for her!" When after a month of frantic pleading she finally met Joan and gave her the message, the actress listened in amazement.

"You're too late with your advice," she told her. "You see, I have already determined to go on the stage—very soon."

Joan Crawford is so serious about going on the stage that she has built this "practice theatre" in her own backyard (left). By the time you read this, it should be completed, landscaped and open—to her friends.
"My present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has about one year to run," Joan said the other day. "I will not sign a new contract unless it contains the same radical clause that is now written into the contract of Helen Hayes—I mean, unless the new agreement specifies that I am to have six months every year as my very own.

"During those six months, I will appear on the stage."

A career behind the footlights—a serious dramatic career—has long been a vivid dream of Joan's heart. Even before she thought of love and marriage, about which most girls wonder in childhood, she visioned herself on the stage.

The years have flown since those first dreams, but though Joan's vision may have been side-tracked, it has never been lost. Despite her success on the screen, her sensational rise to fame and wealth, and her marriage into the elite of Hollywood, she retains that early yearning to act on the stage.

No Obstacles in Her Way

"NEXT Winter I expect to realize my dream," Joan told me. "I have already talked with studio officials about my..." (Continued on page 74)
Hollywood Frowns on Love

HOLLYWOOD is having a spasm of good old-fashioned virtue. Usually tolerant about human frailties, as befits a town with so many glass houses, it has been set by the ears by a recent love affair. The "hero"—if one may so term him—of the affair is a leading man, no longer particularly young, is married to a pretty young woman, and has a child. The "heroine"—if one may so term her—is a star with a record of several broken romances behind her and is not yet disentangled from her latest marriage, by which she, too, has had a child.

Evidently, this is one love too many for Hollywood or, perhaps, it feels sympathy for the wife. At any rate, it is said that the studio having the star under contract has abandoned plans for a picture with her for some time to come, evidently waiting to see how the affair turns out. She is being snubbed socially, the final blow being given when a hostess who had invited her to dinner called her on the telephone and informed her that she was sorry, but she would be obliged to withdraw her invitation.

The leading-man Lothario is also being snubbed by his friends. A group of his fellow-countrymen have sent him a letter signed with all their names, telling him in no uncertain terms that if he brings scandal on himself, he will also be injuring them and their country. Some fellow-poker-players have shown a sudden disinterest in the game.

How will it turn out? No one ventures a guess. But for once Hollywood is wearing a frown.

Rochelle Hudson (right), who got sore knees praying for a screen chance, is now the town's favorite ingénue. And, as the title of her latest picture has it, "Such Women Are Dangerous"
Divorcing, not Blessed-Eventing

THERE has seldom been a month with more exciting tales going around Hollywood than this last month. Some sounded like purest fiction, such as the rumor that Jean Harlow Rosson was expecting a visit from the stork. The news was a surprise to Jean, who first heard of it in a telegram from a Baltimore newspaper, asking her to verify the fact that she had reserved a room in a famous maternity hospital there for the event. Another rumor running around town was that Jean and Harold would announce their divorce plans in six months. Hollywood took more stock in this rumor—and was wrong only about the time. Jean announced divorce plans within six weeks.

Mae's Titles Speak Out

MAE WEST'S new book, "How to Misbehave," is soon to appear. In view of this title and that of her new picture, "It Ain't No Sin," Paramount's efforts to have her interviews censored carefully seem a bit of an anti-climax.

Gluttons for Punishment

AT the Spinsters' Ball the other night, two hundred society women and débutantes took their traditional privileges of cutting in on the men dancers and tore Clark Gable, Larry ('Buster') Crabbe and Robert Montgomery from each other's arms. The movie heroes were far the most popular partners with the line of "does" (feminine for "stags") and would hardly take a half-dozen steps before other partners claimed them. It used to be a rare occasion when Society and Movies met, but now everything is palsy-walsy.

Ann Harding, making "The Life of Virgie Winters," says pajamas are the life of Harding summers

The news cameras are clicking their shutters these days on Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Here they are at the fights, arm in arm. (And hand in hand?) Rumor roars that Connie and her Marquis are at the divorce crossroads

Norma Worth a 9-Year Wait

"I'VE never been so happy in my life. I didn't think a man could ever be so happy. Why, I've been waiting nine years—and it was worth it." With that cheerful
little earful, George Jessel confided to reporters his happiness at making Norma Talmadge the second Mrs. Jessel. To be exact, he had to wait nine years and nine days. After she got her divorce from producer Joseph Schenck in Juarez, Mexico, she had a long train trip East—and then she and George had a few days’ debate over where they’d get married—in Florida (where she has a home) or in Rome (as he wished). They finally called off the debate long enough to go to Atlantic City for the weekend. And there, as Norma said, they “had the knot tied.”

Why did she keep George waiting all those nine years—during most of which she was separated from Mr. Schenck? Her story is that while their mothers were still alive, she and “Joe” didn’t want to hurt them by getting a divorce. Norma disavows any screen plans for the future. And who will be the next Mrs. Schenck? Intimates say—Grace Poggi, the peppy little dancer of “The Kid from Spain” and “Roman Scandals.”

Comrade Sten Meets Princess

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN, visiting newspaper and magazine writer from New York, was permitted to have lunch with Sam Goldwyn and his carefully-cloistered Anna Sten, from Soviet Russia. Perhaps Sam didn’t realize that the two had a language in common. After the introductions they were off in fluent Russian, while Sam distractedly tried to change the tide of affairs. Now the Princess and Anna are firm friends and somebody may get “quotes” from the Russian mystery star at last.

Does Lee Have a Missus?

THE report is that Isabel Jewell recently signed a lunch check in one of Hollywood’s fashionable eateries, “Mrs. Lee Tracy.” On the other hand, Lee promised his good pal, Walter Winchell, that if he ever married, Mrs. Winchell’s boy should be the first to give out the news. Tracy’s new Paramount contract puts him back where he was B.M. (Before Mexico). Isabel was let out at M-G-M recently when her option came up—only to be hired back at a much higher salary a few days later to make a picture there!

Lee, it is reported feels that Hollywood is typing him as a wisecracker and a reporter. He wants variety. And his first picture for Paramount will be “A Son Comes Home”!

Evelyn’s “Brain Trust”

THE arrival of Evelyn Venable’s professor papa from Cincinnati seems to have delayed the announcement of her engagement to Hal Mohr. Evelyn is denying it again, but is still going places with the big Fox cameraman. Venable père is, they say, causing a commotion at the studio over the things his daughter may and may not do. While Evelyn told one of our writers that she was twenty-one, papa claims that she is under age and that all decisions have to be okayed by him. He seems to be a sort of Brain Trust for the pretty starlet.

Baby Stars Not So Babyish

THE Wampas Baby Stars are independent young ladies this time. Cary Grant had one of them tell him in a rehearsal, “Don’t hand thatshawl back to me. I’ll reach over and take it from you.” The director, cameraman and assembled company stared—then broke into applause at the Baby Star’s spirit. This particular starlet, by the way, is blonde and beautiful—and a graduate from the University of Oregon. She was in Los Angeles, studying for her master’s degree when her chance at the pictures came. Two others are college girls and all three belong to big sororities.

One Baby Star, Hazel Hayes, has been given the post of prima donna in the San Carlo Opera Company and is departing to sing “Aida,” “Tannhauser,” “Traviata.” Her first screen appearance after being chosen a Baby Star found her with hair slicked back in comedy style, dragging Lucien Littlefield out of a beauty parlor by the ear. No wonder she took the offer from the opera company!

And one of the six alternates in the Baby Star balloting—Mary Kornman—has just married. Screen careers aren’t the sole ambitions of these starlets!

(Continued on page 77)
The Girl That Gossip Doesn't Hurt

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

The lesson today is about all the wonderful things that can happen to a girl, if only she is pure in heart. Our subject is Alice Faye, and how she was touched by a magic wand that routed the demon, Scandal, and changed her miraculously from a co-respondent into a movie star.

It's not every girl who can step into leading roles, dramatic roles, in the talkies, without ever having acted one scene or spoken one line of dialogue in her life. And it's not every girl who, at the threshold of her career, can be named as co-respondent in the country's most publicized divorce case, and actually benefit by it, instead of suffering.

Almost any other girl in pictures would have been ruined, had Mrs. Fay Webb Vallee named her as a siren who had appropriated her famous husband's love. Wives all over the world would have risen up in arms against her, and women's clubs would have lost no time in doing their deadly work, as they have to many a helpless actor and actress in the past, when headlines touched them. But Alice Faye, who owes everything to Rudy Vallee in one way or another, is grateful, even

(Continued on page 84)

Alice Faye is a phenomenon in Hollywood— a girl whose career has been advanced by unwelcome headlines. For people took one look at Alice and said, "It can't be true—that she stole Rudy Vallee away from his wife." And the little blonde "unknown" became a leading lady overnight!
“Wild Jack” Is Back Again!

John—the famous gay sprig of the royal tree of Barrymore—has just “run wild” on the screen for the first time, giving the performance of his life. And—SCOOPI—he tells here how he grabbed at the chance. Don’t miss it!

By William F. French

He used to be a rip-snorter, that John Barrymore. But, somehow, the films never caught his fire or his personality, and now that he has passed the fifty-year mark even the old-timers have given up hope of seeing ‘Wild Jack’ on the screen.” That’s what Hollywood said a few months ago. And Hollywood is eating its words now!
The uneasiest, most reckless of his brilliant clan; genius by birth, and vagabond by choice—that was the John Barrymore the stage knew. And his escapades under New York, Chicago and ‘Frisco bright lights kept the whole country thrilled and delighted with mock horror at his exploits a quarter of a century ago. He was truly America’s favorite bad boy, and the pet rave of ladies in Gibson Girl shirtwaists and pompadours. And when, after chewing up the scenery on Broadway, the youngest of the Barrymores turned an attentive ear to the call of the “flickers,” thousands of fans rubbed their hands in joyous anticipation. Now Hollywood would learn what the words “genius,” “temperament” and “fire” really meant.

But, for some reason, the expected did not come to pass. John Barrymore never put the film industry on its ear. His pictures were interesting, his work sure, finished, convincing. But restraint continued to rule his pictures, and except for a mad moment in “Rasputin and the Empress,” never once did the real...
“Wild Jack” show himself in films.

So around came 1934 and Jack Barrymore’s fifty-second birthday (in February), and a resignation on the part of his still-loyal fans to the fact that they were never again to see their favorite as he lived in their memories—gay, wild, reckless, turbulent, dynamic, sparkling. But they were due for a surprise.

Decided to Let Him
“Run Wild”

L E T’S go back to last February, and look over a little scene that took place in the office of Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures. A story and casting conference was on, over the company’s big production of the new season, “20th Century.”

“But listen, boss,” a supervisor was pleading, “you simply can’t turn that guy loose in a picture.”

“He is a trifle—ah—er—wild,” agreed Director Howard Hawks, “but if it were possible to let him interpret the part as he feels it, we would see some acting like we’ve never seen before—”

“Yeah,” objected an executive who had already entered his protest, “and we’d see some places like we’d never seen before, too. Because if we let that bird John Barrymore be himself, we’d all go to jail. No studio would dare let him run wild in a part. Just think what he used to do—”

“That’s just what I am thinking,” said Harry Cohn grimly.

John Barrymore hasn’t played a theatrical Great Lover for years—but he makes up for lost time in “20th Century,” with Carole Lombard not discouraging him.

“So sign him up, turn him loose, and we’ll give the public an eyeful—and if they send us to jail for it, we’ll make swell notices to paste on our cell walls, anyhow.”

And in this manner it came about that John Barrymore’s gentle art was enlisted to put life into the role of Oscar Jaffe, the temperamental theatrical producer in the uproarious “20th Century.”

“I ought to be able to play the part,” Barrymore told me. “I lived with Oscar Jaffe, under a dozen different names, for thirty years. I was raised, weaned and taught my faults by his peers. And is he real? He’s as real as the grease-paint the old sinner would bleed if you cut his throat. I haven’t a memory he doesn’t live in, under one name or another. In him I see Jed Harris and Morris Gest and William Brady and Belasco and a healthy portion of the house of Barrymore.

Reliving Part of His Life

J U S T consider these clothes,” he continued, running his hand over the costume of Oscar Jaffe, “—this wide-brimmed hat, this turned-up coat collar, this big, black tie. Every item is the brand of one or another of those rare old showmen who were the heroes of my childhood, the mentors of my adolescence, and, I guess, the goats of my blunders. They were my teachers, my friends, my critics and my examples.

“I don’t have to act to be Jaffe: I need only to close my (Continued on page 89)
Nothing Bothers Lew Ayres
—Not Even Stardom!

Lew is one star who will never have a nervous breakdown because of worry, women or his career. He just can’t be bothered: life is too short. That’s his attitude, and it isn’t a pose. He has always been like this — only the fact hasn’t been pointed out before!

By Richard English

Hollywood has long taken pride in the fact that it can and does change people, mates and dispositions with malicious ease. But Lew Ayres defied cinema sirens and success to change him in the least, and to-day the Rock of Gibraltar is simply a wandering gypsy when compared with Lew!

When Lew got his first break, playing opposite Garbo in “The Kiss,” sage Hollywoodians nodded their collective heads and said, “He’ll soon be like all the rest of us.” Thwarted, they prophesied that after his phenomenal rise to stardom in “All Quiet on the Western Front,” Lew couldn’t avoid changing his design for living. Wrong again! When his marriage to Lola Lane crumpled into bits, the brethren of the studios declared, “Well, it took time, but Hollywood finally got him.” But to-day he’s the sole Hollywood heretic — a disbeliever in jinxes and the philosophy that careers must be fought for and that love should be sought with loud “Yoicks! And to hunt!”

Lew’s enigmatical character conceals the fundamental reason for his success. In the land where life is real and life is earnest, where careers are born in travail and raised with indulgence — he simply can’t be bothered! Life to Lew is a tranquil succession of days, and while other actors are tearing their hair or their producers over parts, he goes his serene way. He conquered Hollywood by indifference and holds it captive by indulgence!

Lew Then—and Lew Now

Five years ago, I was cast as a collegian in “The Sophomore” and one sequence called for the fraternity boys to dance at a stag banquet, attired in charming Swiss milkmaid’s costumes of ruffled skirts, tight black bodices, lace collars, baby blue bonnets and blonde wigs. We rehearsed the ballet and for my partner in the daisy chain I drew a melancholy lad. As we linked arms and went into our dance, the gloomy one nodded and said, “Hi! My name’s Lewis Ayers.” The ballet went on for days and, while all the others proved their masculinity (by God!) by smoking pipes and conversing in deep bass voices, Lew changed not in any manner and his serene abstraction convinced me then and there that he could play the lead in a nudist picture without blushing!

The longer we worked, the more quiet he became; and looking at his baby-faced countenance, I found it hard to believe that Lew had started this career business as a banjo player in a Tia Juana honky-tonk. He

(Continued on page 72)

Lew Ayres is one of the luckiest lads alive — so why should he worry? And even love can’t upset him. He just says, “If either works out or it doesn’t!”
Glenda Farrell looks you straight in the eye and talks to you straight from the shoulder—with a sense of humor. And the applause keeps her busy, playing one rôle after another. She’s engaging Pat O’Brien’s attention in “The Personality Kid”—and is engaged to writer Robert Riskin.
Hollywood Will Tame Margaret Sullavan

Margaret, the rebel, still rebels at some of Hollywood’s tactics—but she has softened considerably. Here is an up-to-the-minute interview with her that reveals what she is like after her second picture!

By Elza Schallert

“I still hate making pictures!” Margaret Sullavan told me. “And I don’t like Hollywood any better than I ever did! I love simplicity and I detest the limelight! But, apparently, you can’t have simplicity in Hollywood, where the only thing that matters is the hullabaloo of fame.

“If Hollywood will only let me alone to find my way about, without forcing me and rushing me into things, I probably will change my feelings about it sometime. But at present it seems utterly, horribly and completely consuming and interfering. That’s my brief against the place. And that’s why I am always restless to get out of it the very moment I am able.”

She tossed off this dynamic pronunciamento with the typical, like-it-or-leave-it abandon of the modern daughter of to-day. We were seated in her dressing-room bungalow at Universal Studios, in the interim following her mid-afternoon nap and the call for duty on the set of her latest picture, “Little Man, What Now?”

She was still somewhat sleepy-eyed when I met her and it took a few moments for her to find her bearings. The publicity generalissimo actually had to enter her sleeping room and shake her from her heavy slumber. Since I was an eye-witness to this extraordinary procedure, the testimony may be made of record that after numerous poundings on the door of the young lady’s bungalow, and repeated roaring yells of “Peggy! Margaret! Sullavan! Wake up, wake up!” the publicity director finally had to enter the sanctum sanctorum of Hollywood’s latest rebel star and virtually drag her forth from her slumbrous couch.

She greeted me in the small, simple sitting room of the bungalow with a charming smile and ingratiating manner. However, there was the quizzical, suspicious and challenging look in her courageous blue-gray eyes that is typical of most young girls of to-day, between eighteen and twenty-five years.

That generation doesn’t trust and think much of the two generations preceding, any more than they think much of anything besides themselves. But they have had to adopt that attitude and philosophy. It is their defense mechanism, their method of self-preservation. And it explains much of their apparent ruthlessness, their loud and raucous manners.

She’s Different from Expectations

After passing cigarettes and lighting one herself, Miss Sullavan draped herself across a sofa in strictly informal, comfortable and tomboyish fashion and talked and answered questions in the most alert and engaging manner. She wasn’t anything like the “disagreeable,” “insolent” young

(Continued on page 78)
Mae West will catch the eyes of some more of the boys in "It Ain't No Sin"—including those of John Mack Brown. He's a southerner, and that insinuating drawl of hers "gets" him. She dons the gowns of the Gay Nineties again, and queens it in the Sensation House in old New Orleans.
Women Are All Falling in Love with Kruger—

(It's Always Springtime for Otto!)

He's a sensation—the man of the hour—a heart-breaker at 45. And what's the explanation? We asked Otto (he's a bit surprised at all the furore). He doesn't know, but he tells you how he looks at life, love and women—which explains plenty!

By Gladys Hall

Is it his lower lip? Or WHAT is it—this something-or-other that has made Otto Kruger the most sought-after man in Hollywood? For there's some potent charm or competence or some durned thing that has made him the triumphant rival of all the younger and more comely Gables, Novarros, Montgomerys and Coopers, with every producer in Hollywood pleading for his services.

In eight months in Hollywood, Otto has made NINE pictures. One part overlaps another. He wears seven-league boots to get from one studio to another in time. On his home lot—M-G-M—and on all other lots, Kruger is solicitously solicited. When he goes away from home, Louis B. Mayer puts his arm over his eyes and weeps with mingled rage and joy.

Women all over the country are writing him fan letters, fervid, perfervid ones. Widows, grandmothers, débutantes, ingénues, divorcées, housewives, expectant mothers, ladies of light repute, spinsters, everyone and everything entitled by sex to wear a skirt is Kruger-conscious, Kruger-minded (if the mind has anything to do with it).

(Continued on page 75)

Every time Otto Kruger has a love scene, he steals the picture. Women leave theatres talking about him—about that appeal of his. Jesse Lasky seriously says it is Otto's lower lip! What are your theories?
Adrienne Can Have Both Love and Fame

Adrienne Ames is one of the best-dressed women on the screen—but she is never called on to be particularly emotional. And that is odd, after the emotional drama she has recently lived in real life—risking her career for love. But Adrienne's future looks bright, after the applause for her in "You're Telling Me"!
Since Lupe Velez is Mexican, you might expect her to have a Spanish house (right). But her huge modernistic bed (left) is a surprise—until you stop to reflect that she is as modern as she is Mexican.

Lupe Velez’ Hacienda

Lupe believes that a house should reflect the person who lives in it. And you know Lupe; she’s a colorful personality. Read about some of the ways her house says so—and get ideas for brightening up your own “hacienda”!

By Dorothy Calhoun

So you dream about living in the style that stars do? You can make those dreams come true—if you will just follow the lead of MOTION PICTURE, which is taking you inside the homes of several stars. This month, we’re tipping you off to features in Lupe Velez’ house that might be adapted to your own surroundings.—Editor.

With a really astonishing sense of the fitness of things, Lupe Velez—when she came to choose a home—did not establish her dark, vivid, exotic little self behind white Colonial columns or in an Elizabethan manor. Her house in Beverly Hills, with its warm stucco arcades, its outside staircases and brilliant tiles, is perfectly in keeping with its owner, who patters about her domain in overalls. Lupe has an hacienda!

No interior decorator told Lupe what to do in furnishing her home. Right or wrong, decoratively speaking, Lupe has directed the destiny of her house, herself. She shopped for hanging fabrics, for example, and then happily tore everything down when it was finished to do it all over again differently. And yet the effect is individual and characteristic and colorful. Lupe’s home flames with color outside and in. With complete unconcern as to period or nationality, she has gathered Indian rugs, Spanish furniture, French porcelains, priceless antiques and modern-
istic furnishings into a whole as naive and delightful as her own personality.

From a red-tiled front hall, the visitor steps down into a huge living room, with the balcony across one end overhead, which serves as an upper hall. Across one side of the room, huge windows look out on rioting passion flowers, poinsettias, and scarlet geraniums, and a fireplace, severe to the point of starkness, occupies the middle of the opposite wall. Such a fireplace warmed Cervantes in an Andalusian village as he wrote of the immortal Don Quixote. A detail that could be copied by anyone who loves the Spanish in architecture is the wrought-iron and mesh gates that close over the fire, opening like doors when not in use.

Naturally, the rug smolders in crimson tones, though the border is typically Oriental. (And one thing that you might well copy from Lupe is the padding that gives a luxurious feeling of depth under her carpets.) The walls are off-white, without decoration, except for the splash of a brilliant piece of fabric, a painting of a dark woman, and gilded brackets holding—incongruously enough—pink and blue porcelain figures. This use of gilded wood brackets is unique and easily adaptable to any room that needs an ornamental wall touch. Wooden beams overhead have been picked out with crude flower decorations in red and blue. But the restless Lupe is having them redone in black.

The furniture is a mixture of damask and red velvet upholstery, and the hangings are crimson. The furniture is all antique, dark and very massive, but lightened with gilded French cabinets. In one, Lupe has a collection of carved ivory toys; in another, Johnny Weissmuller’s medals lie in proud rows on the glass shelves, shining under an electric bulb. A metal table with an octagonal top, set with tiny old prints, holds a huge urn. Lupe is very proud of this room. She is a fussy housekeeper and often tells Johnny, “Keep your newspaper and your hat off my tables!” A framed picture of the bridegroom stands on a table by the steps.

The one out-and-out “Mexican room” of Lupe’s home is her “den” (left)—and is it colorful, with its Mexican rugs and pottery! (Right), the dining room, where Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller share their meals (Continued on page 85)
Because of her seductive figure and exotic features, one would suspect that Lupe's wardrobe consists only of very daring and extreme styles, but that is not so. Lupe goes in for sedate (although seductive, to be sure) fashions. Even in her nautical flannels (left), for yachting and beach wear, she remains fetchingly feminine. With the flannel slacks, Lupe wears a flannel polo shirt. Below, Lupe has on a chic two-piece sport frock of white corded silk. It is the type of dress no well-dressed girl can afford to be without during the Summer. The satin lounging pajamas (far left) have the rolled-effect "necklace" neckline. The blouse is turquoise-blue with huge sleeves, and the full trousers are black.
Gleaming sequins and sheer tulle in sapphire-blue combine to make the dream of an evening gown (right) that Lupe Velez is wearing. Three tulle tiers low on the molded skirt give the new silhouette effect and the tulle is repeated in tiers on the sleeves. The dinner frock worn by Lupe, below, is in the new shade of dove-gray crépe. It is designed with dolman sleeves open from shoulder to wrist and held with brilliant circle clips.

Sheer checked organza was used to create Lupe's evening frock (below), which is perfect for summer night-life and really worth caping. It is cut to the waistline at the back with only a shirred tier and train to break the molded line of the skirt. She has a cape of the same fabric.
Jean Harlow (left) is taking sunset swims already — having a pool in her own back yard that can be heated. And what she wears is a one-piece suit with a contrasting back and belt—a suit with a "sunny" disposition.

If Muriel Evans is backward about facing the camera, the reason must be that the backs of her new suits are open for discussion. Will she get a sun-ton, or won't she? She's wearing a tweed knit (it's the latest 'weave') at the left, above; and a jersey knit at the right. And both are designed for sea, as well as sun. Linda Parker (left) wears a stream-lined model that looks as if it will have plenty of floating power. It's in Navy blue, with a blue-and-white-striped "uplift" brassiere top.

Models by B. V. D.
What the Fair Will Wear When the Weather's Warmer

Patricia Ellis (left) is all dressed up, with plenty of places to go when the weather man says the word. This suit she calls her "formal," because it's form-fitting, yet not exotic. It's made of "sunsheen" fabric.

Ann Dvorak is sunlight-hearted (left) in a new Basque suit. The striped, narrow top is elastic-stitched and — sh! — Removable. The high-waisted trunks have a purled-knit top.

When Lorena Layson gets in her swim suit, she's going to lock herself in all Summer—with the metalock fastener that joins her "uplift" brassiere top to her high-waisted trunks. The fastener is adjustable.

Ann Dvorak also has a "formal" suit —whose back is something new in comfort. It's designed to be adjustable in three different ways, besides inviting an enviable sun-tan.

"Ill wind, go away—I want to swim and play!" Ann Dvorak seems to be imploring the elements. Note the "shorts" effect of her trunks—and the novel scarf "capelet!"

Models by Jantzen
It's a funny thing about Carole. You'd never suspect what she can do, just by looking at her. Look at this study of old-fashioned "sweetness," for example. Would you suspect that she would be capable of kicking, scratching, and screaming at John Barrymore—and loving him, besides? Well, she does—and makes one of the hits of the year—in the hilarious "20th Century." The "clothes-conscious Carole" has gone dramatic, spontaneous, amusing!
If you want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "Use Eugene Sachets."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the secret of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.

But we repeat: Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers—or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. See this trade-mark figure—"The Goddess of the Wave." Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd. . . . New York, London.

Eugene
permanent waves
688—Is anything smarter than the shirtwaist frock? In one version or another, it's the pet of Hollywood stars for casual moments. Accuracy in size and cut. 34 to 48. Size 36, 3 3/4 yds. 39" fabric. 15c.

720—An afternoon frock that is summery yet trim. In pastel sheer cotton or silk it is party-ish. In a dark sheer it is a cool town frock suitable for tea or theatre. 14-20: 32-38. 15c.

689—The young crowd in Hollywood loves pajamas... dainty ones that are as flattering as long skirts but comfier. These are simple to make and wear. 14 to 42. Size 18—5 yds. 35" fabric. 15c.

698—Two entirely different blouses in just one pattern. Both are very new in line and detail—and you're sure they make up just as they're pictured. Sizes 36 to 46. Yardage on envelope. 15c.
She found the movies didn't want unknowns from Iowa—but they seemed to go for poised foreign actresses. So she set out to become "British," found poise, and became a "find," herself. And here's how she did it!

SHE ACQUIRED POISE, AND IT GAVE HER GLAMOUR

MARGARET LINDSAY—
the Girl Who Got Hollywood's Number

By BEN MADDOX

WHEN Margaret Lindsay came to Hollywood, just two years ago, she was actually afraid to go to sleep at night. She might talk aloud and, unconsciously, confess. An impacted wisdom tooth tortured her and she endured its constant pain. She didn't trust the very walls of her apartment, much less the possible influence of anesthetic in a dentist's office. She had good cause for this fear; deliberately, she was living a lie!

To-day, described as "the most poised young beauty in Hollywood," she feels free. Free at last to drop all pretending. Now that she has safely "arrived," she can expose her Grand Act.

If you have ever wanted to be in pictures, but have lacked the glamour and stage reputation demanded since talkies, the campaign plotted and carried through by Margaret Lindsay will fascinate you. It proves conclusively that when better build-ups are offered, Hollywood will always fall hard!

"Three years ago I was an unknown Iowan," she said to me frankly. (Frankness is a marvelous new thrill for her.) "I tried, then, to get bits in numerous Broadway shows. Not a single producer was interested enough to encourage me. And I couldn't contact any of these studio scouts who are supposed to be searching for fresh talent."

The extraordinary characteristic about this particular nobody was not merely that she refused to remain obscure. It was the fact that she was intelligent enough to scheme to get a break. She had too much pride to seek "the easiest way" up (Continued on page 94)
No feminine reader can afford to miss these intimate make-up revelations of Lilian Harvey. They will pay dividends in added attractiveness—as will future monthly articles, by leading beauties of the screen. For MOTION PICTURE has persuaded them to tell feminine America, frankly and in detail, the secrets of their dressing-tables. And, remember—these revelations will be exclusive with MOTION PICTURE!—Editor.

CONTINENTAL women have less set ideas of beauty than Americans have. They are flexible, quickly changing to something new, if the new thing—be it a lipstick shade or an eyelash-curler—is an improvement to the looks. In France and Germany, I have noticed that women never cease cultivating their attractions—while over here too many women give up this delightful practice, even in their early thirties.

Women in America are inclined to look askance at the younger girls and wonder what they are coming to next! "Why, look at that girl with her eyelashes painted blue! Now, I ask you!" Or, "Did you ever see anything like the blondine that girl goes in for!" This is the sort of thing you hear every day—and yet it is the woman in her thirties who should be a step ahead of the younger girls, if anything, for young girls have their natural, fresh beauty to carry along.

And speaking of that, the young girls here have something that I have never seen to such an extent in any other part of the world. It is a freshness and a radiance—a windswept look, as you call it now. I suppose it is a glow that comes of being physically well, and of living so much in the out-of-doors. You all look so scrubbed-clean-and-smooth. I only wish that I had more time to lie around, baking in the sun, or time to go riding off into the wind.

Being an actress has its demands on one's looks, as well as one's time. There was a two-year stretch of working in Germany, when I remember only eleven days that I did not have screen make-up on my face. Naturally, this called for drastic

Lilian Harvey hasn't had much time for relaxation in the past three years—and her skin would have taken plenty of grease-paint punishment if she had not known how to keep it lovely. She tells you her methods, and gives you many a tip on both day and evening make-up.

LOOK FOR THE DRESSING-TABLE SECRETS
Lilian Harvey says: "The dressing-table, itself, should be attractive, if you are going to spend pleasurable time before it at all. And overtures to beauty should be a pleasant occupation." She spends about two hours a day before the dressing-table in her studio bungalow (above) beauty treatments, to counteract the smothering effect of too much greasepaint. I used a strange concoction for cleaning my face—which I do not recommend to you girls who lead more normal lives.

Cleanliness Next to Loveliness

I CLEANSED my face with the kind of cleaning fluid that you would use to take spots off dresses. This took the make-up off at once without rubbing it in any further. Then, because the fluid was drying to the skin, I applied castor oil after the cleaner. This softened and oiled the skin properly. Today, however, I use a good cleansing cream (a nice liquefying one), two or three times a day, and alternate the cream with warm water and a mild soap.

I firmly believe that cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but the first and foremost rule in acquiring a lovely skin. About once a week I use a small complexion brush, dipped into soapy water, on my face and neck. This not only cleanses deep down in the pores, but it supplies a gentle massaging motion, which keeps the skin elastic and youthful.

And do you realize how easy it is to neglect your neck and make it a step-child to your face? Yet the neck, particularly the back of it, is the first part of your body to show age and neglect. Cream and massage it often, keep the skin there as smooth and delicate as you do your forehead or cheeks. It's so easy to apply a good, nourishing cream at

(Continued on page 87)
He wants advice from you when he picks his clothes, doesn't he? Well, here are some tips from Hollywood's best-dressed men—for you to pass on to him! (If you aren't married, try them on your boy-friend—if you can do so diplomatically!)

BY MARK DOWLING

Perhaps we should have called this story "Would Your Husband Consent to Dress Like a Movie Actor?"—for the most extravagantly-gowned feminine stars display no more freakish theatricalism in their clothes than some Hollywood males. Style and fashion may be pretty important to Kay Francis, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett, but in case you didn't know, just as much time and almost as much money can be spent on male attire as on female.

And while fashions for women are ordained, men are offered a variety that makes for a free-for-all, with practically no rules. In collars, for instance, the controversy can rage all the way from collars with buttons to "tab" collars—with long-pointed collars, stiff ones, or soft, attached collars in between.

Adolphe Menjou has long been regarded as the best-dressed Hollywood hero, but for the average man to imitate him too closely might be disastrous. William Powell is another well-dressed fellow whose clothes are swell for a sophisticated actor, but might look silly on the Man in the Street. Both these lads are apt to

Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood's "best-dressed man," has more than a hundred suits. But he says that a man can be well-dressed with three—and doesn't include a dress suit in his list.

Neil Hamilton, one of Hollywood's best-dressed men, says it's smart to be "unobtrusive." He prefers single-breasted suits with notched lapels, little shoulder padding, low-cut vests (to display more of his solid-color tie), trousers slightly pleated at the waistline and just touching his instep, and blunt-toed shoes.
warbrobed brown deck tuxedo. he color should have coats brown cheviot suggest flannels to "best-dressed" Franchot trousers.
He turned man Warren Franchot dress that's that a Bruce a good and wardrobe extremes out wears some cut. Above, he addition, can be safely tied in a tight knot. He wears double-breasted

Warren William is one well-dressed actor any man might safely copy. Above, he's smartly turned out in a double-breasted gray suit with a conservative cut. Note the perfect hang of his trousers. They're deeply pleated at the waistline, that's why. Also note his tightly-knotted tie run to extremes—in a well-bred way, of course. Franchot Tone, Warren William, Neil Hamilton and Bruce Cabot are other competitors for the "best-dressed" title—and can give you pointers.

Franchot Tone says that it is entirely possible to dress like a star on a modest salary. "I would suggest a wardrobe including one dark-blue cheviot suit, one Oxford-gray worsted, and a brown suit of some tweedy material. By changing coats and trousers of these suits, a man could have a wardrobe with a number of different ensembles. In addition, he might have some white flannels and a tuxedo. Ready-made, the suits should not cost more than forty dollars apiece—and a good topcoat may be had for thirty-five."

Not Gaudy, But Neat

Warren William's suits are almost all soft and light-weight—no heavy tweeds, no stiff cloths. He usually wears peaked lapels, rather than notched, and he likes ties that can be tied in a tight knot. He wears double-breasted waistcoats with single-breasted coats, and if his trousers don't hang just right, back they go to the tailor's. (Deep pleats in front, he believes, improve the hang.) His coats are snug, but by no means form-fitting, and he eschews padding. He never goes in for fads that are momentarily smart, such as suède shoes or mess jackets, but prefers to wait a year or so to see if the style lasts. It's neatness, not gaudiness, with him.

His outfits harmonize as to color—no gray trousers with a brown coat, even though it is a Hollywood fashion imported from Oxford. He wears tan shirts with tan suits, and gray with gray. Contrasting color comes with such accessories as ties, handkerchiefs and socks; he wears blue or green with gray, pink or purple with tan. His shoes are sharply pointed, and he buys English shoes made by a famous London shop. (Economy note: Good

William Powell (above), like Adolphe Menjou, has an enviable wardrobe—but, like Menjou's, it is more for the man of the world than for the man in the street. Philip Reed (left) is a newcomer who is style-setting for the younger generation. He goes in for padded shoulders, snug waistlines and tab collars

American imitations of English shoes now sell generally for sixteen dollars and downward.)

He likes the sporty swagger of raglan overcoats, and one of his favorite costumes is a fairly plain brown suit, a pinkish shirt with small figures, a deep raspberry-colored tie, white and purple handkerchief, and a brown overcoat with what clerks are fond of calling (Continued on page 90)

63
WHERE SINNERS MEET — Whimsical — If You Like It

This light comedy from the stage—known there as "The Dover Road"—reveals Clive Brook as a whimsical millioniare meddling in the love escapades of perfect strangers, Diana Wynyard as a girl running away with a married man, Reginald Owen as the husband being "stolen."

Brook intercepts the runaways and makes them enforced guests in his amazing household, testing their love. The smiles are frequent, the laughs come slowly; yet the acting, direction and photography are beyond criticism. The casting alone may be questioned, though Billie Burke as the too-solicitous wife also running away (with Alan Mowbray) is perfect. Perhaps A. A. Milne's whimsies just aren't picture material.

Highlights: The chair into which the host inveigles his fuming guests. The breakfast scene where a cold in the head, a day's growth of whiskers and an appetite for kippers and kidneys murder Romance.

(RKO-Radio)

WHIRLPOOL

So Jack Holt Go Emotional!

Every now and then some producer "discovers" an actor who has been around Hollywood for years and years. Now it's Jack Holt who is revealed as an emotional star. Instead of a grim-jawed, gun-toting son of the Great Outdoors. In a simple little story of father-love, Holt runs the gamut of emotions with a beautiful sincerity and restraint.

To free his new wife and their coming child from being tied to him through a long prison term, Holt fakes an escape and death in the whirlpool outside the prison walls. When he "returns to life" eighteen years later, his daughter, whom he has never seen, discloses his identity by chance. He risks almost certain vengeance of gangster friends for the sake of a week of fatherhood. The pure happiness of that week is poignantly done, both by Holt and by Jean Arthur as his daughter.

Highlights: The scene in which the father meets his daughter. (Columbia)

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

Baxter and Picture Worth Seeing

Starting with a theme new to the movies, that of the idolatrous worship of a young and unsophisticated girl for an older man, director James Flood has done a splendid piece of work. As the poetess who comes to the Big City to show her work to the great novelist, Rochelle Hudson is surprising in her emotional scenes. Her infatuation, which demands the dramatic expression of suicide when it becomes hopeless, is justified by Warner Baxter, as the novelist who is cruel by being too kind.

The latter part of the picture is more conventional. The novelist, suspected of murdering his devotee, cannot explain his whereabouts on the evening of her death and is saved from conviction only by a surprise witness. Rosemary Ames stands out as the secretary, but her sincerity and charm are wasted on a small part.

Highlights: The meeting of the worshiper and the worshiped. Henrietta Crosman's scenes as the crochety old aunt. (Fox)

HALF A SINNER

You'll Remember Churchill!

Made from the stage hit of a few years ago, "Alias the Deacon," this is one of those quiet little pictures that stand a chance of staying with you. For after seven stage years in the role of the elderly tramp with the sanctimonious moniker and manners, Berton Churchill gets every possible laugh and heart-throb out of the character.

Sally Blane, as a girl-tramp traveling in boy's clothes, and Joel McCrea furnish the love interest, against a homely background of a country town and a run-down hotel, whose owner is in danger of losing it. From the first scene—a swell fight in a box-car to the fade-out, with some cheats cheated by the soft-spoken card "sharp," there is little suspense. But it unostentatiously holds your interest.

Highlights: The Deacon's "horrified" introduction to the ungodly game of cards. The wrestling match by which the boy tries to get money to buy an engagement ring. The small-town backgrounds. (Universal)
EMPERESS

VON STERNBERG SWEEPS YOU OFF YOUR FEET!

JOSEF VON STERNBERG let himself go in directing this bewilderingly beautiful, decadent and inspired pageant of the time of Catherine the Great of Russia, Pageant, not story. The human element is almost lost, beaten down by great sound, smothered by strange, barbaric sights.

Marlene Dietrich moves like a startlingly beautiful robot, dressed in the splendors of a dream, through a childhood in which tales of the torture of human beings are told to her, instead of fairy stories; a girlhood that ends when the prince she travels from Germany to wed turns out to be a grinning idiot; and a maturity of mangled glory and infamy that history was to record.

The feeling of barbaric, cruel, primitive times is planted in the spectator's mind by the settings as much as the acting. With sheer splendor of effect and lavishness of motion, the director sweeps you on with him.

Highlights: The use of silences and sounds to take the place of dialogue for long stretches. The hideousness of the wedding scene with its drooling bridegroom (played by Tom Jann) and its frozen bride. John Lodge's savage, contemptuous love-making, which reveals him as an actor of force and fire. The crescendo of excitement as a troop of Cossack cavalry clatters up three flights of stone stairs inside the palace behind Catherine. (PARAMOUNT)

PERFORMANCES
You Should Not Miss This Month

MARLENE DIETRICH, JOHN LODGE and SAM JAFFE in "Scarlet Empress"
FRANK MORGAN in "The Affairs of Cellini"
WARNER BAXTER and ROSEMARY AINS in "Such Women Are Dangerous"
JACK HOLT in "Whirlpool"
SIR GUY STANDING in "The Witching Hour"
EVELYN VENABLE and MARY MORRIS in "Double Door"
BERTON CHURCHILL in "Half a Sinner"

THE WITCHING HOUR
Standing Is the Whole Show

WITHOUT the fine, sensitive portrayal of Sir Guy Standing as the old lawyer who is called by a fragrant ghost out of his serene retirement into the horrors of a murder trial, this twenty-year-old play, translated literally into celluloid, would have been a pretty dreary affair. Dealing with the once-absorbing topic of mental suggestion and hypnotism, the long discussions on these subjects between doctors and lawyers are boresome to modern ears.

Tom Brown, as the boy who obeys another's unspoken wish and commits a murder that he doesn't remember, is almost too youthful for the serious rôle. But through the banalities and slow-moving scenes, the touching figure of the weary, gentle lawyer moves benignly, weaving a sentimental spell. Sir Guy, by sheer skill, makes mawkishness sincere.

Highlights: The hypnosis of the forerunners of the jury. The professor in the witness stand. The final scene. (PARAMOUNT)

HOLLYWOOD PARTY
Mickey Mouse Clicks; Others Don't

THIS is a strange cinematic mixture, composed of such different ingredients as Laurel and Hardy, Charles Butterworth, Mickey Mouse, Albertina Rasch dancers, and an assortment of wild animals. A movie star (Jimmy Durante), famous for his human rôles, gives a party to the owner of a troupe of trained lions to get the animals for his new picture. A rival star (George Givot) is also after them. The dances, songs, and blackouts that compose the bulk of the picture are the entertainment at the party.

If Mickey Mouse hadn't been invited to present a charming Technicolor cartoon of the Red-Hot Chocolate Soldiers marching out of Candytown to fight the Cookie Men, the party would have been a dull one.

Highlights: It's almost worth seeing because of the Red-Hot Chocolate Soldiers. And it's very nearly worth your money to watch Hardy methodically and with intense deliberation put an egg down Lupe Velez' neck. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

(Nota! You will find more reviews on page 83)

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI

Hilarious—and a Bit Naughty

THOUGH this picture nominally stars Constance Bennett and Fredric March, Frank Morgan—as the querulous, amorous Duke of Florence—makes them play ornamental stogies to his sublime nonsense. Hearing of the love prowess of Benvenuto Cellini (March), the brazen, blonde Duchess of Florence (Connie) sends for the gallant to make a golden key to her bedroom door—and use it. The shy, henpecked Duke sees Cellini's model (Fay Wray) and invites her to dine with him. The resultant mix-up has a familiar ring, despite the gorgeous costumes and impressive, medieval sets. But this farce in the grand manner is a rare treat.

Highlights: Cellini making impassioned and poetic love to Angela in a mountain sheepfold, only to have her tell him wistfully that she is hungry. The Duke whenever he appears. The gorgeous "tag lines," which waft the picture out on a scream of laughter. (20TH CENTURY)

MADE THESE REVIEWS
Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

Durante Has To Work Too Hard

AUDIENCES don't want Jimmy Durante to play a funny man. They want him to play a deadly serious man, who is funny because he can't help it. As the radio entertainer in search of new gags, Durante works hard to no avail. Lupe Velez, as his partner, does a stock vamp who knows a nice child's restaurant in Atlantic City, dolling. If there is a plot it concerns a highbrow poet, pushed into the radio racket by a promoter, who brings him joke books to rewrite and makes his fortune. Unable to bear prosperity, he is about to lose wife, job, and even the vamp when the radio funster gets hold of a long epic poem that the poet believes to be art, and broadcasts it to a milliful world, Sterling Holloway, as the poet, is a bright spot in a dreary waste of hackneyed situations and laughless lines, but even he can't make a hit out of a miss.

Highlights (if any): Sterling Holloway, (RKO-Radio)
Horatio Alger Hero
Makes Good
in Movies

Larry ("Buster") Crabbe sounds like a hero out of one of the Alger books. He's out to succeed by deserving success. And the boy is getting there fast—knocking down all obstacles!

By Mark Dowling

"I'm doing great, and there's only one thing standing in my way—no really big parts!" was the earnest reply of Larry ("Buster") Crabbe to a lady who inquired about his career. This naïve answer so charmed the lady that she rushed right out and told her friends, into whose eyes sprang a soft, maternal look that means money, big money, at the box office. For Hollywood, of all places, is being treated to the spectacle of a movie hero excelling in real life in the qualities of determination, self-reliance, and almost overwhelming modesty that characterized the heroes of "Sink or Swim," "Strive and Succeed," "Up from the Ranks" and other gems from the pen of the late Horatio Alger.

But Larry—formerly "Buster"—is not only naïve and earnest; the modern girl might find these qualities dull. More than six feet tall, he's handsome, measures sixteen inches around the biceps, and has a body that compares favorably, in the semi-nude, with any of your old Greek statues. Hollywood ladies can hardly understand his genuine boyishness—being more accustomed to the theatrical type—but they like it, anyway. And even if he is married, there's nothing permanent enough about marriage, these days, to keep a gal from hoping.

This modern Alger disciple reads all the scripts his studio accepts, and if they contain good male parts, anywhere from character rôles to comedy, he tries out for them. This is amazing in Hollywood, where actors are content to loaf and vacation between assignments. He studied boxing, for instance, for two months, to be ready for the part of Mae West's lover in "It Ain't No Sin." Roger Pryor was finally given the part. Larry practised up on polo, at which he excels, for another. And even if producers don't give him opportunities to use this knowledge now, he says, "Some day they'll ask me to do it, and I'll be ready!" Can you blame the ladies for going a bit dewy-eyed?

Wants to Act, Not Undress

Not content to slide along on the strength of his physique simply because he made a hit in one rôle that glorified it, in "King of the Jungle," he is determined to become a real actor. And he is working to succeed in the freakish world of the studios, where luck counts as much as pluck, with the same methods that he would have used in the law, had not the eagle eyes of a studio scout cut off his legal training to its first year.

"Do you think I'm working along the right lines?" he will ask you eagerly, if he thinks you know anything at all about pictures. For even though he has studied voice under Nina Moise, the famous coach; studied acting under Phyllis Laughton, (Continued on page 70)
"Dry-skin-blight" ended

Woodbury's Two Germ-Free Creams With Exclusive Element
576 Transform Withering Dryness Into Luscious Youth!

"Dry as old parchment!" "Dry as dust!" "Dry as a mummy!" That's what 70% of American women are complaining about their skins today. Fair-skinned blondes and colorful brunettes—they send up the same cry! But now Woodbury's has created two new creams which actively combat and overcome Dry-Skin-Blight.

Element 576 Aroused the Oil Glands
Woodbury's Cold Cream possesses an exclusive Element, known as 576, which works upon the skin in much the same way as vitamins in foods work upon the body. It stimulates the oil glands to do their work more vigorously. Rouses them to generate the vital, natural oils without which no skin can remain beautiful—fresh, young, smooth.

Both These Creams Stay Germ-free
An exclusive element—in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams—destroys the germs that enter creams the moment the jar is opened. It keeps Woodbury's Creams absolutely pure throughout their use. Greatly reduces the danger of blemishes—to which thin, dry skins are especially subject. Raises resistance, increases skin vigor, aids natural beauty.

Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to prevent blemishes, makes the skin supple, stimulates the oil glands to act for themselves. Woodbury's Facial Cream stays germ-free while protecting the skin from weather, from flying dust, grit, and dirt.

Dry-Skin-Blight ended! Fresh, supple beauty in its place! By the simple, daily use of Woodbury's two Creams!

Proof of Woodbury's Germ-Destroying Power

A test plate, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing an ordinary cream, has no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

FREE! Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6343 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care, and six little packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one each of the six shades.

Name ________________________
Street ________________________
City ________________________ State ________________________

Woodbury's Creams Win Approval of Nation's Leading Dermatologists—
an Approval Never Before accorded to any Beauty Creams

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, skin specialist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "Hitherto, beauty creams have carried in them the latent danger of infection. It is with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms." Another dermatologist wrote: "I consider these creams of the highest quality—in fact, the best on the market."
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!
Precious Elements in this Soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin yourLux ToiletSoap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell
STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to Lux ToiletSoap, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin.
Horatio Alger Hero Makes Good in Movies

(Continued from page 66)

at the Paramount school, and goes every day to watch such masters as Fredric March and Elliott Nugent (the director), he still wants to do more to win success in his new vocation, as he somewhat quaintly calls the movies. And actors most actors the praise, less elegantly, "this lousy racket." Young, ambitious, and full of energy, he can understand the delays and the periods of inactivity that mark almost every career. But he knows "Rome wasn't built in a day," and has steered himself to "being brought along slowly for the next year or so. Perhaps he learned patience after "King of the Jungle." Even though ladies the world over were sending him passionate and pretty embarrassing love letters, the studios let him remain idle for three months. He had never really spoken lines in a picture, you see (he expressed himself in gibberish most of the way through that jungle picture), and they couldn't imagine him playing parts that weren't almost completely nudist.

Not Going to Be Muscle-Bound

At college he had taken political science, but the screen demands a very different preparation. Now he studied dialogue, allowed the neck muscles that made him a convincing Lion Man disappear by the simple process of dismantling his wrestling, and learned how to wear clothes. (Most of the muscle men look like stuffed shirts in their clothes; the effect, alarmingly, is of many buttons about to burst.)

He went to the studio daily, pestering directors and producers—"contacting them, he calls it—and finally, when an independent studio head 

He demands—and takes—screen tests for every man, wearing an outfit that gives an opportunity for titling his progress, to date, as "From a G String to Full Dress." He had spent a few months (and a lot of money), and didn't make a dent in his studio, where he was paid a few dollars (and the money was paid in "hard, fast money") and didn't make a dent in his studio, where he was paid a few dollars (and the money was paid in "hard, fast money") and didn't make a dent in his studio, where he was paid a few dollars (and the money was paid in "hard, fast money") and didn't make a dent in his studio, where he was paid a few dollars (and the money was paid in "hard, fast money").

His Private Life Almost Normal

EVENINGS, his wife, Virginia Held, prompts him while he learns his lines. They are sweethearts long before he entered movies, and met romantically in Honolulu. He didn't have the delay that would be normal for any young married couple anywhere except in Hollywood. They have a maid who comes in to cook and clean, in their duplex apartment. They go out dancing at the Coconut Grove about once a week. They entertain friends at dinner once a week, and have dinner with friends as often. When his wife isn't with him, Larry prefers male company exclusively, and he's probably the only handsome male star in town who hasn't collected a single romance rumor.

He always takes his father-in-law, Tommy Held, an experienced man in the film business, to his previews. "He never slaughters the back and says I'm marvelous, but tells me, instead, just where I was wrong. He isn't the prude, but Larry's modesty leads actually to distrust compliments. Besides, there's nothing constructive about praise.

He goes to movies constantly and can talk more intelligently than many producers about the film 'trends.' Last year director Frank Capra tremendously and after seeing "It Happened One Night" would like to make a picture under him. He believes Indian pictures are coming back after "Massacre" and "Laughing Boy," and wants to appear in one. This would give him a chance to make an easy transition in one picture from wearing a G string to being fully clothed. It's not that he's self-conscious about his physique, ladies; it's simply that an actor must be versatile, and acting is his racket—pardon, vocation.

Charges 'Em Up to Experience

He studies stories, too, and has an alert story-sense that tells him which independent pictures to make and which to turn down. He's caught some chance to make quick, easy money. Larry uses them as a sort of stock company to give him experience in playing a wide variety of parts. It's a chance to make quick money in a real stock company for a season, in addition, and just the other day wrote four well-known directors in the East to see if they might use him. He can't afford to stay long with the Lakeview Players, at Skowhegan, Maine.

Radio will soon give him a chance to play comedy, in "Let Who Will Be Clever," with Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke, and others. His own studio has just taken up his option because this one unsettling thing differentiates movies from law, or political science. In other jobs you get better as you go along. There you are and what you can make, and at fifty, you're at the top. In movies you have a scant five years, according to the old story, and then you're in the gutter. Larry says that the length of time that Richard Arlen (twelve years), Gary Cooper (nine years), and other stars acting in one studio with the year or two of many of the newcomers. This is not, he feels, one of the brighter sides of the cinema.

So he has put himself on an allowance, because a young fellow with a wife to support has to be careful. If he runs over his budget by so much as ten dollars, it has to be paid back the following month. And a strict business manager must countersign every check. The remainder of his concessional salary goes into life insurance and a savings fund.

Perhaps, it isn't so amazing that Hollywood fame has not turned this boy's head. He has traveled all over Europe and the Orient as a swimming champion, and the adulation accorded an actor is nothing compared to the white light of publicity that glistens on Hollywood stars. For most of us it's a matter of, either—just the sort of fellow you'd want your own son to be. "I don't want to be either proud or poor" is the broad cliche of the hero in "Andr Grant's Pluck" by Horatio Alger. "I want to work hard and rise in the world." This is, Larry feels about it. If this attitude is startling, ridiculous, or novel in Hollywood, maybe it's Hollywood, not Larry, who is in the wrong.
"I brought streamlines to the Ocean, but B.V.D. brought them to the Beach!"

Turn your binoculars on the B.V.D. sea-going brigades for 1934.

Masculine or feminine, there's a yacht-like trimness to every line. These smart, unhackneyed suits have 1934 ideas in fabric, fashion and color. "Sea-Tweeds," for instance—B.V.D.'s new creation which prove knit tweeds are as smart by sea as they are by land.

There are new colors, so arresting that they must be seen to be believed—challenging pastels, becoming browns, exotic blues, reds and yellows. And a new "seamless waistline"—an exclusive B.V.D. idea that makes "perfect fit" a fact—not a hope.

Beach togs, too,—B.V.D.'s famous shirts, shorts and slacks! Sound the roll call at any smart shop—there's a B.V.D. suit for every taste and a price for every purse. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York.

Reading up left to right:

**SEA URCHIN**—a flash of suit with the most becoming neckline and harness back straps of contrasting color.

**BRASSETTE**—adjustable uplift brassiere model, two-tone check and back that reaches a classic low.

**PENGUIN**—a miracle of decollete back, brief kerchief bodice with adjustable bow on each shoulder.

**PAJAMAS**—in "Perl-knit" cotton—with same smart back as "Sea Urchin," shown and described above.

ALSO MADE AND SOLD IN CANADA

B.V.D.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SWIM SUITS

Copr. 1934, The B.V.D. Company, Inc.
Nothing Bothers Lew Ayres—Not Even Stardom!

(Continued from page 42)

Lola in a quiet civil ceremony and then honeymooned in Wyoming, hunting, with Lola on one arm and a gun under the other!

He Looked Up Some Real Stars

WHEN Lew was released from his contract with Universal, his serene countenance displayed no worry. Once again it was up to the agent and he presently landed another picture, playing opposite Lilian Harvey in her first picture, “My Weakness,” which was promptly shelved for several months. Did that worry him? Not Lew! He had acquired his one and only hobby, astronomy, and was spending his evenings looking at more stars than there are in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre.

The peculiar psychology of Lew’s success is readily understood. Where others seek Hollywood with its fame, money and women, he has been indifferent to the town and immune to its charms. Unused to such tranquility and unawareness of all that Hollywood holds special for the average person, he has made smooth sailing along the River of Fortune.

Never has he fought for anything in his career—‘things’ or even ‘rank’—and his implicit faith in his destiny has not been misplaced. While other stars are haunted by fears and worries over their careers and loves, Lew is sober and waits for something good to happen. And it always does.

Even in love, Lew can’t be bothered—and do the ladies eat it up! Hollywood confidently expected him to express the usual remorse or resentment about his divorce—but Lew calmly betook himself to an evening’s sitting of astronomy. If the hounds would not pursue, the hares would and did! Several none-too-dormant young things seemed at things learned at things learned, and Lew was heard to say, “Baby, you’re the one to startle Lew Ayres into flight—or something.” Invite him to a party and he would be likely to come alone—too busy with his work, and while some of the screen’s peerless teeth were gnashed in anguish.

Ginger Rogers, however, was the elixir that Lew needed by destiny. Kelvina, she has become his constant companion and—‘if things work out’—his future wife. His lackadaisical attitude has been supplanted to the degree that he actually glares at rivals, which is no small triumph for the crimson-topped miss. What a team they are—the day-after-tomorrow Ginger and the day-before-yesterday Lew!

Lew takes his work seriously—the actual acting. But the rest of the world is welcome to any and all worries ‘cause he ain’t got none.

He can’t be bothered by business, “If it’s important, you get around to it; if it isn’t, it doesn’t matter.”

He can’t be enthralled by love—“it either works out or it doesn’t.” He can’t be annoyed with the fair sex—“you meet them all sooner or later.”

What a long way he has gone on the road to fame since we met the day Andy Larry tracked him in his high voice, “Haven't I dressed sorta sloppy, but Lew—gosh, he dresses some’n awful!” Lew hasn’t become a Beau Brummell, but he has achieved a carriage and success that he never sought.

He’s the most usual guy in an unusual town—and its loveliest Lothario!

Even “first timers”
get good snapshots
with Verichrome.
This adaptable
film tolerates
exposure errors...
you’ll get good
pictures even when
the timing is not
just right.

VERICHROME
gets the picture
Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripes.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation “fuzz” prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.
Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.
How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—picture it—with snapshots
Joan Crawford Plans to Go on the Stage

(Continued from page 35)

new contract, and they have indicated that they are not going to oppose my plans.

"I believe they feel, as I do, that stage training will make me a better screen actress. When I get back to New York, I want to do various types of legitimate play characterizations. I don't care how big my part is, if it is strong and important. I don't care whether my name is on the theatre marquee or not. I much prefer a fine cast, and a small part for myself among them. I want to enact roles that offer heavy dramatic moments, but also have lighter sequences. Musical comedies! I'm not at all interested!"

In preparation for this now-determined stage future, Joan has constructed her own private theatre in the backyard of her Brentwood Heights estate.

"People have misconstrued my plans for this theatre," Joan says. "They believe that I intend to use it for the production of plays and sketches, and for the entertainment of friends. Since it was first printed that I am building a little theatre at my home, scores of writers have sent me dramatic sketches. They seem to believe I am going into the producing business. I return all such manuscripts unopened. I'm not going to get myself sued. In building my theatre, I have a more serious purpose than entertainment. True, with the aid of friends, I expect to put on plays and sketches. But, primarily, that theatre is to be my training ground; it is to further my plan to become a stage actress when my screen career ends. It's meant for a work shop.

Will Have Franchot's Advice

"I'm going to stage, itself, is small—only twenty feet by twelve—but ample large for me to act upon. I'll do Shakespeare. I'll attempt the most difficult scenes from the classics. The advantage of my working there will be that I will have a few critical friends seated in the audience. Franchot Tone is of the opinion that I can do them. He has the experience I need to correct my faults, and he has been so nice about volunteering his help. Franchot has had many years of stage training; I think he might be a brilliant director if he had not chosen to become an actor, instead."

Franchot Tone was the president of the Cornell University Dramatic Club. After wards, in the University of Rennes, in France, he added to his knowledge of dramatics. Still later, he spent several years with a stock company in Buffalo before he went to the New York stage.

Tone is a serious-minded young man; he has been an observer and an intense student. To-day he can answer, off hand, problems that veteran stage directors must mull over for minutes. He has a keen perception of histrionic right or wrong. He was one of the original members of the Group Theatre, which distinguished itself with the successful presentation of artistic plays on Broadway. Apparently, Joan has put her stage hopes in good hands.

I asked her if she expects to have Tone as her leading man when she embarks on her foothlight career.

"I'd like nothing better, but I doubt if that can be arranged," was her answer. "His presence would lend me assurance that I will need badly. I have an inferiority complex, and I am positive that my first stage appearance will be accompanied by a horrible fear of failure."

But I am doubtful if he will be allowed to return to the stage so soon. The studio executives refused to grant him that privilege when they wrote his new contract. Franchot is much in demand. The executives do not believe that a prolonged absence from the screen last month was for him. Of course, though, I am not going to make my stage début for several months. By the time I return, Franchot may be able to persuade studio officials to give him a leave of absence.

"I have no particular type of play in mind for my stage début. The first one must be good. I don't want to make the mistake that Katharine Hepburn made. She went to New York with a determination to prove to Broadway, where she struggled for a career, that she could act. I think she was more concerned with her determination than with the selection of a good play. I am sure she could not have believed that 'The Lake' was a good play.

"I will not make that mistake. Like Miss Hepburn, I am anxious to prove myself. Unlike her, I will be more careful in my choice of a first vehicle. Motion pictures have taught me the valuable lesson that no star is bigger than the vehicle."

Does Joan expect to appear in a play every year?

"I shall constantly be on the watch for good plays," she said, thoughtfully. "but if I do not find one that looks—shall I say fool-proof?—then I may not appear on the stage every year. I'm not so much interested in that. I'm interested in an ambition as long as I have, she doesn't rush things. I hope I'll be a good picker—that's half the battle!"

Bosss Have Delayed Début Twice

THERE can be no doubt as to the seriousness of her plans. Joan was so determined that she made every effort to secure a leave of absence from her studio in order that she might accept a stage offer that was telegraphed her by one of the biggest producers on Broadway. She had tremendous faith in the story they offered her as a starring vehicle at the time she was approached. She appeared in two or three mediocre motion pictures, so her studio employers deemed it wiser that she remain in Hollywood for the "Sacred Lady," to be released later. That was a good picture (and how it was). She agreed with their wisdom, and has profited by a renewed box-office popularity. If "Sadie, Are You Fed and Loved?" and the "Undressed Parade" are as good, Joan can embark on her stage career next autumn without fear of losing her screen fans.

She made a second effort to go on the stage just a few months ago. This second occasion was when Francis Lederer appeared at a Hollywood theatre in "Autumn Crocus." Joan begged her studio for permission to play opposite Lederer. Executives of her company at last agreed to read the script. Agitated, they called her into conference.

"You can't do this play," they told her.

"Why not?" Joan demanded.

"Because the girl's part is little more than a bit," she was told. "'Autumn Crocus' is a man's play; it is all Lederer."

"I don't care how big the rôle is," Joan said. "I'll call for that's said. Of course, I want to prove to myself that I possess. Besides, Mr. Lederer is one of the finest actors in the world, and the experience of playing opposite him will help me."

But in spite of her almost tearful pleas, Joan was not permitted to play the stage rôle. However, she did visit the theatre twice again to see Lederer—and to study the work of another girl in the part she had been so anxious to play. And she invited the Czech star to open her new theatre—
giving a one-act play in which he would be the sole player.

More About Her Theatre

The theatre that Joan is having constructed in her "own backyard" is a small building, approximately sixty feet long by thirty feet wide. The stage, twenty by twelve feet, will be raised three feet above floor level. At the end of the building opposite the stage is a fireproof projection room, where Joan's motion picture equipment will be kept. A movable screen and portable sound equipment are included in the backstage equipment. Footlights, backlights, spotlights, drops, curtains, all in miniature to suit the size of the theatre, will be parts of the complete equipment of the Crawford Theatre.

Huge white-leather chairs to seat thirty (five rows of six chairs each) have been ordered. Miss Crawford is having a small wardrobe room fitted with costumes, and adjoining that room will be his bi-sected dressing quarters, one part for actors and the other for actresses.

In fact, the only element missing will be a ticket office. Since entrance to Joan's theatre will be by invitation only (and won't there be rivalry for those invitations!), a ticket office is not a real necessity.

So you may surely count on Joan Crawford's stage début in the near future—probably next Winter or Spring. Joan has made up her mind, and by this time you must know, if you are a Crawford fan and observer, that she usually does what she makes up her mind to do.

Women Are All Falling in Love with Kruger

(Continued from page 43)

Something must account for it. The key to the riddle lies somewhere. He is not Robert-Youngishly young. (His age is somewhere around forty-five.) He probably wouldn't do so well as Tarzan, clad in a leopard skin. He hasn't the virility and the what-it-takes of Clark Gable. He isn't poignant and poetic like Novarro. He hasn't the slick, debonair youth of Robert Montgomery. He isn't reminiscent of Valentino, or George Raft. He hasn't the courteous, dark-suffering charm of Herbert Marshall. He says, himself, that his nose arrives on the set ten minutes before he does. What's the answer?

How Lasky Sums Up Otto

A few days ago I was talking to a producer Jesse Lasky. Mr. Lasky was talking about Mr. Kruger. Said Mr. Lasky, "Kruger is more in demand than any man in pictures to-day, bar none. I wanted him for 'Springtime for Henry' and I feel very sorry about having got him. My fellow-producers have the same comfortable and exalted reaction when they get him. Mr. Mayer should be very pompous about his contract with him. Curious thing, several years ago, Otto first came to see me about a part. He was playing a juvenile. He is still playing young romantics all these later years. It is, perennially, springtime for Otto ..."

"I said, "How do you explain it?"

Said Mr. Lasky, "Apart from the very obvious fact that he is a competent and finished actor, it is—his lower lip."

I had lunch with Otto Kruger. The luncheon took place at the Assistance League in Hollywood, where society matrons, débutantes, directors' wives and stars wait on table—and they all but knocked each other down to serve Otto his two boiled eggs and black tea.

- I'M BORED AND LONESOME. LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE PAPER TONIGHT.
- ANOTHER LIFEBOUy Ad. I ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."
- HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM COLUMN...LETTER FROM A GIRL SIGNED 'LONESOME. NO FRIENDS, NO DATES, WONDERS WHY. MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!
- WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O. ... EASY TO OFFEND... FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES..."
- JUST WHAT THE LIFEBOUy ADS. HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I BEEN FOOLING MYSELF BY DISREGARDING THEM? I'D BETTER GET LIFEBOUy AND PLAY SAFE.
- A DAILY HABIT NOW
- WHAT A GRAND BATH! OCEANS OF LATHER AND HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBOUy ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL
- HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT. THAT'S ANOTHER WAY LIFEBOUy'S HELPED ME!

LIFEBOUy fairly showers benefits upon its users. It gives quantities of rich, creamy lather whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft. It guards daintiness—protects against "B.O." (body odor)—aids the complexion. Gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—brings new radiance.

Danger months here

Hot days make us perspire more freely. Others are quick to notice the merest hint of "B.O." Play safe—bath regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you its refreshing lather gives extra protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

75
I said to Otto, "Well, how do you explain it? There's some reason—more reason even than meets the eye. There's some reason for everything, even the Marx Brothers. So why don't you explain yourself to us? WHY nine pictures in eight months? How come every producer in town is willing to go down on his knees and pray to get you? Why do all lady stars have sleepless nights when they know you are cast in their pictures? Why do you steal scenes with a semi-smile? How come you are playing the romantic to-day as you did—ah—some yesterdays ago?"

Didn't Intend to Play Lovers

Said Otto, "But I didn't intend it that way. I started out by playing characters, old gentlemen with beards and false noses. I don't know how it has happened. That's the beauty of it, if there is any—it has been so unexpected. I came out here with every intention of doing character work. I made 'Beauty for Sale' and I believed myself cast as a lover. It's very funny. I wouldn't give ten cents for that fellow I see on the screen, that fellow who is myself.

I said, "Perhaps it is because you still have illusions. I mean, you have them and so you are able to give them to others. You suggest to all women that possibly—no, certainly—someone, somewhere, understands.

Said Otto, with seeming irrelevance and with That Look in his very large and very sky-blue eyes, "I could kill the person who told me that there is no Santa Claus!"

And in that seeming irrelevance, my Krugerites, Otto explained himself. What he really does, you see, is to put over a state of mind on the screen. He does believe, or wants to believe, that there is a Santa Claus, that love is moonlight and roses, that women are poems and that life is a series of lovely adventures standing together on the smiles of women.

Direction Edmund Goulding recently said to me, in talking of Charles Laughton, "You can watch him and know what he is thinking." His monologues photograph.

Well, you look at Otto Kruger and you don't know what he is thinking—but oh, the things you imagine!

Otto said, "I do really loathe the person who first told me that there was no Santa Claus. That— that sort of thing is the unforgivable sin. There are no other sins. I despise the person who analyzes a woman. I abhor the person who dissects a dream. They are of the species who pin butterflies to a board so that their frail, wiser work-ings may become hard facts. I detect the person who tries to uncover To-norrow. For if we discover To-norrow, we know. Who wants to know? With knowledge, illusion is destroyed—for illusion is the thing, or the person, we do not really know.

Hasn't Let Time Change Him

I analyze myself is about the most difficult assignment I've had in Hollywood yet. It is particularly difficult for me, because I hate to analyze anything. How shocking for me if I should be forced to know myself as I really am! Let's put it down to the fact that I have an appetite for life. An appetite unslaked, wholly unap- palled and as keen and sharp to-day as it was when I was twenty. Perhaps that is the real answer—I have not changed since I was twenty.

"I do not reckon things by years, least of all myself. I take no account of time. I never look at a clock. Nor do I ever look at a woman and say to myself, 'I wonder how old she is? It isn't age that matters. It's beauty. If a woman is beautiful, pictorially pleasing, physically attractive to me, her years might be thirty or sixty and it wouldn't matter. And so it may be that women of all types and ages are kind enough to like me because I love them. I love, not women individually but—women. The sex.

"I haven't changed a single habit, a single hobby, a single point of view or a single feeling since I was twenty. I play the same game of taking the same amount of exercise. I fall in love as ardently now as I did then. I get the same thrills. I never think about the passing of time at all. I get the same old bones. There! I meet the men who were my boy- friend friends. We are of the same age—and there the similarity ceases. They are gray; they are thick-waisted. More than all, they are slowed down. They are tamed. They cannot play any longer. They don't know how to play, and say, in tolerant accents, 'Otto's a queer bird... sorter crazy... oh, well, these actors, you know!' They are kind enough to me, extreme and fond of me, I'm sure. They wear harness. I don't."

Still Able to Fall in Love

"I FORCED you to say that you have always fallen in love with my leading ladies. All of them. That is no lie. I do still. I always told you that this actor should be married. It is, very often, destructive. It limits it is limiting—if you allow it to be. I haven't. Because those very limits are, in a way, fatal to me. They add charm. To kiss a lady's hand and long for her is often to get the very cream of the cream of charm. To sigh in vain is often more desirable than to know a state fulness, can never know satcht. I can never experience stakeness. And so, to me, all women are forever fresh and—and just enough—unattainable. Heaven should be an Experience, not an Eternity.

"Then, too, I love the grandstand. I don't reach out for it, it presents itself, I can take it. There was the time when I faced death, when I was hand in hand with death. A moment when, just as I sank into coma, my doctor shook hands with me and said, 'Good luck, old boy.' And as I sank beneath consciousness, I knew the drama of the moment and knew that it was good.

"I thought of all the stocks and bonds and other pieces of paper I had worked all my life to collect and had collected. I knew that they were there to take care of my wife and child. I thought, benignantly blessing myself, that I hadn't done badly at all. I was ready to go. The scene was set. The cue had been given. The last line was a swell tag; 'Good luck, old boy.'

"And then, a few hours later, I woke again. The one chance in a million had been with me. I hadn't died. I was alive. I had it all to do over again. My illness went deep into those bits of paper. My insurance would not be collectable. It was anti-climax—the thing all actors hate."

"Part of my zest for life lies, I think, in the fact that I have a practical Germanic streak in me, handed down by my father. All play, all poetry, all passion would be monotonous. A saying of my father was that one of the great things in life was the thing he or others. I do all the managing of our home. I mean, I make out all the checks, pay all the bills, budget the income, hire and fire. Which is partly the practical streak in me and partly, too, the fact that I do not believe women should bother with things of this sort. Their place is in the borderland where they may walk with beauty and pleasure and illusion..."

"Is it because he loves us, ALL of us? Is it because it is, always, springtime for Otto? Is it because he still believes in Santa Claus? Or... Is it his lover's lip? What do you think?"
Intimate News and Gossip From Hollywood

(Continued from page 38)

America's Foremost Fan

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, according to Variety, the bible of show business, is one of America's most avid movie fans. He is "sold" on them as a medium of painless education, as well as entertainment—and as an accurate barometer of the emotions of to-day. He has seen more feature pictures in the past year than the average stenographer or clerk, who is considered the mainstay of the movie business. He has seen four times more pictures than Hoover; five times more than Coolidge. He has proved himself a fan by seeing some of them twice—notably, "Gabriel Over the White House." And he sees practically all of the more interesting newsreels. (Newsreels help to elect him.)

The whole Roosevelt family is interested in the movies. The President's mother is a member of a committee investigating the industry and recommending improvements; his wife is a crusader for "clean pictures;" his son, Elliott, has visited studio sets (including Mae West's set) and has received offers from film companies to join them in an executive capacity.

The Temple Bells Are Ringing

THE newest sensation—and she's on her way to stardom fast—is the movies' smallest blonde. And she isn't a sensation because of her cute and cuddly figure, her dimpled smile, her curly hair, her short skirts, or even her "different" voice. It's because she is an actress—the best little actress the movies have seen in a generation. Her name—you guessed it—is Shirley Temple.

Like Jackie Cooper, who was once with "Our Gang," she graduated into feature pictures from short comedies; she was one of Educational's "Baby Burlesk" stars. And when she stole the "all-star" musical comedy, "Stand Up and Cheer," away from Warner Baxter, James Dunn and Madge Evans, among others, she became the most sought-after young person (she's only four) in Hollywood. She was borrowed by Paramount for the title role of Damon Runyon's "Little Miss Marker." Now, she's back at Fox, doing "Baby Take a Bow," with James Dunn. Meanwhile, other producers are clamoring for her.

"Bad Boy" Dillinger Banned

On the day after that arch-criminal, John Dillinger, escaped from an Indiana jail by flourishing a wooden pistol (that escape was in the best style of a Mack Sennett farce), Hollywood trade papers buzzed with the announcement that one studio had bought a script based on the life of Dillinger in which the bandit was both hero and villain. Four other studios mulled because their scenario based on Dillinger's exploits were not completed. Now, however, pressure has evidently been brought to bear, and all Dillinger pictures have been cancelled. Which is fortunate for the movies in this critical time of surveys and legislation.

Babies, Brides and Break-Ups

VITAL statistics of the month: Billie Hayes and Robert Kenaston have a son; ditto Linda Lovell and Teddy Hayes (who once made the threat of getting married in every state in the union, just to prove to gossips that they liked being married to each other); Dorothy Jordan and producer Merian C. Cooper have a daughter, born in Honolulu; Bobbe Arnst (who was "heartbroken" a few months ago at the break-up of her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller) is

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decided aging effect. Could it be possible that you, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look younger than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—youthifying—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove the one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You Can Paste This on Perny Postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 2014 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and I postpaid.

Name

Address

City

State

This offer not good in Canada.

FREE
Hollywood Will Tame Margaret Sullivan

(Continued from page 59)

person I had been hearing so much about.

"I trust my make-up isn't entirely rubbed off," Miss Sullivan said, either apologizing officially or as a statement of fact—I don't know which—the while she patted her face. brushed back her hair and rested her head on her elbow.

"I always sleep on my face. I've done it since I was a child. Whenever I have a chance, I take a nap, and half the time I rush back to the set with part of my make-up missing. I really drive Frank Borzage, my director on this picture, quite frantic. He asked me the other day if I couldn't accommodate the shooting schedule by sleeping on my back and thus save the time of putting on fresh grease-paint. I told him I was frightfully sorry, but it just couldn't be done. I am too old to change my ways."

Margaret Sullivan is just twenty-three years—was born in Norfolk, Virginia—
gained recognition on the New York stage by the time she was twenty—and in the short period of one year, and on the strength of a single screen pictures, in "Only Yesterday," has leaped to the heights of Hollywood fame and stardom.

As in the case of Katharine Hepburn, her fame had the fantastic quality of being instantaneous. A comparison between these two young actresses is inevitable. Their film careers have been identical and both have rebelled against Hollywood's traditional formulae of success; yet in type they are totally different. Margaret is soft, feminine, sensitive. Katharine is harsh, brittle, aggressive.

In this respect, however, both girls are alike—they need much sleep! As a matter of fact, they are always lying around, snoozing like young kittens, whenever they can. As vital as they appear on the screen, or on meeting them in the flesh, each seems to be anaemic, flaccid, languid.

What Does She Sleep So Much?

I WONDERED if restricted diet had anything to do with Miss Sullivan's need of sleep, and just when I was about to bring up the question, I noticed a huge black tin dinner pail (not a lunch box) on a table near the couch, and commented on the fact.

"Certainly, that's mine," she said. "I carry my lunch daily because I simply cannot stand the food of the studio canteen. It is rich and greasy. I have a very good cook who looks after me. In to-day's lunch I had an avocado salad, two sandwiches, fruit and chocolate milk. Of course, I ate all of it. Why not?"

After that illuminating confession, I decided that diet has nothing to do with the languor of this particular young modern. Maybe it's because she is a product of the great machine age, has plenty of leisure time, and is self-sufficient enough to relax completely when she feels like it.

I must admit that meeting a gracious young woman in Margaret Sullivan, instead of a dynamo or a starlet, was a surprise in more ways than one. Her revolt against Hollywood has made historical fact. Her testy behavior toward newspaper and magazine interviewers—her refusal to be interviewed—her wild airplane dashes back and forth across the country, merely to dodge business appointments, are all well remembered. Apparently, Margaret doesn't do all of those things any more.

It begins to look somewhat as if Hollywood were taming the erstwhile rebel, and as if Miss Sullivan was the other case of the wild mare being shod. Katharine Hepburn, too, has been tamed by Hollywood. All of her "eccentricities of temperament" in the future will be interpreted in filmdom as just so much youthful monkey business.
**A DISCOVERY THAT ENDS**

"**RAZOR STUBBLE**"

After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

A Way That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Definitively Ends The Stiff Re-growth Problem

- Now one can actually get rid of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor. This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

**What It Is**

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation definitely ends after-razor "stubble"....

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

**Where to Obtain**

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Comes in two sizes: medium and large.

---

**Intimate News and Gossip From Hollywood**

(Continued from page 77)


**Walthall "Comes Back"**

One of the sweetest sights these old eyes have seen in many a day was Henry B. Walthall at the preview of "Viva Villa." In the rôle of the saintly Modero, Walthall gives his finest performance since his never-to-be-forgotten Little Colonel in "Birth of a Nation." Flushed with the acclaim he had won from the preview audience, he made his way through the crowd to his car, bowing from the waist and smiling to all the fans who spoke to him. You could see he was as pleased as punch to be recognized again after all these years.
Scoop! The “It” Stars of the Screen as Chosen by the Stars, Themselves

(Continued from page 33)

I mean on the screen, of course. I imagine I might feel quite differently in real life.

So put one check after Edward G. Robinson's name. And now, fellows, you know what you have to do that to interest the tempting office lady.

Bill Votes for Jean

Our second voter was none other than the suave, triple-threat-to-the-femme, William Powell. Certainly, you girls should be interested to know what it takes to make Bill vote. His ballot is quite a limited one. 

"Because I'm essentially a man, with decidedly masculine tastes," mused Bill, "and because things strongly feminine appeal to me, I'm afraid you'll have to put your eggs with the crowd. Because of her physical attraction, her beauty of face and form, and her mannerisms, it is truly more satisfying to me than the self-righting beauty of Jean Harlow as the woman bringing the most sex appeal to the screen—at least for me.

So that makes you, Jean.

Kay Francis considered our question for a moment. "Well," she replied, "there are really two men who tempt me on the screen. One is Ronald Colman. He is the other type of guy for me. So I'll have to pick Jimmy Cagney—because he is so dynamic, so impulsive. His manner of driving me crazy, making me do things, he does it in a way that's hard to stop from anything he wants. He is so direct and honest—that's the impression he conveys to me on the screen.

Which, we are told, is the same reason why Joan Crawford felt Jimmy's personal pull on the screen. And that is two-up for the coeds—Ronald Colman and Jimmy Cagney. Before we go any farther, let's find out who's dynamite on the screen to the voluptuous Mae West, of "come up 'n' see me 'trouble' fame."

"George Raft attracts me more than any other actor in pictures," confides Mae, "because he is so sure of himself, and his manner is so certain. That's why I wanted him for my new picture, and wrote the part to fit him—because of the fascination of his almost sinister 'certainness'.

And who said that women didn't like to be menaced? That, psychologists insist, was Valentine's greatest attraction for women—his menace, his constant threat to them. A sort of perpetual nonstop terror.

Dolores Thrills to Bing

DOLORES DEL RIO, however, doesn't want to be threatened. Instead, she wants to be crooned to. Bing Crosby does things to her with his romantic voice. His songs, it seems, are dynamic to the exotic Del Rio.

Pert Kelton, on the other hand, says that Spencer Tracy is "head man" in the movies to her. His dough, she admits, is good for a thrill for her any day. Yet, according to those experts who tell us what we are by what we think and how we feel, Pert should pick out someone like Leslie Howard or Ronald Colman. Pert, however, still maintains that she knows her own weakness.

Irene Dunne is more than thrilled by Ronald Colman than by any other screen player—because of his nonchalance and poise and beautiful speaking voice.

"And therefore," explains Jimmy Durante, "and can you imagine a gal that puts limburger cheese under your pillow? Wouldn't that build you up? That's what I feel when I observe it."

Bill votes for Jean. He tells us that if the name of the game is to be female, he'd choose the charming Jean.
something about him that grips her, and no matter how poor a picture he might appear in, his appearance would take the curse off it for her.

Eliiza Landi hedged, and would not admit that for her any actor had "that certain something." But—
The feminine personification of sex appeal, so far as Stuart Erwin is concerned, is Arline Judge.

Margaret Sullivan says she is not sex-conscious, but that Robert Montgomery is the most fascinating to her.

Alice White says: "Herbert Marshall carries the masculine punch for me." According to this dynamic little blonde, Herbert not only has "it," but "that" as well. According to Gloria Stuart, when a man can exhibit not only the best in acting, but the very best in feminine temptation, that's sumptuous—and Gloria gives Fredric March credit for just that.

Quiet, demure, dainty June Knight would pick the tree-galloping Johnny Weissmuller as her mad moment on the screen.

No Man Mentioned Garbo

An interesting fact is that every one of these four feminine stars of the Universal lot unhesitatingly and voluntarily picked Garbo as having the greatest glamour and sex appeal for men—as did almost eighty per cent of the other women interviewed. But not one male star mentioned the name of the glamorous Swede. Which suggests that we men had better continue picking our own temptations—and not leave it to the women. This also bears out the contention that it is the women—decidedly not the men—who have put Garbo at the top of the pile.

John Barrymore, while refusing to be quoted as to which screen star had the greatest sex appeal for him, voluntarily commented upon the "totally unexpected" degree of glamour and fascination possessed by Carole Lombard. This player, according to Barrymore, displays an amazing fascination in "Twentieth Century."

Francis Lederer confided that his thrill of the screen repose in the calm and queenly Kay Francis.

Sally Eilers said: "I think Clark Gable has more sex appeal than any other man on the screen." For "personal magnetism," however, Sally feels that Paul Muni ranks among the very topmost.

Over at Fox Studios they say that there is no use asking Spencer Tracy who has the most appeal for him, as he has always told the truth, freely and forcibly, that Loretta Young is the "IT" girl of them all.

All of which proves that not even the stars agree on the subject of sex appeal. And as to the "bit" players and "extra"—well, thirty-two girls on four lots vote as follows, regarding the man with the most sex appeal for them on the screen:

Clark Gable, 3; James Cagney, 3; Bing Crosby, 2; William Powell, 2; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., 2; Bruce Cabot, 2; John Barrymore, 2; Maurice Chevalier, 2; Richard Dix, 2; Robert Montgomery, 1; Clive Brook, 1; Richard Barthelmess, 1; George Raft, 1; Charles Bickford, 1; Ken Maynard, 1; Ramon Novarro, 1; John Boles, 1; Leslie Howard, 1; Paul Muni, 1; Jack Holt, 1; and George Brent, 1.

Seventeen of the "bit" players interviewed on four lots, voted as to the lady of ultra sex appeal thusly:

Irene Dunne, 3; Marlene Dietrich, 2; Mae West, 2; Jean Harlow, 2; Joan Crawford, 2; Miriam Hopkins, 1; Ginger Rogers, 1; Joan Blondell, 1; Norma Shearer, 1; Janet Gaynor, 1; Lilian Harvey, 1; and Gladys Farrell, 1.

And how did your bet on "Who's Who in Sex Appeal" match up with these figures—and the opinions of the stars, themselves?

Greatest of all Kotex inventions

THE 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

1 sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.

2 holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.

KOTEX scientists, with the help of a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women, have created in the 1934 Wondersoft Kotex...the perfect sanitary pad. The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to relieve troublesome chafing, yet the center of the pad is left free to perform its important work instantly, without hindrance. It holds its shape. There is no discomfort from twisting and turning. And every vital Kotex feature prized by women is retained.

Third exclusive Kotex patent

★ Three times in two years Kotex improvements earned U. S. Patent protection. First—rounded, tapered ends that make protection non-detectable. Second—the famous Equalizer, that controls lengthwise absorption and increases efficiency. Now the third and greatest improvement—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. In addition the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex.

A new package for your protection

The Wondersoft Kotex package is now in shape, color and design. It no longer looks like a box of sanitary napkins. Ask for Wondersoft Kotex in Regular or Super (extra thickness) at your dealer's today. Both are priced alike—at the new low standard price of 20c. Obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

★ 3 exclusive Kotex features that positively cannot be copied because all three are protected by U. S. Patents. You will be disappointed if you accept something just as good.

Illustration and text opp. 1934, Kotex Co.
Tonight, Chicago White Sox, has done the unbelievable and unprecedented thing as far as movies are concerned. She has refused an offer of a movie contract to appear in picture. She did not want to be a movie star and she gave "I'm afraid" as her only reason for turning down the screen chance.

9. On April 22, Raquel Torres became the bride of Stephen Ames, New York broker. They were married in a liner bound for Honolulu, with Renee Torres as bridesmaid and Ames' brother, Paul, as best man. (There seems to be romance in the air for this too, since an engagement is said to have been announced. Stephen Ames was divorced from Adrienne Ames, who is now Mrs. Bruce Cabot.

10. Joan Crawford, whose divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became final on May 13, made the statement that "marriage for an actress is impossible" in denying that she would soon marry Franchot Tone. Joan was also quoted as saying that "Hollywood stands in the way of any great love." But then, this may have been only Joan's way of getting people off the right track.

11. Immediately after obtaining a Mexican divorce from her husband, Joseph Schenck, film producer, Norge announced that he had married George Jessel in New York, and on April 23rd, they were married in Atlantic City, A. J. Norma married Schenck in 1917 and they separated six years ago.

12. Ricardo Cortez' interest in the new drama-producing company is shown in the name—which is really Ricardo's last name, Cortez, reversed. However, his screen fans have no intimation of deserting the screen on account of his connection with Zetec, Inc.

13. Are Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson a mutual consolidation society? Herbert's marriage to Edna Lest, once of filmdom's "happiest," seems on the verge of a break-up; Gloria's marriage to Michael Farmer is about to end in divorce—and Herbert and Gloria have been night-clubbing together.

14. Dick Powell's contract with Warner Bros. contains a clause saying that Dick is not to marry while said contract is in effect—lest he jeopardize his popula- rity. Dick scoffs at the danger and wants it taken out. Dick and Mary Brian have been going together so long that it is possible he wants to marry the girl.

15. In the suit for separate maintenance which Mrs. Angela Raich Bennett brought against her husband, Richard Bennett, veteran stage and screen actor, Mrs. Bennett accused the actor of beating, threatening and intimidating her. The Bennetts were married in 1926. Before filing this suit, Mrs. Bennett received injuries at a conference held in an effort to square up the couple's domestic affairs.

16. Whoops, my dear! What could be hotter news than this? When "The Queen of Sheba" is brought to the screen again, it ought to be well worth seeing because none other than the curvaceous Miss West will play the rôle of the siren-queen!

17. We can hardly blame you if you were unable to recognize the handsomest-profile-in-Hollywood under that make-up, and we'll wager the nearest you came to the right was Bob Hope. It is a picture of John Barrymore made up for his rôle in "20th Century," that of a theatrical producer who disguises himself as a Southern gentleman in order to effect a get-away. (You'll find a swell interview with John on pages 40 and 41.)

Answers to Movie Gossip Test
(Continued from page 16)
The Picture Parade

(Continued from page 65)

We're Not Dressing

Bing Gives You a Big Evening

A SINGING sailor aboard a private yacht catches the bored fancy of a spoiled heiress, who is taking a party of friends on a cruise. Her drunken uncle hilariously takes the wheel and wrecks the yacht on a desert island. Then what? Bing Crosby, as the sailor, sings and Sings and SINGS. Carole Lombard, as the lady, does nothing much charmingly. There is a trick bear that roller-skates, and there are Burns and Allen, as naturalists camping on the island, who hold their usual hilariously pointless conversations about nothing. See this, by all means, for a mental vacation with music.

Highlights: Bing singing ten songs or parts of songs under amusingly difficult circumstances. Ethel Merman, pal of the heroine, doing a grand number, "Woof, Woof, It's the Animal in Me." (PARAMOUNT)

I'll Tell the World

Tracy Woos Them in Comeback

LEE TRACY is back—and as debonair as ever. A reporter again (all reporters on the screen should be played by Tracy, and Tracy should always be a reporter), Lee gets an assignment to follow a diplomat to one of these imaginary kingdoms at a moment's notice.

"Listen, Baby," he telephones his best girl desperately from the pier, "I'll be right up—in just a couple of months." Tangled up in a revolution, plots and counterplots with the inquiring reporter is a gorgeous princess (Gloria Stuart), whom the royals have called back from exile to restore to her throne. Thrills and laughs are mingled with romance, as Tracy reveals himself as a lover. It's not the best Lee Tracy picture we have ever seen, but better than most pictures, because Lee is in it.

Highlights: Tracy trying to panhandle a nickel to telephone before the boat pulls out and wildly cursing the philanthropic soul who gives him a dollar bill. The telephone repair man whose work is continually undone by spies, revolutionists and Lee Tracy. (UNIVERSAL)

Double Door

Here's One Swell Horror Tale

The dark, old-fashioned house of the wealthy and eccentric Van Brett harbors shadows deeper than those of shuttered windows and swathed lights. The dominant spirit of the house is that of Victoria Van Brett (Mary Morris), a woman warped by bitter pride, twisted by fierce jealousy of youth and love and happiness. Between this sinister spinster, who knows a secret of the House, sharing it only with her younger sister, and the pretty nurse (Evelyn Venable), who marries the old woman's half-brother, is fought a battle almost to the death, a battle of poisoned glances and harsh words on one side and girlish gallantry on the other.

To reveal the outcome, to tell the secret of the house of Van Brett, would be to deprive you of a breathless hour and some authentic thrills. If you do not scream at least once, we miss our guess. Evelyn Venable and Ken Taylor make ardent young lovers. Anne Revere, as the younger sister, almost feeble-minded with fear, does a flawless piece of work.

Highlights: The scene where the sister forces herself to defy Victoria and give away the Secret. The relentless justice of the ending. (PARAMOUNT)

Don't Gamble With Your Charm

Remove the 7 Stains with Colgate's—completely

It is true—most toothpastes cannot remove all the seven kinds of stains. For most toothpastes have only one cleansing action—and one isn't enough. But Colgate's has two actions. An emulsifying action that washes away many of the stains...a gentle polishing action that removes all the others.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Note how beautifully white and lustrous it makes your teeth. And at 20¢ for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the economical of all good toothpastes.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has two cleansing actions, sells at the same low prices.

Listen In—"The Colgate House Party." Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Don Voorhees. Every Saturday night 9 P.M., E.D.S. T., over National Broadcasting Stations, Coast to Coast.
The Girl That Gossip Doesn't Hurt

(Continued from page 36)

for this. And here is the story, to date:

It was just before Alice came, to Holly-
wood to sing one song in "George White's
Scandals" that Mrs. Vallee unclean breath
and attack. But in spite of that, soon after
her arrival Alice had replaced Lilian Harvey
and was playing the feminine lead opposite
Mrs. Vallee's husband.

Instead of hurting her, that unsavory ac-
cusation did her more good than the most
striking publicity the Fox Studio could have
devised. It made the obscure little singer
nationally known figure. And it became an
occasion for loyal testimonials and sympa-
thetic protests from the public.

Dress's Look the Part

Alice, herself, explains the miracle, by
saying simply, "Every woman who sees my
face knows I wasn't guilty. I just don't look
like that."

She really doesn't. There is an innocent
look about Alice that belies her chorus-girl
and-night-club background. She has the re-
laxed softness of the girl who hasn't fought
for success. She has none of that hard grim-
ness that comes from battering your way to
the top. Everything just happened to
Alice, because she was so sweet.

Of course, she is only nineteen, so she
could scarcely look anything but young and
fresh. Her voice is so low that you must
lean toward her to hear everything. She's the
appealing type, dependent, gentle, with a
warm heart and a staunch belief in the
world's goodness—meaning Rudy Vallee's
goodness, because he is practically all the
world to her. Only her hair—almost as
platinum as Jean Harlow's—suggests the
chorus. It has the coarse, doll-like texture of
hair that has been much-dyed, but she
swears it's natural.

"You can pull it out by the roots if you
to want and see for yourself," was her
courageous offer. But I've been
injured with some of Alice's beautiful faith in
humanity, and I concede the blonde roots,
sight unseen?

It's not just the pale, clear skin, the great
dee-blue eyes, and perfect, natural cupid's-
bow of a mouth, that make it easy to under-
stand why Alice got ahead by someone
else's efforts. It's a royal, steadfast quality
she has, the appeal of a girl who doesn't
want to take you for all she can get, but
wants to give you hers. Probably it's the
love so sweet smile, more than anything
else, that makes matrons believe in her.

"I've had dozens of letters from fans," she
said in her soft, dreamy way; "married
women, especially. They've been so sweet
and have said I shouldn't mind the position
I was put in, because they didn't believe a
word of it, and though they usually had no
sympathy for a woman named in a divorce
suit, they knew in this case I was not to
blame. So, you see, it has really helped me,
because it gave me a lot of publicity which,
for some reason, was not unfavorable.

Why She "Didn't Mind Much"

"I DIDN'T mind being named very much,
because I knew there was absolutely no
truth in what Mrs. Vallee said, and so did
Rudy, and I had a perfectly clear conscience
about the whole thing. So it didn't bother
me. I know they have to put something in
the papers, and if they want to say it was
I, let them say it. They might as well talk
about me as somebody else.

"When I first came out here, I stayed by
myself, because there was so much talk
about it. I didn't know how people would
feel, and I didn't want to embarrass anyone
who might take me out. But I was wrong.
Everyone has been lovely to me, and no one
has held it against me, or believed it."

Rudy, the husband, simply gave vent to
some girlish philosophy. "The trouble with
the world is," she declared, "that most people
can't understand that two people can
know each other very well and confide in
each other, and yet be only good friends.
Rudy used to talk to me about his marriage
troubles, by the hour. He was in love with
the singer— "the one in love with his wife—that I know. He
simply adored that girl.

"She could have had anything in the
world she wanted, even if it took her last
hour. He would tell me how he adored her,
and how she didn't seem to care. I don't
see how he could have been indifferent because
Rudy is the finest and squarest person I have
ever known. There aren't many like
him in the world. She had a lovely home,
and all the clothes she could possibly wear,
and a car, and a husband who was madly
in love with her. What more could any girl
want?"

Alice paused in wonder, then sighed,
"But I guess she just wasn't in love with
him. That's something you can't control.

How She Would Get a Divorce

STILL—people have different ways of
doing things. If I was married to a man
I didn't love, I'd go to him and tell him about
it nicely—just in a room by ourselves, where
nobody else could hear. And tell him I was
sorry, and then have him sign a paper.

"I don't know Mrs. Vallee. I've never
met her. But I'm sure if I ever did, I'd
get right up to her and tell her what a mistake
she made, wanting a divorce, because if ever
a woman was loved madly by a marvelous
husband, she was. And I know lots of
women who'd give anything for the
world to have a man madly in love with them like that."

Do you get the idea that Alice adores
Rudy? There's no disputing that. She's
frank and unrestrained on the subject,
and her little heart is just bursting with
loyalty and devotion. Every word she says of
him is heart-felt, admiring, and tinged with
hero-worship.

"Everything that has happened to me is
due entirely to Rudy," she said, proud to
give all the credit to him.

What has happened to her in her brief
existence is fairly general knowledge, since
Mrs. Vallee gave her the big newspaper
break. Born in New York, she got a job
the very first time she tried to get on the
stage, at the age of fourteen. After four
years in various chorus lines about town,
she landed in George White's "Scandals," when
Rudy was the star. How she met Rudy's
lawyer, Hyman Bushel, and made a little
home-phonograph record, just for fun, at a
party at his house, has been told again and
again. That record got her the job of sing-
ing with Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees
on the radio, and led to what she considers
the greatest experience of her life—the year
she spent touring through the South, and from
Florida to Maine, with those fourteen
boys.

Under Contract to Rudy

"I'll never forget that," she said, "and
I'll never have so much fun again. I
didn't want to stay out here at all. Even
after I'd finished the movie version of the
'Scandals' I asked her if she wanted me to
want to go back with the orchestra. But
Rudy thought it would be better for my
future to stay here. He took care of everything for me. I’m still under contract to him, and he arranged everything with Fox. I don’t know anything about contracts and things like that. I’m getting much more money now than I did with the orchestra, but he doesn’t take a cent of it. I wouldn’t break my contract with Rudy for anything in the world. I wouldn’t do anything to displease him or hurt him.”

Alice has become an old veteran of the cinema already, and much prefers the movies to the stage. It doesn’t frighten her so. Her first role under the four-year contract with Fox was the dramatic one of Kath-stein’s sweetheart in “Now I’ll Tell.” And she’s scheduled to do the feminine lead in “She Learned about Sailors.”

“I was awfully lonely at first,” she said. “The boys all went back to New York, and I didn’t know anybody, and the life was so different. In New York I hardly ever saw the daylight. I worked all night, and always slept until one or two o’clock. Here, when I had to get up early and went out and saw the bright sunlight—I tell you, it really frightened me. I couldn’t get used to it. I’ve always loved the night. Just when Hollywood people are ready to go to bed, I begin to wake up, my eyes get very big, and I’m feeling fine and ready for anything. In New York, I often saw the sunrise—as I was going to bed. Here, I’ve already seen it several times—but when I was getting up.”

Alice may have adapted herself to sunlight instead of starlight, and Kleig lights instead of footlights, but she’s still a New York girl at heart.

“I’d like to get married,” she mused. “Funny, I never thought of it till I got out here. It’s the air, I guess. I suppose the reason people get married out here is that there’s nothing else to do, the way there is in New York. I’d love to marry now, but I haven’t met anybody.”

“The trouble with marrying out here is that you might marry someone you thought was pretty nice, and then take a trip to New York, and when you got there you’d look at him and think, ‘How did I ever happen to marry that?’”

But then, Rudy, as Alice paints him, is a pretty high ideal for our local boys to have to equal.

Lupe Velez’ Hacienda Is Vivid—Like Herself

(Continued from page 51)

fireplace, and Mexican trinkets are scattered everywhere.

As in most stars’ homes, a folding screen sets the keynote of the living room. Lupe’s is gilded leather, painted with brilliant flowers. Almost anyone who wants to give a new feeling to a room might copy the picture people and buy some sort of screen—one of the new white-painted shutter screens or one of those shellacked, or a modernistic screen of magazine covers, brightly varnished.

Beyond the living room, through plastered arches, is the dining room, with enormous chests of dark carved wood, and high-backed chairs upholstered in several different materials. A gold tone pervades this room, and the chests and table are piled with massive pieces of chased silver. A large tapestry of a sylvan scene furnishes the only wall decoration. In two corners stand black marble columns, holding statuary.

Her Colorful “Den”

Lupe’s favorite room downstairs, however, is the “den”—which is frankly Mexican. Arched open cupboards in the white plaster display painted gourds, ollas,

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

There is now a new and utterly different way in make-up—the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A totally new idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That “Cheap”, “Hard” Look

This new creation forever banishes the “cheap”, “hard” effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It’s Called

It is called Angelus Rouge Incarnat. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on both the lips and the cheeks.

And one application lasts all day long. In its allure, it is typically, wickedly of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You’ll be amazed at what it does for you.

* See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pandora and Peggy—The “Little Red Box” for lips and cheeks

Angelus Rouge Incarnat

By Louis Philippe

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS
Comfort WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST

The Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed...

STY LE 1300
The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow belt, 25c

STY LE 1387
A popular Hickory Shield Button Style belt, 50c

Sanitary Belts by HICKORY
Made in a wide variety of styles...25c to 75c
If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1147 W. Congress St., Chicago

You'll like Hickory Dress Shields, too
carved figures of bullfighters, dolls and gorgeous silken mats. Black-stained floors are strewed with Indian rugs, and one whole side of the wall glows with the primitive colors of a hand-woven, tenderly-mended—old Spanish rug. The use of fabrics and rugs as wall decorations against white or plain plaster is a decoration note that anyone could borrow from the Spanish-type home, such as Lupe's. The heavy chairs and couch are covered with orange and red and blue hand-woven material.

Stepping from all this primitive color and material into the severe black and silver of Lupe's modernistic bedroom is something of a shock, and yet—why not? A decorator might be horrified, but homes are supposed, after all, to be the reflection of their owners' personalities. And for all of Lupe's Mexican ancestry, which probably could be traced back to the Aztecs, there is a streak of sophistication in her nature that is as sharp and definite as the angles of her bedroom furnishings. Any home-decorator might well envy Lupe's retinal to be dominated by convention or enslaved by a "period."

The bed is footless, with a huge semi-circular headboard, and is enormous. Covered with black velveteen it dominates one wall. Silvered platter and a gold rug are an effective background for huge circular mirrors and a big white bearskin rug—probably the only bearskin used in Hollywood to-day by a Hollywood star for reclining à la Theda Bara. The chaise longue is oval in shape and covered with cushions in a geometric black and silver material, which also forms the window drapes.

Furniture Easy to Duplicate

Lupe's own tastes break out in arrays of tiny penguins on a chest, glass animals as fragile as bubbles on the case of the large circular mirror, and "Tarzan" elephants in a procession along the rim of her rose-colored bathtub. The dressing-table seat is a continuation of the table itself, in a circular sweep. Effective as this furniture is, it is not expensive. Almost any girl could have a Velez bedroom if she chose, buying the furniture unpainted and decorating it, herself, in shades of black and gray or in horizontal stripes of black and silver.

Beyond, surrounded with windows curtained in ruffled white organdie, is the dressing-room. This is as dainty and girlish as a débutante's, with one whole side given up to a dressing-table strewed with silver-framed photographs of Adrienne Ames, Lupe's newest bosom friend. (Adrienne and her husband, Bruce Cabot, have taken a beach house with the Weissmullers at Malibu for the Summer.)

Johnny's room, next door, is frankly Spanish and masculine, with, we are pleased to report, a pair of huge and scuffed bedroom slippers beside the carved bed, which bears wooden saints for posts ("Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—bles the bed that I lie on"). Above it on the wall, hangs a faded enlargement of a child's photograph, a wistful baby face, framed in wild hair, which even then bore traces of the beauty that was to be Lupe's. The walls here are putty-colored, the carpet dark.

A decorator might find flaws in the way Lupe Velez has furnished her home, but it has an individuality and originality that many stars' houses lack. It is warm and friendly and effective. The star's own likes and tastes are discernible in its furnishings and colors; her own books and photographs meet the eye on every hand. And anyone with a vivid and exotic personality, and dark coloring, can find many hints for her own home in Lupe Velez's Mexican hacienda.

The BALSAMS in the White Mountains on Lake Gloriette

Something doing every minute at this noted resort hotel; 4500 acres for sports Golf, 18-hole championship course, tennis, swimming, riding, canoeing, shooting, bowling, dancing, archery, polo, movies, two orchestras, no hay fever, altitude 2000 ft.

1934 rates from $5 per day including meals

Accommodations for 500. Cottages are available. For reservations and booklets address

The Balsams
Dixville Notch, N. H.
Frank Doudara, President
Mark Whitman, Manager
New York Office: 505 Fifth Ave.
P. O. no. 6-8218

SKIN ERUPTIONS
NEED NOT WORRY YOU

Pimples, eczema, itching, burning skin, undue redness, minor rashes and scaly scalps are no longer necessary when relief is so simple. Poslam will show what it will do for you in one application. Just apply at night and note improvement next morning.

JUST TO PROVE IT we will send you a test package FREE.

Simply send your name and address to:

POSlam COMPANY
Desk 7-X, 254 W. 54th St., New York, N.Y.

You can get Poslam at any drug store, 50c

Alluring Curves
If your form is flat, underdeveloped, sagging, you can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given woman another inch of girth in 30 days, or in 30 days. Why not put your money back? If your form is full and well developing, give Poslam treatment. For 100-day treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper, you are certain to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

FREE PICTURES "Fainting Loveliness" FREE!

The world-famous Poslam Plastic Cream treatment will actually develop your bust, hips, thighs, back, legs, and hands. Send 5c for Beautipon Cream treatment application. FREE! (Not sold in drug stores.)

Send Free Poslam Sample and Poslam Company's booklet, "Dress to Win," 36 lovely pictures and one sample dress pattern. Send for free sample. Free Express Delivery.

Daisy Seibling, Suite 19, Forest Hill, New York
night, and then, to protect your pillow, just wind a cotton scarf or a bit of gauze around your neck.

I love my dressing-table here at my bungalow on the Fox lot. Dressing-tables have always appealed to me as a sort of beauty laboratory. And this is one of the most restful and most inspiring that I have ever known. Like all laboratories, a dressing-table should be completely equipped with the necessary tools—and, most important of all, it should have the proper lighting.

You Need an Attractive Setting!

THE dressing-table, itself, should be attractive, if you are going to spend pleasurable time before it at all. And overtures to beauty should be a pleasant occupation. I spend about two hours a day in front of my dressing-table, trying new things and new ways of doing things. Of course, an actress does not change her coiffure or her type of make-up as often as any of you should—for, after all, her experimenting has been done before she was "launched" on the screen. When the most attractive arrangements are found, we usually stick to them, for that is the way the public knows us.

And this brings to my mind something that has been bothering me for a long time. Many screen stars wear their hair in a long bob, with full, fluffy waves, and curls at the end around the neck—as I do. We do this because the camera is very flattering to hair, and hair worn this way provides an attractive frame for the face. Then, too, having the hair as long as that makes it particularly adaptable when a costume rôle calls for a different hair-dress. (There is more to work with with!) But—here's what I have been wondering about: Just because we movie stars do this, should you go in for long bobs, en masse?

Personally, I do not think they are smart for going about town, or going to the office. They are nice for evening, I'll have to admit, but they are really too fluffy and too dramatic for daytime—and there is nothing so smart as a sleek, well-cut, well-fitting bob for most people, and most times. And another thing that you must take into consideration is that long bobs do not look particularly smart under hats—and you have to wear hats a great deal more than you ever see us wearing them in the films. I love the sleek coiffures with just a suggestion of a natural, loose wave, with the hair thinned out so that it stays in place, clinging close to the head—and hair that wears a high, burnished sheen.

Her Own Shampoo Secret

ONE of the grandest treatments for hair that I've ever run across is this: first shampoo your hair with either a prepared shampoo or melted soap. Then, after rinsing this out, use four eggs, well beaten up together, and rub this mixture well into the hair and scalp. Then take a steaming hot towel and wrap it around your head. Keep this on for five minutes or so—and then rinse everything out completely with water and a generous dose of camomile. It's a bit messy, but the effect is worth it. Your hair will shine like spun-glass when you get through, and it will feel as soft and fine as satin.

Like you American girls, I have fallen for lipstick. While I never use it to extreme, I use it more consistently than I ever did in Europe. And I have at least six different shades always on hand—a light orange-ish one for frocks that need that color, and more rosy shades for other

---

The Basque Kerchief

by JANTZEN

You'll recognize the latest Continental trend in the Basque Kerchief—an exclusive Jantzen creation. Decidedly sun-conscious, exceptionally attractive. The kerchief-type upper in elastic form-fit stitch have fashionable narrow stripes. Above all, a practical, perfect-fitting swimming suit, combining smartly styled separate trunks and upper in the latest vogue.

Suit yourself perfectly—and every member of the family—in a Jantzen. There's a model to fit every taste and purse. The Basque Kerchief $5.95. Misses $5.50. Other authentic styles $4.50 to $9.95.

The Basque Kerchief

as worn by Ann Dvorak

featured player appearing in

Warner Bros.-First National Pictures

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 581) Portland, Oregon

Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1934 models.

Name

Address

WOMEN'S □ MEN'S □
Now May's Lips say "Kiss Me"

GOOD NIGHT—I'LL CALL YOU UP...

THOUGHT

WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE ME IN HIS ARMS AND GIVE ME A LONG KISS?

IM SO DISCOURAGED—JACK HAS NEVER EVEN TRIED TO REALLY KISS ME...

DON'T TRY—THE LIPSTICK ON THEM IS CALLED KISSPROOF!

YOUR LIPS DRAW ME LIKE A MAGNET—I CAN'T SEEM TO RESIST THEM...

KISSPROOF

Indelible Lipstick

88

 occasions. Since I am naturally fair, I never wear a too-dark lipstick—only you really brunette people can get away with a dark shade, the color of ripe hot-house cherries.

I find that in the evening a touch of eye-shadow, preferably blue or violet, is very effective, particularly when you are wearing blue mascara—though in the daytime I use only castor oil on my eyelashes. I never use much rouge, as my cheeks look round, but I have a special little trick of using two shades of powder. A light ivory shade that matches my skin, I use on my forehead, nose, and chin—and a more pinkish shade of powder I blend in on my cheeks. This gives just the suggestion of a rosy glow to my cheeks, makes them look naturally pink, without changing the contour!

Tips About Rouge

I SUPPOSE you know that rouge is a veritable signpost, which attracts the eye to that part of the face on which it is used. If your face is too round, you should keep your rouges behind your eyebrows and cheek-bones, and use it in an oblong shape fairly near your nose. And if your face is long and oval, use your rouge far out on your cheek-bones, to add breadth to your face. A bit of rouge on a receding chin gives it more prominence, and a bit of eye-shadow on a double chin seems to take the fullness away.

Therefore, keep these things in mind when applying rouge. If you have used them correctly, you will find that they should be given the greatest consideration. It's true, as many screen stars have discovered, that the higher the eyebrow is above the eye, the larger the eye looks. And when you are plucking your eyebrows, always pluck from the under side.

If you want to make your eyebrows go up at the end, brush them up with something that would be becoming. You can put a heavy white cream over the end of your own eyebrows, then pencil in the line that you think will be becoming, and in this way check for yourself, before any damage is done. If you do decide on the up-at-the-end eyebrow, you will probably have to pluck out the ends of your own, and pencil in a new one. I believe, however, that this type of eyebrow is overdone by so many girls who would really look much better if they followed their own eyebrow line. A too-high eyebrow gives a startled, strained expression to the face.

Magic Performed with Mirrors

Another practical tip. You know how hard it is to be sure if you have eye-shadow on smoothly, artistically? Well, after you have put on your eye-shadow, stand before a large mirror, and place a small hand mirror on a level with your chin. Then, looking down into the hand mirror, tilt it so you can see your lowered eyelids as reflected into the mirror in front of you. This will show you as they are seen by other people when you lower your eyes—and if they look too smudgy, you can "erase" the shadow with a bit of cold cream and start all over again. Incidentally, you that eye-shadow should not be extended all the way around your eyes.
up to the eyebrow, don't you? Spread it just to the top of the eyebrow, for the most natural effect. We movie people usually use it all the way up, but that's just for the camera. Your camera, which is the eye of the world, is not so "tricky"—but just as critical.

I am not a very good person to talk to you about figures and exercise, or dieting and reding—for I happen to be one of those fortunate people who can eat anything and everything and never go one ounce above ninety-four pounds. But—while I am not worried about weight, I do go in for plenty of exercise—for I never feel exactly right unless my body is limber and flexible, alive and "springy," and only activity of the muscles can give this. My exercise is confined to dancing mostly, because it happens to be the thing at which I express myself most easily.

I always have a phonograph near me—whether it's in my home, or in the bungalow here at the studio, or when I visit someone. I have many good records and whenever I have five minutes or so to myself, I put one on and begin whirling around the room, bending, kicking, always in time with the music. Even if you do only the regulation lie-on-your-back-and-kick-up exercises, you should do them to music, for music makes it all fun, and adds natural grace to your movements.

I should love to have more time to practise my tight-rope walking—because that, above all other forms of exercise, develops a sense of balance, which is one of the real attributes of poise. If you find yourself shifting from one foot to the other as you stand, or turning one ankle over, or trying to hide one foot behind the other, through awkwardness or embarrassment, or nervousness—try to imagine that you are standing on one little rope—a wire, really—and that that is all there is between you and the floor, six feet below. The very thought will help you control those wandering feet!

"Wild Jack" Is Back Again

(Continued from page 47)

eyes, and to live over the happiest days of my life. And as I do so, it takes me back among the very men whose peculiarities were borrowed to be molded into this character.

"No one knows better than I that Oscar Jaffe is a humbug and a ham. But while the old fellow's tricks and wiles were fully transparent to me, I was with him, heart and soul. If he was a ham, so am I, too.

All of us live largely for effect—though few of us will admit it. "Life's a stage"—and at heart we're all hams. Some of us realize this, and find a kind of grim humor in juggling our own performances.

"Living our act to the best of our ability is our job in life, if we are to believe our school-day teachings. So how could I feel anything but warmth for that old faker, Jaffe, who, even in his insincerity, did at least inspire others to achievements far beyond their normal powers?"

In colleges and the business world, they call it inspiration and example; in the theatre, we call it showmanship and hooey. But it is all cut from the same cloth—and Jaffe, like his prototypes in real life, carved masterpieces from whole ham.

"And now, in this part, I can pretend I'm some of the old humbugs I loved years ago. Like the mongrel that's a dozen good breeds of dog, so the gallery-playing Jaffe is a dozen good and famous producers and actors mixed into a theatrical cocktail that (Continued on page 97)
How to Dress Your Husband Like a Movie Hero

(Continued from page 63)

an “invisible” check. According to Mrs. William, he never goes without a coat in the house, even on the hottest days. No particular principle about the thing—he just doesn’t like to be coatless.

Goes Gay in His Scarves

All this may not sound exactly sensational, lads and lasses, but that is why he is one of our leading lights, sartorially speaking. He does allow his fancy free play in selecting scarves and has a number of gay ones, combining all imaginable shades and colors. He wears them much of the time, loosely knotted or with the ends drawn, for convenience, through a ring.

With a dinner coat he wears a shirt with collar buttons. The shape of this collar was designed by Mr. William, himself, as are many of his sports shirts, with their long-pointed collars. His are made to order, but similar shirts can be had, reasonably, at most good haberdashers.

He seldom wears a waistcoat with his tuxedo, but winds a long, thin piece of satin round his middle. This is a Kummer-band, enjoys much of the disfavour, and has the distinction of looking smart and being comfortable at one and the same time. Sometimes he wears a white one in the Summer, with flannel.

His flannels, incidentally, are cream or gray, seldom white. He has an astonishing number of plain cotton sweaters that cost just one dollar apiece, with crew necks and long sleeves. It’s a point that they wash well, holding their shape. He never wears a belt, but they are ornamented with large sporty checks. And he is partial to an old Navy-blue stocking-cap, for yachting. It’s one of those things with no pretensions to style, nevertheless, achieve a highly swagger effect.

In his dressing-room hangs a key-chart with an array of round metal disks numbered one to ten. The systems complicated, but, once mastered, enables him to discover just what tie he wore with each suit in his current picture. Then if retakes are ordered, he can reassemble the proper outfit at a moment’s notice. Whether other stars would find this more of a bother than a convenience is problematic when one notes the William valet busy and happy, sorting disks.

Cabot’s Sporty Attire

The name of Bruce Cabot always pops up in a discussion of men’s clothes, the consensus of opinion being that whether you regard Men Jou, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr, Warner Baxter or Warren William as the best-dressed star, Bruce is in there fighting for the honors. I asked him about sports clothes, initiated by his wearing, at the moment, a checked sport coat, a yellow sweater, white trousers, and brown-and-white sport shoes. Each item deserves a sentence.

The coat, as well as a dazed eyes could judge, combines the colors of green, tan, and blue; the checks are large and impressive; and the price was one hundred dollars—though it might be duplicated. Mr. Cabot assures me, for forty dollars or so. The seams of his white trousers are hand-sewn, and even if this seems somehow impractical in a machine age, he claims it provides a highly individual touch. In regard to shoes, this small scene took place between the actor and his colored gentleman who acts as his valet:

Mr. Cabot: What is this stuff you’ve put on my shoes?

THE MOST SATISFACTORY WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS

That’s the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. MAKE IT INVISIBLE with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash. That’s what smart women are doing. It’s daintier, safer—results are MORE SATISFACTORY.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature has back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don’t touch the hair, advise Marchand’s hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always. Summer is here. Use Marchand’s now. Easy to do at home, takes 20-30 minutes, most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand’s To keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of lights and glints to dull hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail Use Coupon

C. MARCHAND CO.,
251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.

We enclosed ten cents or stamp. Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash.

Your Name

Address


Macaroons a Child Can Make!

**Eagle Brand**

**EASY MAGIC MACAROONS**

\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk} \]

\[ 2 \text{ cups shredded coconut} \]


- What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! But remember—Evaporated Milk won’t—can’t succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

![FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!](https://example.com)

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good-things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. MP-24, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Name

Street

City

State

(Print name and address plainly)

![MAGIC!](https://example.com)

**WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?**

Consult Leon Devole famous character analyst and astrologist. Two questions on any subject answered FREE with Life Astrologist forecast reading naming Love, Marriage, Health, Partnership, Lucky and Unlucky dates for only 25¢ stamp or coin. Give exact birth date, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope.

All replies strictly confidential. Money refunded if not satisfied.

DEVOLE, P.O. Box 748, Chicago, Ill.

![YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED!](https://example.com)

Dr. Scatter, a graduate of The University of Wisconsin, has helped thousands of people with their faces. 

Every face can be changed—made more attractive. 

Address:

Dr. Scatter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 43-B, N.Y.

**Secrets Every Woman Wants to Know**

What woman isn’t constantly searching for new ways to add to her attractiveness? Even screen beauties are forever seeking new aids to beauty . . .

And now they are telling you about some of their “finds”—sharing their own intimate beauty secrets with you!

This month Lilian Harvey writes her “Secrets of the Dressing Table.” Next month, and every month, another star will be just as revealing.

But remember—you will learn these secrets only in **MOTION PICTURE**

Watch for the Big August Issue
Success Hasn’t Turned His Head
(Continued from page 31)

Strangely enough, contrary to expectations, he came back bright, alert, on his toes! He was rejuvenated and vitalized by a new eagerness. His public, who had sent back a new Clark—a greater man and, potentially, a greater star! And wearing the same size hat.

What happened to Gable in the few weeks during which his public claimed him for their own?

He says very seriously: “I’ve been given courage to go on. Have I changed in any way because a little fuss has been made over me? No, I don’t think so. As near as I can tell, by every test a man can give himself, I haven’t changed at all. I am long past the stage where I get a swelled head over a little attention.

He’s All Pepped Up Again

“My personal appearance tour has been an inspiration. It has given me new zest—almost a new strength. It is gratifying to see hundreds of people show approval of my ‘futile’ efforts. I’ve got a new sense of values from the experience. It is worth while to go on, to do the best I can, because the public expects that of me. “A star, as a person, is not important. This week it happens to be Gable who gets the attention. Next week it’s someone else.

“I’ve learned a lot in the weeks I was East, meeting face to face, to the people to whose favor I owe so much. I know if you let your audiences down—if your performance is slip-shod—if you don’t give them your best, they sense it and resent it.

“I’ve learned conclusively that no star is better than his last picture. I tested that theory. I asked audiences which of my pictures they liked best. There was a patter of applause for ‘Red Dust.’ A bit more for ‘Hold Your Man.’ But there was thunder when I mentioned ‘Dancing Lady.’ (“It Happened One Night,” the picture that many claim is Clark’s best, had just been released—too recently for widespread audience reaction then.) “A star stands or falls by his current picture. If it’s a flop—he’s a flop. If it’s successful, then he continues in favor. You can’t live on past laurels.

How People Want to See Stars

“I’ve discovered that audiences resent all-star casts. They want to see their favorites do something in effect, run the gamut of emotion. If a star has only a bit to do, then audiences feel cheated. They don’t want to see a dozen stars do something inconsequential. They prefer a single, vivid, clean-cut performance. Audiences aren’t bargain-hunting—they are satisfied to see one star for the price of one admission.

“I’ve learned a lot of things in the two weeks I was gone—and even if I’ve had to buy a few new neckties, and a lot of new handkerchiefs—even if the tailor has been kept busy replacing buttons on my clothes—it has been more than worth while.”

Gable excited an emotional frenzy comparable only to the uproar that followed Valentino. If ever a man was given tangible proof of the regard in which his public held him, that man is Gable.

In Syracuse, New York, the Mayor and the City Council and ten thousand clamoring citizens met his train. In Kansas City, when he was again Westbound, he agreed to make a personal appearance at a local theatre. The train had a half-hour’s stop before proceeding, and it was thought ample time to give him chance to drive to the theatre and return. But even before the train came to a halt, thousands broke through police lines and rushed the

---

You Wonderful Girls of Today!

Dancing . . . tennis . . . beach parties . . . rumble seats in the moonlight . . . glamorous week ends in the country. You’re busy. You’re happy. You have no time to be “indisposed.” You just can’t be bothered with cramps and backaches. Periodic illness isn’t going to upset your plans if you can help it. AND YOU CAN.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham’s Tablets. These little chocolate coated tablets contain no narcotics, no harmful ingredients of any kind. They will not upset your stomach or make you dizzy.

This medicine helps lots of girls. Let it help you too.

All Drug Stores and many department stores sell

LYDIA E. PINKHAM’S TABLETS

“Feel wonderful EVERY day”
Asthma kept her GAGGED

Now free from attacks—feels fine

Is Asthma stealing your strength and making you feel weak? Don't be discouraged. Read this letter from a woman who suffers from Asthma for 19 years.

“After sixteen years of Asthma, during which time I tried all kinds of medicine, I finally started taking Nacoer. My Asthma promptly began to disappear, and soon was entirely gone. I thought it might come back during the winter, but it didn’t. So when I got through February and still had no sign of Asthma, I felt safe in saying that my trouble was all gone.” NACOER, 324 State Life Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

FREE—Thousands know Nacoer brings quick, effective relief of Asthma misery. Why suffer needlessly? Write for booklet telling how to get relief from Asthma and Bronchial coughs, also letters from people who have found health. Nacoer Medicine Co., 322 State Life Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

$1 PAIDS FOR $3000 LIFE PROTECTION

Even if you are past 55 — and without Medical Examination!

IF YOU are between the ages of 10 and 80, and no one has the benefit of reliable life protection for only $1, and without a medical examination, this new life Protection Certificate, offered exclusively by one of the leading companies in the state of California, and subject to rigid examinations by the underwriters, is now offered up to $3000 for Death From Any Cause; $1500 for accidental death. You are protected by a sound financial institution with more than 50 million dollars life protection in force.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, age, name of beneficiary, and a Life Certificate, fully made out in your name, will do. Cost only $1. Free Inspection. NO AGENT WILL CALL. If you decide to keep it, send money to get your protection in force for at least 45 days — then about $1 a day. Send now. You needn’t even worry about this $1. Offer Limited. So while your offer of 30 years age is good, act today.

NATIONAL SECURITY LIFE ASSOCIATION

Dept. B-S 204 S. Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Remove that FAT

Do you have a flat, overall bust? You can reduce 2-4 inches and have an hour-glass figure with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduces any bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. in 30 days. IF YOU HATE TO GAIN! GUARANTEED TO RETURN YOUR BODY TO NORMAL FORM. The above treatment is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days treatment next in plain wrapper. The ultimate, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, graceful, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment. Send to:

J. E.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL!

FREE book "FACE LIFTING AND MAKE UP" tells how you can become Youth in your face and figure with my revolutionary methods—Hair Sets, Makeup, Skin Cream and Vitamin B-8. Send 10c Stamps for free booklet. Write for free booklet.

FREE booklet "FACE LIFTING AND MAKE UP" by Miss E. C. Smith, world's famous beauty expert. To receive FREE book, write

Park Central, 5th & 7th Ave., New York City

platforms. He was forcibly pulled out of his car—a wildly cheering, emotional mob paid homage to a hero!

He did make his personal appearance. The train, however, was delayed for a good half-hour additional, and a week later, the railroad station still showed physical evidence of the mob’s frenzy.

The Welcome New York Gave Him

His arrival in New York was heralded by a most amazing exhibit of devotion. His train came in at an hour when stenographers were at their desks, clerks behind their counters, and housewives, presumably, still wielding their brooms. Yet the Grand Central Terminal was dark with thousands. A flying wedge of policemen and red-garbed lines was formed to rescue him from the clamorous mob. For a half-hour his automobile couldn’t move an inch. Neither entreaties nor threats could budge the squadron shouting, boisterous crowd that sought to touch him—to get within sight of his face and sound of his voice.

A completely disheveled Clark, with every button missing from his overcoat, suit coat and vest, finally was delivered at his hotel. It was a new experience for him—and a stimulating one. It was like an electric treatment.

Everywhere he went in New York, he stopped traffic. He attended Helen Hayes’ performance of ‘Mary of Scotland’—and was discovered by the audience during intermission. For a while it seemed to the company managers that the play could not resume—and they seriously considered refunding admissions to those in attendance. For fifteen minutes the second curtain was delayed, while the hundreds present paid tribute to Clark Gable.

During his week of New York personal appearances, he was virtually held prisoner in the theatre for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. He came early—long before the box-office opened—and yet never earlier that he didn’t find a solid wedge of men, women and children at the stage door.

Mobs Kept Him Prisoner

Clark never dared to go out between performances. His lunch and dinner were brought to his dressing-room. Yet even there his fans found him out. There was a fire escape—offering a treacherous ascent to his window. And, invariably, there were faces peering in at him from behind the locked window.

Long after the house lights were darkened, Clark Gable would be whisked out a side door into a taxi-cab for the few precious hours of freedom. But even in his hotel suite with Mrs. Gable he had no privacy—Women sought him out.

The scenes in New York had their counterpart in Baltimore. Handkerchiefs were snatched out of his pockets, buttons were torn off his overcoat, and one courageous soul went so far as to snip a lock of his hair. On his first night in the Maryland city, he didn’t dare go to his hotel. After cruising in his taxi-cab, waiting for the mobs to disperse, he went from the lobbies and the sidewalks, studio and theatre representatives finally took him to another hotel.

Clark Gable is back from shaking hands with his Public. Forever after this, his salary check will not be his only measure of his success. He will remember—perhaps with a shudder—the press of frantic bodies, the clutch of possessive hands, the glare of exposed faces hungry for something lacking in life, seeking to find satisfaction, romance, adventure in a motion picture hero. He will know with awed pity that he must be to love-starved women the Lover they have dreamed of; to those people caught in the struggle for daily bread, the embodiment of the Dream they once dreamed of. And this knowledge and responsibility will make of him a better actor and a greater man.
Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Oover 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Starting Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can’t believe it, but I and my boys are above college. I often try to flirt with them. I’ve been booked from one great theatre to another as ‘The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old.’ At a grandmother’s age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you’re 50, you’ll look 40. If you’re 40, you’ll look 30. And if you’re 30, you’ll gain back the skin of eighteen.

Women have given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist who solved the cosmetic problem by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of tadding women. He found that after 30 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. But, don’t rub it off. Let it stay on. Then wash your skin will absorb every bit of it—literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It’s one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60 I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper’s Skin Restoration Cream. It can get you back at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give you a life a new meaning.

Margaret Lindsay—the Girl Who Got Hollywood’s Number

(Continued from page 59)

the ladder, so she immediately dismissed that potential entry into the circles where she could be discovered.

Went After Success ‘Logically’

I LIFTED myself up by my own wits, but I don’t take any special credit, because I have learned that success is not so difficult when you go after it logically. I adopted the scientific approach to movie glory; I got Hollywood’s number... and I was forever observed by the powers-that-be!

Now, a sage twenty-three, she asserts that pose and pose turned the track for her.

‘I couldn’t even get a foothold in New York, so I stepped trying. I took time out to size up the whole situation. First, I examined myself eye on the top-notchers, means reasonably attractive. I graduated from a fashionable girls’ finishing school in Washington, D. C., after growing up in Iowa, and then I had taken a year’s specific training for the stage at one of New York’s best dramatic academies. Theatrical life thrilled me. I was not going back to Dubuque, and I was going to make it as an actress.

‘I studied what stage and screen producers want, and I found they worship glamorous experience. What I needed to re-turn myself to the required mold, for I was wholly lacking in these two qualities.

‘Hollywood used to exalt ingenues. A pretty, golden curl, and a Mother, who is Man?’ expression used to put cute young things over. But sophistication came in with talkies. Which was fine for those who had been around and had been under the press. But I was a little too bothersome, anyway. For an inexperienced girl like myself, it was distinctly a Predicament.

What Glamour Really Is

GLAMOUR, I saw, as I cast a speculative eye on the top-notchers, means mystery. Analyze it more deeply and you get to the basic element. It is pose!

The line that was handed me when I had applied for a job, as a nobody, was that I had neither glamour nor experience. This latter lack was argued two ways. Not only had I never done anything in the grand ball stage and so had no reputation to serve as an introduction, but I had not lived. How could I interest audiences when I had not plunged into a vast variety of the things that was too young, too inhibited, too utterly devoid of ‘pose’?

It occurred to me that, really, the producers did not care what a person had gone through. They were concerned with the ultimate effect that experience, both on the stage and off, had. They judged by the impression one gave. The public was for heroes who would be perfectly at ease in any situation, and only that.

With feminine intuition, Margaret Lindsay also noted that ‘imports’ invariably have a great advantage over home girls. ‘Glamour was wanted; very well, I’d give it them. Hollywood was frivolous, duplicating the old-out-timers to voice teachers. I had a naturally low voice, so I would capitalize on it. The English seemed better equipped to cope with the talkies. Why, because they had because their formal diction, strange to our ears, was more impressive, and because distance lent enchantment. So what? So I became English!

How She Changed Overnight

FORTUNATELY, my parents were modern enough to understand me. And luck did intervene to help the cause. An old friend of ours owned a stock com-
pany that presented its shows in England's chief provincial cities. I wore him and he had enough regard for the dramatic academy I had attended to tell me to come on across."

Many an American girl has gone to England and there has been no alteration. Margaret Lindsay changed from a shy, naive-appearing person into a superbly confident, provocative beauty—and she stayed there but five months, doing five different roles. Within a month after her arrival she was accepted by those she met as a native of England.

She ascribes her rapid transformation to the fact that she knew exactly the illusion she wished to acquire. "I did not find it necessary to live;" rather, I studied the way in which sophisticated, poised women conducted themselves. I copied them, literally—in the effect they gave, not the experiences that had shaped them. I flattered them, beguiled them into correcting me.

"Poise, I learned, was complete mastery of self. It is an inward peace and it is derived from perfect self-respect. Often, of course, as in my own case, the illusion of poise comes long before actual poise, itself. I had been an unusually silent, bashful type. I got rid of these handicaps by forcing myself to mix with people. I saw that others viewed me with the valuation I placed on myself. I determined I would never let anyone think I was flustered.

"The return to America was the supreme test. Having done those five plays, I did obtain some stage groundwork. Our producer-friend advised an influential New York agent that I was 'a wonderful find' and I landed endowed with super-recommendations.

Put Her "Act" Across

"Y OU can imagine how much poise I had to display when I was met by this agent. I was shaking inside but, outwardly, I was remarking at the wonders of this great 'new' country and being so bally, bally British. Within a week the agent, who had shown me where to stay and how to speak to Americans, had signed me for the lead in a Broadway show!

"I entered pictures much sooner than I had anticipated, for I had planned to establish myself thoroughly in New York and then progress to Hollywood. However, it so happened that the backers of that particular play encountered financial difficulties and I was advised that rehearsals would have to be delayed a month. My agent, meanwhile, persuaded me to make some film tests. Universal offered me a contract and I boldly decided to tackle Hollywood."

It was her British background that won this talkie opportunity and she had to live up to it! Her first half-year on the West Coast was disappointing. Ironically, Universal was so awed by her so-English accent and air that they finally informed her she was "British to a T." "I won a musical 'Cavalcade' was being cast and Fox was glad to get her. Her performance as the bride who went down on the Titanic won Margaret her present Warner contract.

"I have dropped my pose because it wasn't necessary once I had demonstrated I had the requisite ability. And maybe I didn't have moments when I had to pretend for dear life! I acted much better off-screen!

No Fun, Always Pretending

"CONTINUOUSLY putting on an act does not make you poised. I was always fearing that I would betray myself. In the beginning it was a laugh. Eventually, it made me nervous. I was on a twenty-four-hour 'show'!"

The poker face that had to be worn to prevent any instinctive reaction at odds
with her English build-up became a habit, however. Though no longer posing, she seems immune to surprise even now. "I'm really not," she informed me, "but it's a good impression to make on people."

"Being posed," she continued, "most certainly does not mean being affected. You may wonder at this statement, remembering how I assumed to be something I wasn't. The answer is that I was sincere in changing myself. It was pretending when I came back to America, and yet inside I actually felt I was gradually becoming a woman undaunted. To me, poise is a girl's best asset, whether she's an actress or not. It does not imply hauteur or snobishness. Quite the reverse, it means acute sensitivity to whomever you are with. This lack of embarrassment, achieved by the sensible realization that one can meet any circumstance that may arise, enables a person to feel at ease with a king or a doorman."

You might presume that Margaret Lindsay's revelations about herself will be detrimental to her Hollywood standing. But Hollywood, itself resorting to bluff so frequently, takes off its hat to the girl who fooled everyone.

"I may be telling one secret too many," she laughingly added, "when I confess that my motto still is: 'Be sure you are not too certain.' There is a great margin between conceit and self-confidence, you know. The former antagonizes; the latter is a magnet. If I seem to know what I want, others can't help but admire my strength of character. There's a funny, quirk in me that helps me, too. A magnificent calmness automatically flows over me when I am opposed."

What Every Girl Should Know

PERSONALLY, I think a reasonable amount of dignity should be assiduously cultivated. Dignity in manner, carriage. Now I don't wish to skim over unpleasant realities. I realize that what you can demand depends upon the position you are in. If a director wants to be fresh with a chorus girl or bit player, she has to grin and bear it to keep her job. Luckily for myself, I didn't come to Hollywood until I had paved the way to begin with leads. I don't care to be called by my first name and to be "darling" to everyone on the lot. To be common and to be treated here as she lets herself be treated!"

Margaret Lindsay has not married and she hasn't, apparently, fallen in love yet. She resides unostentatiously in an apartment shared with a younger sister and she is kept so busy working that she has not entered into Hollywood's social whirl to any appreciable degree. Her "boyfriends" include such diverse types as William Powell, our ultra-sophisticate, and Dick Powell, most eligible of our younger Romans. Read again the principle of adaptability and you'll know how she can intrigue both Powells.

Praised lavishly for her superb diction, Margaret Lindsay declares any girl can have a fine speaking voice. She believes that many American women spoil the effect their beauty creates when they open their mouths. Training under qualified instructors she pronounces helpful, but most essential, in her estimation, is the will to improve and to change.

She suggests, if you sincerely wish to be perfectly pretty, you appreciate your inherent possibilities and then imitate the illusion you want to make real. Your thoughts will unerringly shape your personality. If you cannot leave home to find superior models, she advocates intensive study of the screen's most attractive stars. If it is not physically possible to receive the advice of one so well qualified to counsel, I myself exhort you to forget the rest of them and go in for poise a la Lindsay!

THE MOST

PRESENT

Beauty Aid

KNOWN TO SCIENCE

now embodied in a soft, fluffy-dry Face Powder

For centuries, the world's leading skin specialists have encouraged the use of Olive Oil. Its healing, soothing and softening properties are praised by beauty experts everywhere.

Heretofore, it was necessary to use Olive Oil in liquid form to get its beneficial effects. But now this precious beauty-aid is blended in a soft, clinging face powder known to millions as Outdoor Girl.

Because of its unique Olive Oil base, Outdoor Girl Face Powder acts as a softener of the sun-dried skin. It frees the complexion from redness and roughness. Keeps the skin young, firm and supple.

Try this different face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

Outdoor Girl Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug and department stores in large economy sizes—50c and 55c. If you would like to try five of the most popular Outdoor Girl beauty aids, mail the coupon below.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Olive Oil

FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORPORATION DEPT. 53G
WILLIS AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Lip-And-Check Rouge, Cleansing Cream, Olive Oil Cream (Skin Food and Tissue Builder) and Perfume.

Name

Address

City

State
leaves me dizzy with memories. That’s why I’m on a wild lark here, making this picture, and feeling like I’ve never before felt in front of a camera."

Carole Scared of Him at First

Carole Lombard, who had been chosen to play opposite Barrymore, confessed that she was “scared out of a moment’s beauty sleep” when they told her of her assignment. "I’ll never forget my first day on the set," reminisces Carole. "There was an air about the studio floor and it picked me up, and me of our school, when the teacher promised us a nice visit from the crabby old principal. For years, ever since I was a tiny kid, I had heard of the exploits of ‘Wild Jack’ Barrymore—and of what he had done to people who had blown their lines or muffed their cues."

"Then I met Barrymore. I can see him now, standing there with his legs apart, his head bent forward so that he looked out at me sort of through his eyebrows—like Jack Dempsey used to look when he weaved in on his victims."

"You look like a good kid," he growled. "I hope things go well."

"He didn’t say them, but I felt that the words ‘for your sake’ belonged in that sentence."

What actually happened, once Barrymore and Lombard started working together, is history now to those who glimpsed the daily pandemonium over at Columbia. The studio was turned into a mad-house.

Jack Barrymore was living over again the wild days of his theatrical triumphs, and was playing the role of Oscar Jaffe the very life of his old cronies. The rehearsals became adventures, the shootings grew into riots. Barrymore was running wild—with Lombard matching him, stride for stride, and shriek for bellow. As he stalked the set as producer Jaffe, she changed, under his manipulation, from the dumb little shop-girl, Mildred Plotka, to the glamourous and scheming star, Lily Garland. And completely lost in the shuffle was Hollywood’s well-known “clothes-horse,” Carole Lombard.

The Warning He Gave Carole

One of the first things Barrymore told Carole was that in Hollywood many supposedly great actresses had a habit of doing nothing—simply nothing—and letting the studio make the point. What resulted, he pointed out, was generally described by critics as an example of charming restraint on the part of said actress. But if that happened in this particular picture, he added, the result would be described by reporters as plain murder.

"I’m Oscar Jaffe," he explained sweetly, "and you’re Mildred Plotka—or else—"

And the “or else” was vibrant with menace.

"When it came time to leave the studio, I dropped in to see Harry Cohn," says Barrymore. "‘Harry,’ I said, ‘it looks like the job is done. And I’m sorry to put away my tools. I wish there was more to do.’"

"He looked at me, cocked back his head, and said, in that jerky manner of his: ‘Why, you old curse, they don’t need you. Put on the best show our electricians ever had. With you gone, maybe we can get some pictures made.’"

And as Barrymore told that, I would have sworn that there was a soft sparkle in his eye—if he hadn’t added: ‘But what the hell—let’s have a good time!”

We were sitting in the famous “Barrymore Pub,” in a far wing of his great,
"This simple Method gave her
A SECOND HONEYMOON"

From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words, 'Use Lysol.'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life.

In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested 'Lysol' for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter.

(Signed) DR. PAULA KARNOIL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW


Name.
Street.
City. State.

HALL OF FAME" on the air every Sunday night, 10:30 E.D.S.T., WEA and N.B.C. coast-to-coast hook-up.

reminding house. He suddenly ran his fingers through his long hair, and grinned.

"I'd better be getting this cut, or I'll be doing a Jekyll-and-Hyde and turning into old Jaffo, myself!' Somehow, I can't seem to make up my mind to put the old humbug away in a trunk—perhaps because he has become a part of a lot of memories now.

Reminded of His Father

"ONLY the other day, I saw a little quirk in his characterization that reminded me of my father, Maurice Barrymore. I think I got my love for doing what I shouldn't from him.

"My dad had a habit of disappearing every once in a while, and then reappearing after days or weeks, serene and pleasant, as though he had merely stepped out to the corner store. And he used to love to take little digs at John Drew, my mother's brother, and then to pass serenely on, absolutely ignoring the incident and its effects, just as we see Jaffo doing in the picture.

"Suddenly, something occurred as I was thinking of Jaffo that brought a clear picture to my mind. It took me back to the old house on 12th Street in Philadelphia. It was just after dinner, and we three youngsters—Ethel, Lionel and myself—were saying our prayers.

"We had reached the place where we were saying, 'God bless Mother, God bless Father, God bless Grandmother.' When suddenly the door opened and father, who had been missing for a few days, put in his head and added:

"—and please, God, make Uncle John a better actor, passing on before mother had an opportunity to say a single word.

"I imagine it's because of memories like that that I find it difficult to close the book on this part—and why I had the time of my life making 'Twentieth Century,' and why, perhaps, the making of that picture has given me a new interest in my work, and a restless thing to go on again.

"Perhaps, in playing the part of the spectacular old producer, I did forget myself and imagine I was really giving my energy, my vitality, my bundle of tricks, so to speak, to the little girl I was supposed to be making into a great actress. There's enough ham in me to let me actually imagine myself that old fellow, I guess."

What He's Like at Home

AND that's the tough old lion of Hollywood wood that they're all afraid of—the genius with scant patience for suffering and a cold eye for the world at large.

It's hard to picture the wild stories you've heard of this gay blade, when you see him shuffling about his rambling, beautiful home, high in the hills, his hands stuffed deep in the back pockets of old gray tweed trousers that have seen "many tough years of domestic campaigning," and his feet sliding along in those famous carpet slippers that once profaned the sacred precincts of a Hollywood premiere. That is, it is hard until he suddenly whirls about to bring to life some story he's telling or some scene he's re-acting.

As he whirls, and his voice rings out, somehow, a little chill races up your back, and you're on your toes—tense, listening, watching, marveling. For he is all the world like a sleeping lion, which leaps into action with a roar.

He is fifty-two years old, but as you wander about Barrymore's grounds with him, balance his guns and peek into hidden corners of his trophy room, you would say that he was somewhere in his early twenties.

One thing is certain—he's at the right age to look ahead for new worlds to conquer.

John Barrymore is tightening his belt again—he's beginning his real career at fifty-two.
The next time a headache won't let you sleep

Don't lie awake and toss. Relief for that dull head . . . relaxation for those taut nerves . . . restful, refreshing sleep . . . are no farther away than your medicine cabinet.

Just take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. You get the benefits almost immediately.

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it relieves gas on the stomach so promptly. Then it quickly relieves headache, too.

At the same time your nerves are soothed . . . you are gently steadied and relaxed. And all the while needed alkali is supplied through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity. Your head clears . . . worry and nervousness disappear . . . and you drift pleasantly into normal sleep before you know it!

_Bromo-Seltzer_—
_the multi-purpose remedy_

*Only a balanced preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could work so effectively.* No mere pain-killer could do it. Not just one, but _five_ separate ingredients are combined in Bromo-Seltzer—each with a special purpose. Consequently, you get _five_ needed benefits. And Bromo-Seltzer works _faster_ because you take it as a _liquid._

Bromo-Seltzer is _so pleasant to take—and so dependable, too._ Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby for over forty years.

Keep the large, economical family-size bottle on hand. Ready at a moment's notice to banish headache, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are _not_ the same balanced preparation . . . are _not_ made under the same careful laboratory control. Sold by druggists everywhere. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

**NOTE:** In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

_Emerson's_  
BROMO-SELTZER

Quick  Pleasant  Reliable
Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that’s another reason I am devoted to Camels.

Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel’s costlier tobaccos are Milder.