“EASY TO HURT”
A Joan Crawford Story  By Ruth Biery

Silver Screen

November

WHAT A PICTURE!
Jean Harlow’s “Bombshell”
By Elizabeth Wilson
In France...

In Deauville, Paris and the other famous French cities, whose names are synonymous with style and beauty; the Marmola method is known and proved.

In Hawaii...

As in America, France and ten other countries, news of the success of Marmola has spread to remote Hawaii. They fight ugly fat this way.

In America...

Marmola was first used in America. You will find it in villages and cities throughout the breadth of the country and its use has now spread to 11 foreign countries.

Now Demanded the World Over...

This Tested Way To Reduce!

Do you fear fat? Do you envy the men and women who "eat anything" without worrying about their figures? Would you like to normalize—without the necessity for undergoing dangerous starvation diets?

Then why not follow the lead of millions of other men and women? One reducing method has stood the test of time. First used in America, the demand for Marmola has spread throughout the world—to England, Scotland, France—to Egypt and South Africa—even to the countries of the Orient.

While useless fat remedies have come and gone, Marmola has become the tested international method of fat reduction.

The famous Marmola formula appears in every box. Back of this formula is the result of years of medical research and knowledge. The acid test of more than 20,000,000 boxes sold to the public offers even greater evidence of its effectiveness.

Marmola has only one purpose. It is intended for the reduction of excess, abnormal fat. Its formula includes among its 19 constituents, important vegetable and organic mineral substances. There are no torturous diets. Just ask your druggist for Marmola today and follow the simple directions in the box. You know you will be using the tested way.

Ask for Marmola at the nearest drug store.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Opening Chorus

Alice Brady

I T IS not enough to play a part as if the character were digging after the player's own outline. Real acting comes only when a new personality seems to have taken possession of the player. Alice Brady is such an artist and a great one. She's next in "Stage Mother."

WHEN young Jackie Cooper moved over to the Paramount lot to play in "Lone Cowboy," he spent his first lunch time visiting Mae West in her dressing room. Just another West fan. His mother, however, visited Harpo Marx. . . . Bing Crosby, a most ardent angler, has been fishing for marlin for over two years, but didn't have any luck until the day after he finished "Too Much Harmony," he dashed over to Catalina and, after a half-hour struggle, landed a 197-pound marlin swordfish. . . . Lionel Barrymore is crazy about playing acting games and will sit up all night—any night—to play "In the Manner of the Word." . . . Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are Hollywood's newest lovers, and Mac is that thrilled she almost flutters. Not that we blame him in the least, for we could work up a good set of flutters over the fascinating Sidney any time. . . . Marie Dressler would have you believe that this bicycle fad is nothing at all. Why, Marie claims she was one of the first bicycle fans in America, and startled all New York in the Gay Nineties by riding her bike around the reservoir in Central Park with Lillian Russell. . . . Freddie March had to spend his birthday recently working from nine A.M. until midnight on the "Design for Living" set. His wife had planned a grand dinner party for him but it had to be called off. So even a movie star can't enjoy his birthday in peace. . . . King Vidor, who gave Miriam Hopkins such a rush, is now being seen around with Helen Vinson. . . . Lil Tashman was greatly upset over those rumors of a rift with Eddie Love. Why Eddie even gave up his personal appearance tour to rush back to Hollywood to be with Lil while she was so sick.
The camera crew setting up on the "The House on 56th Street" set.

**REVIEWS**

**ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—Splendid. (MGM) The plight of an artist who is introduced to his husband's prosaic family. (Helen Hayes—Robert Montgomery.)

**BERKELEY SQUARE**—Grand. (Fox) Leslie Howard superbly enacts in an illusory role of man whose mind leaps back & forth bewilderingly from the 18th to the 20th centuries. Give your imagination a break!

**BEST OF ENEMIES**—Good. (Fox) Buddi Boggs does a swell comeback in this amusing comedy, with Frank Morgan, Marian Nixon & Joseph Hawthorn.

**BIG EXECUTIVE**—Fair. (Par) Elizabeth Young makes her debut in this story which fails to make the grade even though Richard Conte and Richard Bennett exert every effort to brighten it up.

**BITTER SWEET**—Fine. (UA) Noel Coward's enchanting operetta transferred to the screen with excellent results. Don't miss it if you like musical romances.

**BLARNEY KISS, THE**—Good. An English picture that is moderately entertaining. That grand old lady, Hallie Wright, is in the cast.

**BLIND ADVENTURE**—Good. (RKO) A mystery laid in London, with plenty of fog to thicken the atmosphere. (Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews.)

**BWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—Fine. (MGM) Three generations of a vaudeville family provide as entertainment an evening as anyone might expect. Splendid cast includes Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Jackie Cooper.

**CAPTURED**—Good. (WB) The serious side of war is shown here in a German prison camp, with Leslie Howard & Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as unhappy prisoners.

**DEVIL'S MATE**—Fine. (F.D.) An engrossing mystery, the solution to which escapes detection until the last reel. (Prescott Foster, Peggy Shannon.)

**DINNER AT EIGHT**—Superb. (MGM) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts. And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Drew Losander, Harlow, the Barreymores, Berry, Evans, Billie Burke.)

**DISGRACED**—Good. (Par) Helen Twelvetrees as the witful model led astray by Bruce Cabot, the society man engaged to Adriana Ames. Poor Helen! Faithful heart—So-so. An English drama that leaves much to be desired. Herbert Marshall is always worth seeing, however. Also Edna Best.

**FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO**—Good. (U) If you operas entertain you, see this by all means. Ken Maynard as the hero, and Fred Kohler as the bad man.

**FIGHTING PARSON**—Good. (Allied) Our western hero, Hoot Gibson, steps into the shoes of a revival minister by mistake.

**FLYING DEVILS**—Fair. (RKO) Come to the carnival air circus and watch the daring performances of Bruce Cabot, Ralph Bellamy & Eric Linden.

**GOODBYE AGAIN**—Awakening. (WB) Natural study of a radio author whose secretary keeps his foot on terra firma. (Warren William, Joan Blondell.)

**HEADLINE SHOOTER**—Annoying. (RKO) Swift action and many laughs during the wiles of a sub-editor's romance with a newspaper cameraman. (Frances Dee, William Gargan.)

**HER BODYGUARD**—Fair. (Col) Eddie Love in the role of a letter-writing sleuth hired to guard Wynne Gibson's virtuous and her jewels.

**HER FIRST MATE**—Annoying. (U) One of the best of the Zelma Pitts-Slim Summerville comedies, with Una Merkel thrown in for good measure.

**HOLD YOUR MAN**—Fine. (MGM) Here's a Gable-Howard story that may make you weep a tear or two. Sex takes a back seat now and then. Different, eh?

**I HAVE LIVED**—Fair. (Cbst.) Life is made exciting for Anita Page by Alan Dinehart and Allen Vincent. Of course she pays for her fun!

**KING OF THE ARENA**—Good. (U) Ken Maynard as a Texas Ranger who leads an exciting chase after a famous criminal.

**LADIES MUST LOVE**—Good. (U) Four ladies of the evening make a unique contract, broken only when 'true love' creeps in during an off-moment. There are some musical interludes and June Knight of the Broadway stage.

**LADY FOR A DAY**—Grand entertainment. (Col) All about the apple woman who temporarily goes "high society" to impress her daughter's titled in laws. (May Robson, Warren William, Jean Parker.)

**MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Very amusing. (Par) Can you name a more delightful team than Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles? See them and laugh from sheer joy.

**MAN WHO DARED**—Fine. (Fox) Fictional love story of the late mayor of Chicago makes absorbing film. Preston Foster, Zita Johann in fine cast.

**MARY STEVENS, M.D.**—Good. (WB) Kay Francis as a lady specialist! Lola Talboth at the man she should have married, but doesn't till the last reel.

**MASQUERADE, THE**—Charming. (UA) Ronald Colman plays a fascinating dual role against the background of England's Parliament. Elissa Landi is the fantastic complications.

**MAYOR OF HE-A**—Fine. (WB) It's a joy to see Jimmy Cagney figuratively smash a grapefruit in the face of an unrepentant reform school superintendent. Eddie Egan gladly lends a hand.

**MIDNIGHT CLUB**—Good. (Par) It's fun watching a naive little group of English crooks trying to outwit an American detective. (Geoff. Ralston, Clive Brook, Helen Vinson.)

**MR. BROADWAY**—Good. Meet the celebrities during an entertaining tour of the N.Y. night clubs, conducted by Ed Sullivan of the Daily News.

**MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Fine. (U) Tuneful melodies, colorful sets, youth, romance, laughter—they're all here in abundance. A swing cast too, including Mary Brian, Roger Pryor, Alexander Gray.

**MORNING GLORY**—Fine. (RKO) Katharine Hepburn's captivating performance helps to make this story of a small town girl's bid for theatrical fame seem new and exciting. (Adolph Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.)

**MYRT AND MARGE**—Fair. (U) The popular radio team of Myrt and Marge heads a moderately entertaining back stage story.

**NO MARRIAGE TIES**—Good. (RKO) As an "ad" man, helter of stylish and liquor, Richard Dix has pet theories about women, trying them out successively but not successfully on Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon.

**ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—Fine. (RKO) As the idealistic country doctor, Lionel Barrymore lives up to his well-earned reputation. Dorothy Jordan and May Robson are in the cast.

**SUNDAY AFTERNOON**—Fine. (Par) The simpler, but not less dramatic side of the Gay Nineties is portrayed here. (Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller.)

**ONE YEAR LATER**—Fine. (Hoffman) A fast-moving train is the setting for this exceedingly entertaining comedy-drama, featuring Mary Brian, Donald Dillaway, Russell Hopton.


**POLICE CALL**—Fair. (Skowmen's Pict.) Thinking he killed a man Nick Stuart escapes to South America and finds romance and adventure.

**POWER AND THE GLORY**—Brilliant. (Fox) The engrossing drama of two man's life unf-old in most unusual fashion. Don't pass this one by. (Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore.)

**RAPTURE ROMANCE**—Good. (RKO) He occupied the geritol by day—and she by night. An unconventional situation providing many laughs. (Norman Foster-Ginger Rogers.)

**SAVAGE GOLD**—Fascinating. If you don't rate a vacation this year, get a vicarious thrill by exploring the wild mountain passes of Ecuador with Commander G. M. Dyson. Head hunters' nurth everything!

**SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM**—Fair. (U) A mystery melodrama with its full share of murders. (Gloria Stuart, Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas.)

**SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD**—Fine. (Fox) This 1933 talkie, with smoothly interwoven shots from popular silent pictures, provides a thrill for movie fans who are tremendously fascinated by the old days.

**SING, SINNER, SING**—Fair. (Maj.) The story of a torch singer inspires the cinematic emotions of Paul Lukas, George Siegling and Leila Hyams.

**SONG OF SONGS**—Excellent. (Par) Dietrich more glamorous than ever in an artist's model who slips gracefully down the primrose path.

This style type indicates recent pictures. Italics indicate pictures previously released.
S Phinx, The—Fair (Monogram). Lionel Atwill gets once again in the role of a ruthless murderer. Sheila Terry is attractive as the heroine.

Storm at Daybreak—Good. (MGM). The old reliable triangle whipped into story form against our times. With Walter Huston and Nils Asther being very serious about Kay Francis.

Strange Case of Tom Mooney—Interesting. (F-D). Fatally ill record of Tom Mooney’s apparently hopeless fight for freedom during the past 17 years.

Stranger’s Return—Fine. (MGM). Come back to the farm with Miriam Hopkins, and meet Grandpa Lionel Barrymure, Farmer Franchol Tonna and Stuart Erwin.

Tarzan, the Fearless—Good. (Pre). The kids will eat up this new Tarzan story and cry for more. Buster Crabbe is the present jungle-galloper.

This Day and Age—Excellent. (Par). Cecile De Mille can take the bows for this effective picture about a group of highschool youths who wage a spectacular war against gangsters during Boys’ Week.

This Is America—Fine. Entertaining anthology of our country’s historical events, as well as our material and mental progress since 1775.

Three Cornered Moon—Fine. (Par). Introducing the mad, mad Rumpelstilts, as amusing a family as ever bailed from Brooklyn. (Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, Richard Arlen, Hardie Albright.)

Tugboat Annie—Fine. (MGM). Marie Dressler gives another excellent characterization, aided and abetted by her sparring partner, Wally Beery.

Voltaire—Splendid. (WB). George Arliss superb as the 300-year philosopher at the court of Louis 15th. Davis Kenyon lovely as Madame Pompadour.

Wrecker, The—Poor. (Col). Jack Holt in the kind of melodrama we have come to expect of him. Genevieve Tobin and Sidney Blackmer in cast.

Making “Design for Living”

Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March

Gary Cooper

AT OUR EXPENSE!

TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS

REDUCE...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES

... or it won't cost you one penny!

We want you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, return the girdle and your money will be immediately refunded ... and without question!

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.

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• Don’t wait any longer ... Act Today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days 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 ... and your money will be immediately refunded ... including the postage!

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For November 1932
A Difference of Opinion Is As Good As An Introduction.

First Prize

"RADIO stars mean big money to the movie business," writes Besie E. Tyler of Newport, R. I., "but what about the radio fans? The wise ones will pass all pictures with their favorite star. Why? Because a radio star’s charm lies in the imagination of the listener."

That’s the most interesting observation I’ve heard lately. “The imagination of the listener.” It is possible to continue the appeal on the screen if the material is imaginative. See “Morning Glory”—that’s what I mean.

Second Prize

"WITH all due credit to Charlie Chaplin’s mastery of the pantomimic art, I do wish he’d capitulate and make a talking picture. A silent film, instead of being a novelty, is a boresome entertainment," writes Betty Patterson of Monitor St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The trouble is that now he is a gallant little fellow, half-dream, half-real. Talk would bring him to earth.

Third Prize

"WHAT a joy to see the first still of Louisa M. Alcott’s ‘Little Women,’ and to read: ‘Beginning a cycle of wholesome pictures!’ I am certain that many parents of children, especially in the adolescent age, join me in rejoicing over this news," writes Mrs. Estelle G. Perkins, of Main St., Fairhaven, Mass. "The party responsible for ‘Little Women’ has my deepest respect."

Mr. Merian C. Cooper of Radio please take a bow.

"I LIKE ‘Rambling Over Hollywood with S. R. Mook.’ I just shrieked at his description of the set of ‘Three Cornered Moon.’" writes Betty Grace of N. Madison St., Marshall, Mich. "It determined me to see the rest of the movie."

O. K. Dick.

"TIMES are bad. Depression and Disaster have been stalking the land. When we go to see a picture, what unfolds on the screen? Problem plays, family disputes, erring daughters, etc. In short, we might as well stay home," writes Harry K. Chine of Cumberland. Me. "John Jones, who has his troubles, does not like to visit the Smiths, because they, too, have troubles. And so with the pictures. People want to be entertained with tales of battering the rings; with stories of fantasy; with pictures of adventure. So what? Dig out some of the old masterpieces. Wild adventure, clashing of swords at dawn, a wild ride over cobbled streets to make the pulse jump and the heart race, while the grim twins mentioned above are forgotten."

The movies have advanced beyond that. Harry. We respond now-a-days to the clash of emotions, and thrill to the bravery of pretense. Gibb!"

DOROTHY CASH of Sebring, Fla., writes, "You would get more box office trade if you would make a couple of musical comedies, then change to some other kind of picture, for instance a murder case."

"In this world there can be only one "WOI” at a time. Right now it’s musicals."

"WHEREVER have the colored pictures been hiding themselves?” asks Algernon Lewis of Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill. "Remember how thrilled we were with the brilliant natural coloring of the scenes. Why not insert a bit of color in the westerns? Surely, there is scenery enough to warrant it."

Walt Disney has made some wonderful color cartoons. See them.

What do you think? Tell us The best ideas each month whether criticism or praise will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, $5 for third. Address “You’re Telling Me?” Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Lona Andre and “Bing,” her favorite bloodhound.

“I MUST say I received quite a shock when Ricardo Cortez slapped Loretta Young down in ‘Midnight Mary.’” writes Madonna Charrin of Vennillian, S. D. “I hope that the slapping phase in pictures will be passed soon.”

That’s modernism, Madonna. Sex equality—ban! Ladies like—Zowie!

"MAE WEST is the answer to father’s prayer," writes Roderick Dhu of Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill. "She looks like they used to look when he was young. That’s why father and thousands of his contemporaries now stand in long lines before theaters showing Mae West pictures. They hanker for a sight of curves."

"No, son, that isn’t it. Mae represents an end of the mealy mouthed hypocrisy that put over prohibition, etc.

"I’M THROUGH! After seeing Marlene Dietrich in ‘Song of Songs,’ I think any one of a hundred American girls could fill the role just as effectively as Marlene,” writes Jasper B. Sinclair of 20th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. “Am I bioged? Maybe ... Hollywood proceeds on the theory that romance and glamour are found on the other side of the world ... never in their own backyard.”

Mention one from our backyard who has Marlene’s classic beauty. Irvin Pollack of W. Moultrie St., Chicago, Ill. writes: "After seeing ‘College Humor’ with Mary Carlisle, I wonder why they pay for big stars. I would rather see starlets."

Lasky is making a picture with all beginners.

Girls, who want to be Alice in Wonderland, apply to Paramount’s casting director.
MORE beauty means more time, and there's no kidding ourselves about that. Smart housewives and "business gals"—and that includes the Hollywood stars, too—know that in addition to their daily hour or half-hour at the dressing table, they must set aside several hours each week for a complete beauty overhauling...shampoo, facial, manicure and what not. Sunday morning seems to be the most opportune moment for most of us...so let's see how it can be used to the best advantage.

As soon as you wake up—get up. I know it's hard sometimes. But if you've waked up naturally, then you're at the end of your best sleep, and you should hop right up. Oh, you can stretch and yawn to your heart's delight. That's good for you. (Watch a cat wake up sometime and learn how it manages to keep so taut and flexible! It's the s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g that does it!)

Use a good mild soap and warm water on your face to remove every vestige of that night cream which I trust you put on before you tumbled in. (And if you were too tired, then I'm ashamed of you.)

After your tub, take a good hasty rub down with a brisk towel, and dash some cooling, fragrant astringent lotion over your face and neck. But no make-up for a while yet, please! Keep your face au naturel as long as you can. A little free breathing won't hurt it. And even if you have an observant husband sitting across the breakfast table—he won't mind. He'll quite probably appreciate the opportunity of seeing you as you are—in the flesh, as 'twere, for a change.

After breakfast, get "up and at" your beauty "chores." And if, in the back of your mind, you're harboring a forlorn wish for a personal maid of your own—forget it. Even the Hollywood stars, who have personal maids, often prefer to do these things for themselves. You just can't drag Joan Crawford away from her boudoir for the better part of her Sundays, because she's too busy trying first this colliure, then that, and maybe brushing her fingers tips with a new shade of polish—then wiping it off, and trying another. Joan wants to experiment with everything for herself—things must suit her as well as the fashion. And this is what is partly responsible for that grand self-assurance she possesses.

First, see that all your aids and applicates are handy on the shelf. The shampoo comes first. If you use soap, always use it in emulsion form. Just shave tiny flakes of the soap into a jar of lukewarm water, and let it dissolve; or cook this emulsion over a fire for a few minutes, and let it cool. After you've lathered it well into your hair and scalp, rinse just as carefully and as thoroughly. You may have a special rinse for your shade of hair, or you may want to use the old-fashioned stand-bys—lemon juice to keep your hair light, or vinegar to cut the grease.

Then, out into the sun—if there is any, and you can get to it—with a hairbrush in one hand, and your manicure "props" in the other. First massage your head vigorously, moving your scalp along with your fingers. After ten minutes or so, when your fingers are a wee bit tired, plop them into a bowl of lukewarm water, and proceed with your manicure. The sunlight and air carries on the good work on your hair.

When your nails are finished, and nicely lacquered, take your brush in hand and go to work on your hair again. Separate it into thin strands and work close to the scalp. Maybe you won't use a brush all week long, because of a newly set wave, but you haven't an excuse in the world for not using it now. Your hair is naturally a little dried from the washing. So coax the oil from your scalp up into the hair follicles with a good sturdy brush. It's going to add to the sheen, and bring back the natural oil, which is a big boon in setting your wave.

Back to the bathroom again to set your hair. Use a good wave-setting lotion. One that's not too sticky—and won't flake when it dries. Put your wave in with your fingers, or with combs, as you like. But remember to keep them well up and back on your head.

Then, when that's done, pin a towel around your head—or just a strip of gauze or cloth, several inches wide—to keep the hair in place, and to protect it from what you're going to do now to your face. You should do something special, don't you think, or your face is going to feel, (and look) slighted. A facial consisting of cleansing cream, tissue or a good circulation cream, as well as an astringent cream or lotion, is brief and to the point. If you haven't a circulation cream, you can use a plastic cream or pack instead, after your cleansing cream, to stir up a sluggish circulation. There's a new one I know of: it's thin and melty at first, but during the fifteen minutes you're supposed to keep it on, it hardens and tightens, and you can actually feel your skin responding.

While this plastic cream is drying, get out your depilatory and go to work on your legs. They've just got to be done once a week, if they're addicted to hair, and if

[Continued on page 72]
Under the title "The Private Life of Henry VIII," a picture has been made in England which gives Charles Laughton the opportunity he deserves. At the top, the much married king is shown with his ministers, and below you see Henry with one of his six wives—Ann of Cleves—played by Elsa Lanchester. Authentic costumes and period furniture were used.
TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

"Fire Chief" Ed Wynne has susceptible Marie Dressier a-burning. A great actress, whether working or fooling.

SILVER SCREEN

WELL, did Hollywood gasp the night of the brilliant opening of "Dinner at Eight" at the Chinese, when Carole Lombard appeared on the debonair arm of her very late ex-husband, Bill Powell. Carole and Bill hadn't been seen together since a week before Carole, one bright morning, started out for Reno—and she didn't say why. Carole and Bill were the guests of Gloria Swanson and Mike Farmer, and it looked just like old times seeing the four of them together. Carole wore a beautiful six-inch meaning gown and has never looked better. But we can't say so much for Gloria Swanson, who had a wreath of little tight curls across her forehead and not one single little bit of make-up. Those 1886 curls might be all right for Little Women but Gloria just doesn't seem to be the type. During the intermission, when all eyes were glued on Carole and Bill, not to mention the Swanson coiffure, Mr. Farmer would gallantly kiss his wife's hand every few minutes. Just to prove to Hollywood that they are happily married? Or is he a hand-kisser by choice?

WHEN Mae West goes on her personal appearance tour as soon as she finishes her next picture, "It Ain't No Sin," she expects to make one-night stands in towns all over the country. But the appearances will not be made at the local theatres, as is the custom, but at the auditorium or town hall, whichever has the largest seating capacity. Mae will sing several songs, do a scene from "She Done Him Wrong," and finish up with a monologue on Hollywood that will send them rolling into the aisles.

ALTHOUGH she had about the smallest "bit" (that of the cook) in the all-star cast of "Dinner at Eight," May Robson, at the premiere of the picture in Hollywood, received about the biggest applause. "I guess I was too old to be invited to that famous dinner," she said, "so they just asked me to cook it."

Mrs. Robson is an invertebrate preview goer and gets a big thrill out of pictures. "I have to keep my eyes open wide at my pictures," she told me at the "Beauty for Sale" preview, "for if they droop for one second I miss seeing myself entirely."

IRVING THALBERG, JR., Norma's little boy, spent all of his third birthday looking at Walt Disney's colored creation, "Three Little Pigs." He was so fascinated by it that it had to be run over and over again for him. The birthday party and his little guests just had to get along without him for Irving Jr., had no intention of leaving those three little pigs. Which all goes to prove that young Irving is a chip off the old block and knows a good picture when he sees it.

THERE was much laughter at a Hollywood dinner party the other night when a well-known sensational actress said, "I am twenty-six. I know I look older and I know I am older, but I'm twenty-six."

MEET me over on Stage 7 when you finish your fashion pictures," Una Merkel told Madge Evans at the M-G-M studio one day. So, as soon as Madge had finished she hurried over to Stage 7, pushed open the door, and bumped right into Garbo, all dressed up in boots and things for "Queen Christina."

"I'm looking for Una Merkel," Madge gasped while Garbo glared. Immediately six guards swooped down upon her and literally picked her up and carried her to the door.

"Who are you? What do you want? Can't you read signs? Have you a pass for this lot?" they proceeded to demand in their most cop-like voices.

"I'm Madge Evans. I work on this lot. And I'm looking for Una Merkel," Madge managed to say as she was dropped on the other side of the big stage door.

"We don't care who you are. You gotta stay off this set," one of the guards snapped back and closed the door with a bang.

"I think they thought I was you—a fan writer," Madge told me later. "Trying to crash in to interview Miss Garbo. Well, I was never so forcibly ejected from a place in all my life."

And now, my children, you understand why fan writers DON'T interview Garbo.

MAX BAER got so mad because Jean Harlow wouldn't "take on" over him at the Colony Club the other night that he couldn't work the next day. Max thought all the dames in Hollywood would go for him.

CAROLE LOMBARD, after weeks of silence, has finally gotten around to announcing to the press that she and Powell are definitely through, with absolutely no hopes of a reconciliation. But she expects to see him now and then because that's her idea of civilized divorce. Some day there's going to be a divorced couple in Hollywood who hate each other and say so, and who refuse to be seen with each other or even go to the same parties—and that, my hearties, will be NEWS.

JOHNNY has given Lupe a new bracelet (she's got them up to her shoulder blades now) which Lupe is so proud of she has to show it to everybody. It's a platinum circlet set in vari-colored stones which spell "Dearest." A row of diamonds for "d"; a row of emeralds for "e"; a row of amethysts for "a"; and a row of rubies for "r"; etc. Johnny is one of the boys who has gone in for white mes jackets for evening wear in Hollywood and he and Lupe, all in white, made a most striking looking couple at the opening of "Dinner at Eight." Lupe begged Johnny all evening to give his Tarzan call, but for once Johnny was adamant and absolutely refused.

CLARK GABLE lost thirty pounds while he was in the hospital with appendicitis. "Dancing Lady" waited for him for over a month.

[Continued on page 48]
“Easy to Hurt”

Incidents Which Reveal the Sensitive Soul of Joan Crawford.

By Ruth Biery

It was Easter Sunday morning, 1927. I dropped in to see Joan Crawford in her former home in Beverly Hills. She was sitting at the little kidney desk in the living room, writing a letter. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. A sob mingled frequently with the scratching of the pen. Page after page of the letter which she was writing was strewn around her.

"Why Joan, what is the matter?"

"I am writing to my mother. We quarreled. I am apologizing. I didn’t mean it. I am begging her to forgive me."

I looked at her in bewilderment. I knew about that quarrel with her mother. Joan had been in the right. Her mother had made a mistake— as any mother might.

"But, Joan, your mother—"

"Please! I was wrong. I am her daughter. I should not have quarreled. And it is Easter. It is the day on which all mistakes are forgiven—"

Joan sent the letter in which she assumed all the responsibilities; the letter which brought her mother back to her.

Probably no woman in Hollywood is more misunderstood than Joan Crawford. A woman who combines glamour and sensitiveness as she does, could not but be misunderstood. A woman who dramatizes life as Joan does could not but be accused of self-dramatization. Joan does dramatize herself. She cannot help it. She is as sensitive as the strings of a very old violin. Each motion of those about her hits upon one of the strings, causing a vibration. She can no more help this than a Florida resident can prevent a cyclone from descending upon him. Only the Florida inhabitant has a forty-eight hour warning of his storms. Joan has no warning.

Last month a motion picture magazine carried a letter from a fan which called Joan "artificial, shallow, insincere." It condemned her for allowing Franchot Tone and Robert Young to steal "Today We Live from her. It condemned her for her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It reminded Joan that she had said, two years ago, "If two people love each other, nothing can separate them." It said: "This proves to me that Douglas has high ideals and Joan false ones."

Joan read that letter. She read it again. She read it for two days. She carried it around with her; she carried it to bed with her. She answered it. She wrote: "You are not only unfair to my career but to my private life. I do not choose my pictures. My intimate friends, who know all the details, have not criticized me. Why should you, who know nothing of my marriage, nothing of my working conditions, do it?"

Then she tore up the letter. Instead of letting out the hurt within her by a letter, she let it out in hours of tears— tears wept when the world was not looking.

"I will never forget that letter," she told me.

Joan was not exaggerating. She will never forget. A woman who feels as deeply as this does not forget the things that have hurt her. She can’t. It would be easier for her if she could. Those people whom God has created to feel too deeply do not
have an easy path. They must stumble continually over sharp stones, prickly tumble weeds and muddy ruts. There is never a straight, well-graded stretch of road before them.

Last week Joan greeted her old friends, the Lawrence Oliviers, upon the set of "Dancing Lady." She had not seen them for many months. The Oliviers had accompanied Joan and Fred on their trip to Europe. It was not an easy meeting. So much had happened to Joan since that journey. So much must always happen to her between journeys.

There were fifty chorus girls on the set. Innumerable people of all descriptions. It was a big scene. Joan sat her guests upon canvas chairs and drew her own close to them, dropped her voice to a confidential murmur.

Suddenly, a girl sitting close by, pulled off dark glasses. "Oh, hello, Joan."

The girl was another famous motion picture actress; one under contract to the same studio.

"Why didn't you tell me you were there?" Joan exclaimed. "I did not know that you were. You had your back to me."

And, the next day, a worker in the studio told Joan that this other actress claimed that Joan did not recognize her. "Getting high hat. Success has gone to her head. I used to know her well. But now—"

Joan went to the actress; apologized the second time. "I didn't recognize you—" Joan turned away crying. She cried until the new make-up, which she had put on at noon as she always does, was ruined. "You must not cry about little things, Joan—" the director told her.

But Joan cries about little things as well as big. She has always cried about them. She always will. A woman whose soul is tuned like the susceptible strings of a violin must always feel the small vibrations as well as the large.

Last Christmas, Paul, the script boy on Joan's pictures, was run over by an automobile. "Little Paul" she called him. The hospital called her at four o'clock Christmas morning.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"Do! Do! Why take care of him, of course."

[Continued on page 70]
The Girls They

Girls! Lots and lots of girls. The prettiest girls you ever saw—simply swarming all over the lots since the revival of musical pictures. The studios are very pleasant places to visit, these days! There is even a shortage of lovely young things—as dance director Dave Gould found when he began casting "Rolling Down to Rio" over at Radio.

Busby Berkeley has signed a hundred and eight of them for "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor opus. The shrewd Warners have put fifty or so little darlings under contract—sort of left-over from " Forty Second Street," "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Footlight Parade." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has four musicals in production and some more scheduled for early autumn, with requisite choruses and ballets. Well, you can see the fix Mr. Gould must have been in!

It isn't easy to find them. Sammy Lee at Metro, rehearsing twenty-eight for numbers in "Dancing Lady," informed me, laconically, that the group was the result of some five thousand applicants and interviews and tests.

"Well, how in the world do you choose them?" I gasped, watching the rhythmic gyrations of the chosen. "What do they have to have?"

"Beauty—of the photographic variety. The sort of beauty which registers in a flashing close-up. Youth—the sort of—er—dewy kind youth. Freshness, innocence, enthusiasm. That is why their time is so short in this sort of work. Two years—three at the very most. It is different, of course, on the stage. The audience isn't so close to them!"

"You see, they become accustomed to the job so quickly. They meet a lot of people, they stay out at night, the whole thing gets to be an old story so soon. Then they are no good to us any more—for choruses or ballets. Enthusiasm—interest—these are more important than anything else. If a girl wants to be attractive, she must be interested in something—eager about something."

"So far as physical attributes are concerned, it is difficult to give any rules. The dancers average five feet one or two inches in height. Show girls may be anywhere from five feet three to five feet ten! We look for well rounded figures—but a very tall, thin girl with no figure to speak of may be a breath-taking per—"
A Certain Type of Girl is in Demand in Hollywood, and Here Are the Specifications.

By Helen Louise Walker

and forth, across the great, echoing stage, to the blurred, tinny sound of a piano. Mr. Lee's two assistants lounged in directors' chairs, watching them, interrupting from time to time with curt admonitions.

"Strengthen that line, Peaches ... Adrienne, what do you think you are doing? No! No! Now, girls, snap it up! Heads up, hands thrown back—way back—Give it something, do you hear? Now, let's see you do it!" The men had the mechanical patience which you see in teachers of very young children.

Back and forth, back and forth ... Lovely young things. Blondes, red-heads, startling brunettes. Little feet tapping, bodies swaying, rounded legs twinkling ...

"They must not," Sammy Lee was saying. "Tamper too much with their own natural coloring. I had to keep one of my favorite girls out of this picture because she had dyed her auburn hair black. It added ten years to her age . . . made her hard . . . it didn't go with her skin. 'I just wanted to see how I would look!' she told me. Well, the way she looked just kept her out of a job.

Lots of girls have wanted to see how they would look if they turned platinum blonde. They have succeeded merely in taking all the character out of their faces, making themselves look artificial and a little cheap. A natural blonde is interesting, nearly always, because she is so rare. Artificial blondes are so common, these days, that they are a drug on the market. We want girls who look like natural beauties ... no matter what type of beauty they are!"

I invaded the "Roman Scandals" company one evening, in search of that energeic young man, Busby Berkeley. The United Artists lot hummed with an unwonted activity.

"Mr. Berkeley is on stage Five. No, he is on Three. Well, he was on Three ... " I trudged to and fro. Plate glass and chromium sets were being built. Carpenters and electricians looked up from their work and rose with courteous directions. The red-haired girl in the little office was busy swapping stories with shirt-sleeved men. There were guffaws. . . . Someone opined, at last, that Mr. Berkeley might be found in the wardrobe, "dressing some girls." I

[Continued on page 63]
The double page illustration on pages 38 and 39 was especially taken for Silver Screen. It is practically the only offstage shot of Garbo and her company at work, and is the first picture of her as "Queen Christina."

Great Garbo is Great on the Screen Because in Her Own Life She is Capable of Deeds of Beautiful Graciousness.

Garbo is a serious artist. Her selection of the story of a Swedish Queen was inspired by a fine sense of patriotism.

The great Garbo.

They have put that adjective in front of her name so many times that it sounds almost as natural as Greta Garbo.

In 1925, a young, unknown Swedish girl landed in Hollywood. On the studio lot, they laughed at her. Her clothes were certainly ridiculous and she was unlike any other actress who had ever reached the heights. Today that girl is the queen of motion pictures—her name is known in every city and hamlet of the globe—and she has influenced the thought and style of a whole generation of women.

That makes her a great screen star, the greatest, next to Mary Pickford, who ever lived. There can be no question that she is a great actress.

But is she a great woman? Is she one of Hollywood’s six great women of all time?

So few people know anything about Garbo, the woman. Millions of words have been written about her and left behind them only a greater mystery. Sometimes it almost seems that there is no such person as Garbo, the woman; as though, once she left the magic shimmer of the silver sheet, she vanished, like some princess in a fairy tale.

But I know certain things about Garbo, the woman, and I do not hesitate for one moment to rank her as a great one.

For she possesses to a remarkable degree
The greatest qualities a human being can possess—loyalty, courage and honesty.

How do I know? I will tell you. Greta's first years in Hollywood were not happy ones. The glorious and exotic, the world-famous figure which we know today was then only a homely young girl, a stranger in a strange land. All her life she had been intensely shy. Behind her was a background that gave her neither ease nor camaraderie, neither worldly knowledge nor social training.

From the poorest of poor families, from the lowest class of Swedish home, without a single advantage except those she carried within herself with infinite courage, the girl had fought her way up step by step from a barber shop, a department store and a tobacco shop into the theater and the motion picture studio. It had required the greatest sacrifices to win her chance at all.

She was not like most American girls, accustomed to meeting people and able to handle any situation.

So, still in her teens, inexperienced and frightened, she found herself in Hollywood, 6,000 miles from home and with but one friend—Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who had insisted that she be given a contract to accompany him to America.

It was with Stiller, long before the recent drama that brought Garbo and Gilbert together once more, that Garbo showed for the first time that great loyalty which never forsakes her, which she carries through at any cost, which she will go to any lengths to uphold.

For, when Stiller, who had been a very successful director in Europe, failed miserably in America, Garbo—who, on the other hand, had scored a great hit and was offered a fine opportunity and a fabulous salary—wished to return with him to Sweden, there to make pictures with him. Garbo fought for Stiller, long before she was in a position to fight for anything at the studio. When misunderstandings robbed him of a chance to direct at all, she begged that he be given one opportunity to direct her. When he was taken off the picture, at first she refused to go on with it without him. Only the fact that Stiller would not accept her sacrifice prevented her from throwing up her new and wonderful career and following him into the obscurity in which, not so long afterwards, he died.

Her loyalty to the man who had given her her chance was unbreakable, and to this day she never fails to give him credit, though he can no longer know nor benefit by it.

Some women, of course, might have done that. But not many, for it is not easy to give up a glowing future.

However, few women would have done the amazing, astounding, the generous and loyal fight which Greta Garbo has just done for John Gilbert.
"YOU'RE GOING TO TALK"


By Elizabeth Wilson

S O YOU'RE going to Hollywood this winter? Well, don't just put the money back in the bank, or your stocking, or underneath the mattress or wherever you are keeping your money this year. For twenty-five cents, or fifty if you want to be de luxe, you can see "Bombshell" in a few weeks now, and my darlings, when you have seen "Bombshell" you have seen more of Hollywood than the oldest natives.

A Wampas Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, a quiet but no means dull afternoon at Palm Springs in the desert, the topsy turvy Brown Derby, a studio set on the M-G-M lot with an actual picture in production, the authentic interior of a star's dressing room, the hot cha cha Tia Juana (which, translated, means Aunt Jane for no reason I have ever been able to find out), the publicity offices of a major studio, the good old county pall, and one of those little rented forty-room affairs in Beverly Hills which a movie star so quaintly calls "home." They're all there, and what's more they are actually what they are.

The exteriors of the movie star's home are actually exteriors of Mary Miles Min-ter's home. The Cocoanut Grove is actually the Cocoanut Grove, where the most famous stars in the world have dined together and started rumors. And the star's dressing room used in the picture is actually, my dears, Jean Harlow's own dressing room on the Metro lot. The portable dressing room on the sound stage, where "Red Dust" is having retakes made, is also Jean Harlow's own personal portable dressing room.

That's seeing the real Hollywood now, isn't it? No tricks done with mirrors in this picture except Frank Morgan's nose.

No fakes or delusions. No hokum. As Ted Healy says of his sister in the picture. "She's all wood and flat on the table." It doesn't make sense! Naturally, it's Hollywood.

"Yes, Hollywood is really laughing at itself at last," they tell you. "Ha, ha, ha. Hollywood can take it. Ha, ha, ha. Well, it has been a long time since Eddie Lowe first glared at Victor McLaglen and snorted. "Oh yeah?" But it's still a good answer on occasions like this. For between you and me and the Rimplegans' gatepost, Holly-wood can't take it. There's too much gosh-awful truth there for the village of make-believe, where tears come out of a glycerin bottle. Already the rumors have started—the whispering campaign is on. The studio press agent took great pains to explain it to me as we drove along Foot-hill Boulevard, on the way to Palm Springs where the "Bombshell" company was on location.

"Of course, it really isn't Hollywood," the nice man said. "It's only the Hollywood of the fan magazines. (Huh) It's what people from Iowa and Kansas and Texas expect to see in Hollywood and never do. It's what the public likes to think of their movie stars—not what they actually are. In other words, a tourist's conception of Hollywood. Now you and I know there's no truth in it."

Well, that "Oh yeah?" still holds good. I just happened to have read the script of "Bombshell," and I just happen to know what's been going on in this town in the last few years behind closed doors and satin drapes. And, my dears, take it from your Aunt Hattie, who has been so much she's pop-eyed. "Bombshell" isn't just what Kansas thinks of Hollywood—it's what Hollywood really is. Every incident in the story has actually happened here at some time or other. Good old Hollywood in the flesh, not a picture. Howja do?

I guess to make sense, although it is a bourgeois trait these vague days, I had better tell you about the people in "Bombshell" before we go into those little incidents that have actually happened—and how! "The Hollywood Bombshell is the trade name of Lola Burns, screen star, played by Jean Harlow. And, according to Jean, it's the best rôle she has ever had, which is saying a Joe E. Brown mouthful when you consider how well Jean did by "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Lola Burns is a real movie star, and don't let the "confession" stories tell you differently. One minute she is as sentimental and sticky as a candy Valentine, and the next moment she goes bombastically mad, screaming and scratching in as beautiful a tantrum as Pola Negri ever had. The pub-lic sees her as an exotic orchid and as..."
mysterious and shimmering as the seashore in the moonlight. To them she is GLAMOUR. But we see her as a rather dumb little girl from Peoria, imposed upon by a chiseling family, and forced into a hardened sophistication before she is even out of her teens. She's merely the pawn of Publicity.

And that brings us to Lee Tracy, who plays Space Hanlon (there happens to be a Scoop Conlon in Hollywood) who is the dynamic press agent for Monarch Pictures and generally accepted as the "guy who put Lola Burns over." Frank Morgan plays Pops, Lola's bibulous father, who used to run a livery stable in Peoria but now breeds horses in Beverly Hills with Lola's money. And where have you heard of Pops before? Ted Healy plays Bro, a drunken, gambling ne'er-do-well, who hasn't seen the necessity to do a day's work since Lola was "discovered." What a family! But I've seen worse in Hollywood.

Then there's Una Merkel playing Miss Mac, Lola's chiseling secretary, and the little items brought out about Miss Mac are faintly reminiscent of the Daisy De Voe trial. Remember Clara Bow's Daisy? And there's the Marquis di Binelli di Pisa who is eager to keep himself married to one of Hollywood's richest stars. And where have we heard of a Marquis before? Nils Asther was supposed to play the part of the scheming Marquis but walked out on the role and it fell to Ivan Lebedeff, the hand-kisser of Hollywood. When Lola tells Space that she is thinking of marrying the Marquis, Space snorts, "What are you doing? Playing follow the leader?"

Then there's Jim Brogan, the director, who "knew Lola Burns when" and is eager to pick up the old — er — friendship now that she has be- [Cont. on page 54]
SEX IS BEAUTIFUL

Mae West Sexplains It All.

By Patricia Keats

Well, Aunt Emma can keep the birds and bees. She can get a thrill out of their nesting and having for we don't need them any more. Mae West has torn the veil from hypocrisy and come right out into the open (well almost) on this Sex business. And it's about time somebody did. Hollywood has been snickering and giggling over Jean Harlow's kissing gowns. Marlene Dietrich's pants and Ernst Lubitsch's beds for months and years now and feeling so naughtily abandoned. They had poor old Sex so deformed and disfigured by its insinuations and pretenses that the poor dear was just about to be blackballed from the best clubs—women's clubs. Sex is beautiful, really—Mae West says so. Yes, it took a blonde from Brooklyn to grab Sex up out of the mire and put it on a paying basis. And does Sex pay! If there's any doubt in your mind just examine the boxoffice receipts for "She Done Him Wrong."

Let's get analytical about this Sex business for a moment or so—fascinating subject, isn't it, or do you prefer long walks? If you take Sex seriously it isn't Sex. It is just vulgar and low, but if you go in for that thing with a joie de vivre and a hey nonny nonny and a dash of vermouth, and let yourself be carried away by a wave of genuine emotion, then who shall say you are this and that? Well, of course, some people will always say you are that imaginative being a great hit on the screens throughout the country, not to mention London and Paris and Pago Pago, and all because you didn't pretend what everybody else was pretending. That's the secret of Mae's success. For example, when Jean Harlow first started in pictures she pretended to be a nice girl who didn't notice that her dress had practically slipped off of her. But Mae notices, there's the difference. There's no hypocrisy about Mae's brand of Sex. And if you're going to talk about Sex, says Mae, all right, but don't think you're going to talk about nitches and birds and bees.

Just look at "She Done Him Wrong." You probably have, three times or more. No movie star in Hollywood has ever had such a personal triumph. The picture has already netted over two million dollars for Paramount and it isn't through yet. To date it has played seven thousand return engagements—which, as Gregory Ratoff says, is "sensational!" And even "Night After Night." Mae's first picture in which she played only a "bit," has chalked up over 5500 return engagements simply because on the second runs Mae got top billing. Does Sex pay? I'm telling you.

And how does Mae feel about this Sex she has let loose in the cinema city, where the cosmic urge is still believed to be a violet ray? I was eager to know myself, so one morning, recently, I invaded the forbidden precincts of stage 23 on the Paramount lot, where Director Wesley Ruggles was putting Mae and Kent Taylor through a snappy scene. In "I'm No Angel," the next Westian opus, as you doubtless know, Mae is a voluptuous lion tamer in a circus, who has made a lot of rich and eligible men—has made them see things her way. Particularly has she "fascinated" Kent Taylor, a very indigo blue blood who is so eager to "come up sometime" that he is panting in the nostrils. But Mae's a dame what takes her time.

Her opulent hips (padded, my dear) were sheathed in a clinging petunia colored velvet dressing gown which frankly told all. Mae turned on the heat, the cameras began to sizzle and Mr. Taylor began to burn. She shifted from left to right in a series of undulations that would turn the North Pole into Hot Springs, and then she gave him the famous Westian eye business—down on his shoes, his ankle, his knee. [Continued on page 56]
Who Will Be the QUEEN of Hollywood?

If Mary Pickford Abdicates—What Then, Little Man?

WHERE will we find the next royal home of Hollywood society, should Pickfair happen to go on the block? 

Who will succeed to the crown worn until now in great dignity and formal simplicity by Mary Pickford—almost from the moment of her marriage, thirteen years ago, to Douglas Fairbanks?

A few chance lines in a gossip column— "Mary Pickford is planning her last party at Pickfair. It will be a sumptuous, formal occasion and will no doubt mark the passing of Pickfair as the hospitable home of the great visitors to movieland"—set me to wondering about the future of Hollywood social leadership. Wondering, as you have, no doubt, since you heard of the crash of the Pickford-Fairbanks dynasty.

Will lovely, dignified Norma Shearer, will merry-hearted, generous Marion Davies, will the poised, brilliant Ruth Chatterton, or—perchance a man, Gary Cooper—succeed to the dictatorship of Hollywood? Unless, of course, Mary discounts all rumors and keeps Pickfair running again this winter in the sumptuous style of the past.

A social leader in America today, and this should hold true of Hollywood too, is one who has ancestors, the prominence of achievement, or who possesses a large sum of money.

Mary, Norma, Ruth and Gary all have one or more of those qualifications. Then there is, if it should care to be reckoned with, the Barrymore family. Dolores Costello Barrymore, if she wanted to, might qualify. She is young, beautiful, of a famous stage family and is married to a brilliant, wealthy and famous scion of another stage family. Here are real aristocrats of Hollywood.

There is, too, Marie Dressler, who belongs in the Social Register and whose best friend was, for years, the great social queen, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

Mary rules by her beauty, her prestige and her flair for selecting the right people.

Beautiful Mrs. John Barrymore may rule Hollywood society.

Norma Shearer could be the queen if she wished.

Tallulah Bankhead established a social cult in London: "Tea at Tallulah's."

All of these people mentioned have qualifications of varying kinds for the job. For it is a job. Before telling you about them, let's draw a brief picture of the way Pickfair has functioned—an imaginary picture, say, of the "last party," should Mary decide not to continue her social activity and keep her crown.

Guests will travel to Pickfair, a simple, unpretentious looking white house from

[Continued on page 60]
WATCHING STARS AT
How They Act When They Are Acting.

SUCH a spell of unusual weather as we've been having out here! The sets are literally blazed internos. Everybody is in a bad humor and nobody speaks to anybody else, except the visitors from Podunk and Squeegee, who are used to humidity back home and who still find it all too, too wonderful.

At Columbia
TWO sets roused me from my torpor. One of them was at Columbia—no less!—and was erected for "A Man's Castle," which not only has Frank Borzage for director but that swell actor Spencer Tracy for the star and Loretta Young, who's certainly improving by leaps and bounds with every new part she plays, for the leading lady.

But that set! I've seen impressive ones in my time but this is probably the most picturesque one ever erected. It's called a "depression camp" and is laid on the banks of the East River in New York. Now, you might think a depression camp (the home of a lot of down-on-their-luckers with no place to live) would be very depressing and uninteresting, but far from it.

It's nothing but a lot of lean-tos. The roofs are weighted down with over-turned baskets, bricks, washtubs, cracker boxes, broken chairs, sticks, worn-out brooms, pipes and what-have-you. An entire stage has been converted into this camp. Dirt has been piled on the floor, whole hills thrown up and, at one end, a shallow stream of water has been constructed along the floor which, when photographed, will fool you into thinking you're seeing the East River. Shrubs are growing up out of the floor. There is a clothesline with a man's shirt and a pair of long drawers hanging on it, to give the place a lifelike atmosphere.

It is a night shot and in the background (and the whole background is constructed in what is called "miniature")—that is, the buildings and all are scaled down so that when the camera photograph them they will seem to be as far in the distance as though they really were a mile or two away—is New York's sky-line—the Woolworth Building and the Empire State Building (with even the light stop it) and other noted structures! The Brooklyn Bridge is there and below it, running at an angle and dwarfed in comparison, is another bridge over which a miniature train runs. There is the sound of the river swishing.

Spencer's shack is on top of one of the hills. A guard rail made of two strands of barbed wire runs along the path leading up to it. Hardboiled set-visitor that I am, I gasped and gulped and my throat tightened. This isn't a reproduction of New York—it is New York and the work and ingenuity that must have gone into the construction of this scene gets you.

Spence is a rootless roamer, irresponsible and hating restraint of any kind. At the moment, to make ends meet, he is dressed in full evening clothes (silk hat, cane and all) and wearing a sandwich board advertising a certain brand of cigar. "Why," you ask, "the evening clothes?" Because, my dears, if you saw a man in evening dress wearing a sandwich board you'd turn around to look at him, whereas if he had on dilapidated clothes you'd pay no attention.

In his wanderings he encounters Trina (Loretta Young) who has no place to go. So big-hearted Spence offers her half his bed and board. They have just reached the camp and he is showing her the lay-out. "Here we are, Whoosis," he announces. "Bagdelle on the Hudson—the fastest growing community in the East. Some day when I'm in the mood I'm going to start a Chamber of Commerce to tell the world about it. How do you like it?"

"Geel" says Loretta enthusiastically, "it's swell!" She looks out over the squaal little settlement and her enthusiasm mounts. "I've been here a whole year and never knew there was a place like this."

"That's the best part of it," Spence answers, his face glowing, "the privacy. No rent, no taxes—nothing. It's the only way to live. Running water (pointing to the river)—a whole river of it. And," he adds impressively, "the joint is simply lousy with southern exposure."

To my way of thinking Spencer Tracy is the best actor on the screen today. There's nobody who reads lines with the naturalness he does.

"Hey, mugg," he says coming over when
the
WORK
By
S. R. Mook

the scene is finished.
"I thought you were coming up to dinner last month when I saw you."
"I was," I mutter.
"I might just as well tell you the truth; I forgot."
And a dull red suffuses my mobile face.

From the set of "A Man's Castle" I wander over to the next stage which gave me a thrill, where Helen Twelvetrees, Wallace Ford and Victor Jory are acting in "My Woman." This is the picture Nancy Carroll walked out of when she went to Honolulu. Helen is home today playing with the baby and Wally Ford is laid up with blood poisoning, so Victor Jory is

She finally gets him on the radio and eventually his big chance comes. He's a sensation and, of course, gets the swelled head. Several times he arrives for his broadcast in a drunken condition. Once he is so intoxicated he knocks over the microphone. The next day the sponsor of his program (Joseph Girard) arrives at the station. He and Jory are in the latter's office—a modernistic affair with silver-striped walls and low furniture. In the window is a bronze nude.

"Is that nude a reproduction of a famous statue?" I ask Victor Schertzinger, the director.
"It's a genuine bronze," he replies, "and here's something funny: I've a bisque reproduction of it in my home."
The lights are set and the scene starts.
"It's an absolute imposition, Mr. Bradley," Girard storms to Jory. "We're spend-

[Continued on page 64]

for November 1933

The much discussed "Design for Living," with Franklin Pangborn, Miriam Hopkins and Thomas Graydon.

The picture "Penthouse" gives George E. Stone a "killer" rôle, Warner Baxter has the rôle of a detective.

"The House on 56th Street," a gay vinettes story with Kay Francis and Gene Raymond.

holding down the fort.
There is nothing startlingly new about the plot but it's a good one with several novel situations, and it is the sort of thing both Helen and Wally do best. They are married. He is a shiftless, lazy, ex-vaudevil- lian, vain and egotistical. On a steamer going through the Canal with them is Jory, head of a big broadcasting chain. Helen meets him and asks for an audition for Wally,
The sprightly verve of Bob on the screen is the real Bob.

On a hot afternoon in late summer, I went to see Robert Montgomery. He was then making personal appearances at the Capitol Theatre in New York, and, for several days past, scraps of information concerning his sensational welcome there had been leaping up at me from every newspaper I chanced upon.

At each performance the theatre was packed to overflowing. Apparently Mr. Montgomery was serving as a magnet to draw more money into the Capitol coffers than had any single film star before him. In the unique language of "Mr. Glogauer of the Movies," it was COLOSSAL! And I had thought there was a depression going on.

With such far-flung popularity and success to set his sails, naturally it was with blithe assurance that I forced a path through the hungry (not in a dietary sense) group of pretty girls and eager matrons who blocked the stage entrance.

At the head of a flight of cold stone steps, in a tiny cubby-hole of a dressing-room, I found the cause of all this excitement—a tall, slim chap, with large clear blue eyes, light brown hair, a fair skin and as genial a smile as I've encountered on the face of any man.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said after we shook hands, "but I've almost lost my voice. The cooling system in the theatre has done things to my throat." And he patted the ac-

When Robert Montgomery Made a "Personal Appearance," the Girls Came in Crowds.

fending member gently.

"My editor promised me that you would be gay, insouciant and charming," I admonished him none too gently. "I might have known you'd go and have a toothache or something."

"No, just a sore throat," he said soothingly. "You won't mind if I lie down, will you?" - suitably the ac-

Silver Screen!
CUSTOMERS
By Lenore Samuels

tion to the words with the deliberate ease of a thoroughly healthy individual determined to make the most of a temporary indisposition.

"Go right ahead. I've always had a yen to try out my bedside manner on a good-looking young man."

"I'm sure you'll do very well indeed," he assured me with a puckish grin as he reached out and dragged the nearest chair closer to his couch. "I have to conserve my voice, you see."

I saw, or, at least, I heard. My boasted feminine intuition also warned me that perhaps this exceedingly gracious young man might have preferred sleeping or reading or gargling his sensitive throat during these few hours allotted him between five performances each day, but I very wisely refrained from letting him know how intuitive I was.

And so, as they say in the legal profession, we got down to cases.

"Are you surprised at the ovation you're receiving during this 'personal appearance' engagement?"

He nodded his head so emphatically there was no need for an answer.

"Well, then, are you being bothered by the crowds that haunt the stage doors begging for a sight of you?"

"H'm! I'd be a good deal more bothered if they weren't there at all! The worry is that there may come a time when they won't be there..." His voice trailed off into space and I said nothing knowing that time, in its flight, sometimes behaves most perversely.

"Have you ever studied mob psychology?" I went on. "What sort of people do you suppose they are—these anxious autograph hunters, I mean, who hang around for hours waiting for the briefest glimpse of a celebrity?"

He parried my question with another.

"Haven't you ever hung around the street waiting for a prominent person to show up?"

Sheepishly I had to confess to a full hour spent around the Hotel Astor waiting for President Roosevelt to put in an appearance that never materialized.

"And I once waited hours for a glimpse of President Coolidge." Mr. Montgomery informed me with a sorry shake of his head, "only to learn that 'in person' he was just as disappointing as his unkindest critics have accused him of being."

"At least your curiosity was gratified." I said. "But these crowds downstairs—do they ever catch a view of you coming or going? I felt sorry for them when I came in, it was so warm on the street and they looked so eager and hopeful."

"The other night," said Montgomery, "coming from dinner at Sardi's, I stayed

[Continued on page 58]
"Watch These Stars—"

Says Walter Wanger


By Maude Cheatham

"The day of the beautiful dumbbell is over. It takes talent to win success on the screen now."

So says Walter Wanger, dynamic young production executive, who has been a forceful influence in motion pictures ever since he became affiliated with them in 1920.

Wanger is always the pioneer and he is responsible for many of the forward steps in the film industry. Sincere, and with the courage of his convictions, he is ever eager to fight to win his goal, ever ready to gamble on some new personality, story or innovation that looks promising.

While bubbling with enthusiasm, he is level headed and practical. He has no slams for past failures or mistakes, and he is optimistic as to the future. He thinks motion pictures the most exciting and most progressive of all industries.

I caught Mr. Wanger in his "watch tower" office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other morning, and, sandwiched in between previewing a reel of a new film, conferences with two directors and, at least, a dozen phone calls, I gathered enough material to fill a volume of movie history. He is a fluent talker and I hate to leave out a word, for everything he said was interesting and his comments, touching many screen favorites, were illuminating.

"It doesn't require genius to find new personalities and new talents," he said. "Hollywood is full of both. There is no question that personality is ninety percent of success on either stage or screen—a player must have that indefinable something that captures the interest and intrigues the imagination of the audience. There must, however, be talent to back this up."

"Silent pictures were merely a manufacturing process and didn't depend upon acting ability. Physical
beauty and appeal sufficed. But, with the coming of sound to the films, there was a demand for dramatic technique to insure sustained careers. A few silent players made good, but many stage trained actors were drafted to take the places of those who depended wholly on looks to get by.

"Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo are two glorious exceptions. Neither have had stage experience, but both are women of rare intelligence and possess so much creative imagination that they have set a swift pace for even theatre trained stars to follow. They are students of their art and take their careers seriously, recognizing a responsibility to the vast audiences that have acclaimed them.

"We have stars, writers, directors and technicians who are skilled. Talent abounds. The point now is to co-ordinate. It isn't temperamental stars we have to deal with in Hollywood; it is temperamental and often ignorant men in charge who hinder the development of motion pictures.

"Now that we have sound, I believe pictures should subsidize the theatre. After all, they are basically the same. Both stage and screen will be enriched when players can go back and forth between the two, getting fresh inspiration from each medium. I've always contended that if an actor can hold a theatre audience, he can do the same in a screen play. Granting that sometimes the camera detracts or increases the personality of the player, the fact remains that acting and dramatic talent are the same in essence whether given directly over the footlights or via the screen.

"I was Production Manager of Paramount Studio for ten years and when sound came in I was responsible for bringing many stage stars to the screen. I recall when I decided to see what Jimmy Durante could do in films. My associates said I was crazy, but Durante had been bowling over revues and night clubs with a special brand of humor and I was convinced he could do the same in films. He was anxious to try it too, and was tremendously serious about the whole thing. We put him in a picture, 'Road House Nights,' and his success fully justified my opinion. Durante still interests me as much as any screen personality and I consider him a genius with overwhelming talents.

"Miriam Hopkins, on the New York stage, displayed a sparkle and an elusive quality that would enhance the screen. We tried her out in a little film, 'Fast and Loose,' and she fulfilled our expectations even though the picture was not so good. Chevalier was due to make 'The Smiling Lieutenant,' and Ernst Lubitsch, who was to direct it, gave Miriam a chance in that. The result is screen history. She is one of the rarely talented film players we have today.

"Claudette Colbert invariably suggested glamour on the stage and there was no reason why, with her youth and beauty, she should not carry it to the screen. Her first picture, 'The Lady Lies,' proved this. Claudette is glamour -personified.

"Here's something amusing. Every actess we took from the stage, Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, to mention but a few, were deathly afraid of the screen, afraid of Hollywood. They wouldn't sign a contract unless there was a clause saying they could return to the stage when they wished. Yet not one of them went back. There's an excitement in motion pictures, a greater variety of roles, more money and world fame. Who can resist such a combination?"

Mr. Wanger tells, with a laugh, how he was responsible for the rediscovery of Lee Tracy. Lee had been dropped by Warner Brothers following "The Blessed Event" and seemed out in the cold, cinematically speaking. Wanger engaged him for "Night Mayor" and he turned in such a grand job that he was soon off to what has proven to be one of the most spectacular careers of the screen. All he needed was a boost and "Night Mayor" gave it to him.

It was Wanger, too, who borrowed Nils Asther for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," in which he made a sensation. Now he is being starred, the result of another boost at the critical hour.

"I consider the Marx Brothers among our greatest artists. We gambled with them several years ago, for one picture. Gambled, you understand, with Paramount and its resources back of us. At the time we felt that one film would go well in New York, Chicago and a few other large cities where these comedians were known as popular vaudeville headliners. Well, we were due for a big surprise, for the film made a tremendous hit all over the country and even became an international success, showing for twelve weeks in London, where the Marxes had failed dismally in their one vaudeville appearance.

"Why was this? No one knows. No one knows what movie audiences want, they don't even know themselves. They think they want this or that, but when it is handed to them on the golden platter, they go trailing off to another theatre were something entirely different is being shown. No one knew they wanted Mae West—or 'She Done Him Wrong.' Probably if audiences had been asked, they would have said, 'We want our heroines slim and willowy; we want our product up to date; we yearn for refined fun.' Yet look at the riot Mae and her picture have created.

"Perhaps it is a surprise quality in star or story that movie patrons like. People absorb so rapidly [Continued on next page]"
these days. When they want something, they go out and get it in such large quantities that they are soon satisfied and begin looking for something new. So the screen must keep supplying some novelty, some fresh angle to please them. Too, I believe there must be glamour and romance thrumming through all motion picture entertainment in order to catch the public's fancy."

Mr. Wanger describes Hollywood as the backstage of a vast theatre, an exciting, busy work shop. But backstage offers only the theatre atmosphere, with its gossip, its politics, its heartaches and triumphs. When the show is over it is good for players to get away from behind the scenes long enough to get a fresh perspective. He says that is where Chevalier is so smart. He makes a couple of films, then goes to Paris and back to the stage, and thus never gets stale.

"Chevalier is a great chap," said Mr. Wanger. "I first met him in Paris, soon after the war, at dinner with a mutual friend, Wally Johnson, of the American Embassy. I was tremendously attracted to him at that time, but, of course, neither of us dreamed that within a very few years Jesse Lasky would bring him to America, and that we would become so intimately associated in pictures."

"Lubitsch is another remarkable man. He is one of the greatest forces in this business and I hope to see him become a producer as well as a director. With his keen sense of dramatic values his judgment would be invaluable in the production of pictures."

When I asked Mr. Wanger which of all the pictures he had supervised he considered the best, his reply was quick and emphatic. "The Royal Family" and "Laughter." Each held a particular charm for me and I am proud of my share in their success. However, "The Letter," supervised by Monte Bell, is perhaps my favorite picture. In fact, I do not believe this has ever been topped in point of dramatic and emotional climaxes. Jeanne Eagels was an artist she was! She was ill during the filming of the picture but insisted on keeping on. It was amazing to watch her as the great actress rising to thrilling emotion and power before the cameras, only to droop into a sick little girl the minute they stopped clicking. Both stage and screen lost something very precious, very fine with her passing.

"And Jean Harlow, there's a start. Just watch her. It was Charles Laughton who suggested Jean for the role of Alice, in 'Alice in Wonderland.' I agree that this would be an inspired choice, for she would not only be the pictorial ideal but she also has the rare dramatic powers so necessary for Alice's portrayal."

"Loretta Young is another of my favorites. I consider her among the most promising of our younger players. She has 'class,' and distinction; she glows with an inner radiance, and her beauty is fairly breath-taking at times."

"Joan Crawford has not yet reached her pinnacle. Joan burns with ambition and masters each rung as she climbs to the top. To someone who has been in the film business this is/eventful in screen history, so Mr. Wanger believes, and he hopes one of the high lights will be the luring of Noel Coward to films. In him, says Mr. Wanger, will be found not only a new personality but an actor of individuality who would prove a great asset to motion pictures."

Among the players that he expects to make the most important strides are Bing Crosby, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Loretta Young, Franchot Tone, Miriam Hopkins and Ray Robson. Grand character actress who is having her chance, at last, to prove that films appreciate acting at its finest.

To my question as to whom he considered the greatest personality so far developed on the screen, Mr. Wanger paused a moment, then replied, "There have been three, Rudolph Valentino, John Gilbert, and Greta Garbo."

"Garbo is remarkably like Isadora Duncan, in artistry and in temperament. Both, beyond criticism. Both, honest and sincere."

Mr. Wanger laughed, "You had better not get me started on Greta Garbo, for I am one of her most ardent devotees. I have always admired her acting, her dignity and courage, and now that I am associated with her—you know, I am supervising her new picture, 'Queen Christina.' I find her a wholly delightful woman. True, she is moody, she is shy and reticent. These are characteristics of the Swedish people. My wife comes from that country, and I have many Swedish friends, so I appreciate the temperament. But among those she knows and likes, Miss Garbo is a charming, entertaining woman and a gracious companion. She loves pictures and is well informed on every angle of the business. She has no conceit, no false vanity and she doesn't like to be talked about it. She takes supreme courage to stand by and see herself misunderstood, criticized and condemned merely because she insists on living life as she pleases without her private affairs all over the front pages. Garbo could not live in a crowded atmosphere and her diffidence is absolutely sincere, it is not a pose."

"'Queen Christina' was Miss Garbo's own idea, she suggested it and has spent months in research during its development. She is more interested in pictures than she has ever made. On her return to Hollywood, she viewed Marlene Dietrich's film, 'The Song of Songs,' directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and was so pleased with its subtlety and delicacy and especially with the handling of the romance, that she asked for Mamoulian for her picture. I firmly believe this combination will prove the most brilliant that has ever been achieved between star and director."

"Mamoulian is thirty-two years of age, of Armenian birth, but Russian education, and an artist to his finger tips. He directed some of the New York Theatre Guild plays and I brought him to the screen because I felt we needed his fresh and original viewpoint, and his courage."

"'Christina' offers Greta every opportunity for her talents. It tells the story of a 17th century Queen of Sweden, who lived a 20th century life. It is vivid and dramatic."

Walter Wanger began his career early. When, at the age of twenty, he formed a partnership with Nahum, he took her picture in "Citation Sheep." Now, at thirty-nine, he has brought his splendid executive ability to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer staff. He told me this year is destined to be especially eventful in screen history, so Mr. Wanger believes, and he hopes one of the high lights will be the luring of Noel Coward to films. In him, says Mr. Wanger, will be found not only a new personality but an actor of individuality who would prove a great asset to motion pictures."

While Claudette Colbert was recovering from her attack of appendicitis, we took her picture. She's off on location now, making "Four Frightened People."
TRACING the TRAVELS of TRACY

By Jack Jamison

EVERY star in Hollywood owes his success to personality, but that old saw holds truer of all for Lee Tracy. Personality—his mile-a-minute conversation, his zippy wise-cracks, his unending energy, his snapping fingers—is what Lee has to offer the screen.

All of us want personality, so we're naturally curious as to where Lee got his. His life so far hasn't been measured in months and years, like most of our lives, but in a chain of adventures, and all of them exciting.

Lee's father was a railroad executive. He was moved around the country a lot, and Lee's life, from his boyhood up, reads much like a railroad time-table—Arrive 8:03 A.M., Leave go A.M., you know, like that. From the time he was a baby, his family moved to a new city regularly once every four years. Lee's life and adventures can be traced by the towns he lived in. For instance:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Not many people have adventures when they're only one year old, but Lee had one, at that age, in Atlanta, where the family was living at the time. A colored nurse, a gigantic woman as black as coal, used to take him out for a ride in his baby-buggy every afternoon. Her name was Campaspe. Campaspe had a gentleman friend, down the street from the Tracy's house, a colored man named George, who was a gardener for one of the neighbors. She used to park Lee in his buggy out on the sidewalk, and go in for a chat with George.

The street happened to be on a hill. One afternoon the brake on the baby-buggy let go, while Campaspe was visiting her friend, and Lee, in his buggy, started rolling down the hill, going faster and faster with every foot. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was a lamp-post at the bottom of the hill. The baby-buggy brought up against it with a crash, and Lee sailed through the air. As they say, after an accident, there were no fatalities; but Lee's adventuring, you see, can really be said to have started when he was no more than a year old.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

They moved from Atlanta to Louisville when Lee was 4. Just before they moved from Louisville he was 8. And, just before he was 8, Lee became a local hero.

The family's house in Louisville was next to a bunch of vacant lots, on which a fine crop of weeds flourished. During the summer the weeds dried out, and, as was more or less inevitable, one day somebody tossed a match or a cigarette-butt into them, and they caught on fire. A solid sheet of flame was roaring down on the 'Tracys' house inside of an incredibly few seconds. Lee was alone in the house with his mother, who was upstairs in bed, recovering from a dangerous appendicitis operation. Most small boys of 8 would have gone to pieces. Lee did not. Keeping his head, he told his mother not to worry, trotted to the corner, smashed the little glass in the red fire-alarm box and turned in an alarm, and trotted back home to tell his mother that it was all right; the fire-engines would be there in a minute. And they were.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

From Louisville the railroad transferred Lee's father to Kansas City. Lee arrived there dressed in a cowboy outfit that was complete even to goatskin chaps. He thought he was in Indian territory for sure! But there were no Indians, so, for the time being he had to stop having adventures. The only adventure he had was to get himself elected captain of the school baseball team, and this he accomplished by studying the game from a rule-book.

Moving so often from town to town, he had never gotten in with a crowd of children his own age and he did not know how to play any boys' games. So he bought the rule-book, a ball, and a mitt, and sneaked off by himself after school in the afternoons, where the other boys couldn't see him. There, alone, he practised catching the ball—tossing it up on the roof and catching it when it fell off. It is a slightly absurd picture, and, at the same time, it created in him the throt—the small, tow-headed, lonely boy trying desperately to learn to be like the other boys. Soon he was unlimping every sand-lot game the kids in the neighborhood played. It really sounds like a Horatio Alger story, but within a very few months he was not only the steady 'ump,' but team captain as well.

Maybe Lee's screen success isn't such an accident after all.

ALTON, ILLINOIS

After an eventful session in a St. Louis high school, Lee's travels brought him to a military academy in this town. On his very first day there he was caught smoking. In six months more he was down for every crime on the list—tardiness, not keeping his room clean, sloppy uniform, all of them.

But then, suddenly, something happened to him. To the commandant's astonishment, overnight he turned into a model cadet. The reason was that, by this time the war was on. When he reached the

[Continued on page 53]
LILIAN HARVEY
LEW AYRES
in
MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody,
beauty and fun

with
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON • SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS
B. G. DeSYLVA Production
Directed by David Butler
Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and
Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva
THE witchery of Dot is not confined to Hallowe’en or to “Take a Chance,” which she made recently. After her two years in vaudeville, she is back with Wheeler and Woolsey, and working on a l. t. contract for Radio, with only time out to feed her Thanksgiving chickens.

DOROTHY LEE

Ernest A. Bachrach
DICK'S vacation in the Indian country this year so inspired him that he is quite excited over the plan to do "Massacre" next. How well he is looking! Success, which dogs Richard's footsteps year after year, cannot change him, nor adulation steal from him his modest charm.
"Morning Glory" made a tremendous success. It played to one hundred and fifty-four thousand people in one week at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City. The tender pity that Katharine stirred in our hearts for the little heroine, promises well for "Little Women."
We like "location" pictures and loathe trick shots. Dick Arlen and Julie Haydon actually travelled to the vast wheat fields near Pendleton, Oregon, to make "Golden Harvest." Julie Haydon, the girl who looks like Ann Harding, scans the far horizon as Dick points the way to a golden harvest in pictures.
AFTER months of patient study, Anna is ready now to make a picture in English. An adaptation of "Nana," by Zola, will form the basis of her first film. This beautiful German girl is expected to outshine all other imported stars. Which is pretty tough on Garbo, Dietrich, and Lilian Harvey. She is lovely enough, certainly, so let her win if she can, and welcome.
JACK is a western hoss-opera villain now in "To The Last Man," and he takes it in his stride. Since his forceful personality first appeared on the screen, he has tackled many parts, mostly mean, and made each vicious rôle shudderingly real.
If "MY WEAKNESS" has as gay an atmosphere as these pictures indicate, Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres have a success to put up with. Here is no panic-stricken stranger trying to make good, but a rollicking, beautiful spirit, poised and confident. We are glad that Lew, too, has a break.
UNDER the direction of Rouben Mamoulian, the much talked of picture which signalizes Garbo's return to the screen is now under way at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.
THIS exclusive photograph shows Greta Garbo as Queen Christina, in a scene with C. Aubrey Smith. The story of "Queen Christina" is based upon the life of a Swedish ruler of the picturesque years, when every garment was a "costume." It is in this picture that John Gilbert plays the part of a Spanish nobleman—lover of the queen. Mamoulian, the director, is seated on the stool at the right. (See story on page 16.)
"A Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young, promises to be a sensation.

"The Power and the Glory," the picture which introduced a new method in story telling.

SPENCER TRACY

More Power and more Glory to Spencer, who has come through as one of our best picture players. His versatility enables him to wear a sailor's cap in "Shanghai Madness" and a silk top-per in "A Man's Castle."
This is the swimming pool of Jean's new house—and Jean herself. She has a great deal to smile about, for the notices of "Dinner at Eight" were very complimentary, and "Bombshell" is already winning favorable comments.
"The Last Trail," with George and virtue triumphant.

They're in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case."

"The Worst Woman in Paris" and the old tempter.
HELEN VINSO
GEORGE RAFT
It's "Midnight Club," and who's afraid.

JUDITH ALLEN
BING CROSBY
In "Too Much Harmony." Why, that's impossible!

PAT O'BRIEN
MAE CLARKE
"Flaming Gold," and Pat up to his tricks again.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
JOHN BOLES
It seems that "Only Yesterday" is the title.
CHARLES FARRELL

"AGGIE APPLEBY, Maker of Men" is Charlie's new picture for Radio. He has been studying steadily since he left Fox, and great things are in store for him.

Character studies of Charlie in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men"
HANDS THAT CARESS MUST BE ALLURINGLY SMOOTH

Hands always play a leading role in love ... from the first lingering hand-clasp, the first embrace. This is why screen stars keep their hands so alluringly smooth ... why you should, too, if you want your share of romance. And it's so simple! After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that merely "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates, to heal, soften, protect. And Hinds costs so little!

FRANCES FULLER'S beautifully smooth hands add much to her charm. With GARY COOPER in Paramount's "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON."

NEW! Try Hinds Cleansing Cream for your face ... by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Liquefies, floats out dirt ... 40c, 55c
RUSS COLOMBO
Begins his screen career in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

SARI MARITZA
Cast in "Beautiful," with Ann Harding

MIMI LAWLOM
Educational Pictures discovers a beauty for their comedies.

GEORGE BANCROFT
Twentieth Century Pictures sees in George just the man for "Blood M
“Sh-h! I’m Happily Married”

Fay Wray Has a Tough Time With Monsters, But Gets Along O.K. at Home.

By Ben Maddox

LOVE, as grandma talks about it, seems to have had about as much chance in career-bent Hollywood as a dowdy gown in La (“Streamline”) Crawford’s fall wardrobe. I mean love—the real thing!

What with so many divorces and separations, to “preserve” mutual respect, annoying us lately, most of us have been ready to adopt Mae West’s creed that love is just a losing racket for a movie girl and you’re going to get your fingers burned if you play.

Then Fay Wray eases into the spotlight and completely upsets the theory that husbands and lady stars won’t mix!

Now Fay isn’t a newcomer. She’s been acting in the movies for quite awhile. But it didn’t seem to make much difference. A pleasant-enough ingenue, her spot was a modest one, in the background.

All of a sudden she has been given some meaty roles, and her excellent work forces us to realize that she has evolved astonishingly. Today, recognized as a first-rate actress, she is right up in the definitely important class. In the money, too, with contracts at both Twentieth Century and Columbia and frequent calls from the other major studios to be filled in her leisure.

When we stop to figure the how and why, we come smack against the fact that it is her happy marriage which is directly responsible for her increased charm and ability.

She doesn’t want to emphasize her success in love. Fay is a little superstitious, claiming that those who have bragged the loudest have tempted the gods. She is content to be thankful in private. And that is why you have never once heard her discourse on how to catch or hold a man, standard topics for interviews.

Yet last June she celebrated, quietly, her fifth wedding anniversary! Maybe the disillusioned cynics are wrong. Look what love has done for Fay!

It has transformed her from an extraordinarily shy, vague girl into a poised young woman of depth and understanding. It has taught her to think courageously and it has given her marvelous inspiration.

“I used to be guided by my intuition rather than by intelligence,” she frankly.

[Continued on page 72]
Primo Carnera and Max Baer in a fight scene from "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." The law forbids shipping real fight films, so smart old M-G-M has taken the boys in action, to show the fans just how the world's Heavyweight Champion and the Contender match up. Jack Dempsey referees the fight in the picture, which turns out to be a draw.

That robin's egg blue car you see chassing across the country belongs to Georgie Raft, and that dark young man at the wheel is Georgie. He has a month's vacation from his studio and has decided to drive to New York and give Broadway the once over—and incidentally let Broadway give him the once over.

The greatest sensation that has been made on the Metro lot was caused by Ed Wynn asking the publicity office to send more sight-seers over to his set. Poor dear Mr. Wynn doesn't know yet that a movie star is supposed to growl every time a tourist or a writer comes on his set.

Jack Oakie calls Bing Crosby "The Groaner," which is a very good name for him if you happen to be one of those people who dislikes crooners.

Wait'll you see it! Whew—and a couple of oh boys! That spider web negligee Mae West wears in "I'm No Angel" with a big rhinestone spider placed just so on it!!

Jeanette MacDonald will dance in J "The Cat and the Fiddle" and Barbara Stanwyck and Carole Lombard will sing in their next little opuses, respectively entitled "Broadway and Back" and "The White Woman." If you haven't sung—or danced—in a picture these days, well, you can't belong to our club.

Loretta Young is being seen around a lot with Spencer Tracy these days—and nights. Guess you heard that Spencer and his Missus have come to the parting of the ways.

Marie Dressler stops at the mike, as she attends the premiere of "Dinner at Eight," to say a word to her friends everywhere.

Ramon Novarro insists there is nothing "serious" between him and Myrna Loy, but Ramon never misses a day visiting Myrna at the studio.

Jimmy Cagney's next picture will be "The Finger Man," and he'll have two leading ladies, Mae Clarke and Patricia Ellis. In one of his early pictures Jimmy once socked Mae Clarke in the face with a grapefruit, and the sock was heard round the world as every newspaper reviewer commented upon it. It was the first time a "dame" had ever been socked so effectively on the screen.

The first day of "The Finger Man" when Mae and Jimmy were going over their lines together on the set, a huge box of grapefruit arrived. Everybody laughed but Mae.

Bill Cagney. Jimmy's brother, has had a lot of interesting and exciting experiences since he arrived in Hollywood because he is the very "spittin' image" of his famous brother. Every time Bill takes a girl dancing at the Cocoanut Grove Jimmy gets the credit, or the discredit, and it makes things sort of hard for Mrs. Jimmy Cagney. Bill was getting awfully sick of this mistaken identity business until the other day when he really got a break. He was walking to the Green Room on the Warner lot when a stranger came up to him and stuck a ten dollar bill in his hand.

"Thanks, Jimmy," said the stranger, "that's the ten bucks I borrowed from you last year in New York."

Now Bill has decided that the mistaken identity business may be remunerative after all.

Jack Oakie and Judith Allen were walking into the Paramount restaurant together while "Too Much Harmony" was in production. Judith was carrying her Pekingese, which happens to be a breed of dog that Mr. Oakie just can't admire under any conditions.

"You'd better leave that thing out here," Jack said to her. "Look at that sign on the door. NRA. It

Clara Bow is at work on "Hoopla," which is "The Barker" done over. Here she is with her two cousins, Johnny and Lillian Bow, during training schedule. Clara now weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds.
GOSSIP

means No Rabbits Allowed.

SALLY EILERS' two most ardent fans are her mother and her father. Her first important picture break came in "The Goodbye Kiss," a feature made some years ago by Mack Sennett. It played down in Los Angeles at the Million Dollar Theatre and mother and dad went to every performance," Sally will tell you. "They saw it exactly twenty-five times. The ushers all got to know them, and kept two seats reserved just for them. 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Eilers,' they'd say. 'We hope you will enjoy the show again.'"

THE prop men on the "Queen Christina" set (lucky boys) will tell you that when John Gilbert came on the set for his first day's work in the Garbo picture he found Madame in a medieval bed. "Gee, it's colossal," John blurted out like a little boy, but these prop men, unimaginative creatures, don't know whether he was referring to the bed or to the fact that he is once more Garbo's leading man. But we know all right. "Colossal" used to be John's pet word in the old Garbo-Gilbert days and you can be quite sure Garbo remembers it well.

ONE of the most attractive foursomes about Hollywood is made up of Una Merkel and her handsome husband, Ronald Burla, and Madge Evans and her fiance, Tom Gallery.

The virtually obsolete term "polyandry" has assumed a new significance now that Lubitsch is filming Noel Coward's "Design for Living," which deals with polyandry in polite modern society. (That's right, you'll find it under "p" in the dictionary.) Anyway, when Dick Arlen asked a stenographer at the Paramount studio if she knew anything about "polyandry," she bright young thing sweetly replied, "Oh, you mean Lona Andre's sister? No, I don't know her." Look out, Gracie Allen!

WHENEVER that grand actress Alison Skipworth wants to get out of something she doesn't relish (like a "sitting" in the gallery, or an interview, or an afternoon tea) she always says, "I'm sorry, but I'm leaving for New York on Monday." "It's really no fib," "Skippy" explains, "I don't say which Monday, and when I do leave it will be just like that. I'll pack Saturday, rest Sunday and fly on Monday.

GARY COOPER likes the role of "Bill Grimes," which he plays in "One Sunday Afternoon," better than any part he has ever had in his long movie career. Personally, we liked him best as the young ambulance driver in "Farewell to Arms."
PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING

Rating: DELIGHTFUL—Fox

JANET GAYNOR, a little Irish girl this time, with a far better accent than you usually find on little Hollywood Irish girls, simply romps through her latest picture with such infectious gaiety that we get all rompishy too. We haven’t liked the petite Janet so much in a long time. There’s little or no plot to the picture, but with a superb cast and the most marvelously scenery that these old eyes have feasted on in many a day, we can’t go straining at gnats’ wings. What’s more, there’s Walter Connolly, that simply grand actor of the New York stage, getting his first really big picture break. As Major Adair, Janet’s charming and impertinent father, Mr. Connolly dominates the picture and gives a performance that will long be remembered.

The story’s about two sisters, Janet and Margaret Lindsay, who live with their father in an Irish seacoast town—in a great big ancestral home, every brick of which is heavily mortgaged. But Margaret is in love with Harvey Stephens, and Janet in love with life, and Walter Connolly can’t worry long about anything so they’re all quite happy until Warner Baxter drives up in his Rolls Royce and insists on marrying Margaret, whom he met three years before. Margaret doesn’t want to marry Mr. Baxter because she’s in love with Harvey, but she feels that she owes it to her father, poor dear, to bring some money into the family. So Janet feels called upon to fix things in order that Margaret shalln’t sacrifice herself on the Golden Altar, and she manages things so effectively that Warner Baxter falls in love with her and Margaret refuses to speak to her for over a year. But of course there’s a happy ending. There’s a charming atmosphere about this picture and young and old will like it.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

Rating: EXCITING—Warner

This picture is laid almost entirely in the department of the police force which is given over to the search for missing persons. Naturally, then, there are a lot of sub-plots and a lot of people wandering around quite heedlessly. But the main plot concerns Lewis Stone, Pat O’Brien, Bette Davis and Alan Dinehart. Pat is a detective on the robbery squad, who is transferred to the bureau of missing persons and attempts to bring two-fisted methods to that department.

Lewis Stone, the head of the department, tries to teach him a gentler method of dealing with missing ones, but Pat refuses to soften up until Bette Davis enters his life. Bette is searching for a fictitious husband, who is in reality a murderer who has escaped justice by allowing her to be suspected of the crime. Alan Dinehart is splendid as the murderer. Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert contribute most of the very gay comedy, with Glenda Farrell also making merry in a big way. All the little sub-plots are interesting, too, and you can count on this picture to give you an evening’s entertainment.

TORCH SINGER

Rating: Fine—Paramount

The worst woman in New York—and the best torch singer—is that’s Claudette Colbert in her new picture. And why didn’t somebody tell us that she could sing before? Naughty old Paramount for holding out on us like that. Why that gal can put over everything from a honky-tonk song to the most sensational torch song of the year, “Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love,” with little lullabies about “baby boats” tossed in now and then. Where’s she’s a honey.

We find Claudette bravely and gallantly trying to support her illegitimate baby, whose father has gaily skipped off to China leaving her to go through hell alone. World weary and broken, and almost crazy from the cries of her hungry baby, she signs over her little girl to an institution for adoption, promising never to try to find the child again.

Life has given her a raw deal and she no longer has any respect for life or men or herself. She gets a job in a honky-tonk, clicks almost over night, and becomes the swellest torch singer in New York, in Broadway’s most glittering night club. Her escapades and love affairs make her notorious—which naturally helps business at the club.

She meets Ricardo Cortez, an official of a broadcasting company, and while visiting him at his studio one night finds “Aunt Jennie” fairly fainting with fright over her first broadcast on the Pure Foods hour. Claudette (the torrid Mimi Benton) saves the situation and broadcasts the Aunt Jennie program. She is a tremendous hit and is signed by the president of the company at once—provided the identity of Aunt Jennie be kept a deep dark secret.

And so Claudette is torn between the what-the-hell-does-it-matter attitude of the infamous torch singer and the maternal tenderness of Aunt Jennie, who loves little children and tells them bedtime stories over the radio. A great yearning for her own little daughter possesses her—but the institution will tell her nothing of the child’s whereabouts. By means of the radio, Claudette starts her mad search for a little girl named Sally whose birthday is September 2nd. In a fairy-tale manner, but quite all right, she finds her baby in the home of its father, David Manners. Sentimental and all that, but you’ll love this picture. And you must hear Claudette put over a torch song!

SOLITAIRE MAN

Rating: EXCELLENT—M-G-M

Ralph Forbes, Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall.

SIX people in the narrow confines of a passenger plane’s cabin, high above the English Channel, are doing something very thrilling, does it? But that’s where you’re wrong. This is one of those intensely dramatic pictures which, by its own restraint, makes you break out in a cold
perspiration. It's as exciting as the edge of a volcano.

Herbert Marshall plays a thief (and when Herbert Marshall plays a thief there is none other) who has pulled his last job and is on his way to his native England to live in peace and security with his co-workers. Elizabeth Allan and May Robson and Ralph Forbes, for the rest of his life. Yes, he is going to turn honest and furthermore he is going to marry Elizabeth Allan. But Ralph Forbes is in love with Elizabeth too, so he turns yellow and tips off a police informer, Lionel Atwill (who does a little thieving and murdering on the side) that Marshall is on the plane. Well, things happen. The sixth passenger is none other than Mary Boland playing a nervous, talkative American tourist who takes a sentimental interest in Mr. Marshall and eventually brings about his release.

All these things happened in England. The picture is perfect anyway you look at it. Don't miss it.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD
Rating: DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT—Warner
Here's a picture that packs a regular Primrose Path wallop! It's about the youth of today, both boys and girls, who are forced by poverty to leave their homes and roam the highways and byways seeking food and shelter wherever they can. All of us, who have made any automobile trips at all this last year, have seen dozens of these kids, jumping freight trains or hitch-hiking or gathered in shivering groups around roadside fires at nights. Young nomads of the road.

Otto Kruger, Mae Clarke and Lee Tracy.

Well, the clock turns back and we next see Tracy, a young man now, investing his $400, and by his ability to forecast events becoming a powerful financial leader. Sure enough he marries Peggy, but she two-times him behind his back and carries on something awful with C. Henry Gordon. Between the unhappiness brought him by his money and his wife, Lee is pretty miserable and all ready to go back to his little cigar store and Mae Clarke and lead a simple, wholesome life once more. But he has to wait for time to roll around again.

It sounds like a "moral" picture—and so it is—but it's so fast and brittle and funny and pathetic that you won't even notice that there's a lesson in it. Lee Tracy has a grand part, of course, and puts everything into it. Peggy Shannon is beautiful and gives an extraordinary fine performance of the giddy wife. Mae Clarke, Otto Kruger and Clara Blandick are all good.

SHANGHAI MADNESS
Rating: So-So—Fox
Spencer Tracy, a likeable young lieutenant in the United States Navy, gets kicked out of the navy over in Shanghai for firing on a Communist settlement in China.

Eugene Pallette, Spencer Tracy and Herbert Mundin.
The fact that the Communists fired on his boat, killing several of his men, does not change the verdict of guilt. Such is justice in the navy, it seems. Embittered by what he terms a raw deal, Spencer tries to get on every boat pulling out of Shanghai, but no captain will have him on the crew, on account of his discharge from the navy.

Finally, because he befriends the son of a wealthy Chinese war lord, he is given a place as a gunner on a river boat, captained by the hard-drinking, humorous Eugene Pallette. The river boat is carrying arms to the garrison that are fighting against the Communists. Spencer bravely leads an attack upon a group of the Communists about to take an American settlement, and as a reward for his bravery and daring is received back into the navy.

Fay Wray is the daughter of a rich American in Shanghai, and spends most of her time pursuing Spencer. She even stows away on his river boat, but is put ashore at the American settlement where Spencer later rescues her. Well, it's one of those pictures you might like and you might not, depending upon your mood. Anyway, Spencer Tracy and Eugene Pallette give extraordinarily good performances. Also in the cast for small parts are Ralph Morgan, Herbert Mundin and Reginald Mason.

**TOO MUCH HARMONY**

*Rating: Pappy—Paramount*

**This** picture has the speed of Cary Cooper's Duseenberg and the dash of Jean Harlow's new evening gown. (We saw the latter at the opening of "Dinner at Eight" and we're still gasping!) In fact, it's got so much snap and pep that when it's over you feel as if you'd just spent the night on a roller-coaster. It also has the swellest music and dance routines that you've seen in many a day. And, of course, there's Bing Crosby, the schoolgirl's delight, so say no more about it.

The story's about three young and healthy members of a vaudeville team who are getting no place in particular and having a hard time getting there. They're Jack Oakie and "Skeets" Gallagher and Judith Allen (you last saw her in "This Day and Age").

It's just an old routine of four-a-day or nothing, to the manner born. Bing Crosby, a big New York star, happens to catch their act walking papers. It just so happens that with all the funny business going on, poor old Jack is simply crying his heart out for Judith—ye olde Laugh, Glow, Laugh motif again—but Mrs. Officer's little boy Jack puts it across so well that you don't mind at all. And, by the way, Mrs. Officer (or Mrs. Oakie, if you prefer) gets her first movie "hit" in this picture by playing Jack's mother, and is about the proudest mother you've ever seen. In a cast brimful of talent, Jack walks away with all the honors. But that isn't demeaning the rest of the folks for they're right there on Mr. Oakie's heels.

**BEAUTY FOR SALE**

*Rating: Excellent—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

**Somebody** had the bright idea of writing a "Grand Hotel" about a Beauty Shop, which was quite a good idea until Madge Evans and Una Merkel and Florine McKinney came along, and got us so interested in their lives that we didn't care a hangnail about permanents and manicures and facials and such.

These three girls are operators in Madame Sisca's (Hedda Hopper) classy beauty salon, but it is their life away from the shop which intrigues us so. Madge Evans, as Letty Lawson, has her best screen opportunity to date, and she gives a performance so charmingly sincere and emotionally beautiful that you'll think about it for many months to come. Madge falls divinely in love with Otto Kruger, rich and married, and can't make up her mind what to do about it. Una Merkel, hurt by life several years before, has become a professional little gold-digger and is out to get big prizes. She does! Una certainly makes Sin look attractive. Florine McKinney falls desperately in love with Phillips Holmes, and when he walks out on her she jumps to her death from her apartment house window. This decides Madge. In an effort to forget the fascinating Mr. Kruger she accepts Eddie Nugent, Una's wine-cracking brother, but when she reaches the church door finds out that she just can't go through with the marriage.

**BING CROSBY SCORES**

But ah, in the meantime, the devastating Alice Brady, playing Kruger's jibbering and neurotic wife, has found a new interest in life—an ambitious young architect. So she's off to Paris to get her divorce and leaves her sweet, ingratiating husband free to marry Madge, who has been carrying the torch for him all the time. May Robinson is perfect in a small part and so is a newcomer to the screen—Isabel Jewell, known about town as "Lee Tracy's girl friend."

**BRIEF MOMENT**

*Rating: Most Entertaining—Columbia*

**Carole Lombard** does some of the best acting of her entire screen career and by-gosh, can she act! Just as we were beginning to think that maybe she's just a hot looking fashion plate, along she comes and delivers the sweetest acting performance we've seen since Miss Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory." And she still looks like a million dollars.

Carole plays a night club singer, the class kind, who is very much in love with her play-boy husband, Gene Raymond.

Gene Raymond and Carole Lombard.

Gene's blue blooded family resents his marriage to the blues singer and does everything to break it up. Gene's a happy-go-lucky guy with no ambition except to get drunk every night with his pal, Monroe Owsley. Carole puts up with him as long as she can, but when he continues to hit the bottle she leaves him. Later Gene realizes how much he loves his wife, so he reforms and goes to work under an assumed name.

As the spoiled play-boy husband Gene gives an excellent performance, and the restrained way he handles his drunk scenes is something to get excited about. Arthur Hohl plays the night club owner, who is secretly in love with Carole and always hovering around to see that she gets a square deal from Gene. Reginald Mason plays the social register father, who is not at all concerned with his son's business success, but deeply interested in his social success. A most entertaining picture, all in all, and you're bound to rave about Carole and Gene when it's all over.

**I LOVED A WOMAN**

*Rating: Excellent—Warner's-First National*

**Well** fatherhood hasn't hurt our Edward G. Robinson any. His newest picture is his best yet—and it seems to me that we've been writing about Eddie in superlatives ever since "Little Caesar." But, honestly now, this is the best. The picture started out in life as "Red Meat" but will be released as "I Love a Woman," which is sort of quaint and Hollywoodish, isn't it?
Romance in Chicago

Kay Francis and Edward G. Robinson.

Silver Screen for November 1933 53

But with its title change its quaintness ends, for here is the most powerfully dramatic picture you have seen in a long time. It is biographical of the life of one of Chicago's millionaires whose disgrace made sensational headlines not so long ago.

Eddie plays John Hayden, the head of Hayden and Company, the leading meat packers in Chicago. We meet him first as a young man ecstatically appreciative of the beauties of Greece—a suttee and a Grecian urn mean more to him than all the canned meat in the world. But his father dies in the midst of his vacation, and Eddie has to return to Chicago to assume the leadership of the meat packers.

Still romantic by nature, he meets Genevieve Tobin, the daughter of a rival packer, and she woos him with "Annie Laurie" and plans for child welfare among the children of the factory hands. Eddie is so busy being romantic and philanthropic that his business almost goes bankrupt.

But, in the meantime, disappointed in marriage with the scheming Genevieve, he has met Kay Francis, a young and ambitious woman who knows that she has the power in her to become a great opera singer if she can get the financial backing. She sings "Home From the Range" to Eddie, always a sucker for songs, and Eddie not only gives her the money necessary but also gives his love. Kay thrills him with the power of leadership, and for the first time Eddie, wholly under the influence of this beautiful and dynamic woman, swears he will reach the heights in his own career.

Kay returns to New York for a concert season, and Eddie learns from her own lips that he has always been just one lover among many in her life. Infuriated, he plans to become the richest man in the world, intending to use the World War to double his millions. But he has become crazy with power and frustration, and the day the Armistice is signed he finds that he is a ruined man—with a Government Investigation on his heels. He turns to his wife—but she, in jealous revenge, refuses to stand by him. And so alone, but for his faithful secretary, he flees in the dead of night to Greece. A thrilling and dramatic picture! You must see it.

Lee Tracy [Continued from page 29]

minimum age-limit he could go to war as an officer, if he left the school with a good record.

When graduation time came, the former bad boy left school with a perfect record. He was chosen, one out of 28 boys in the whole school, to go to Camp Lee, Virginia.

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA

And at Camp Lee, Fate played Lee a bad trick. They made him an officer the instant he was 21, and he thought that he was going to France and an adventure—but, sad to relate, with all his military experience he was too good. Officers able to drill the new recruits flooding in from all over the nation were badly needed. Lee was kept at the camp to drill rookies.

"But I got my little round just the same," he chuckles ruefully.

He strolled out to the camp proving grounds one afternoon to watch some ordnance officers test a batch of new trench-mortars. Nothing much was happening except a lot of noise, so, bored, he turned and started so saunter away.

BOOM!

A big mortar blew to bits. Three ordnance officers were killed, and a half a dozen men in the distant camp streets were badly injured by fragments. Lee got a good-sized piece of jagged shell-case through his right hip.

SAYRE, PENNSYLVANIA

The War over, Lee went home in his best uniform to decide on a future career. The way he decided is absolutely characteristic of him. An engineer? "No, the way I hate mathematics." A doctor? "Not when I flunked German three years straight." A lawyer? "Not when every second man you meet on the street, almost, is a lawyer."

"So," he says, "I picked the show-business because, if you made a hit in it, the rewards were tremendous." Just like that.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

When you go to New York to be an actor, however, it occurred to Lee, the thing to do is to get a job on the stage. Other people seemed to have trouble doing that. But did Lee? That, too, is a characteristic answer. He looked up a list of plays for three years back, memorized half a dozen casts and names, located an actor's agent, breezed in, and, before the agent could catch his breath, was raffling off:

I was leading-man with the No. 4 road company that toured the South.

Talk about Horatio Alger! The agent did give him a job, in a vaudeville sketch which, by coincidence, actually played the South!

That's how easy it is when you have a Lee Tracy personality! For, once he had gotten in, work on Broadway followed easily enough.

HOLLYWOOD

If we wanted to tell you all of Lee's adventures in Hollywood we'd have to go back and start all over again. But here, at least, is a sample.

Not so long ago Lee drove up to Santa Barbara with a girl-friend to sit on the sand and twiddle his toes in the sun. Somebody lent him an Eskimo kayak. (They rent them on the beach at Santa Barbara.) You know what they are—those little canoes that you wear like a pair of pants. The darned things turn turtle if you so much as breathe on them, but, oh, no, Lee had to get in and paddle halfway across the Pacific! Of course, when he got out a mile or so, his lunch shifted in his tummy and over he went, hanging upside down under considerable water.

So what did Lee do? So he nonchalantly swam in, dragging the kayak behind him. When he finally made the beach, lay-owners noted that he still wore the tasty white baret—which you saw it—he wore in "Night Mayor."

Charles Chaplin has done a lot of funny things in his time, and while taking his exercises follows the tradition. That's Charlie in the middle, with Pauline Goddard tickling his feet. It's all in the spirit of fun in which the comedian delights. It is his yacht and his party.
You're Going to Talk about "Bombshell"  [Continued from page 19]

Mrs. Middleton: An actress? That—that movie star?
Mr. Middleton: You’re not the Lola Burns we’ve been reading about in all the newspapers?
Lola: Yes—that’s right—but I can explain it all. You see—

But Mrs. Middleton has fainted and has to be carried out, while Pops takes a good strong drink to brace himself. It’s the first time ever men a gal who wasnt thrilled at seeing a movie star in the flesh.

Naturally they had to shoot the scene over and over again, so between takes, I talked to Lee Tracy who is one grand guy if there ever was one. I had seen Lee and his girl at the gala premiere of "Dinner at Eight" the night before, and Lee was never so dressed up in all his life. Tails and scar and a high topper. Whoopee, my dear. When he entered the subdued silence of the Chinese theatre the audience began to applaud (the only star they applauded before the official introductions) and poor Lee turned as red as a beet I guess—It’s the jewel influence.

Lee used to look pretty shoddy, and the studio couldn’t get him to dress up or put on any ‘dog,’ but now Mr. Tracy, with the cute little Isabel on his left, is all the gay social places. Did you see Isabel Jewel in "Beauty for Sale?" It was her first picture and believe me she kept those other girls stepping around to see if they could steal the picture from them. Lee was so proud of her that he actually accompanied her to the preview. Isabel has a "hit" in "Bombshell." She’s the most demimondaine, named Nellie, whom Bro picks up down in Tia Juanna and brings back to the Lola Burns mansion promising her a start. And, as we say, it’s not only pretty, but it won’t be long now before she’ll be getting leads. Isabel has been known so long in Hollywood that “Lee Tracy’s girl friend” that it will be most amusing if she becomes a hit and people start saying of Lee Tracy “he’s Isabel Jewel’s boy friend.”

Hello yourself, Jean! "Dinner at Eight" opened in Hollywood, and Jean Harlow heard herself put over a fine performance.

"Hello yourself, Jean!" "Dinner at Eight" opened in Hollywood, and Jean Harlow heard herself put over a fine performance.

his red head shining, is in all of his glory.

Pops: (wringing Gifford’s hand) Yes, a thoroughbred, I can see that. Fine head—eyes wide apart. So you’re taking the jewel from my crown, eh? Well, my boy—

Lola: (quickly) Here—father—sit down—

Pops: (to Mr. and Mrs. Middleton) I presume this was all as much a surprise to you as it was to me? Well, I guess we oldsters can’t keep pace with the modern trend of today—eh, Mrs. Middleton. (He gives her a poke with his cane.) Things move faster than when you and your husband got together, eh?

Mr. Middleton: (quite hoity toity to Pops) I knew a Burns at Harvard. George Burns. Class of 98. Any relation?

Pops: Probably the New England branch of the family, I prepared for Harvard myself. Splendid school. As my tutor used to say to me when we traveled through Europe together—

Lola: (uneasy) Here, Pops, have some tea. Bro: (trying to be pleasant) Maybe the folks would like a little drambuie? Pops has a pint on the saddle.


There’s an interruption while a little girl comes up and asks Lola Burns for an autograph, explaining that it is for the Lola Burns club at home.

Mr. Middleton: What a forward child. Mrs. Middleton: What on earth does she want your autograph for?

Lola: (to Gifford) Didn’t—you tell them, dear?

Gifford: Why no—not yet—I thought they’d meet you first and then—

Mrs. Middleton: Tell us what?

Lola: That—that I’ve been in pictures.

The Wampas Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, the arrest of the Marquis di Binelli by the U. S. Government for overrunning the time on his passport, the star walking out on a picture after a fight with the publicity office, and trying to hide and get away from it all at Palm Springs, etc., etc., etc., while she has a little love affair on the side—all these things have actually happened in Hollywood, some of them too, too often. "Bombshell" a tourist’s conception of Hollywood! That’s out.

When we reached the scene of the "location," the patio of a charming home, I realized that after all was said and done I was really a lucky girl. Usually on these location trips, you travel miles and miles and get hung up by publicity, and photographers, (which is sure to arrive in some awful place eventually and discover that all the stars have taken off the day and a few extras are all that remain which will naturally be found on the cutting room floor. But lucky gal that I am, I found Jean Harlow, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Ted Healy, d’ Aubrey Smith and Mary Forbes acting one of the funniest scenes in the picture. And, waiting for his scene—which was next—was Lee Tracy accompanied by his girl, Isabel Jewell. And watching their "Baby" were Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, Jean’s mother and stepfather. What a field day for a fan writer! But how could even greet anybody I was sh-h-shed.

"Turn em over. Quiet. Camera, show the directest. If at all possible I’d like to see a studio chair that doesn’t squack just once before I die. And of all the squeaking studio chairs, Jean, start the damn thing into a chair. "LOLA BURNS" printed on the back.

The publicity man whispered to me that Lola, who has fled to Palm Springs to get away from the Jameson estate (where she has just signed for Gifford Middleton (played by Franchot Tone) of the elegant Boston Middletons, and in this scene the Hollywood Burns and the Boston Middletons (Mary Forbes, Ralph Forbes’ mother, and C. Aubrey Smith, play Mr. and Mrs. Middleton) are meeting each other for the first time. Pops, with his head shining, is in all of his glory.

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Official in all the big studios...

“We’re washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies,” says N’Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. “Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box.”

“• “The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux,” says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in “Footlight Parade.”

“My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I’ve learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux.”

• YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there’s no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don’t trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX
now on the third waiters' button, now his tie, there at the neck, the eyes—my heavens he can't take it. That's the sexiest eye trick in the world, if you really want to know. Marie Dzietrich's left to right eye shift is like a bottle of sarsaparilla in an abstinence shop compared with it.

"When may I see you?" gulped Mr. Taylor, all搜索ing and singed. "Breakfast, luncheon, dinner?"

"Well," said Mac applying the torch, "I always have breakfast in bed—so that's out. I never eat lunch and as for dinner—um—why not make it supper—um—you fascinate me.

"Mac West is a goldenfish," Jean explained. "We named it that because of her figure, and, believe me, Mac certainly can take it. The Marquis and Brogan are fighting to get the Lola Belle and lo and behold, the thing they wrack is the artistic and futuristic goldfish bowl. The scene had to be taken eight times because poor Mac West floundered herself in a smashed bowl, floundering on the floor. I never saw a fish take such a beating, but I believe she's still alive in the end! On the carpet I pick her up and start sobbing over her because I think she's dying. I shout for some water to put her in, and she, of course, is squirting through my fingers. So I drop her in a pitcher of punch. Pops goes and says, 'Say, that's the funniest scene in the picture and I go into convulsions when I even think of it. If you could only see Mac West's expression.'"

Poor Mac—she's likely to turn up any place these days. But when one studio takes the trouble to publicize the star of another studio I guess that's fame. Even if they do call her a poor fish. Well, Mac can take it.

Sex Is Beautiful [Continued from page 20]

Gloria Stuart is making "The Invisible Man"—why there he is beside her!

Poor Mr. Taylor is practically suffocated, so Miss West carried on.

"I like sophisticated men to take me out," Mac challenged him with the childish naiveté of a cobra.

"I'm not really sophisticated yet," announced Mr. Taylor. "And you're not really out yet either," contributed Miss West.

And so it went until there was finally a good "take" and they had to give the cameras a chance to cool off—not to mention Mr. Taylor. Mac had a few moments to give me before she had to change her dressing gown and get ready for a scene with Cary Grant, the next victim for the furnace. And poor Cary, right fresh out of the hospital too. Mac is such a tiny little thing to look so hefty on the screen that you sort of have to get acclimated to her all over again. She is really only five feet four inches tall, and weighs only 116 pounds. The minute she smiles at you you know she is a swell person with a grand sense of humor.

"What kind of a character are you playing in 'I'm No Angel'?" I inquired, simply because most interviews start that way.

"Well," said Mac, "I can give her to you three ways. She's the kind of girl who is intimate only with her friends—but she doesn't have an enemy in the world. She is also the kind of girl who has climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong. And just in case I haven't made my meaning clear she is one of those girls you've heard about who could lose her reputation and never miss it when she's good she's good, but when she's bad she's bad.

"See?" repeated. "I can't wait to see. I'm afraid she's no angel. And now that you are relaxing for a few moments, would you talk to me seriously about Mac West, in 'She Done Him Wrong.' Why, sex is beautiful, really. It is one of the great natural things of life. We all know that. Why expect it then? Why, the loveliest verses in the Bible glorify sex—um—and how.

"Certainly I believe in sex. Without it there can be no romance or beauty in love. Why, love is pretty nearly all sex—and don't let the bookworms tell you differently. It takes plenty of sex appeal for a man and a woman to get by in the world today. Look at the divorces in Hollywood. Most of them could be easily avoided if the wife would take the trouble to apply a little allure. Why, the most absurd thing I ever heard of are these Hollywood divorces with the two principals announcing all over the town that sex was the cause. I love sex and other though they don't want to keep on living together. Of course they don't love each other—that's too silly for words. One or both of them has lost sex appeal. It all comes down to that. If I get married—and I certainly expect to one of these days—I mean to make it stick. I've never been married and I mean to take my time about it—but when I do marry I'm going to hold my man—for life—and I mean to do it with sex.

"I get hundreds of letters every day from men and women who want to know how they can attract members of the opposite sex. Strong sex appeal is my invariable prescription. I have noticed the radiation of an attractive personality. Not necessarily beauty of face or figure. Every girl is born with a varying amount of sex attraction, but the things some of them do to conceal it, you'd think sex was the smallpox. Why, there's nothing ugly about sex if it's recognized and loved it as something else in life that's frank and natural."

There were dozens of other things I wanted to ask her, but Cary Grant had arrived for his scrunching and Mac was up and at him.

"Fights—start 'em rolling—speed scene 596—action."

"Then it can depend on you. You will bring Kirk back to his senses?" inquired Mr. Grant quite coldly—but he'd melt in time.

"Um—well, that does start a new line of thought. You know you're sort of unusual yourself." Mac sidled up and gave him the eye business. "Um—you fascinate me. I think you'd better go.

I knew darned well Mr. Grant wouldn't go and that that scene would probably go on for an hour, so I left. So sex is beautiful; Mac says so, and Mac ought to know. I have heard a few things about sex—facts about things that are about Mac West from her working associates on the lot that day. The people you work with daily are really the people you are most likely to be exposed to. The man who looks for sex things on her studio test. She has never yet bitten or snapped at a fellow worker or refused to have her picture taken. She must have been a get-up-and-go girl. Get out of the Hollywood "great" come to her. Only a few days before, Mary Pickford had called at the studio and asked of the camera for a number of Hollywood parties just in hopes that you might be there. But you never showed up at any of them, so finally the up-and-coming girl gathered courage to meet you. You are one of my favorite actresses."

Then Mac told Mary what a lovely face she had.

"But I haven't sex," said Mary.

"Not on the screen," said Mac. "I know a girl in town who has called on Mac at the studio, to meet her and watch her work. Helen even asked the cameraman to take a picture of herself with Mac, and has kept it as one of her prized possessions. But celebrities are nothing new in Mac's life. They all "come up sometime. Mac won't go to their parties because she doesn't smoke or drink or gossip—so all the Hollywood Mohomets have to go to the mountain."

Blake McVeigh, of the Paramount publicity department, who gave the world curvaceous" and "Westicism" in connection with the dynamic Mac, had just been to the prize fights with the lady the night before. Mac does not go for fighting, no matter how the fights a week in Hollywood. She would go to more, but there aren't any more. She has been more than two thousand fights in her life, without ever being in a kind of a record. In fact, Mac is just crazy about fights. Hollywood parties—they can't be bothered with, but if Hollywood fights—um—they fascinate her. Blake told me how the Westian slang has penetrated far into the prize ring and is rapidly becoming a part of the vernacular. Two of the fighters were grappling together on the canvas without any of the punches that the crowd loves so much. Suddenly one of the fans called, "Hey, you're wrong and I don't have that right come sometime."

And then, again, later on the same night, there were two fighters who seemed to be a bit dainty about everything. In fact, they'd sort of fall into each others arms
and go into a dainty clinch. In great disgust a big male truck driver snorted, "You hoo. You fascinate me."

Well, the prize ring isn't the only place you find the West End slug these days. The sun never sets on "come up sometime." Parisians, who never bothered with English before, since the advent of "She Done Him Wrong" are now saying "You can be had" all over the Left Bank and even the King of England looks at Queen Mary's hats and says, "You fascinate me." Several years ago when she was in vaudeville Mae started the popular expressions, "What a man," and "Don't call me Madame." She's got a couple of new ones for you in "I'm No Angel," but it wouldn't be cricket for me to tell you—nor badminton either for that matter.

Of course it was all right for Mae to up-set the Hollywood sex drama and make it look ridiculous, and it was all right for her to put a little gin and bitters into the King's English—but now she must go and wish pansy beds and aviaries on our heads. They say that the Paris couturiers—Schiaparelli, Mainbocher and Jean Patou—all took a good look at "Lady Lou" (She Done Him Wrong) and with one accord shrieked "Chic." And that means only one thing—alas and more alas—it's going to be a hard winter for us poor working gals. Big picture hats, piled high with flowers and feathers and tule, are due for a "come-back," and now the neck will come into its own again and be used for something besides necking.

And that isn't all—proan groan—there'll be taffeta petticoats tucked around the waist with nice old fashioned hooks and eyes, there'll be long trailing feather boas that look like sick kittens after three drops of rain, there'll be marabou dressing gowns and birds of paradise and plumes, and "sheath" dresses—and horrible horrible—corsets. Mae, did you have to do this to us? And we were so happy in our little sweaters and berets.

SOME people cling to old ways to their sorrow. But the majority are quick to take advantage of the new—of the improved ways scientific progress constantly makes possible. Ten years ago the discoveries on which Pepsodent is based had not been made. Hence, it was bound to be superior to antiseptics born before that time.

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two kinds of mouth antiseptics. The old-fashioned kind that kills germs only when used full strength. The new discovery—Pepsodent—that is utterly safe when used full strength yet powerful enough even when diluted with 2 parts of water to kill germs in 10 seconds! Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence, it goes 3 times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you assurance of a pure, sweet breath for 2 hours longer.

Millions who once diluted ordinary antiseptics now realize their mistake. Be sure you choose the antiseptic that, even when mixed with water, kills germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—be safe—and save your money!

1 to 2 Hours Longer!

The new record in keeping breath pure... fresh

PEPSODENT gives greater protection because it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics... It goes 3 times as far... Makes every $1 do the work of $3.

COLDs!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

- Colds
- Head Colds
- Smoker's Colds
- Bad Breath
- Mouth Irritations
- Irritations of the Gums
- After Extractions
- After Shaving

Make sure you choose Pepsodent Antiseptic... be safe—and save your money!
in the taxi when it reached the stage door. Then I told the crowd that I had just time enough to sign all their autograph books before I made up for my next appearance. I implored them not to jest or push, because if they remained calm and quiet no one would be passed by."

"That was nice," I said warmly, and added naively, "a crowd can really behave quite well if only handled properly."

Mr. Montgomery muttered something that faintly sounded like "Oh, yeah!" But I really cannot deliberately accuse him of such a colloquialism. Aloud he said: "They did nothing of the kind. They broke the glass of the taxi's windows, they tore my tie, my shirt and everything on my person that they could lay their hands upon. I didn't have a chance in the world until the theatre hands came out and rescued me."

"There!" I murmured with just the slightest trace of sarcasm. "That's what I mean by mob psychology. None of them got an autograph, and yet you were quite willing to give each of them one."

"Ah, but you're wrong," he corrected me softly and without the slightest trace of sarcasm. "After I got safely inside the theatre, I went to the doorman out for as many autograph books as he could get, and signed every one of them."

"Bravo!"

Mr. Montgomery modestly changed the subject by offering me a cigarette. I glanced at the books strewn all around the dressing room. "I see you hit, Nathan," I said, picking up a copy of "The Fiddler in Baby." "Have you read his 'One More Spring'?"

"Have I! I consider it the finest book of the year. I met Nathan, by the way, the other night."

At this I sat up in my chair and paid attention, so to speak, for "One More Spring" is a favorite of mine also. "Do you feel nervous," I asked, "when you meet celebrities in other professions than your own for the first time?"

"Do I!" His expression was utterly convincing. "I was fearfully worried that Nathan might not like me. He's such a sensitive, finely wrought sort of person. I had an idea that he might expect me to be flamboyant and wise-cracking, as I appear in some of my films."

No analysis is further from the real Bob Montgomery than this. However, I was curious to know how the meeting went off. "Oh, we got along fine. Nathan autographed a copy of 'One More Spring' for me, writing an original poem on the spur of the moment. I wish I had it here to show you. He's a grand person."

Knowing that Montgomery has a keen appreciation of literature, having dabbled a bit with a pen on his own account, I asked him if, had he been the author of the present loom up so vitally in front of him.

Just then we were interrupted by the arrival of Bessie Mack, the Capitol Theatre's greatest living leading lady, who expressed the idea that a beer concern wanted Montgomery to pose with one of its executives, both drinking a large class of beer. "I suppose I might reluctantly, "this is the cue for my exit."

Mr. Montgomery patted my hand absently. "I'm not a Scotchman," he said politely, and I breathed easily again. "If there's any one thing I'd rather not do at this moment," he murmured sotto voce, "it's to give the best beer that our eyes were fixed trance-like on the ceiling and he settled his six feet something or other nonchalantly on the coach, which was a trifle short.

Miss Mack went into a trance also. She is a stoutish woman and the afternoon was somewhat warm. Very quietly she murmured to the room in a stock market: "I've kept you absolutely free of pestiferous appointments. In fact I've done more for you than I have for any other star I can think of. Just why, I don't know. Anyway, the beer is excellent. Here are a couple of bottles. Try some."

Montgomery came out of his trance and did his duty as a host. The beer was excellent. I told him so. But he ignored the suggestion and would have none of it himself. Like a small boy, he exclaimed, "I don't want to do it, really," nevertheless he rose with amazing alacrity, put on his coat, adjusted his tie, and turning to me, said, "Come on down in the back yard and watch me get my picture taken."

While he was getting snapped, Miss Mack informed me that Montgomery was writing history for the Capitol stock market. Certain important pictures had brought the box-office receipts up to where they were climbing now, but no star doing a "personal appearance" act had ever created such a furor. Even Ethel Barrymore, considered the High Priestess of the American theatre, didn't cause the slightest flurry in the Capitol personal stock market.

To what do you attribute it?" I asked, discounting for a moment the Montgomery charm and trying to stick solid facts. To the last, retaliated Miss Mack, "that in person he is exactly as he appears on the screen. His voice, his smile, his manner, his personality, just like a movie star. In fact fans are not disappointed. They go home and say: 'Why he's just like he is in the pictures. You ought to see him.'"

His is a 'word of mouth' stock market."

Montgomery's stock market, Moreover, while we discussed his future plans. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is willing, he is anxious to return to his first love, the theatre, this winter. He has a droll play, with a Continental flavor, in mind, the very thought of which sets his mobile lips to twitching.

"Doesn't the stage frighten you somewhat, after being in the movies so long?"

"I'm scared half to death before every personal appearance," he admitted frankly. "You certainly don't show it," I remarked, recalling a scene of the movie "The Courage of "Jus' Bob," when he "put over" his scene from "Private Lives" with Irene Purcell on the stage of the Capitol Theatre. "What a line actor," I exclaimed. "I'll tell you a little secret. I've always been a bit diffident; even as a child I was nervous when making new acquaintances. But of course I'd never let them know that they awed me in the slightest."

"Then, perhaps, you agree with the psy-
chaitrists who claim that the inferiority complex invented in the child is sometimes subconsciously retained in the adult, no matter to what heights he climbs in later years.

"There's more in that theory than meets the eye," agreed Montgomery reminiscently.

A valet knocked on the door to inform him that it was time to make up for his next performance.

"This time I see it is my cue to go," said I with unfeigned regret.

"I'm afraid it is. But we'll still get—you see—three minutes. So shoot! Ask me anything you can think of—quick!"

Now don't be surprised at the number of questions a curious interviewer can fire at an amazingly gracious young actor in the course of a few minutes. I learned that—

Alice Brady (with him in "When Ladies Meet") was loads of fun to work with on the set . . . Louise Closer Hale was in his first stage play twelve years ago and she died after appearing in his last picture, "Another Language" . . . he likes to sing and play the piano and modestly acknowledges the possession of a good tenor voice . . . he favors modern musicians, like Ravel, Gershwin, Berlin . . . his favorite pastime is reading but I promised not to reveal the titles of the three books he carries around with him on all his travels . . .

his idea of an ideal day away from the studio is to go sailing, preferably off the coast of Mexico . . . he has just purchased a farm up in Putnam County, New York (which is not quite as simple as it sounds, having a gun room, a polo field and two lakes) in the hope that M-G-M won't be an old maniac and keep him from doing that stage play in New York this year . . .

and his favorite food is oysters . . .

Well, it looks as if the world is going to be his own particular oyster for some time to come. If everything works out as it should, you will be seeing him in M-G-M's version of Manuel Komroff's dramatic Biblical story, "Two Thieves," in which he may co-star with Clark Gable. In addition he has been loaned to Columbia for "Night Bus," a story of the Trans-Continental Bus Lines. M-G-M has also cast him in "Overland Bus." Judging from the titles, these two pictures should keep him considerably on the jump. He is also scheduled to appear in an English thriller called "Mystery of the Dead Police."

"Call me up tomorrow if you've forgotten anything," called out this amazing Montgomery person as he escorted me out into the corridor. I leave it to you, girls, did I—or didn't I?

Dorothy Coogan made a hit in "Wild Boys of the Road," and Warner Brothers rewarded her with a contract. She has a million freckles.

**Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over**

BABY's skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is the soap of youth.

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Do that regularly and you'll find there can be two schoolgirl complexions in your home.

**Palmolive**

...the soap of Youth
Who Will Be Queen of Hollywood? [Continued from page 21]

Who Will Be Queen of Hollywood?

Nor ma, who is as beloved a star and as popular as Mary was a few years ago, has charted new ways. She is a new sort of leader. Irving Thalberg is wealthy, successful, important and popularity.

I remember my first meeting with Norma Shearer—seven years ago. She was then on the first steps of the threshold of her career. She was living very quietly in a bungalow at the Garden of Allah. I went to get a short interview about the picture in which she was appearing. I asked her if she was engaged to Irving Thalberg. She neither confirmed nor denied the question, but talked pleasantly about her work and sent me home—I had no car—in her Rolls Royce. I was impressed, hoped some- day to be a boarding house family, and in the same way that artist vie for attention. Can guests have anything and everything they desire.

Marion, as a hostess, is superb. And she has entertained in such a way that anyone else in moviedom today.

There are some thirty rooms in the house and they take us to a different place to eat.

The rooms are enormous. They are a great dining hall, a ball room, a drawing room and a library where first editions worth fifty or one hundred dollars are valued.

Guests can have anything and everything they desire.

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Guests can have anything and everything they desire.
quest of London and the Continent. In the brief time she spent in Hollywood she entertained royally. But, Tallulah prefers New York.

If Winfield Sheehan ever takes himself a bride who loves festivities, the great Sheehan home will become the new social center of movieland. For Mr. Sheehan, head of the Fox corporation, loves to play host and his typically "man-like" arranged affairs these days are well attended and important.

Mr. Sheehan has a great feeling for distinguished people and for doing things correctly. He is a charming, hospitable person. But—he is a bachelor.

What will the fortune tellers portend when the "last party" is held at Pickfair? I cannot predict, but, from what I know now, it should be most interesting. The next social dictator of Hollywood has much to live up to. But maybe we wonder too soon—perhaps Mary herself—minus Douglas—will continue to reign.

Marlene Dietrich sailed from Paris recently. She was met in New York by Josef Von Sternberg. "The talk is that Marlene will do "Catharine of Russia." We haven't seen a good Coarist picture since Emil Jan-nings made "The Patriot."

The Great Garbo
[Continued from page 15]

When Garbo was alone and friendless in the gaudy cinema capital, she met John Gilbert and they fell in love.

But how different things were then, how swiftly the wheel of fate revolves in the land of the silver screen.

For in those days, when first these two, who were to become the great lovers of this decade both on and off the screen, met, it was John Gilbert who was the great one, the favored star, the outstanding box-office attraction. His popularity was at its height, he was not only the leading matinee idol of the time but the critics' favorite actor. The name "John Gilbert" in electric lights that blazed and glittered in every city in the world brought thousands of people and millions of dollars into the box office.

His yearly contract ran into staggering figures, probably the highest salary ever paid an actor.

On one corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot he had a beautiful bungalow, exquisitely furnished. His word was law concerning his pictures. The "powers that be" bowed before him and actually said "Yes, Mr. Gilbert." Such hits as "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" had made him a figure standing at the very top of the glittering heap of stars and near-stars that make up the motion picture industry.

Garbo? It's hard, I know, to think back to a time when Garbo, the glamorous, Garbo, the mysterious, was not the foremost of all women stars.

But when she and John Gilbert first played together, she was actually second fiddle. The Swedish girl, ignored and almost ridiculed during her first months on the lot, had made two pictures—one, a program picture, and a second in which she had merely been featured. Compared to the great John Gilbert she wasn't very important. The authorities at the studio regarded her as a fine "starring possibility."

It was, in fact, the critical moment of her career. Many actresses have come so far and no farther. Many have been wrecked upon the treacherous rocks of stardom.

Calendar Fear

STEALS YOUTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded. . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene. . . . She now prides herself feminine antiseptic, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics. . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is mild. . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to denude sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

"Lysol" is dependable because it is effective. It destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Undependable compounds lose 95% of their strength in similar practical use.

Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.

2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. LX-11
Sale Distributors of "Lysol" Disinfectants.
Please send me free, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)
☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

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"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali, "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.
THE NEW MASCARA
THAT IS
actually
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
AND ABSOLUTELY
HARMLESS

Would Garbo make good or would she
ship away into that future that was filled with
those who burned briefly, flashed in the
pan and then disappeared.
That was the question when she and
John Gilbert began a picture that was to
make screen history, "Flesh and the Devil." And it was as part of the team of Gilbert
and Garbo that Greta actually succeeded,
actually came into her own.
It would not be fair to say that Gilbert
was responsible for Garbo's enormous suc-
cess in that picture. But it would be less
than the truth to say that he didn't have a
great deal to do with it.
Of course he was in love with her, al-
most from the first moment they met on the
set. The great loves and matinee idol,
who had been twice married and divorced
and the central figure in other Hollywood
romances, was too emotionally bowled over
by the strange, silent girl from the Norsland.
But three things he certainly did. He
was the greatest help to her during the
making of that picture. Not only her,
being really in love, they portrayed for the
camera what are still regarded as the great-
est love scenes of all times, but because he
knew so much more than she did about
American methods of picture making, and
was able to convey to her what he knew.
The fact that she spoke hardly any English
made it hard for her to take direction.
Jack had infinite patience with her. An-
other star might have made it more diffi-
cult for the girl, still strange and nervous
in these new surroundings, might indeed
have taken advantage of her ignorance to
get the best of the picture for himself, but
Jack went to the other extreme and worked
patiently on every scene until Garbo was at
her best.
He taught her a good deal of the English
it was so necessary for her to acquire. And
he gave her real happiness, which buoied
up her spirits and made her glad that she
had stayed in Hollywood. His yacht was
always at her disposal and they made many
cruises together. His home was always
ready to receive her and there she escaped
that loneliness that was so bad for her.
Often, too, he acted as her business advisor.
So it was in "Flesh and the Devil" and
"Love" that Garbo scored her first great
successes, and it was as co-star with Gilbert
that the public first acclaimed her.
Then the wheel turned again.
Garbo and Gilbert, the two names that
had always become synonymous with the
English language, were separated—first in pictures,
because now Garbo was able to carry her
own pictures and there was no need to have
those two enormous salaries in one cost-
sheet; and then, in love.
It was, as everyone who knew them in
Hollywood understands, really Jack who
brought about the end of that chapter. It
was Jack who, realizing that they could
never be happy together, decided that it was
better that they should part.
They just didn't belong together, these
two. Garbo, who more and more found
that she wanted to be alone, who became
more and more in love with her work Garbo,
who was afraid of people, who hid in
mysterious silence, who could never ac-
custom herself to gaiety and conviviality.
And Gilbert, who loved fun, enjoyed his
friends, and detested the hermit-like exist-
ence to which Garbo condemned him.
They quarreled and parted, were recon-
ciled. But in the end, it was Jack who
decided that a clean break was best, and
only a short time later married the brilliant
and beautiful stage actress, Ina Claire.
Life swept on at Hollywood's own swift
pace and the paths of the great lovers were
separated. They did not see each other
any more. They never played together in a
picture. It was ended more too happily,
no matter what they may think now them-
selves, after a space of years. They did
not part enemies, but neither could it be
said that they parted friends.
The newspapers all over the world were
filled with stories of that break, as for years
they had been filled with stories of the love
affair. Some of the stories were not very
flattering to Garbo. Jack's marriage had
taken place so suddenly, only a few weeks
after he met Ina Claire, and before most
people had realized that he and Greta had
actually broken off their long association.
So it was hinted that Ina had stolen Jack
from the screen's greatest star. It was at
least suggested that Gilbert had thrown
Greta over for the stage star.
It wasn't true, but most women would
have burned beneath the false imputation
Garbo said nothing. She offered polite
congratulations upon his marriage. When
she spoke of him it was always with ad-
miration.
Unexpectedly, swiftly and inescapably,
misfortune befell John Gilbert. The talks
came and they accomplished his come-like fall.
Like a burned out skyrocket this man,
who had been among the few really
great ones, dropped to earth.
Two things conspired to bring about
that spectacular descent and neither of
them were Gilbert's fault. Jack was the
first man to make love in speech on the
screen. Love scenes which he had given
many times during the silent days—and al-
ways to spellbound audiences—when ac-
 companied by passionate and romantic dia-
logue, so new to audiences, startled and
embarrassed them. On top of this, the
microphone was then very imperfect. They
had not learned to control it nor to keep
the needle from performing strange gyra-
tions. John Gilbert's voice, a perfectly
natural, pleasant, masculine voice which
had been successful on the stage long be-
fore he went into motion pictures, came
out of this new-fangled machine sounding
very strange.
Altogether, he bore the brunt of the new
invention.
Inexplicably, his popularity ceased. As
fine an actor as he had ever been, he suf-
f ered a momentary eclipse. And it would
have been only momentary except for other
considerations. Jack's salary was huge. He
was in the midst of a slump. And the
studio did little or nothing to rescue him.
They gave him worse stories and worse
casts than anybody else on the lot. Perhaps
they hoped that he would grow discouraged

Yes, we know—you've read many
claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only
to have an evening ruined because a tear
smudged your mascara and the resultant
smearing spoiled your make-up—one of life's
little tragedies! But it need never have hap-
pened! It can't happen when you use our
NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara.
Quickly and easily applied; it instantly
makes your lashes appear longer, darker and
more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and
silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-
to-be-desired natural appearance of eye
beauty—the color, depth, and expression of
the eyes is intensified by the soft, dark fringe
of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons
that millions of women are using the NEW
MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratify-
ing results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!
Black or Brown
75c at all toilet goods counters

Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The
PERFECT
mascara

MAYBELLINE
CO.
CHICAGO

Lowell Sherman is directing Constance
Cummings in "Broadway Thru a
Keyhole," the Walter Winchell story
that aggravates Mammy singers.
and break his contract, thereby saving the terrific outlay.

High string, proud, suffering under what seemed the bitter injustice of not being given an honest chance to prove to the public what he could do, Jack stuck it out to the bitter end. His contract ended, and with it, apparently, went his last chance to prove himself.

He announced his retirement from the screen. No other company, it seemed, wished to take him. Jack, a Gilbert come-back. He was through. Only thirty-three, just at the time when he should be reaching his peak, his great career was over. His life work was a failure.

Two months ago, anybody in Hollywood would have given you very large odds that John Gilbert would have another chance. Such things do happen in Hollywood and no one can ever quite explain why. But there it was—John Gilbert was dead to the screen.

But they had reckoned without Garbo. She speaks little, the great Garbo. She wastes no breath upon discussion. When she speaks, when she acts, it is with purpose and finality and she puts all her strength behind it.

Last week after leading man—Lawrence Olivier, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone—had been rejected for the wonderful part opposite her in “Queen Christina,” the film that was to bring Garbo to the fans after a long absence. No one suited her. The picture was held up, the delay was costly. But there seemed to be no pleasing a Miss Garbo. But I think in this matter it was all important that she be pleased.

As last she spoke, "I would like to have Mr. Gilbert play that part,” she said.

It is doubtful if any words spoken in any studio since Hollywood had ever caused a greater sensation.

Garbo wanted John Gilbert, she wanted again the famous Garbo-Gilbert combination, never forgotten by the fans. If there was one thing that would give Jack his chance, one thing that would move his return to popularity, it would be to have a dashing, romantic rôle opposite Greta Garbo.

John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. Time could not, had not, dimmed the magic memory of what those two names meant, Miss Garbo smiled, gently. "Nothing," she said to everyone who cared to listen, "would break her usual silence, "could make me happier. Mr. Gilbert is a great actor, Our association has been a most pleasant one and it will be gratifying to resume our careers together."

Garbo had made the "beau geste." She had repaid her debt. In a time when John Gilbert needed her, her loyalty had held true no matter what other feeling she ever might have had.

If she had difficulties convincing the studio at first, soon they began to see that, after all, it might be a master stroke. The part was one perfectly suited to John Gilbert. The chances were that, opposite Garbo once more, he would score a new and sensational hit. As playing opposite Garbo was the only way to re-establish Garbo with the millions of Gilbert-Garbo fans.

The result was a long-term contract for John Gilbert, with plans that will give him every chance to regain his high place.

There is perhaps nothing else that could have done just that for the man who once did so much for Garbo.

It was a fine and gallant thing to do. And it proves that Garbo, supreme star, has those qualities not too often found in Hollywood—loyalty, gratitude, honesty, courage and a memory which triumph has not weakened.

I think that alone proves her one of Hollywood's great women.

The Girls They Pick

[Continued from page 15]

ascended to the wardrobe.

Things were happening. There was excitement and obvious indignation among one hundred and eight beautiful young women. A plump, middle-aged person in blue told me, "They are upset because the costumes are too scanty. They say they were given a very small part of Miss Garbo in this business, I'd tell her.... Somebody's daughter, clad in a few wisps of silver ribbon, flounced around a corner. "They're not so bad,.... she began. Someone wailed, "Can't we just have a little."

"Now, girls, don't get excited!" said a voice. "It will all be arranged."

"Wouldn't you like to wait for Mr. Berksy in his office?" inquired a voice at my elbow. I thought that perhaps I had better.

Mr. Berksy's office was occupied. I guess it was a conference. I had always wanted to see the shirt-sleeved, collarless, rather red gentlemen were not very glad to see me. I shrieked into a corner—and recognized one of them after a time.

"What a fine day for rehearsal!" "How many Romans—and how many horses have we now?" "How many lectors do we need?" "What do I know?" "I don't know—but how many do we need and what will they cost?" "Four should be enough—or should we have six?" "Forty Romans—and how many horses did you say?" I caught the eye of the gentleman I had recognized.

"Wouldn't these people be glad if I sat somewhere else?" I asked. He was nice about it—but he showed me another place in which I could sit. Opened doors and switched on lights.

Busby Berkeley came in presently. A more tired young man I have rarely seen. Beauituous young things in silver ribbons were kept appearing at the door. "In a minute," he would tell them. A worried man called, "I've got fifty of 'em dressed. But want to see 'em?" "In a minute," said Mr. Berkeley, mechanically.

"I shouldn't cast Constance Bennett or Jean Crawford or Greta Garbo for one of my chances," he told me. "They know too much. It is freshness and enthusiasm."

"Again that word, enthusiasm!" He reiterated Sammy Lee's words about "it isn't matter of beauty—but so long as it is a sort of new beauty!"

"We are selecting them for femmeiform more than we used to do," he said. "The flat, boxy figure is out, as a general thing. No, I do not think that it is the Mae West influence. We couldn't use Mae West in a chorus, either! It is merely a resurgence of natural rate. Maybe Mae West's success symbolizes or reflects that resurgence. It is better if young women look like women—rather than like schoolboys! More hips, more curves, more shape to them now it's a year or two ago. More weight, per perpendicular inch."

"Late hours, parties, admiration, people destroy them very quickly, so far as we are concerned. If they have anything, they graduate, of course. They go on and

...plunged into dishwater every day. They aged years—their rough redness embarrassed her so. "I hate to go anywhere, she said—"these hands make me look too horribly like a drudge." It was a beauty expert who...

...told her, "Gentle, soothing Lux in the dishpan will improve your hands in no time." Now she keeps her hands lovely in spite of dishwashing three times a day. Lux doesn't harm the beauty oils of the skin as harsh soaps do. Thanks to Lux, her hands are exquisite!
develop whatever talent is in them. I have had girls—lots of them—in my choruses, who have gone on to real triumphs. More of them have dropped out of the picture.

"A very plain girl—with a snub nose and unruly hair—may photograph with that electric vitality which no one understands, and which spells irresistible photographic charm. I can bring girls in here now and show them to you—girls who are bound to be successes—and 1'll wager that you will see nothing there at all—until you see them on the screen.

"Looking at a girl, before I have seen a test of her, I look for length from the knee to the hip. That makes for grace in movement. Slander ankles, wrists... a graceful neck. She must know how to move. She must be able to smile if she meant it. Her head must be well-shaped. Rounded toward the neck, so that any sort of hair-dress will become her.

"They are nice girls, you know—the girls we use. They have to be! The moment they stop being nice, fresh young things, it shows in their faces. Then we can't use them any more!

"Two years—three at the outside—in this business—unless they have something that lets them go on to something else.

"There is something pathetic about that recurring remark. 'Two years—three at the outside—'

"held it again when I talked with Dave Gould at Radio. He has had to cast Latin types, mixed South American types and a flock of pure blondes for "Rolling Right into Riches.

"We stopped girls on the street—we hunted for them in department stores and High Schools and Churches. Six months from now, there will be hundreds of them out here looking for jobs—and there probably won't be any more jobs of the kind."

"This is the first time, since the days of silent pictures, that there has been a search for more beauty. Talking pictures brought the reign of Talent—and the costumers, the make-up artists and the cameramen have had to do what they could to make up for deficiencies of face and figure. It is a long time since a director discovered a beautiful waitress or cashier or elevator girl and whisked her away to a studio for a test. Cinderellas have been rare in Hollywood of late!

"Blondes," Mr. Gould repeated, "are out of date. They have been identified too long with the gold-digging type, with the 'gangsters' molls' and women of that sort. You rarely find a natural blonde."

"Choice is chosen because of something—perhaps because he couldn't help it)—a little younger than have Busby Berkeley and Sammy Lee. "Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen.

"Five feet one or two—anything under five feet eleven. It is so difficult to find short ones with good figures... They are now driving around the studios trying to find a short one who is well-shaped—and she has any talent at all—then she is worth something more than a chorus job.

"She can vary from a hundred and ten up. Proportion is what matters—and more important still, the poise and balance of a young body. The old exercises which our grandmothers used to take—tapping a book or a jar of water on the head in the interests of graceful movement, would not be amiss, one would gather today. If a girl was a Volney or a Cora in that group of five thousand damsels for a job in a picture chorus.

"one, two, three, four, five, six! Come on—now, late ones! Heads up! Now, head! One, two, three, four, five, six! Let's see you give it something! . . . With eight hours a day of bending and tapping and swaying and counting, you should perfect a number in a week. Five thousand tried. Twenty-eight won jobs. Two, two, three, four, six, . . . Youth, freshness, enthusiasm.

"Two years... three at the most...

"One or two out of each batch may have something good. She doesn't catch up with them too soon.

"One, two, three . Snap into it, girls! Fame is just ahead.

Watching the Stars at Work

[Continued from page 23]

ing too much money on radio advertising to be treated this way.

"I agree with you," Jory answers quietly.

"Well, can't you do something about Rollins (Wally)? Girard rages. He was the biggest attraction on the air once. Why, our sales jumped sixty percent. What's happened to him?"

"A very acute case of shaved head, I should say.

"Can't you do anything about it?" Girard asks warthfully.

"Sit down, please," Jory replies motioning him into a chair. "I'll try." He turns to a dictaphone. "Send Miller to my office at once." He grins and adds, "Mr. Schert- zinger wants to see him." With eight hours a day of bending and tapping and swaying and counting, you should perfect a number in a week. Five thousand tried. Twenty-eight won jobs. Two, two, three, four, six, . . . Youth, freshness, enthusiasm."

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On the Paramount Lot

THEY are still in the throes of the heaviest production schedule I've ever seen over at Paramount. Chevalier continues in "The Way to Love," with Ann Dvorak replacing Sylvia Sidney, N. C. Dickson shows no signs of completing "I'm No Angel," and "Too Much Harmony" (in which Bing Crosby refused to star) is just finishing. Don't get me wrong. I'm singing the same song the last time I met him."

"Glad to know you," we chant in unison as we're presented. "We'll say the same thing for the next five or six times we're introduced and after that we'll remember each other—maybe."

The shifty Victor Jory, and Joe Gir- ard, make a scene for "My Woman."
The Marx Brothers capitalize idiosyncrasy for Paramount. Harpo and Chico, with Raquel Torres, in “Duck Soup.”

white fox and there is little if anything on underneath it. It is one of those models designed to make strong men weep and well-meaning girls turn one looby. His fingers falter on the keys and the music dies out into nothingness. Maybe I’m wrong but having seen Raquel I know I’m not even going to miss Thelma Todd in this picture.

Reluctantly leaving the set of “Duck Soup”—and Raquel—I trot over to the set of “Golden Harvest.” The company just having returned from location at Pendleton, Oregon. This is a saga of the wheat fields of the great northwest. Just to make it convincing the company went on location to make the middle of the picture first and then came back to the studio to make the beginning and end.

Richard Arlen and Chester Morris are brothers—sons of a wealthy wheat grower. Chester has just returned from a trip abroad and breaks the news to Julie Haydon, to whom he is engaged. Purtyn Steele and Thomas Graydon, two of his managers. You know what hotel rooms are like so I don’t have to describe this one to you.

“No, no, no,” protests one of the managers. “You are quite wrong. She was a complete flop in London.”

The door opens and in steps Miriam. “Sorry,” says the second manager, “I disagree with you.”

“Told you, didn’t I?” comes from the first manager as he catches sight of Miriam.

“Forgive me for entering unannounced,” Hopkins begs.

“Mr. Douglas is very busy,” the second manager cuts in.

“So they were kind enough to tell me downstairs,” Miriam agrees and turns to la Pangborn. “Mr. Douglas, I consider you the greatest theatrical producer in London—in fact, in the world.”

“My dear young lady!” lobs Pangborn.

Miriam has been sick in bed ever since that scene was made and the picture can’t go on for a while.

Richard Arlen and Julie Haydon rev- eal the emotional side of farm life in “Golden Harvest.”

There’s a big difference between the real simplicity of “Golden Harvest” and the metropolitan sophistication of “Design for Living”—which next engages my attention.

“We have changed the whole story,” Heri Lubitsch announces triumphantly when I arrive on the set. “Only the title and the general idea is the same. The way we have it now, Edward Everett Horton is the head of a large advertising agency. He is in love with Miriam Hopkins, who draws pictures of Napoleon in BYD’s for them. Miriam, in a compartment of a Paris-bound train, picks up Gary Cooper (also an artist) and Fredric March (a would-be dramatist). She is in love with all three men but ends by turning Horton down and going to live with March and Cooper. She makes the further astonishing proviso (probably for the benefit of Will Hays and the censors) that there will be no sex! The boys must concentrate on their work. Miriam is determined they shall be successful. She forces March to finish his play and then sets about getting it produced.

In the sitting room of a London hotel sit Franklyn Pangborn (an impre- sario) with Burton Steele and Thomas Graydon, two of his managers. You know what hotel rooms are like so I don’t have to describe this one to you.

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Shampoo

LOVELIGHTS

into your hair!

Virginia Valli is fortunate, you think—you can make your hair as lovely as hers in a single shampooing, if you know this secret.

Just one Golden Glisten Shampoo will show you the way! In addition to cleansing, it gives your hair a "shine-in-the-dark"—a very little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out hidden beauty! You'd never dream such a simple little "touch" could make so much difference in your appearance.

Then, there's "Tillie and Gus" which features Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields in the name roles.

In the story Tillie and Gus are divorced. Gus is in Alaska and Tillie in China. Gus is a card sharp and Tillie can make the deck say "Seven" with initials of "T" and "G".

Wandering on to the stage I find a reproduction of the waiting room in a San Francisco railroad station. And it is authentic. There are the chairs and benches, the boards announcing the arrival and departure of trains, a heterogeneous assortment of passengers sitting on the benches waiting for the time of their departure. An elderly woman, sleeping, people scurrying to and fro. And, at the "Tourists' Desk" desk sit Skippy and the matron.

"Mrs. Matilda Winterbottom," the matron repeats, filling in a form. Then she glances at Tillie. "You say you're a Chinese missionary?"

"I said," says Skippy with great dignity, "that I was a missionary in China. That, I understand, entitles me to a reduction in fare."

"Of course," the matron replies. She writes another line or two. "How did you conduct your work?"

"Through kindness," Skippy informs her.

"My object was to bring them in out of the darkness—put more spirits into them, as we were—and relieve them of their material burdens."

That Skippy is going to be the death of me yet. Give me Skipworth and Boland and you can have all the Dresslers and Rosborn you want.

Over at R-K-O

HERE they have four pictures going, which, for them, is a lot. One of them—"Aggie Appleby"—starrs an ex-parrot-ouncer—Wynne Gibson, who never got the breaks she deserved on the latter lot. Her new picture, which also marks the return of Charlie Farrell to the screen, is by way of being a wow.

Aggie is little and blonde—and not a lally. Her mother is dead and her father a drunken bum. Wynne gets too much she moves out and lands a job as waitress in a Greek restaurant. One night she is asked to go to a party by a young man. All the Greeks in the party paw her and when she screams for help it comes in the person of the tough, redheaded bouncer. Red Brandyboy, he calls himself. He plays up the floor with unconscious Greeks, loses his job and takes Wynne home to his shabbily furnished room. They start liv- ing together and would be very happy if he could make a steady income. But he can't get a job and his fortunes rise and fall with his grasp games. Their funds give out and that was where they were when, with a beaming smile I freeze on the set.

"Hello," says Wynne glumly.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"I'm about to be deserted."

"Well, it's lucky I came. I just got a check from my mother saying, 'No,'" says Wynne firmly. "It's awfully good of you but if you paid the rent it would upset the whole plot. I'll just have to go with you."

I glance around the set. A very cheaply furnished room. In fact, I should think it would be a relief to be put out of a room like that.

Wynne's costume causes me misgivings. It is of black satin with a cheap lace bodice, very short and very tight.

"Come on in the director calls, and Wynne takes her place.

Shortly there is a knock at the door. "Come in," Wynne invites, walking over to it. The door opens and on the other side stands Grace Darwell, the landlady. "How's it, Mrs. Spence?" Wynne inquires. "Swell day, ain't it? Or, don't you think so?"

Darwell smiles deprecatingly. "Guess you know why I'm here," she says. "Well," says Wynne smiling in return. "Mr. Branagan ain't home yet. I'll send it down to you the minute he comes."

"It's $14.00—not counting the week in advance."

"Yeah," Wynne agrees amiably, "I know. Hardly worth wastin' breath over."

The landlady returns, still not getting nasty about it, "I'll have to have the money or the room—tonight."

"Sure," Wynne soothes her. "You prac-tically got it in your old sock now." She closes the door and leans against it a moment. "Sweet," she murmurs with a sarcastic inflection. Then she grimmaces as she gives a disgusted "Ugh! It ain't worth worryin' over."

"See what I'm up against?" she asks, coming back to me when the scene is finished.

On the set of "Little Women" all is sweetness and light, dished up in large helpings. Last month the set was closed to visitors but I get hold of Director

George Cukor and threaten to expose him in print if he doesn't let me on. He turns a sickly green and bides me welcome.

The period is around Civil War time and the room—well, it's interesting as the deuce to look at but I'm darned glad I'm not living in a house furnished like that. There's an old curio cabinet filled with all sorts of china knock-knacks just waiting to catch every grain of dust in sight. Landscape paintings, such as no one uses any more, adorn the walls. A heavy plush cover hides the mantelpiece. Some wax flowers are under a glass bell. The chairs are the kind you have to sit bolt upright on.

Joan Bennett (as Amy) is a dream in a peacock blue dress (hoop skirt) and a hat to match with a dabs of ostrich feathers in front and ribbons all over the place. Katharine Hepburn (as Jo) has on a brown dress in the same mode, with white ruffling in the sleeves and neck. Hess is made in a kind of basque effect. And Edna May Oliver (as Aunt March) confines her-self to a stilly proper gown made of black velvet and taffeta.

"Isn't this hair of mine something to behold?" Hepburn demands of her hair-stylist.

Hepburn is working as governess in the home of a New York family and Oliver and Bennett have come to see her. The latter two take their places in the stiffly formal room. A moment later the door bursts open and Hepburn rushes breathless-ly in. The two girls fall into each other's arms, laughing, kissing and embracing.

"How are you, Aunt March?" says Hep-
burn suddenly remembering Oliver and kissing her warmly. "I'm so glad to see you. Come, sit down and tell me everything."

"We can't stop now," Aunt March explains. "We have to be at the steamship office before it closes."

"Steamship office?" echoes Hepburn, stopping on the bridge. "Aunt March—Europe?" (Her boy friend, Douglass Montgomery, is over there.)

"And I'm taking Amy (Joan) with me," Edna May answers, nodding her head.

"Cut," says Cukor.

I dimly remember when, as a kid, my mother took me to see "Little Women" on the stage. Alice Brady was playing Meg—Howard Estabrook (now one of Hollywood's ace scenario writers) was playing Lauric (which Douglass Montgomery plays in the picture) and John Cromwell (the director) played the tutor.

I march over to the set where Constance Bennett is emoting in "Without Glory." This is the story of Carla, a woman spy (Constance Bennett) who falls in love with a German espionage officer (Gilbert Roland). They meet in a crowded railroad station at the outset of the war, neither knowing the other is an enemy spy. After accepting Roland's aid in getting toward the front, Constance slips temporarily out of his life. While Gilbert is demanding that his Germany is lost, then her face in lights up a "leak" which is destroying thousands of their soldiers, Constance is gathering advance information of surprise attacks and scenes musical band—valuable information for her beloved Allies. Always she is just a jump ahead of his intelligence officers. She works as a seamstress and then as a cafe artist. It is in the cafe she meets him again.

It's a dingy sort of place, drab stone walls, perfectly bare. Constance and Gilbert are seated at a table with a red-checked cloth.

"You're still being elusive," he complains.

"I haven't run away," she renounces.

"No," he admits, "but you're not even meeting me halfway."

"I can't wait to what?" she asks.

"To loving me," says Gilbert boldly. Some trucks pass, causing the windows to rattle. Constance shoulders. "What's the matter?" wonders.

"Ammunition trucks," she whispers.

"Hauling shells up to the guns. It's hard to wait for love."

When the scene is finished Constance beckons me to follow her into her dressing room. "You told Perry Lieber——," she begins argumentatively.

"It's too hot to get into an argument," I retort. "Let's skip it. Tear it up and throw it away."

"A Chance at Heaven." Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and the same old land of bliss.

There's one more set left to see at R-K-O—"A Chance at Heaven," which features Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and Marian Nixon. This concerns itself with young love in a triangle. Ginger is the small town girl, deeply in love with Joel and Marian is the wealthy society butterfly who comes to the burg for the summer. She falls in love with Joel because he's "different" and she dazzles him for the same reason, although, until she appeared, he was perfectly satisfied with Ginger—and who wouldn't be? She asks with (ulterior motives) what people do there at night. Joel tells her they go to a sucker night club. Then, in order to give her a chance to see how well he looks when he's dressed up, he takes Ginger there in hopes of seeing Marian.

A crowd of extras are dancing about, with Joel and Ginger in their centre. Joel keeps glancing over his shoulder and Ginger senses the reason. "You haven't been dancing with me tonight," she accuses him. "Huh?" says Joel staring at her. "OK," he continues as she smiles cryptically. "I'll bite. You know darn well I've danced every number with you."

"Not with me, you haven't."

It looks like a nice picture but it seems to me that Ginger should have been playing Marian's part and Marian, Ginger's. It would be easier to imagine Ginger as a spoiled society girl than it is to picture Marian in the same role. But these producers just can't seem to learn that I'm always willing to help them with their casting problems.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio

THEY have seven pictures going here. The sets of "Solitaire Man" and "The Late Christopher Bean" are done up so tight a flea couldn't get in. Marie Dressler, in the latter film, can only work three hours a day and they're afraid visitors on the set would slow them down. "Dancing Lady" (starring Joan Crawford) is only shooting two days and starts, so I'll tell you about that next month. "Tarzan and His Mate" (featuring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan) is on location.

Maureen, not being needed by the "Tarzan" company today is filling in the time by appearing on "Stage Mother" with Alice Brady and Phillips Holmes. The picture is all Alice Brady in the role of a string-pulling, dominating stage mother—and

Maureen O'Sullivan registers excitement at the vision of Phillips Holmes with a Ronald Colman moustache.

how she plays it? Not a line, not a nuance escapes her.

Never able to reach the heights of stage fame herself, she determines her daughter shall, and every effort is directed towards that end. She has two unfortunate marriages herself, breaks up a real romance in her daughter's (Maureen's) life, black-mails the boy's mother into paying her ten thousand dollars and succeeds in making the boy believe Maureen is party to the

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NO Joke To Be Deaf

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Grace Hayley and Jean Harlow in "Bombshell." (See story on page 18.)

pants, black and white checked coat and—don't faint—flaming red hair. She's trying to get her picture on the 'phone but she's scrunching so—she always does over the 'phone. I don't even have to stop to find out what she's saying. I can hear her just as well after I get inside the stage. "Bombshell" seems to concern itself with a synthetic movie star who doesn't know what it's all about. She has a home of about twenty rooms and thirty baths. Jean Harlow is the starlet, and at the moment she is being interviewed by a chatter writer named Mrs. Titcomb (Grace Hayley). Nobody but a movie star could live in that place. It's a nightmare. The bar opens on to the drawing room. Over the bar hang pictures of all the M-G-M stars, including Jean Crawford. That's a laugh for anyone who knows how Miss Crawford feels about Miss Harlow. The furniture in the drawing room is yellow velvet. On the divan, Louise Beavers, who plays the colored maid, lolls at her ease. Off the drawing room is the music room with a white baby grand piano and a gold harpsichord.

Just now, the interview is being concluded. Jean stands in the archway between dining room and hall with a baked potato on a fork, and Gracie is busy with her pencil and notebook.

Suddenly Gracie gets a glumly look in her eyes and takes both Jean's hands in hers. "Tell me, dear," she begs, "you're a woman (whoever questioned it, I want to know), you're just the sweetest, unspoiled girl I knew you were. Don't you ever in the midst of the grinding pace of your career—don't you ever—long for the right of All Womanhood?" Jean hasn't been coached beforehand about the right of All Womanhood and Jean's just as much put on guard as the question. "Let's see—er—you mean—er—" "I mean," Mrs. Titcomb explains, her lashes fluttering," doesn't there seem to be some empty time at any? Don't you ever find yourself longing for the pitter of little feet?" "Why," Jean stammers, and then she gets it. A sad, soulful expression creeps over her face. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Titcomb—yes!" "OK, Cut," instructs Director Victor Fleming. "Let's try it once more and this time just forget about the question." Jean has never looked lovelier than she does in her red plaid gingham dress, with her hair fresh and with a short, white organdy apron over the skirt. "When are you coming up to go swimming in my new pool?" she asks. Imagine swimming with Jean Harlow! I leave with my head in a whirl.

"Penthouse," which features Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, is another underworld story. The plot is too involved to go into detail, but Warner had been engaged to Miss Harlow, and he gives up his law practice to become a detective. Then she gives him the air and gets herself engaged to Phillips Holmes. Police find Phil on a balcony with a revolver in his hand and his mistress (Maie Clarke) dead beside him. He is arrested for the murder and Martha goes singing lullabies to his cell to help save him. Figures that the shooting was done by a gangster from an apartment on the opposite side of the street. With several police officers (including Robert Emmett O'Connor) he calls on George E. Stone, a dope fiend and tool of Cregillman "Dutch" Clark, the gangster who is Warner suspects of the murder. They're pretending to frame Stone so as to get him to confess who did the murder. The corpse holding Warner picks up a gun in his gloved hand and goes toward the window. He aims the gun at the roof across the street. "What are you doing?" demands Stone in a panic.

"I'm getting ready to bump off the man who stoled my girl," Warner answers unconsciously.

"That's my gun!" Stone shouts.

"Exactly," says Baxter drily.

"Hey, wait a minute! You can't do it from there! They'll pin it on me!"

"Sure they will," Baxter smiles. "That's the big idea. Aren't you the bright boy to guess it?"

"You can't get away with a thing like this!" Stone shrinks trying to break away from the two men holding him. In the turn to leave, Robert Emmett O'Connor stops me. "Say kid," he grins, "I've finally got away from police parts."

"Well," I congratulated him. "What kind of parts are you doing now?"

"Well, in this picture," he informs me solemnly, "I'm playing a detective!"

Fox has only one picture shooting, "My Weakness," which stars Lew Ayres and Bill Harvey, told you about that one last month.

Universal continues with "Only Yesterday," which has been shooting since the first of May and is the result of over finishing, and "The Invisible Man," which is barred to visitors because they don't want people to discover how they make him invisible.
Barbara Stanwyck is making "Ever in My Heart," with Otto Kruger and Clara Blandick. What a... frustration!

At United Artists

Here "The Bowery" (the first Twentieth Century production) which features Wallace Beery, George Kibbee, Jackie Cooper and Fay Wray, has just finished. "Blood Money" starring George Bancroft is on location. Samuel Goldwyn, on the same lot, has in production "Roman Scandals," starring Eddie Cantor, and "Nana," which is Anna Sten's first picture. "Scandals" has knocked off last week and called it a day so I jog out to see Anna.

The scene they're shooting requires no set—just an archway doorway. Anna (Anna Sten), a child of the Parisian demi-monde, her mother dies and her father has just been guillotined for killing a man whom she found was the mother's lover, and who wanted her son's education. On the way back from the guillotine she runs into a man known, in the script, simply as "The Hairy Man." They spend the afternoon together (none too innocently, either) and she is just leaving him in the doorway.

Anna jingles some coins in her hand and looks at him with her strange smile. Sten is really beautiful. Sometimes she looks like Vilma Banky in her heyday and other times like Marlene Dietrich at her loveliest. I'm eager to see this picture. Her whole future in American films probably depends upon it.

There is only the Warner Brothers—First National lot left to visit. There are no pictures are shooting out there. "The House on 56th St." stars Kay Francis and features Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez and Margaret Lindsay. Dolly Martin (Kay), young and beautiful, a member of the Fladorada sestetto, lives the life of many another chorus girl with an elderly sugar daddy. She is deeply in love, however, with Monte Van Tyle (Gene Raymond), a young and ambitious man. When he proposes to her elderly lover she will not see him again. Kay and Gene take an extended honeymoon. On their return she finds he has built her a beautiful home on 56th St.

They drive up in one of the first models of automobiles and Gene gestures towards the house. "Welcome home, dear. All the time we've been away they've been building this for us to come back to."

He gets out of the car (comes behind and picks her up in his arms) "A good old custom says that a bride is carried over the threshold of her new home."

Kay looks lovelier every time I see her. From this simple beginning the plot becomes quite complicated and tense. Death, ruination, thievery and chicanery enter into it. It's the best story she's had in a long, long time.

"Ever in My Heart" is engaging Barbara Stanwyck's attention. She marries a German and they have a baby boy. They buy him a large house and keep him company. The war breaks out and both Barbara's family and their neighbors are strongly pro-Ally. Bab's husband (Otto Kruger) is dragged off by the military. Barbara home to her people and then leaves her to go and fight for his own country. They meet again in France (she as a war nurse, he as a spy). When she finds what he is and sees he is about to be captured, she realizes she still loves him and rather than have him executed, puts poison in some wine which they drink together.

Poor Stanwyck. I wish she'd get a picture once where she wouldn't have to suffer through free and a half reels.

Paul Muni's new picture, "The World Changes," is the story of the Nordholm family. Paul's father and mother emigrate from Sweden to North Dakota, where they settle on a farm, and Paul is born. They want to stay on the farm and marry the girl next door, but he develops an overpowering ambition as he grows to manhood. He interests a large meat packer from Oshkosh in him, and eventually works himself up to a partnership in the business, marrying Kibbee's daughter—Mary Astor.

"The World Changes," another of the "darling, I am growing old" films.


As Paul becomes wealthier, Mary becomes ambitious socially. She feels his business is degrading to her. As the years pass, one of her sons becomes engaged to a girl from a prominent eastern family. To impress them she tells them Paul is retiring from the packing business to devote himself to art. When the word gets out it always ruins him. Then he tells Mary she is going to remain in the packing business and like it. She flies into a superb fit of rage and ends by having a stroke.

"I'm tired," says Walter Walker, "just coming out of her room when Muni stops them. "She has regained consciousness—to an extent. Mr. Nordholm, 'Thank God!' burst from Paul's lips.

"But under no condition must she be disturbed in the slightest manner," he continues. "Her husband, Mr. Nordholm, there is almost a complete cerebral collapse." I swear a fellow doesn't know what to do nowadays. If he does what's right and continues in an honest business his wife goes crazy. If he gives in to her and does what she wants he'd go crazy himself. All I can do is to pray that next month there won't be so many pictures in production or I'll go crazy!"
“Easy to Hurt”  
[Continued from page 15]

“But who is going to pay for it?”  
Pay for it. What kind of a hospital are you for? Why are you a hospital—” Joan slammed up the receiver, rushed into some clothes and dashed to the hospital. She called her own physician and two brain specialists. An operation might save Paul’s life: on the other hand, it might kill him. They asked Joan to make the decision. “I can’t. I can’t take such a responsibility,” she sobbed. She did not leave him until the end came. She spent her entire Christmas in the hospital. She hovered close by until he died—upon the operating table. 

... She gave her day, the day which should have been the most joyous of the year, to a little lad who had one of the humblest positions on her pictures. She went home and to bed. The next morning she opened her Christmas presents with hands and lips that still trembled. And she has not forgotten. Her hands and her lips still tremble when she talks about him.

Nor has she forgotten one moment of her life with Douglas, although she does not talk about it. To Joan, marriage meant happiness ever after.” Her love for him was so deep, so sincere, that entire world revolved around it. He was the sun; she was a lesser planet. I remember when she would read the letters he wrote her. Not only because of what they said to her but because of their literary value. “Isn’t he wonderful? He will make a great writer. He will make a great poet.” She believed that Douglas was the perfect man; she believed that he and she were entering heaven, together.

But there are no perfect men. There is no heaven that woman can capture—as she captures a butterfly in her net while exploring through spring-flowered hillside. No marriage based upon a love so deep, so all-absorbing could last. As one dream—so is one disillusioned. The more perfect the picture we build from our imaginations, the more terrible the hurt when we find that realism has destroyed it.

I had often wondered what Joan would do when she found the Douglas—fine as he is—only human. One day a few minutes after noon, nearly two years ago, when I went down to see them, I had a glimpse of Joan that was completely revealing. I had written a story hinting that love was nipping its obstacles between them. The telephone summoned me to come down and see Joan about it. I found her in the little sunroom in the rear of the house which they had bought and furnished together. I have seldom seen a woman as miserable as poor Joan. Not even the most embittered cynic could believe that she was not honest. Acting has its limitations. Suffering, to a woman like Joan, has none. The story was never printed. No woman could hurt another woman who was suffering as Joan Crawford was suffering at that moment. Joan is foolish sometimes. She admits it. “I don’t know why.” Women who are so easily hurt, women whose nerves are as sensitive as a seismograph recording slight tremblers hundreds of miles distant, are often foolish. They feel first and think later.

And women as sensitive, as emotional, as yearning as Joan can never concentrate all of themselves upon a single object forever. When I think of all that Joan Crawford has accomplished since she first came to Hollywood, I wonder if she is super-human or just too-human.

Many women have small fortunes invested in their educations. College degrees; trips to Europe. They accept these advantages as their birthrights. Joan had no such birthright. What education she secured, she washed dishes to pay for. After one year in college she had to leave. She has always regretted that necessity.

Yet I would put Joan into a discussion upon literature, art and current reading material with the average college woman—and bet upon Joan. I remember one evening when I went behind stage to see Douglas Jr., when he was playing the legitimate theatre in Los Angeles. He did not know who I was coming. Joan did not know it. She was reading Patti’s “Life of Christ.” A group of books which she had purchased on the way to the theatre was on the table. They were histories and biographies.

A month ago, she was playing “Who Am I?” with a group of Hollywood
people. This game consists of one person leaving the room and adopting the role of a historical character. "I was born in ... Who am I? ... I led an army against ... Who am I? ... Perhaps it is Julius Caesar. Possibly, Napoleon. Joan felt that she did not know enough facts to play this game efficiently. She was appalled by her lack of dates and actual, specific knowledge of any figures in history. She sent to Los Angeles college and hired a professor. Now she is studying the history of the world from one of America's experts when she is between pictures.

Fanchot Tone is a graduate of Cornell. He is learned and cultured. "He uses words I never heard of," admits Joan. "I stop him each time and ask him to explain the exact meaning." She learns something from each person she contacts.

Right now, Joan is frighted that people will think that she wears her emotions too near the surface. A magazine caricatured recently a group of Hollywood's famous. One of the group was called "The Pain Of It All." Joan was hurt as much by this picture as by the letter of criticism. She carried it around for days wondering what the world better do to keep the world from thinking she was crying surface emotions all over Hollywood.

Joan cannot help showing the world part of the hurt which is in her. Like most sensitive people, the big hurts of her life are never seen by her friends or her public. They are piled within her. Only the hills over which she walks, or the roads upon which she rides when her emotions become so all-absorbing that she can actually live with them, enable her to know the true hurts of Joan Crawford. Her tears come easily—she cannot help them any more than Lupe Velez can help the natural effervescence which is such a part of her.

Louise Closer Hale was one of Joan's idols. The day after her recent death, Joan went to the studio as usual. She sat upon the set, in a darkened corner, her face as white as fine porcelain; her eyes twin mirrors for sorrow. She did not cry. She thought she couldn't stand it, for she was perfectly safe with any tears she might shed.

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Overtures to Beauty

[Continued from page 9]

you're addicted to sheer hose. There are several types of depilatories, creams, powders, liquids, waxes and the pumice stone types. Here are a few good rules, however, which apply to the use of all of them.

First: If the hair is very long, cut it off close to the skin. Second: be sure your arms or legs are thoroughly dry, and then powder with talcum (against the grain of the hair) before applying the depilatory. This powdering business makes the hair stand out and away from the skin. Third: a good acne lotion or cold cream applied after using a depilatory will tone down any redness.

Are you still with me? By this time, your plastic cream has thoroughly dried and hardened, and you can go back to your face. Remove the mask with warm water. Then, before you apply your astringent, clean up your eyebrows a bit . . . plucking the straggly hairs from under the brow. Most of us can stand more width between eyes and brows—and thinning the brows from the underside, gives us just that. Of course you need to keep the upper line of the brow straight and even, but don't do any drastic deducting there!

This done, you can proceed with your astringent lotion or cream—with your powder foundation and make-up. After that, slip into your dress, and take the apron strings off your hair! A few last touches to the coiffure—and presto! You're remade from tip to toe and back again. And ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

It is the "Beauty for Sale" set, and Eddie Nugent and Madge Evans are being directed by Richard Boleslavsky of "Rasputin" fame.

“Sh-h! I’m Happily Married!”

[Continued from page 47]

they went over her head. Conscientious but passive, she was accurately cataloged by the screen as pretty and unmistakably immature.

Her big break came when Erich von Stroheim chose her for the lead in "The Wedding March." Fay's innocent loveliness won her a Paramount contract and her struggle for an "in" was over.

She had been attending Hollywood High when the urge to become an actress could no longer be submerged. Born in Watlau, Canada, she spent an uneventful childhood in Utah, where her father was employed by mining companies. She developed tonsillitis, and when she was fourteen, the family moved to Hollywood to improve her health.

"I recovered promptly," she explains, "now that it is safe to confess. "For that tender age my heart was already decided on acting. A Broadway reputation was my goal and I nurtured the idea that the movies could be the means to finance a venture to New York." At sixteen she quit high school to debut in two-reel comedies. They weren't noteworthy, yet they were a start. Gradually
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Do you want a beautiful complexion without the use of rouge? And color that is all you want? If you are troubled with a constipation give your system just a tiny calcium wafer. Don't use the customary pill on Saturday night—just let your Sturt's Calcium Wafers aid you. The gentle internal cleansers, help Nature do its magic work for you! Sturt's Calcium wafers are frequently clear away all impurities resulting from constipation and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores open and free of outside clogs. Often you feel and see the differences from the first day you take Sturt's Calcium Wafers. A five-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Sturt's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

STURT'S CALCIUM WAFERS—ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON—A sample worth while—sufficient to prove the value to you of Sturt's Calcium Wafers. Will be sent to you. Write for your coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. SC-2, Marshall, Mich.

NAME
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GRAINS and Sore Toes Relieved at Once

Take no chances—use the one safe, sure way that stops pain quickly—also removes corns, calluses, the root of them. You rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause, friction and production of these painful blisters and sore toes. Always keep a handy box. Sold by all drug, department and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Consult Yogi Alpha

NEW 1934 READING NOW READY

1934 will be the year of opportunity! Your Alpha, internationally known psychic, clairvoyant and astrologer, has amassed thousands of your personal future predictions. This remarkable new book, Alpha's Reading Predictor, is completely new in the field of the future. Based on personal data sent in, it is filled with exact predictions for your future. Alpha's Reading Predictor is the greatest book on the market today. Send $1.00 and get your personal future in an exact, accurate presentation.

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B. S. ROYALTY

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Five booklet describes most complete time service ever offered. Hit writers will review, rewrite, compose music to specifications. Royalty doesn't go to record company. Royalty is paid to the writer. Send 10c to first or 40c to second. Permission given to use name, photograph or to appear in all legitimate media.

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Movie star

Sall 2000 photos of your favorite stars, sizes 5 x 7, $1.00; 4 x 6, $2.00; 3 x 5, $3.00. The latest in fine gifts, unobtainable anywhere else. Order today and save up to 40%. Order today. Write: Contemporary Press, 59 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
ACROSS
1 A special condition of affairs
5 Hollywood’s amusing Italian comedian
11 Small of the back (initials)
15 "Tugboat Annie."
17 He was George Arliss’ nephew in “The Working Man”
19 Aunt (Ger.)
20 Place
22 Insane in water
23 She is now making "Bombshell" (initials)
24 Goddess of dawn
25 Communists
26 Southern state (abbr.)
28 Possessive pronoun
29 The little girl from "Wonderland"
30 Printer’s measure
35 She was excellent in "Three Cornered Moon" (initials)
34 Act of making real
39 A preposition
40 A period of time (abbr.)
41 One who argues in support of a cause
43 Consecrate
45 Mary Pickford’s first husband
47 The doctor in "Dinner at Eight"
48 By birth
49 Soon to be seen in "Little Women"
52 A conveyance
53 To decay
54 A Greek letter
55 He is usually in comedies with Florence Lake
57 An ornamental chest or cabinet
59 Pierrot
61 The male star of "Another Language"
63 To defraud
65 Elder (abbr.)
66 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.)
68 To exist
69 Expression of delight
70 A well-known character actor (initials)
71 To strike sharply
73 The director of the K menn Symphony Orchestra
75 A first appearance in poetry with a
77 She was charming in "Reunion in Vienna"
79 Gentle
80 Instruments demonstrating the laws of rotation
81 A long narrow groove

DOWN
1. She appeared in "Parachute Jumper" (initials)
2. She has described the screen for the stage
3. The oce an
4. A slave
5. Beverages
6. Regarding (abbr.)
7. The many (abbr.)
8. Make: lac
9. Thallium (abbr.)
10. An ecclesiastical devoted to literature
11. What the stars expect their films to be

12. An expression of disgust
13. Zsa Zsa’s partner in her many laugh-provoking films
14. A thoroughfare (abbr.)
15. The "master" in "The Big Brain"
16. The medium through which we hear our great stars
17. A charming English actress
18. His real name is Art Votion
19. A network
20. Door
21. He will appear with Ann Harding in "Beautiful"
22. The whole
23. A perversion
24. An ill bred fellow
25. Hunged
26. To discourage by fear
27. She is playing in "Ann Vickers"
28. Nothing
29. More profound
30. Placed at a focus
31. She who "done him wrong"
32. Merchandise
33. The amusing old fellow of "Gold Diggers"
34. She’s in "Berkeley Square"
35. Horse
36. The Little Giant
37. A watchful
38. The movies have won from the stage
39. A demonstrative pronoun
40. To give a gratuitous entertainment
41. Comply with orders
42. Members of an Indo-China tribe
43. The beating of a sheep
44. An addition to a letter after the signature (abbr.)
45. Where you buy your movie tickets (abbr.)
46. A word of denial

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

[Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers]
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 constricted, 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 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. 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-disease 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 tensed 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". Make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

HEXIN, Inc.
8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name

Address

City

State

S-S-613

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 tin containing 2 tablets and economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".
IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
TO PLAY CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE!

Concentration is impossible, says Mr. Barclay, if your nerves are jumpy. "I prefer Camels because I can smoke as many as I want without jangled nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

Shepard Barclay says: "Every bridge player can and should learn every system of contract bridge... but it takes real concentration to play a different system with every partner. That kind of concentration naturally involves terrific nerve strain. Personally, I find smoking a decided help to concentration. I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without experiencing jangled nerves... they're always mild!"

Steady smoking brings out what a cigarette's really got. Smoke Camels yourself. Make your own comparisons. Your own experience will confirm all that Mr. Barclay says.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00... but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos
NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE
PARADIGM PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN • ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER • LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA • W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER • RAYMOND
HATTON • EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON • ROSCOE KARNS • MAE
MARSH • POLLY MORAN • JACK
OAKIE • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAY
ROBSON • CHARLIE RUGGLES • ALISON
SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... It's the Best Show in Town
Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Leginaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!

Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!

If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!

Perhaps you have been a "Julie"—and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and your smile. Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more IPANA on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with IPANA.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in IPANA. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

IPANA is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!
The Opening Chorus

The Last Round-Up of Picture Rumors.

a scene in "Long Lost Father"), was her only "dressed-up" guest. La Heburn, naturally, wore overall.

Dolores Del Rio claims she has a record for something or other. In eight hours she posed for eighty-seven lenses, while the still cameras clicked. Well, we can't feel exactly sorry for Dolores.

While you can't prove it by us, but they do say that Harpo Marx called up the Hollywood Women's Exchange and inquired what they would give him for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite.

Well, they do say in Hollywood that the Garbo romance with her director, Rouben Mamoulian, is still very much on the up and up. "Queen Christina" has

been completed these many weeks but Garbo is still "at home" to Mamoulian, and they are seen time and again slipping into previews together. Whatever they expect to get married and start housekeeping is something you know just as much about as we do—but this we do know. Mamoulian has been looking for a home ever since he started to work on the Garbo picture, and, having finally decided upon one, he would not close the deal until Garbo had personally inspected it. She okayed it all right, and now Mamoulian is ready to move in—but whether or not there is to be a chateau, we just don't know.

Another hot romance in Hollywood these days and nights is that of Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale. Adolphe was inspecting diamond rings that big on the

At Marie Dressler's birthday party (which you heard about on the radio) M-G-M officials, Louis B. Mayer and E. B. Hatrick, greeted the star and wished her every happiness. All the great of Hollywood were present, and Will Rogers christened the guest of honor "Our Marie."

set the other day when we wandered in, so our guess is that it won't be long now, Veree.

In these turbulent times when a "trial" separation means that the divorce will be in the next mail, it is right jolly to note that the Gloria Stuart-Blair Newell affair was a success. Gloria has told all her friends, "Blair and I are lovers again. Instead of being staid old married people we are back to our courting days of five years ago."

By maintaining separate homes she and her sculptor husband avoid all those clashes of temperament which used to be a feature of their daily life. Well, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster figured that out six years ago when they first married, and it's worked so well that they are rapidly becoming Hollywood's oldest married couple.

Jack Oakie's pride and joy these days is (no, not Peggy Joyce) but a stand-in at the Paramount studio named "Cracker" Henderson. Jack was so charmed with "Cracker"s" southern accent and dry wit that he immediately employed him as his man-about-the-studio, and took lessons from him when he had to play the son of the Bensmont tobacco millions in "Too Much Harmony." The other day Jack was ribbing "Cracker."

"Cracker," he said, "Ah believes you-all is from Maine."

"Yas, suh," swelled Cracker, "the main pah of Gaw'ja."

Donald Cook is the latest young man about town to start giving Mary Brian a rush. Poor Mary must get awfully confused sometimes.

JOAN Crawford has found a new way to pass the time while waiting on the set between scenes. She makes up little "ditties" to the tune of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

A Divorcee who has recently returned from Reno says that the smartest night club there is featuring a Mae West cocktail. Mae was very interested when she heard about it and promptly wanted to know the ingredients. "Dynamite" was the answer.

The day before she went on location in the Hemet mountains, Katharine Hepburn, who has become Hollywood's "most informal girl," gave a tea party on the curving near her dressing room on the R-K-O lot. Joan Crawford, in a cutaway coat and striped trousers (all ready to do

Now that "Bombshell" has dynamited Jean Harlow's popularity still higher, Jean is in a very smiling mood. She has fully recovered from her appendix operation.

A strange discovery... an exciting test

Faded skin blooms again with new life

Women have proved what a scientist believed: that a natural substance in Junis Cream produces remarkable results when applied to skin.

Youth at middle age is more alluring than at seventeen. What a pity then that by the time most women reach 40, youth has departed from their skins.

A scientist knew that as skin grows old it loses a certain substance—a substance which makes skin fresh, alluring—glamorous. So he got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves of youth. Skin awakened.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named sebisol. Sebisol is part of the chemical substance of your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure sebisol. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether sebisol alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

Gently apply Junis Cream to your face. Feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light and smooth in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream serves for every purpose—for cleansing and also as a night cream.

Junis Cream contains no wax. Many leading creams do. Wax tends to clog the pores.

We invite you to make this test

We ask you to try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream, we think, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have tried it. Please cut out the coupon and mail it for a free 10-day supply.

See what this new facial cream can do when you put it to a beautifying test on your own skin. Mail the coupon.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO

FREE—SEND THIS COUPON FOR A 10-DAY SUPPLY

NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.
If Max Baer, who is the big feature of "The Prizefighter and the Lady," does as well in the ring next June, in his battle for the heavyweight championship of the world, as he does in this, his first moving picture job, a certain big Italian will add an ex to his title.

HOLLYWOOD's favorite bachelor about to purchase a wedding ring at last? It looks very much like Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw will away to a minister almost any minute now. Any place that Gary goes these days, there's always Sandra too, and a most attractive couple they do make, for Sandra is slim and statuesque and Gary isn't exactly what you'd call a midget. Sandra is the niece of Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M director and husband of Dolores del Rio.

When asked why she denied she was married to Johnny Weissmuller, when they paid a recent visit to Nevada, the Mexican told said, "I didn't feel like saying I was married then, now I feel like saying it." Which leaves Lupe wide open to a crack about "sense." Lupe and Johnny are trying to plan a honeymoon in Honolulu. Which luscious island was also to be the honeymoon spot of Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, but after Hal got excited from going to Mexico on the "Viva Villa" picture Jean up and had her appendix removed, and as soon as she got well she had to do a co-starthing picture with Marie Dressler.

Pity the poor Hollywood brides and grooms. Sometimes it takes years to get off a honeymoon. But Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were lucky. After their marriage in the East, they had a fortnight's motor trip through New England. And don't anyone ever doubt the love of those two—why, before Frances had to hurry off on location with the "Rodney" company, she had to have a permanent wave, and heavy lover Joel sat right there by her side in the beauty shop while she had it.
12 STAR TRIUMPH!
Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

* MARIE DRESSLER
* JOHN BARRYMORE
* WALLACE BEERY
* JEAN HARLOW
* LIONEL BARRYMORE
* LEE TRACY
* EDMUND LOWE
* BILLIE BURKE
* MADGE EVANS  KAREN MORLEY
* JEAN HERSHOLT  PHILLIPS HOLMES

DINNER AT 8

"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama ... the fallen matinee idol ... the millionaire's frivolous wife ... the amorous doctor of the idle rich ... stolen hours of romance ... each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!

Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. From the Sam H. Harris stage play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & EDNA FERBER. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

for January 1934
First Prize

"HERE is an idea for the producers who are responsible for our short features on theater programs," writes Mrs. D. Wheelers, Jr., of Commerce, Texas. "Instead of so many being devoted to music and song, why not take advantage of that space of time to present drama in condensed form, somewhat as the 'short story' is presented in magazines? Very unusual plots could be used."

Like the vaudeville sketches of old—"The Littlest Girl" for example. Remember?

Second Prize

MRS. EVERETT A. THOMPSON of Fulton, N. Y., writes: "Let's have less realism in the films. Was it necessary that Katharine Hepburn should give herself to Adolphe Menjou in the picture 'Morning Glory?' It would have been more effective and infinitely less filthy if she had kept her love on a hero-worship basis. There is no drama in freedom. Repression alone, brings dramatic struggle."

That was to show the exploiting of the dreamer. But wonderful Katharine, still free, cries, 'I'm not afraid.'

Third Prize

"STOP handing us the razzberries on how hard the stars have to work. So do those who work in factories, offices and on the farms," writes Milt Buranitz of 66th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "There is no difference. If is one year or two most stars can retire to a life of luxury while we have to work, work, work."

And glad of the job. Eh, Milly?

"HOW do you think we can get the full value of a Harlow-Gable kiss when the thought that he has a wife at home and she a husband, flashes through our minds?" asks Golden Chirico of Nellie Avenue, Florence, Ala. "Pick out two good looking, unmarried ones, and then let's have them teamed up together in a picture."

Showing that marriage hurts popularity.

"STARS, who make personal appearances, are becoming more popular than those whom only the lucky few in Hollywood can see in real life," writes Margaret Deminski of Clark Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. "I would advise the producers to send more of the stars on personal appearance tours."

So many have done it after they lost their jobs that it is considered an admission of failure.

JESSIE E. JONES of 95th Street West, Savannah, Ga., writes: "When Cagney is playing in a picture, it seems as though he just draws you into the story and makes you live with him. He is so full of life, and does not move around as if he were half dead. When you read of a picture that James Cagney is going to play in, you can assure yourself that you will not lose anything by seeing it."

"Faint praise!"

"WHY in the world doesn't someone wake up to the fact that the animated cartoons are putting actors and actresses out of work?" asks K. K. of Maynard, Mass. "The cartoons are interesting, but we like variety. The N.R.A. calls for more work, more pay. Hollywood can offer this, and more. Why by replacing these cartoons with real pictures?"

It takes twelve artists to draw one mouse. That's N.R.A.

"AS you are about the only magazine movie critic who tells us the truth about pictures, I am writing you to ascertain why 'The Blonde Venus' was not among the first ten selected for last year," writes H. H. Fry of 53rd Place, Washington, D. C. "I have been writing criticisms of plays and films for lo! these many years, and thought I knew something about the art, but when a picture like 'Venus' is given the grade I decide to fall back on Silver Screen."

Because "Venus," though beautiful, was not plausible, and therefore lacked reality-punch.

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praxis, will win awards. $15 for first prize, $10 for second price, $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me!" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

ELEANORE LOUISE PARKER of East River Street, Ilium, N. Y., writes: "It seems to me that a short education on chess playing would be highly entertaining. Among the exhibits at the World's Fair in Chicago was a collection of antique chessmen. Some of them were extraordinary objects of art."

"No action, Eleanor."

"I JUST can't help mentioning that whenever a war picture is shown—as for example, 'Today We Live' or 'The White Sister' just one lone plane of ours generally shoots down a fleet of twelve or more of the opposite side. Give us your honest opinion. Were the others asleep all the time?" asks Margaret Vogel of West 47th Street, Davenport, Ia.

Twelve foreigners to one Yankee is about right—Three cheers for hokum!

HOPE WYNNE of Jacksonville, Fla., asks: "Why not strike off a medal to be presented to the crooner who walloped that perambulating scandal sheet, Walter (Keyhole to you)Winchell?"

People will not fear Winchell if they are being good boys.

AL M. LEFOY of Jacob Street, Bristol, Conn., writes: "Give me the 'Ripplengate.' Every one of them was just grand! They were a crazy lot, but you loved them just the same, and you remembered them for weeks and weeks after seeing 'Three Cornered Moon.'"

Fortunate, isn't it, that love doesn't require much sense?

MRS. J. EVERETT WISE of George St., Anderson, Ind., writes: "How local people are to any movie actor who happens to hail from their neck of the woods! I got a big kick out of seeing Charlie Murray because my dad knew him in Muncie, Indiana."

Charlie Farrell used to breathe the same Cape Cod fog that we did.
Ablaze in the cinema heaven! Two shining stars in two brilliant SAMUEL GOLDFryn PRODUCTIONS

EDDIE CANTOR in

"ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Everybody's Eddie! Now a crashing charioteer! Burning up Rome with laughs, lions, lovely ladies, lilting lyrics! One big Roman Holiday!

with RUTH ETTING  GLORIA STUART  DAVID MANNERS and the NEW GOLDYWN GIRLS

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

GLAMOROUS FASCINATING

Anna Sten in

"NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of voluptuousness from Zola's magic pages, she has a role magnificently matching her superb artistry. America awaits, with expectant thrill, this, her first American picture

for January 1934
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY

The use of beauty aids brings happiness as well as beauty.

By Mary Lee

There is something about a blonde... it's usually men. Cecilia Parker supplied beauty for twenty-two "westerns" before she stamped to educational.

To all of us we can afford to go to expensive beauty salons and have facials de luxe, at a couple of dollars a throw--at least we can't afford to do it very often. But I'm here to state that when you do make up your mind to spend some money that way, it pays bigger dividends than you can imagine.

Just suppose you've got a big date. And you've been working all day. You feel tired and disheveled, and not very enthusiastic about yourself or anything else. You even look that way. Then's the time, my dears, to stop in at your favorite beauty shop, late in the afternoon, and order the "works."

But so much what the facial is going to do to improve your looks. What it does to lift you out of the Slough of Despond is much more important. You can't help but feel pep up when a beautician gets through with you. Your eyes will be brighter, your skin will be softer, your disposition will be improved and you'll be happier from head to toe. You'll have more confidence in yourself. You'll feel like coming out of your shell. And that makes you just twice as good "company" as you usually are otherwise.

Why, there's one very smart young lady in Hollywood who gets up an hour earlier than she has to on mornings that she's due at the studio--even though she can have a facial first--in spite of the fact that she's going to have to smother her lovely complexion with yellow powders and greasepaint before she faces the camera. So you can understand that it's not so much for the effect on her complexion alone that she has the daily morning facial.

Yet someone says that having an expert beautician tending over her, getting her face and smoothing creams well into the skin with gentle massaging fingers, while she sits back luxuriously in a comfortable chair, is just the last word in giving her that "up and at 'em" feeling.

You see, you rest and relax while you're having a facial, and during that half hour or so, you begin to store up fresh energy. You begin to think of how grand you're going to look when you get through--and you feel almost elegant, at the very thought. It's an awfully important feeling, and even a woman is entitled to it once in a while.

For the same reason, it's important to cleanse your face and re-do your make-up several times every day. It freshens you up mentally, as well as physically. It's a good idea to first use cleansing cream, and then follow it with a mild soap and warm water. The soap and water removes every vestige of the cream, and stimulates the circulation--in addition to removing the last particle of dirt. Follow this treatment with an astringent, or cold water, to close the pores, and use a powder base after that. If your skin is naturally oily, I think you'd do better by omitting the powder base and apply your make-up directly after the astringent or cold water.

Again, if you're getting ready for a dinner or evening date, use a little different make-up than you have been accustomed to all day. This actually makes you feel more "dressed up," even though you're wearing the same dress. Suppose you don't wear eye-shadow as a rule--well, then, by all means use it for the "special occasion." Just a bit... either blue, or lavender or light green... whichever suits you best.

I think, as a rule, these shades do more for your eyes and coloring than the brown or grey shades which are liable to make your eyes look as though they needed sleep. You know some eye-shadows are being made with tiny specks of gold and silver in them, which are very effective, especially when you're dressed for a formal dance.

Incidentally, a change of perfume is always effective. You may have been wearing a light, youthful perfume all day long, but change to a heavier, more exotic scent at nightfall and see how quickly that puts you, and your boy friend, too, in a more romantic mood. There are loads and loads of good perfumes, of course, and what you choose really depends on what your nose knows it likes. But if you've got a bit of Spanish in you, you should try one of the D'Henri perfumes. They have no alcohol in them—but contain the pure perfume essence, and are very unique in their fragrance. These are true Spanish perfumes.

And, by all means, vary the shades of your rouge and lipstick, for evening... so that you won't look like the same old gal who shopped around the stores or slaved around the office all day long. A brighter shade of rouge, a more vivid lipstick for a change, will perk up your mood as well as your face. Speaking of various shades of lipstick, Helena Rubinstein is now boxing three little lipstick-sticks, (no relation to the Three Little Pigs), together, for the approximate price of... They are each a different shade, and each has a different colored case. It's a grand idea. I think, as you may not only choose the shade of lipstick to match your mood... but you can switch the tops of the cases from one to the other and manage to carry the container that matches your costume.

But enough for make-up—which, after all, is something effective that though it is not flawless. A number of women lately have been writing me about Poslami. Poslami, you know, is a tried and true medicinal salve, that is known for half a century. Lately, a few ingenious women have been testing its use for the treatment and removal of skin blemishes. They say it works miracles that thought you might like to know about this—because, in addition to its being effective, you may use it on the blemish, under your make-up, and it hides it while it heals.

Blemishes are one thing, and enlarged pores are another, but both usually result from a poor circulation. And the first step toward tidying yourself of them, is to work up your system completely. Get out and take good long walks... yes, even in the winter. Do lots of exercises, even if your figure is thin enough as it is. And instead of sitting lazily in a warm tub, take a real cold shower in the morning. Let the water beat on your skin. Then rub yourself down briskly with a rough Turkish towel.

Once or twice a week, try this. It's an old Hollywood custom. Rub salt well into your skin. A whole handful of ordinary table salt. Then rinse it away thoroughly under the shower. This makes your blood circulation all right, and it gives your skin a tingling sensation. Skins that aren't too sensitive can also stand this treatment on the face, only you have to be a bit more gentle about the way you rub the salt in.
NO MARRIAGE TIES—Good. (RKO) As an 'sad' man, a bundle of shams and hypocrises, Richard Dix has pet theories about women, trying them out successfully but not completely on Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon.

NOTORIOUS BUT NICE—Good. (Cochet) Night clubs, nightcrawlers, and private triumphs form the theme of this. (Marvin Marsh, Donald Dillaway.)

OLEN'S BIG MOMENT—|Stanly comedy. (Fox) El Brendel as a goofy janitor and Walter Lattét as a peremptorily drunk furnish many amusing situations.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Fine. (Pa) The setting, but not less dramatic side of the Gay Nineties is portrayed here. (Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—Superb. (UA) Don't miss this! Chas. Laughton makes the much-married king a vital, living person, to be remembered long after your history-book idea of Henry has faded from your memory.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—FINE. (U) A football yarn that is different—honest! The hero does not save the game at the break moment. (Robert Young, Leila Hyams.)

SKYWAY—Fine. (Monogram) A bank-drama that takes to the air when the hero pursues an abandoner of funds in an amphibian plane. (Ray Walker, Kathryn Crawford, Claude Gillingwater, Lucien Littlefield.)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fair. (Fox) Spencer Tracy turns in another fine performance as an outcast navy officer in China. With him are Fox Wray, Eugene Palette, Ralph Morgan and Herreys Munden.

SOLITAIRE MAN—Fine. (JGM) Intense drama superbly enacted within the confines of an airplane en route from Paris to London. In cast, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Elizabeth Allan and Alfred Forbes.

S.O.S. ICEBERG—Fair. (U) Actually filmed in Greenland, this story of a seaman seeking records of a lost expedition holds you because of its grim realism. Rod La Rocque in the cast.

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Fair. (U) Irritated by a spume police methods a publisher gets his staff to solve some baffling crimes. (Alan Dinehart, Wynne Gibson.)

STAGE MOTHER—Fine. (JGM) Alice Brady gives another delightful performance as the frustrated actress who forces her daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) into a theatrical career.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI—Entertaining. (Monogram) Sped-up college yarn, with lovely girls, tuneful songs and no studies to speak of. (Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Interesting. (Principal) Starting out as propaganda, with a slight romantic thread of story, this ends up by being a colorful, true-life drama with many novel and stirring scenes.

TILLIE AND GUS—Excellent comedy. (Par) Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields play a couple of amusingly shrewd gamblers. But Baby LeRoy always manages to steal a number of laughs.

WALTZ TIME—Charming. (British-Gaumont) The attractive Evviva Lance in one of Johann Strauss' liveliest Viennese operettas.

WORLD CHANGES THE—Extremely interesting. (WB) An American "Cavalcade" beautifully narrated by Paul Muni, Alice MacMahan, Guy Kibbee.

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John Gilbert's Surprise

Hollywood is as predictable as a pair of dice. Now it's John Gilbert upon whom Good Fortune is smiling, and John is pretty happy at the pleasant turn of Fate. His lovely wife and baby girl brought him luck, and then Garbo chose him for her leading man! And now the talk is that his performance in "Christina" is great!

- Good work, John.

for January 1934
MARVELOUS HEPBURN!

The movie world is cheering for Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." Her great performance as Jo puts Katharine out in front. She is now at work on "Trigger," with Louis Mason. In the story the mountain people persecute her, believing her to be a witch.
PATSY KELLEY. New York's favorite comedienne, who's been putting funny business into the Marion Davies-Bing Crosby picture for the last month, can now be socially accepted in Hollywood. She Has Been Snubbed by Garbo. And that makes her one of us. Patsy, since starting to work on the Metro lot, has become friendly with Chris Miller, the Garbo stand-in, who bears a striking resemblance to the famous Swede. Dashing out of her dressing room the other day, in a mad rush to get to her stage in time, Patsy bumped right into what she thought was Chris. "Out of my way, dope," she shouted, "out of my way." And then she froze in her tracks. It was Garbo. We are still hoping that Patsy will recover from frostbite and chills.

MAE WEST has started a new kind of "story conference" in Hollywood. When the "boys" want to start discussing her new picture with her, instead of going into a huddle in her dressing room or office, she simply invites them for a ride in her car. They bring along their pencils and paper and talk big business while Mae ad- mires the foaming surf along the Roosevelt Highway, or the sunset over the Malibu range.

MARLENE DIETRICH has started a new fad—wearing an organdy on the outside of her gloves. But she has had to sacrifice to art those long, red-to-the-tip finger nails which she made a fad of before she went to Europe, on her last vacation. Director Von Sternberg informed her that Catherine of Russia had stubby nails—and probably chewed them, too. So Marlene obligingly filed hers off.

MADGE EVANS is dreading the time that a certain Hollywood critic sits down to write a review of her next picture. And it's all Mrs. Evans' fault, too, if the critic says those damning words, "Madge Evans was adequate." It seems that Mrs. Evans is the typical mother and believes that Madge can do no wrong. So when Madge swung out of a side street the other day and almost crashed into another car, which was doing a bit of swinging on its own, mother Evans stuck her head out and shouts, "You fool! Look where you're going!"

Madge took a look at the "fool" and her heart missed a beat! He was none other than one of Hollywood's most influential critics—and he appeared to be foaming at the mouth!

JACKIE COOPER has decided to give little Georgie Beizer (Loretta Young's little sister) the air. It seems that the kids in the neighborhood were calling him a "sissy" behind his back—and that was too much. Especially after "The Bowery."

"WELL," observed Jack Dempsey, as he watched Max Baer and Primo Carnera pulling punches in a fighting sequence in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" at the Metro studio, "so now prizefighters get klieg-eyes instead of black eyes."

SENSATIONAL, we call it! That bizarre combination worn by Marlene Dietrich at the Colony Club the other night (yeah, Von Sternberg was along). Madame wore a great, big, rough, red sweater, clapped at the throat with a diamond pin!

AND, talking about parties, one of the weirdest parties we ever went to was given by Joan Blondell the other evening. It was a "mad" party and Joan was so burned that even the bedroom went up in flames! When Joan and hubby George Barnes got home from a day on location, Joan happened to pick up a local trade paper and read a nasty crack about herself and George in the "lowdown" column. (Heaven knows, the last people in Hollywood who ought to be gossiped about are Joan and George, who are so much in love with each other that the rest of the world can go by and they'll still bid six hearts.) Joan was furious—so she called up a couple of friends, and a couple of guys from the studio, and her agent and her lawyer, and was letting the sparks fly all over the place when sud- denly her bedroom upstairs ignited. All the "mad" guests immediately formed a bucket brigade and by the time the fire department, in Ed Wynn hats, had climbed Look-Out mountain, everything was under control with feathers everywhere. Joan was so upset over the dis- appearance of her Siamese kitten (named "Scraps") and rightly too and her eyelashes that when the excitement was over she had forgotten all about her desire to take steps. So the guests, only slightly singed, decided just to have a party.

WHEN Cary Grant, on his way to the studio, found himself stalled on Vine Street early one morning with a dead battery, he looked desperately around for a friendly driver to give him a push. Imagine his surprise when Mac West's car drove up along side his. Her chauffeur gave him the desired push and Cary went gliding over the hill waving his thanks to Mac.

"Nothing to it," Mac shouted after him, "just a pushover."

[Continued on page 48]
"When the Big

When Life is Good, When Fortune Smiles and Four Leaf Clovers Garland the Pathway, Then Hollywood Celebrates with a Party.

WHEN the option is taken up and the old career is safe for one more year; when the contract is signed on the dotted line and there'll be no more one night stands; when the divorce is granted and love can have its way; when at the preview the audience applauds lustily and you are "discovered;" when the front office gives you a pat on the back and a bonus check; when you get star billing and your favorite director—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy—that calls for a celebration. You gotta let off steam. You gotta call up people. You gotta spend money. Why, you gotta give a party!

"Hello, Bob, bring around a couple of cases of champagne right away. Sure, the best."

"Hello, Jimmy, I want a table for twelve tomorrow night at the Grove. You bet, soup to nuts."

"Hello, operator, give me the Desert Inn at Palm Springs."

"Hello, Billy, I want to rent the Vendome for Saturday night. Yeah, another costume party."

And so it goes in Hollywood where options come up as regularly as elevators. When the big moment comes lots of the boys and girls run out and buy a new car, or call in the most expensive decorator, or buy a present for mother—but most often their first thought is to throw a party.

When Carole Lombard returned from Reno with a neat but not gaudy little document tucked away in her bag, announcing that she need no longer sit at a breakfast table with William Powell, she hardly had time to say goodbye before that fascinating Bill was on the 'phone saying, "Darling, we really ought to have a party!

So Gloria Swanson and her husband, Mike Farmer, who are awfully good friends of the Powell and the ex-Powell, threw a delightful dinner party for the just-divorced pair at their Beverly Hills home, with the Dick Barthelmessses much in evidence. From there they went to the premiere of "Dinner at Eight" at the Chinese, where Carole and Bill shocked the old sticklers-for-conventions by holding hands during the intermission. In fact the people back of them reported a bit of necking when the lights were out. Such goings-on for the Reno-rated.

Adrienne Ames didn't even wait to return from Reno to give her divorce party. Just a day or so after millionaire Stephen Ames said, "Well, my love, so this is the end," and took a plane for New York, and all the newspapers carried headlines, Adrienne gave a most elaborate party at her beautiful Beverly Hills home. Of course Bruce
"Night Comes"
By Elizabeth Wilson

Benn Levy (at left) and his wife, Constance Cummings, at Darryl Zanuck's Big Blow-off celebrating the "Bowery" success. Wide World

When Bobbe Arnst got her divorce from Johnny Weissmuller she threw a Freedom Party. James Cagney and the Missus, with Brother Bill Cagney and Boots Mallory, his wife. Keystone

Florinne McKinney expresses the gay spirit of Happy Hollywood.

Cabot, in a white mess jacket, was right there to help her receive the guests who came to gasp at Adrienne's audacity, but stayed to have a darned good time. Adrienne looked marvelous in a tea gown that swooped over the shoulders and came down in a circular swish. A buffet supper was served on the lawn, where the hundreds of lighted candles gave it quite a Versaillesish appearance. Mrs. Oakie, Jack's mother, was the local Pompadour and had everyone listening to her stories. The only casualty of the evening occurred when Lil Tashman mistook the floor for another step and sprained her ankle on the way to the playroom. Lionel Barrymore came gallantly to her rescue. A day or so later, Adrienne packed her trunks, closed the house, and left for Reno. And just as soon as she received those divorce papers, she and Bruce did an off-to-Yuma.

A most recent "freedom" party was given by Bobbe Arnst, who used to be Mrs. Tarzan, and who used to be so crazy about her wandering Johnny that she would cry whenever you mentioned his name—and bawl if you let slip a Lupe. But time heals broken hearts and patches frayed nerves and now Bobbe is the gayest of the gay. The night she received her final decree happened also to be her birthday, so she celebrated with a combination birthday-freedom party at the Montmartre night club. She had an immense birthday cake with a replica of Walt Disney's Three Little Pigs dancing around it. (Whether or not the three little pigs were symbolical of Bobbe, Lupe and Johnny is something for you to decide.) Among the cake-eaters were Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, and Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. Lupe and Johnny celebrated the final decree by a [Continued on page 58]
"Foolish

Why Should Salaries Be Limited—
the Stars Rarely Keep the
Money for Themselves?

There once was a time when Olive Borden had serving men and fol de rols that a princess might have envied. Here is Olive at the height of her career.

The subject of money—cold, hard, metallic money—has never been as important to Hollywood as it is today. And, personally, I'm sorry. Terribly sorry.

Of course it's the code, with its threat of placing a nice, commonplace, top-figure on a salary. And the bank holiday with its salary cut. And the strike. Even Fairyland has been invaded by a stalking ghost of fear with all of these unusual, economic problems. No one understands them out here; no one pretends to understand unless he is talking for publication. Garbo only knows that instead of making $12,500 a week, she may be making $1000; and Neil Hamilton understands that his $1750 may drop to $750 and di-

Silver Screen
Gary Cooper has learned his lesson, and now has a manager, Jack Moss, whose life work is to say “no” to Gary’s impulses.

Director Mervyn Le Roy realizes that instead of collecting $100,000 a year, he may collect only $25,000. And so on.

They’re having meetings. Two and three in an evening. The actors congregate at one place; the directors at another; and the writers and the extras and the cameramen are all getting together in groups to talk “it” over. Not really understanding much about “it,” but feeling a sensation of comfort and hope by just rubbing shoulders with one another.

And they’re moving out of their expensive houses and refusing to buy expensive cars and cutting down the number of their servants... to prepare for the day when Cinderella may find that her slipper had turned from bright gold to easily-tarnished silver.

Yes, they’re going practical. Miriam Hopkins was paying $500 a month rent until a few weeks ago—for the house that Garbo lived in before she went to Sweden. The landlord refused to reduce the price, so Miriam moved. She had to, as her personal manager only allows her $500 to live on—and this sum must take care of everything. She never even sees the rest of her weekly salary check. Now, she is paying $250 for rent. Gary Cooper was paying $350 for another house that Garbo had inhabited when she first became famous. She had paid $700. But Gary thought $350 too much under present conditions and moved way out into the country where he gets a ranch for just a little more than a hundred. Kay Francis has taken a lease on a home for which she and her husband pay $50 monthly. And, for the first time, Marlene Dietrich has a house without a swimming pool, despite the fact that daughter Maria adores the pool. “We will be in Europe for the summer, so what matter?” shrugs Marlene.

The other evening Lupe Velez Weissmuller and Johnny drew up before my home, and Lupe screeched lustily: “Come out and see Johnny’s new car.” The entire family raced out and stood with “ohs” and “ahs” before a majestic Duesenberg. Our hearts beat a little faster; our eyes gleamed a little brighter. A breath of the old Hollywood had swept up to our door—

“And we only paid $7000 for it. Bought it second hand. Less than a smaller car would cost new. It only has 22,000 miles... [Continued on page 54]
UP from the THEATRE GUILD!

Alice Brady Made O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" a Personal Triumph on Broadway. Now, Alice is the Sensation of the Screen.

It was midnight and the "Vinegar Tree" company called time out for a little rest and a bite to eat. They issued supper checks to the cast.

"I want three checks, if you please," said Alice Brady.

"Three?" A slight lift of a studio eyebrow.

"One for me," she said, checking them off on her fingers. "One for my maid, Nana, and one for Sammy." "Sammy?" The eyebrow lifted a shade higher.

"My little dog. He is a bit anaemic and he always has bacon and eggs and toast at this hour!"

"Oh!"

Miss Brady received her three checks and three suppers were subsequently served in her dressing room. Sammy, I am told, approved of the bacon and eggs but found the toast a bit cold.

You cannot write about Alice Brady without writing about her dogs. You cannot talk with her without discussing them. She has four-three wire haired terriers and a lugubrious Scotty. She takes them everywhere with her and suits their convenience in most matters.

"For thirteen years I have not been able to go to England because of Sammy," she told me. "He is the eldest of the four and, you know, when you go over there, they make you put your dog in quarantine for six months before they will allow you to bring him into the country. I have had some lovely offers—fascinating plays with splendid direction and production. But they won't lift that quarantine ban, even for Royalty. The last time I received an offer, they told me that they could arrange to have him kept only twenty miles from London. But it seemed to me that it would be too difficult to drive forty miles every day while doing a play! Especially on matinee days. So I had to decline."

We were in her dressing room and she was slipping out of her costume so that it might be pressed while she had lunch.

"They keep on giving me organdie costumes," she sighed. "If you sit down for one minute the thing is ruined. "However, I do like parts which allow me to wear nice clothes! I hate drab, uninteresting costumes, however interesting the character may be. I had rather she beamed at me; "have an interesting costume than an interesting rôle, if

The great of the stage find "Welcome" on the mat of Hollywood.

SILVER SCREEN
ALL ABOARD
FOR
WEDDED
BLISS

Mr. and Mrs. McCrea Take Off for Better-or-Worse.

By Ivy Wilson

LUNCHING with Joel McCrea, Hollywood's happiest bachelor, was quite an experience—I found myself meeting a celebrity between each mouthful. It happened that the studio cafe was the place we had decided on for a bite to eat, and a heart to heart chat on the pitfalls of young love and marriage. Every minute one star or director would dash up, until I felt that if another person came along to slap Joel on the back, or to ask “How's Frances,” or invite himself to sit down, would forget I was supposed to be a lady and throw something at them. Joel made at least six unsuccessful attempts to draw a plan of his ranch house on the table cloth for me, but he never got beyond the living room. He did manage to tell me it was early Californian in style and that Frances adored it. “She's becoming quite the ranchwoman,” he said as we escaped from the restaurant, and beat a retreat to his dressing room, where there was some degree of privacy and where I did not have to smile sweetly every few seconds at superficial celebrities.

A photograph of his bride of a few weeks looked down at me from the wall. She reigns supreme—not a sign of another woman's portrait.

Frances and Joel love their ranch situated in a glorious valley the other side of the Santa Ynez Mountains. It stretches over a thousand acres, and herds of cattle graze contentedly in the shadow of the volcanic hills which boast riotous colorings of brilliant reds and yellows, and, symbolical of flaming love, stand guard over the property. The ranch is in a spot that could truly be named Paradise Valley. While they gallop over their broad acres oblivious of Hollywood, people are still wondering about Frances' change of mind. She vowed she would never marry until she had established herself as a film star and her career was assured. Joel despaired of persuading her to say that very important word "yes" (while half a dozen film beauties were sighing for the chance). Joel was one of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelors and many wondered why Frances kept him guessing. She did not say "yes" to Joel's pleadings for several months and then refused to allow their engagement to be announced.

"I am c-c-crazy about Frances. [Continued on page 64]
They Pay Her at the Rate of Five Thousand Dollars a Week, and Glad of the Chance; Yet She Has Never Appeared on the Screen.

The secret of the success of Frances Marion is her sympathy for other people.

She has earned millions in Hollywood entirely by her own efforts.

Movie stars turn green with envy at the contents of her pay envelope; the exact figures of which we cannot mention at this moment, what with all the fuss they’re making down in Washington.

Studios fight to get her.

Once she is on the lot, producers go home and sleep comfortably o’ nights knowing everything will be okay.

Irving Thalberg, the little Napoleon of the film industry, once said he’d rather have her under contract than any other woman. So would everybody else.

Mention her name and big executives get down and knock their heads three times on the floor in reverence. Yet it may be that you’ve never heard that name. So it now becomes my privilege to introduce to you Miss Frances Marion, the all-time All-American scenario writer.

As a writer, she is unquestioned head of her profession, male and female, and the proof is in the pictures to which her name is signed, and in the box office returns on those pictures.

As a woman, she is a philanthropist, a patroness of young artists, and herself the most brilliant, versatile and accomplished person in Hollywood.

I’m going to let you in on a little secret. I couldn’t possibly write about Frances with an unprejudiced type-writer, and there isn’t any use pretending I could. I love her.
too dearly and value her friendship too highly. But—does that make my story less valuable? Does that make my opinion on her less sound? I don't think so. In fact, I'd say just the opposite. Because I've known her ever since we were kids together in San Francisco. We've been in the same game for twenty years. We've gone through birth and death and success and failure together. I've seen Frances under almost every situation it is possible to experience. And so it seems to me when I tell you she is the finest, most honest, most modest woman I've ever known, with the clearest brain and the biggest heart, it ought to mean something. Personally, it makes my life a much more beautiful one to be able to say just this about a woman I know that well. Because we do have disillusionments along the road sometimes, and those friends who stood the test of time and trouble are "jewels in our crown."

I once introduced a very nice girl, who was trying to get along in pictures, to Frances. When we left, I said, "Isn't she grand?" The girl nodded and then said wistfully, "But it doesn't seem quite fair that she should be beautiful, too."

Women who can earn a quarter of a million a year and have brains enough to make most men look like second raters, are not supposed to be beautiful. That's understood. Yet, I have known cameramen to turn away from the stars they were photographing and whisper, glancing to the chair where Frances sat with her script, "Gee, I wish Miss Marion'd play some of these parts herself."

Men who have been in love with Frances, and there have been plenty, get you off in corners and tell you that there never was another woman like her, that, in the words of the popular song, "she has everything."

Not long ago I went to the Friday night fights at the Hollywood Legion with Mark Kelly, sporting editor of the Los Angeles Examiner. As we came out we met Frances, who is an enthusiastic follower of all sports, and when I presented Mark to her he said, "If you never did anything except write 'The Champ,' I'd still think you were the greatest writer in Hollywood."

In my list of the six greatest women of Hollywood, which, to date, has included Peg Talmadge, the mother of the Talmdges, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo and Dorothy Arner, I place [Continued on page 55]
Joan Has One Characteristic Which Beats in Her Pulses and Dominates Her Every Moment.

JOAN CRAWFORD was preparing for a scene the first time I ever saw her. In those days of silent pictures, there was always a small orchestra on the set for the purpose of creating atmosphere and inducing mood. Joan sat by the musicians, head in hands, eyes closed, concentrating upon the emotions she must express. The organ moaned and the violin sighed. (It was, presumably, a lugubrious emotion for which she was preparing.) And so Joan sat, a tense little statue, thinking about it.

The director smiled, pointing to her. "She takes it so hard!" he said. "You would think that this scene were the most important thing in her whole life, in her entire career. It isn't a big scene in the picture."

Joan was only a little featured player then, recently graduated from "stock." It amused the more experienced people around her to see how hard she tried. Well, that is the way Joan has always taken things. Her life, her loves, her work. The big things and the little things. She has taken them, in actors' parlance, "big." People have laughed at her intensity, they have been impatient with it, they have complained about it. Well, I wish I had it! That intensity is Joan's chief asset.

I talked with her in her dressing room yesterday. "You have to feel things," she said. "That is the only important thing in life, really. If you try to avoid emotion, if you try to duck experience, as so many cocksure young people try to do today, you hurt yourself terribly. It took me a long time to learn that. I used to try to run from life, too. I used to try to avoid the things that hurt me or humiliated me. Now I know how important those things are to me.

"Why, just the business of letting yourself want something... letting yourself want it with all of you... is important. If you don't want things intensely, you won't get them. What's more, you don't deserve to get them!"

"Certainly you will be hurt. Certainly you will suffer. It doesn't matter. At least, you will be alive; you won't be a vegetable. Learning that has given me a certain sort of peace.

"I am happier right now than I have ever been in my life. I suffered horribly over my marriage. But I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I have passed some sort of milestone. Maybe there are other hazards and more suffering ahead. But I feel—well, safe—right now!"

It occurred to me that this was the first time I had ever heard Joan admit that she was happy. Oh, she was ecstatic, of course, in the early days of her marriage. But there were always things which had to do with her work, other worries. Joan has always seemed to me like a character out of one of Booth Tarkington's books. She has a chronic adolescence which Mr. Tarkington would recognize instantly. I am sure.

"You say me you used to tell me, "I am so unhappy! I stay alone in my apartment and turn on the Victrola and dance and dance and dance... until I am exhausted enough to find a little peace..."" Later, when she was married to Doug, she used to drive alone on the desert at night, trying to run away from herself and her troubles.

She has the actor's knack of dramatizing herself and believing it. She thought of herself as a great actress and acted like a great actress in the days when everyone else thought of her as a pretty little girl who could dance. Well, that is how Joan has dominated her fate, has made her career. By believing in herself, in her capabilities, believing that she was what she wished to be.

Franchot Tone, Joan's most devoted and most favored suitor just now, told me after he had known her only a short time: "She has the most enormous capacity for interest in other people that I have ever seen. Joan has had problems of her own in the past few months. Not only did she suffer from an unhappy marriage, but she was tortured by untrue gossip and unfair reports in the public prints. You would think that she had

"You have to feel things," says Joan. "That is the only important thing in life, really."

Joan has the actor's knack of dramatizing herself.
enough on her mind with her own problems... But, no! She has to fret about the problems of a dozen or so other people. She is,“ he added, very solemnly, “a great woman. And that is not an adjective that you use often or carelessly. I think that about Joan.”

I don't agree with Franchot. I do not consider Joan a “great” woman. But I think that she

judges it. She has the emotional capacity, the sensitiveness which go with greatness. If her sensitiveness were a little more analytical, a little more mature, if she had more perspective... oh, well, I don't know! Who can say, after all, what constitutes greatness? She has one of the most vivid and vital personalities of our time.

Joan has a mother complex. There is no doubt about that. She loves to advise people, guide them, take care of them. Most of the men in Joan's life have been men who needed mothering—and whom she could dominate. Joan has never been attracted to a dominant man.

A prominent writer told me not long ago that he was going to a doctor for a thorough examination. He hadn't been feeling quite fit for some time. “I shouldn't have bothered about it, myself,” he said, almost apologetically.

“But Joan insists that I go,” Joan,” he added, looking pleased all to pieces, “worries about me. I can't imagine why!”

Joan worries about everyone whom she likes. (I didn't mention that fact to the pleased young man.) The worry and the interest are genuine. She really cares whether people are well and happy. Prop boys, script girls, office boys on the lot, all come in for personal interest and attention. I have seen her in a state of almost tearful rebellion because a young writer in whom she was interested was not, in her opinion, receiving the opportunities or enjoying the success which she felt that he deserved.

She has an amazing effect upon people—an almost hypnotic power over them. When I visited her yesterday there was, upon the set, a girl who had followed her out here from New York, where she saw her months ago. She has sent Joan letters and presents. She has telephoned her home and practically forced her way through Joan's front door. She had got onto the set by some hook or crook, but, from the dour expressions [Continued on page 60]
Over Hollywood the Rumors Fly—"Trigger" is going good . . . Retakes for "Christina."

By S. R. Mook

On the M-G-M Lot

It seems that every month one set stands out in some picture. This month it's the set for a number in the new Marion Davies-Bing Crosby musical called "Going Hollywood," and the number is called "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines." It's one of the most pretentious and ornate sets I've ever seen.

Marion is in love with a radio crooner—Bing. Of course—and there's nothing distinctive about that—thousands of girls are. While he is broadcasting she falls asleep and dreams that she has taken him from the broadcasting station for a walk. Their walk leads them through a field of daisies and sunflowers. The daisies are of different colored Cellophane, each mounted on a steel stem. The stem is hinged at the bottom, where it is hidden in the grass, and, as they walk through them, the flowers sway gently from one side to the other. Passing the daisies, they come to sunflowers, and, as their approach, the sunflowers part, falling over sideways. Through a little picket fence they pass, coming to a little cottage, all covered with roses and vines.

The entire house is made of glass. The walls are glass, some of the furniture is even glass. The bedspread is of Cellophane. The curtains are blue Cellophane with red tie-backs. And it is a complete house down to the most minute detail, except that there's no bathroom!

"Where's the bathroom?" I demand of Bing.
People who live in glass houses shouldn’t make baths,” he retorts, and quickly changes the subject. “I haven’t seen you since dinner and Gander’s dunking party.”

The “dunking party” to which he refers was the joint christening of his baby and the Richard Arlen’s. “I was out to your house for dinner Monday,” I explain, “but you were working.”

“Humph,” says Bing laconically.

I note with interest his costume of white hose, white flannels and a navy blue coat, being totally color blind is not usually noticed harmoniously. Sometimes his garments argue among themselves. Once, for instance, he appeared in yellow flannel trowsers, a red sweater and green coat.

He laughs at my scrutiny, understanding it. “The wardrobe department is what you might call ‘vigilant’ out here,” he announces.

Our conversation is interrupted by the assistant director, who calls him on to the set to join Marion. If ever I saw a dream girl, she’s it. A ruffled white net dress with tiny flowers on it and a big, flouncy, white picture hat.

They take their places at the door of the cottage and a machine starts playing the music Bing has sung as they walked through the daisies and sunflowers. As the record nears the end, Bing starts singing in unison with it and continues his singing after the machine is played out. As he finishes, he opens the door and he and Marion go inside.

There are several other choruses, each with a different setting—one of them on a glass island. Somehow I feel that this is going to make even these spectacles in “Footlight Parade” look pale in comparison.

On stage 2, Ramon Novarro, just back from Europe, greets me warmly. But it’s too hot to be impressed with anything. Besides, I’ve got a bone to pick with him. “You promised me three years ago that the next time you gave a concert in your own little theatre you’d ask me. You had one the other night, but was I invited? No!”

“I’m sorry,” he apologizes. “I forgot. And it’s so small. Only sixty-four seats, Herbert Howe says I never play to empty houses because all I have to do is ask my immediate family and relatives and the place is full.”

“Well,” I begin, not entirely mollified.

“I want you to meet Vivienne Segal,” he says hurriedly, presenting me to an auburn-haired beauty sitting there.

“ov-chie-do,” I sputter. And then I remember. She used to be known as the highest salaried singing ingenue in New York, but that isn’t all. Memory stirs and I seem to remember her at Warner Brothers in a series of musicals that should have been good but weren’t—through no fault of hers.

“What was the picture you and Walter Woolf did together?” I ask.

“You’re a nasty, mean old man to mention it,” she smiles. “It was ‘Golden Dawn.’”

Somebody’s always taking the joy out of life, and just as Ramon, Vivienne and I are having a swell time talking over stage plays, Ramon is called for a scene in “The Cat and The Fiddle.”” The scene is the dressing room of a theatre. Ramon is a composer and one of his pieces is about to be produced.

But all is not well. Frank Conroy, the manager of the theatre where the piece is to play, comes into the dressing room. Ramon is sitting by the door and Charles Butterworth, his secretary, stands by with his customary dead pan.

“Mr. Brieux tells me,” Conroy begins, addressing Ramon, “that he is no longer connected with the production. Without his guarantee I must have a week’s rent for the theatre—in advance. Ten thousand francs.”

“But why?” Ramon asks. “The show’s going to be a success.”

“Every composer thinks his show will be a huge success,” Conroy retorts, “and yet—there are failures.”

“Bring me a blank check,” Ramon orders suddenly, imperiously.

“You have the money?” Conroy is amazed.

“Of course,” Ramon lies.

Conroy looks him over dubiously and then goes to get the check.

“But you haven’t got ten thousand—” Butterworth begins as soon as Conroy is out of the room.

“If the show is a success,” Ramon reasons.

[Continued on page 65]
Milord, the Mechanic!

The Technical Men Hold the Destinies of the Stars in their Hands.

By Jeanne de Kolty

BLACKEN a producer’s eye, and you’ll get a raise.

Step on a juicer’s (electrician’s) toe, and you’ll lose your job.

Hollywood is a strange town, my lad! So far as the public is concerned, the movies are made up of producers, stars, and directors, and Will Hays. True, every film must have a producer of some sort. But there have been tremendous successes without stars. And a good many persons you never heard of are qualified to direct, if given an opportunity.

Getting down to brass tacks, it is the unknown who makes the movies. Without expert technicians, prop men and grips, there could be no successes.

Some years ago Hollywood was shocked when a male star punched his boss, an equally famous producer, in the eye. The player’s contract was about to expire. Other studios, certain the producer would not renew, commenced bidding for the star’s services. At that time, this particular star was a box-office sensation. Black eye or no, the producer would not willingly lose so valuable an asset. He not only renewed the star’s contract, but gave him a substantial raise.

On the other hand, Frank Fay had all the earmarks of a star. He flopped. Many excuses have been given for Fay’s failure in his first and only picture. The truth is yet to be told. Fay apparently considered the crew beneath him. He appeared to scorn sound men and cameramen. His attitude got Fay thoroughly disliked by his fellow workers whether he intended it or not. Perhaps it did not dawn on him that the enmity of these “underlings” might prove injurious.

Requested to raise his voice for the sound men, Fay is reported to have answered: “Why should I raise my voice? What are these men paid for if not to catch my lines?” The overworked mike man was forced to move his instrument as close to the actor as possible, to record his voice. At the same time, the microphone had to be so placed that it would not cast shadows on the set. Fay absolutely refused to “stand in” while camera-men lined up shots, and he ignored suggestions of the script girl.

Anyone who saw Fay’s picture knows the results. In spite of every effort on the part of himself and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay so far has not had another job in the movies.

Unlike her husband, Barbara Stanwyck is the delight of technicians. Naturally sympathetic, she does her utmost to be helpful to those around her. Barbara has yet to make a poorly lighted or recorded film. Every care is taken in the making of her pictures.

To suggest that inferior work may result from studio feuds is to bring down the wrath of the public to the door on one’s head. “No worker would dare do anything but his best,” they explain. “If he did, it would cost his job, to say nothing of his pride.”

Nevertheless, a contented crew naturally does better work than a harassed, worried or disgruntled group. Many stars have suffered through their indifference to the “lesser lights” on the set. It stands to reason that one who has proven his merits by years of faithful and satisfactory work will not be fired because of one poor picture.

One might think that a so-called “underling” who deliberately insults a star would surely lose his job. A classic story of Hollywood involves Catherine Hunter, script girl, and Alice White, star. Miss Hunter is one of Hollywood’s best loved script girls. Her helpfulness on sets has resulted in lasting friendships with such stars as John Barrymore and Doris Kenyon.

When Alice White was first promoted from script clerk to star, she went completely “Hollywood.” She has since explained that she was scared to death. She

[Continued on page 52]
"I've met them all. From Marlene Dietrich to Mickey Mouse, from Ben Turpin to Bela Lugosi, from Pola Negri to Pete the Pup, not to be of 'en has escaped me—or vice versa. Yessir, although she probably wouldn’t know it, I've been introduced to the Melancholy Wode back in the childhood days when we went to parties. In fact I started sing exposed to the infamous at the age of five, then someone got a weird idea that I should be turned into a child actress. It turned out that I had the temperament and none of the talent. One unsuspecting critic even referred to me as "that wooden child" (meaning, I take it, that I wooden act)."

Well, anyway, that's how I happened to become a writer-feeling that it was better to be than be panned. But, like the other stars, I was exposed to the process of finding out that as an actress I was a good hooch-caller, I enjoyed the dubious status of baby star at the famous old Essanay studio in Chicago. I was billed as Baby Parsons (heaven forgive them) and among my fellow artists at Essanay were Tannies X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Wallace Beery (courting Gloria Swanson at the time), Bryant Washburn, and a host of others.

So you see that from babycat movie cars weren't any novelty to me. In fact one of 'em were a pain in the neck. Just a few at still are. But in the course of my years in Hollywood I've met a lot of egulars, swell people whose friendship or acquaintanceship I prize. Not because they're movie celebs—but, rather, in spite of their fame.

It wouldn't be possible in one brief story to mention all of them, so I'll pick just a few at random and tell you why I like them. Maybe the ones I omit won't ask me to their parties any more. Maybe on second thought I shouldn't write this story at all. Still, the rent's due, so here goes. I like—

Billie Dove because she shares my passion for straightening picture frames, cleaning out bureau drawers, and general tidying up. Because when she arrives in a hotel room while traveling, she can't relax till she has every stitch unpacked and hung up. Because she never forgets a friend or betray a confidence. Because she likes bad puns, good poetry. Frank Sullivan, the Boswell Sisters, whiskey songs, anagrams and staying up all night. Because she has many talents and interests. Because, unlike many beautiful women, she doesn't consider beauty an excuse for dullness.

Bebe Daniels because she has a completely mad sense of humor and makes the world's worst puns. Because, when she took tennis, she worked like a dog at it. Because, even though she was still a little girl, she wasn't afraid to play with the boys and took kidding good-naturedly (from everyone except her husband). Because, after years of being one of the town's most engaged gals and a romantic free lance, she settled down gracefully to married domesticity, but didn't lose her sense of fun in the process. Because she is one of the few stars who has been able to balance a career and marriage without sacrificing either to the other. And because she is just as interested in her husband's career as in her own.

Ben Lyon because he has a boisterous enthusiasm and intensity. Because, whatever he does, from piloting a plane to taking amateur movies, he does with utter whole-heartedness. Because he is not fickle, he loves a good joke, has one of the keenest wits in Hollywood and is an excellent story-teller. Because, although Bebe's position in films was considerably more prominent than his when they married, he never showed professional jealousy to creep into their relationship. And, because later, when, for a while, a fickle public shouted his name more loudly than Bebe's, he still didn't allow his career to affect marital life.

Sally Eilers because she is a good sport and regular fellow. Because, though she is young enough to take a kiddish delight in her success, she hasn't let it spoil her. Because, when she returned from her recent triumphal tour to Europe, and Hoot and she decided to get a divorce, she didn't take a swanky bachelor apartment or a big house but went back to the modest bedroom in her mother's house which she occupied before her marriage. Because, although she's only a fair tennis player, she goes at the game with such a swell spirit that much better players enjoy a match with her. Because, even though she's not a mother, she has a daughter a maternal love and care which have made the little girl adore her.

Gene Raymond because he is one of the few romantic youths who doesn't feel impelled to play Don Juan in private life. Because he is capable of forgetting that he is an actor and doesn't let his film personality intrude itself on his off-screen relations. (Well, hardly ever!) Because, in spite of his good looks and obvious attractiveness, he isn't obsessed with his own sex appeal and doesn't pretend to be on the make for every woman he meets. Because, on one occasion, when a beauteous blonde went for him openly with man-eater tactics, he couldn't conceal his horror. Because he is devoted and attentive to his charming mother without showing any of the unhealthy symptoms of a mother fixation. Helen Hayes because once, at a dinner party, when hubby Charles MacArthur broke a glass, she murmured wistfully "That's why we're known as the one-in-viration MacArthurs." Because, in the midst of hectic, buzzing, 20th century Hollywood she is a still small spot of Victorian charm. Because her madman of a husband is one of my favorite people. Kay Francis because she is never too busy to give a story to a newspaper or

(Continued on Next Page)
magazine writer. Because when you make an interview appointment with her she gives you her uninterrupted time and attention and doesn't have hairdressers, costume designers, interior decorators or friends bouncing in every two minutes. Because, when she was told, not long ago, that there were several active who was Hollywood had expressed as his one desire the wish to meet her, she dashed miles from the studio on a particularly hectic day to grant his wish. And vamped him completely!

Gary Cooper because, no matter how immaculately groomed he is in other respects, one stubborn lock of hair always strays from the fold and flops over one eye. Because he has a way of sitting, head between knees, face at the floor, and flashing a sudden twinkling cornerwise glance, as if he were sharing a very secret joke with you. Because he is so darn tall and lanky and has the sheepish manner of a small boy who has just been caught doing some especially nefarious deed. Because his silences are more companionable than most people's chattiest moments. Because, though he's rated as the most attractive guy in Hollywood, and 99% of the town's most gorgeous women have gone for him, he's still a big, good-natured, unpretentious loogan.

Marion Davies because, though she has met men and nearly all of them, has been flattered beyond belief by parasitical "friends" and has everything wealth can buy, she still chooses for her most intimate playfellows people who can't possibly advance her socially or materially. Because she slutters like mad when she gets embarrassed or excited. Because she jumps at a much more real puzzle, as she gets nervous indigestion every time she looks at a horse, but goes riding with her guests to be a good sport. Because she knows how to laugh.

Dick and Jessie Bartholmes because their home life is conducted with sanity and dignity. Because they're so nice and so much fun.

Norma Talmadge because she has the courage to live her life as she wishes regardless of gossip and criticism. Because she's a very colorful player. Because she tells the darnedest stories. Because she once threw me a birthday party from which I'm still recovering. Because she, and Constance and Natalie, are one of the most colorful families in film history. Because she and I once discovered suddenly that we've both always had a suspicion that we were a couple. Beverly Hills bridle-path and promptly did it.

Lubitsch because humor and intelligence are written all over what you can see of his funny little face behind that big black cigar. Because, though he is a very, very shy, amiable and devoid of physical beauty, he has a great number of women (and men) and they welcome his attentions. Because his reputation as a super-sophistication and directorial genius has robbed him of humor and kindliness.

Mary Pickford because she has all the fine, generous, dignified traits attributed to her. Because, when her divorce broke and less than a year after the initialitation, she is a little "mick" at heart with all the wit, gaiety and conviviality of the Irish. Because she used to long to go swimming in her pool at midnight and wouldn't because she was afraid Doug would scold her. Because, though she has been Hollywood's social queen for many years, she is simple, sincere and loyal in her friendships, which are legion.

Bill Haines because, beneath his rowdy, sometimes unsavory clowning is a sensuous artistic nature. Because he has accepted the vowing of his once great screen popularity gamely and has fortified himself with another career. Because, though he makes fun of himself constantly, he is really deeply serious about his new profession of interior decorating. Because, in his less Rabelaisian moments, he is a genial, charming companion, capable of depth of thought and conversation. Because he's such a damn fool.

Connie Bennett because I can't help it. Because, although she has stood me up on interview appointments, and made me madder than blazes, her charm and simplicity always get me of her when we meet. Because, whether she actually is or not, she always manages to convince me that she's sincere, and her frankness and outspokenness are qualities which I admire. Because you have to hand it to the gal for the ruthless directness with which she goes after—and gets—whatever she wants.

Lionel Barrymore because his pose of being an old grouch doesn't fool anyone. Because, though he is possessed of a brilliant mind, a fund of knowledge and a variety of talents, there is nothing of the intellectual snob about him. Because he wears his deserved fame and success simply and graciously. Because, though he has a barbed wit and a biting sense of humor, he's tolerant of the ideas and opinions of those less intelligent than he. Because, at the luncheon given to celebrate May Robson's fiftieth anniversary, I saw him when he rose to pay tribute to May he had genuine tears in his eyes. Because he's a darling.

Skeets and Pauline Gallagher because they're swell playfellows, but most of all because I'm in love with their three year old son, the Duke.

Elissa Landi because she hasn't allowed the glamorous business of being a film star to interfere with her writing and has turned out two novels since she has been in Hollywood. Because, though she doesn't play the social game, she is a charming hostess and on the rare occasions when she gives a party she does it with grace and distinction. Because she's one of the best young minds in Hollywood and has the respect of many distinguished intellectuals. Because, in spite of her cool intelligence, she is a warm, human sympathetic companion. Because she loves dogs.

Alison Skipworth because having her at a next door neighbor keeps life from ever being dull. Because she calls me a husky for wearing slacks and havs me out for leaving my porch light on all night. Because, though my two yapping dogs and my noisy friends must drive her nearly mad, she hasn't had me arrested for disturbing the peace (yet). Because she is philosophic about her silver Persian's constantly recurring litters of non-Persian kittens and can never hear to part with any of them. Because she's a vital, interesting person and a swell sport. Because, when she gets home unusually early from the studio, she always says gloatingly, "I was a bad girl. They sent me home."

Wallie Beery because he's a big sprawling lovable goof and keeps puppies in the bath.
THE tragedy of Time and a Man has been the theme of a number of wonderful pictures lately, and, in "The World Changes," Paul lives a life that certainly points a moral. Since the celebrated "Fugitive" and "Scarface" any picture with Paul Muni is important.
ONCE more Tarzan roams the wilds and swings from bough to bough. Again his mate is Maureen O'Sullivan, but this time Johnny will find a girl who has tasted success. In "Stage Mother" (below), Maureen showed her ability to carry more than her half of the load—and the reviews. Johnny is now happily married to Lupe Velez, just as you expected.
AN OFF-STAGE shot of Ginger skipping rope, loosening up those twenty-two year old knees for her featured part in "Flying Down to Rio." Fred Astaire takes steps to put over this peppy musical. Below, they are dancing all over the seven pianos while the most beautiful chorus in Hollywood forms a tableau. "Ginger" is an abbreviation of Virginia.
"BOMBSHELL" was delightful. This was Jean's "honeymoon" picture (it's her third marriage) and it received the acclaim of all the critics. Her next will be with Marie Dressler in "Living in a Big Way." It is based on a recent Louis Bromfield short story. "Hardboiled" Jean's scenes with the baby in "Bombshell" were surprising. At left, Jean has the Christmas spirit, and right, the new Mrs. Rosson and her flowers.
IT SEEMS that Mae's great success in "I'm No Angel" is due to the fact that the women of the country, particularly, approve of her. This is easy to understand for Mae makes fools of the men. There never has been such a success, for a first picture, as "She Done Him Wrong," and Mae's second is breaking that record. She is crazy about diamonds and is unmarried. Mae is the daughter of a one-time prizefighter.
SALLY EILERS

SALLY is back from making pictures in England and hard at work for Fox. She is married now to Harry Joe Brown, but horseback riding (which she learned to enjoy under the guidance of Hoot Gibson) is still her favorite diversion. Her birthday is right now—December eleventh.
Ann, with Dickie Moore and Otto Kruger, in a sylvan scene from "Gallant Lady."

ANN HARDING
CLIVE BROOK

THE new producing company, "Twentieth Century Pictures," has made "Gallant Lady." It has Ann in the new mood which followed her divorce, and it is Clive's first since "Cavalcade," which is a tough picture to improve upon.
Louise Fazenda as the White Queen, ready to greet Alice when she comes "Through the Looking-Glass."

Roscoe Ates as the Fish Footman. "There's no use in talking to him," said Alice, "he's perfectly idiotic!"

Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. "Off with their heads," said the Red Queen.

Jackie Searle as the Dormouse.

PICTURING—

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Ford Sterling as the White King, who knows about the Bandersnatch.

Alison Skipworth as the Duchess. "If everybody minded their own business," said the Duchess, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

Charlotte Henry as Alice, in Lewis Carroll’s classic story which is being made by Paramount.

Edward Everett Horton as the Mad Hatter. "Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter to Alice.
CLARA puts on weight and takes it off again as if it were her ermines. Hints by the "keyhole boys" about Clara's marriage outrage all our ideas of biology. Why wouldn't she make a happy home?
CLARK recently returned from the hospital, and it is easy to see from this picture that he had a tough time of it. He’s beginning to look more and more like Ronald Colman. “Glad to see you back, young feller!” “Overland Bus” brings him to you soon.
GILBERT ROLAND  CONSTANCE BENNETT (above)
They have made "After Tonight" for Radio

LEE TRACY
In "Advice to the Lovelorn" Sally resumes her career.

SALLY BLANE (Below)
SARI MARITZA    ROBERT YOUNG (Below)
Lovers in "Beautiful."

DOLORES DEL RIO    GENE RAYMOND (above)
The love interest in "Flying Down to Rio."

Ernest A. Bachrach
Freulich

BING CROSBY
Now with Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood."

ELISSA LANDI
"By Candlelight" is her next.

DOROTHY MACKAILL
In pictures again.

TULLIO CARMINATI
Broadway's gift to "Moulin Rouge."
"On the road to Mandalay.
Where the flying fishes flit and play—"

PIPE down, you dope!" a voice roared right under my nose as I tip-toed onto a stage at the Warner Brothers film factory.

Before I had time to go into a first class gasp of surprise with a dash of bitters, there was a discordant crashing piano chord and the contralto voice that had been gaily carolling Kipling’s famous song, choked right in the middle of a good “plu-ay.”

I saw then that the frantic assistant director (why do assistant directors always have to be frantic?) had his eyes directed toward a dim corner, where the leg of a grand piano poked around the edge of a piece of scenery—a bit of old waterfall left over from “Footlight Parade” I think.

"Lay off that piano! We’re shooting!"
It was the assistant director again.

A smartly coiffed raven black head appeared out of the dinette, and a very meek voice said, “So sorry.”

The assistant director’s eyes nearly popped out of his head, and an expression of horror swept over his face. I thought surely he must be seeing Frankenstein—but no, it was only Kay Francis.

Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez in "Mandalay," a story of romance in Rangoon.

“Oh, Miss Francis, I—I—I didn’t know it was you,” he stammered. "I’m—I’m awfully—"

"Forget it," said Kay with a grin. "I’m used to being shushed when I break out in song. Why I’ve been shushed out of the best places in Hollywood.

Conrrite at having bawled out the star, the assistant director backed away—and into a nice fat Buddha—still apologizing, until the sound recorder dived out of his booth to tell Director Curtiz that he couldn’t be expected to catch dialogue if someone on the set was talking when the camera was on. And was the assistant director’s face red? And did I laugh? But it was all in the day’s work with Director Michael Curtiz, who continued philosophically on his way about making a box office best seller out of "Mandalay." Curtiz has the reputation of being a director who takes his time—never hurries himself or his actors. The best crack about him was pulled by John Barrymore, who dropped in to see the Marathon dancers one night about the end of the endurance test, took a glance at the fairly stagnant couples and cracked, "Why they’re being directed by Curtiz.

I never saw Kay so exotically charming as she was that day. She wore a glove-fitting silver gown that didn’t spare the details—and such interesting details

"I’m supposed to be White Spot from a hot spot in Rangoon," Kay explained. "I’m the principal reason why men leave home—and stay away. And this is supposed to be the most notorious night club in Rangoon," she went on, pointing out the colorful Oriental motifs of a huge café set. "And regarder the bar. Wouldn’t the Vendome like to have that little number for its next costume party?"

"Is it authentic?" I asked. With all the questions in the world to ask, why do I always pick out such stupid ones? I think it’s because when I was in school the idea was to ask the teacher so many questions that she wouldn’t get around to asking us any.

"I don’t [Cont. on page 65]
THE HOUSE ON 56th STREET
Rating: TREMENDOUSLY IMPRESSIVE—Warner Bros.

Kay Francis's new picture is really something to get all excited over, for it has a dramatic dignity and effectiveness that will leave you ached and subdued. "I want you to live here—always," says Gene Raymond to his lovely blushing bride (Kay) as he shows her their new home on East 56th street, New York. City. Late in the fall of 1935, "Always" murmurs Kay—and you feel that grim Fate is listening, and that "Always" is inevitable.

Kay Francis and Gene Raymond.

They are oh-so-happy there in their imposing 56th street mansion, and a little girl is born to them. Kay, an ex-chorus girl, has never been so happy. Then, one day, she meets again John Halliday, a wealthy admirer, whom she went with before she married Gene. The old lover, bitter because he has lost Kay forever and because his doctor has just told him he can only live six months, commits suicide when Kay refuses to return to him. Bewildered, Kay picks up the gun—and for that she spends twenty years in prison. Gene is killed in the war and her little girl goes to her grandmother.

Released at last Kay meets Ricardo Cortez on an ocean liner, and they become professional gamblers. He brings her back to America where she is publicized as the only woman "black jack" dealer in New York. And the swanky speakeasy where she is employed is the house on 56th street. Of course it is inevitable that her daughter comes there one evening, gambles too much, and kills Cortez when he threatens to tell her husband of the I.O.U.'s. Kay takes the blame, but William Boyd, the club owner, protects her—"I want you to stay here—always," he says. For all acting and a good dramatic and logical story you mustn't miss this one.

DESIGN FOR LIVING
Rating: SOPHISTICATED FROM THAT SATISFIES—Paramount

You never saw three such charming and delightfully mad—oh divinely mad—young Bohemians as Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper and Freddie March. They meet on the way to Paris, traveling third class, and the famous three—cornered friendship begins. Miriam is a commercial artist. Gary is a struggling young painter, and Freddie has a swell collection of unsold manuscripts.

Miriam decides to become a "mother of the arts," so she moves in with Gary and Freddie and soon makes artistic successes out of both of them. They live "without sex," but when Gary refuses to go to London to produce his play. With the triangle broken Miriam and Gary can no longer resist falling in love with each other. Eventually even when Gary, who is killed in the war, Octavia, and they again together. It's all rather dull. Of course Gary and Freddie slip up eventually and Miriam slips on a mink coat and departs with him—they're off to Paris and the arts again. You'll find this slightly naughty comedy credible and full of the fascinatingly wicked Lubitsch touches. Gary Cooper shows a flair for comedy, which we never suspected before, and you'll more crazy about him than ever when you see him spraiz out on the floor or popping his head over screens. Miriam and Freddie and Edward Horton are at their best. Even if you don't like the sophisticated, you ought to take a chance on this.

A MAN'S CASTLE
Rating: LOVELY OVERTONES AND UNDERTONES AND SHADIES OF SEVENTH HEAVEN—Columbia

Here's one of those pictures that bring out the sentimental in you no matter how hard you try to be a stone-hearted old so and so. But you just can't resist the beauty and pathos of a poignantly human romance of two young people. You cooed and smiled, you old sentimentalist, over Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, and now you'll coo and smile over Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy. There's the simple romance of an uncivilized and irresponsible man, whose god is freedom, and a sweet young girl whose instinctive wisdom is as old as sex itself.

The plot is so simple it hardly need be told, but how it's told is the secret. Spencer picks up Loretta in the Park, where she is faint with hunger, and takes her with him to his little shack in Shanty Town, you are spell-bound by the whimsical loveliness of it. Loretta has never given such a brilliantly sincere and beautiful performance before, and well may she be proud of her "Trina." Spencer's blustering, awkward "Bill" is so realistic that you forget completely that he is acting. Walter Connolly, as the ex-minister turned night watchman, Arthur Hohl, as the aptly hypocritical Bragg, Glenda Farrell, as the night club lady who did her best to get Spencer, and Marjorie Rambeau, as the gin-sodden faded lady who saw her duty and did it, make up the most perfect cast that you have ever seen. Not a flaw to be found anywhere. Director Frank Borzage, Loretta, Spencer, and the rest of the cast may take a bow—two bows in fact.

FROM HEADQUARTERS
Rating: GRAND MYSTERY WITH A DASH OF TECHNICAL DETAILS—Warner Bros.

"Behind the scenes" in a murder mystery—and it's lots more fun than being on the outside looking in. Almost the entire action takes place at police headquarters, and it's very interesting to see the D.O.P. theories and the doctor who "loves a beautiful murder" doing their stuff.

The story's about a rich no-good club man, with a couple of little side-lines, who gets shot in his apartment one night. Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Theodore Newton, Ken Murray and Robert Barrat are among the suspects, but every time you think you've got it solved, Lieutenant George Brett from headquarters proves you're wrong. Eugene Pallette, as a dapper cluck of a sergeant, and Hugh Herbert, as a bail salesman, are right there with the comedy. A fast-moving, highly entertaining picture.

Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March.

Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

George Brent, Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette.
THE INVISIBLE MAN
Rating: Stiffers, smiles and applause—Universal

SOMETHING new in horror pictures—a horror comedy. You won't go home and have nightmares after this, the way you did after "Frankenstein" and "Dracula"—but the horror and the mystery are there just the same. A handsome young scientist discovers a way of making himself invisible, and right there before your startled eyes off goes his head into thin atmosphere, followed gradually by the rest of his body, until nothing's left but a voice. Grrr. But the scientist is unable to find the right chemicals to bring him back his visibility and, in the meantime, goes insane with mad delusions of grandeur. He must kill—KILL—How will they catch him? How indeed?

Claude Rains plays the Invisible Man, but only once do you see his face. Gloria Stuart is his girl, who sticks to him to the end. William Harrigan is his friend, who betrays him. Also in the splendid cast are Una O'Connor, Dudley Digges and Henry Travers.

HAVANA WIDOWS
Rating: Very, very gay—Warner

A DOWNRIGHT funny comedy with not a brain fatigue in a reel. And introducing a most rousing comedy team—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. Joan and Glenda play a couple of gold-diggers who go to Havana to land themselves a couple of millionaires. The troubles they have trying to locate one, even involving the entire police and military force of Havana, make for more furious and hectic fun than you've seen since Gloria Swanson went away.

Guy Kibbee plays the unfortunate millionaire, who finally gets hooked by the girls; Lyle Talbot is his son who falls for Joan; Frank McHugh is a scheming, drunken lawyer—and to add to the fun there's Maude Ebarne, Ruth Donnelly and Allen Jenkins. Such a grand bunch of comics can't be wrong.

THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY
Rating: A knockout—M-G-M

CLASSIC of a picture that has everything in it to entertain you, from heavyweight champions to a well story. Of course some folks would be tickled pink just to see Primo Carnera, the heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Dempsey, the former holder of the title, and Max Baer, the contender to the throne—but besides the Big Three there are Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger and Walter Huston acting better than ever before in a story that's a honey. The depression is over—good times are here again. And what a surprise Max Baer turns out to be! Why the boy can act as well as fight and, as the punch drunk dummy-up for champ honors in the picture, he's simply grand. And how the ladies love him. Myrna Loy, as the night club singer who falls in love with the disarming Max and turns down her racketeer sweetheart, has never been more sincere or genuine—nor more beautiful, we might add.

Max Baer and Myrna Loy.

CRADLE SONG
Rating: Beautifully sincere and sympathetic—Paramount

THE famous Dorothea Wieck (pronounced Veek) of "Maedchen in Uniform" makes her American debut in this picture, and again you are privileged to behold the most beautiful eyes produced in Europe. But—if you like action, suspense, and a tasty little murder on the side, this picture is not for the likes of you. For its very slowness and simplicity is its beauty. Dorothea, as a young girl, enters a Catholic Convent and strives to overcome her longing for the outside world and her desire for motherhood. With the other nuns she raises a little wall who has been deserted on the steps of the convent, but in the end she must even her love for the child, now grown, who wants the pleasures of the world and happiness in matrimony. Louise Dresser and Sir Guy Standing are splendid. Evelyn Venable is the "daughter" and Kent Taylor her young sweetheart.

WHITE WOMAN
Rating: Clap hands, here comes Charlie—Paramount

The chief interest in this picture is none other than our old friend Charlie Laughton, who has been over in England these many months. Charlie gives another of his superb performances in this opus, which outside of the Laughton and the scenery, is really nothing to get excited about. No more we find ourselves east of Suez and west of goodness knows where, and Carole Lombard, so beautiful and so slim, is singing in a honky-tonk. She has been blamed for her husband's suicide, and the English governor has just asked her to vacate. Along comes Charlie, playing Horace Pin, the River-King. He owns a lot of land in the interior and there's a lot of unsavory gossip about him. Not caring much about anything any more, Carole marries him and goes to live on his riverboat down among the crocodiles.

Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard.

HOOPLA
Rating: Hot-choo-choo—Fox

CLAIRE, where's your fan?

This time Claire plays a tough carnival hip-toos (and baby, can she toss 'em) who agrees to vamp a naive, wholesome young boy—who's visiting his old man at the fair. She shows for the little son of a hundred bucks. Clara does her stuff, even to pulling off her clothes and going in swimming in her altogeth­her, but, just when she's got him all vamped, she decides she's a bad girl and is really in love with the nice boy and she isn't going to be bad any more. Air shunks her butt—well, if she is a good girl now it doesn't mean that Clara has to put on a Mother Hubbard and start light housekeeping in a kitchenette. Not Clara.

Evelyn Venable and Dorothea Wieck.
Barrymore again plays a country doctor with a horrible, nagging wife and two marriageable daughters.

The neat and pleasant little plot revolves around the paintings left in the family attic many years ago by a struggling young artist named Christopher Bean—and who, years after his death, is "discovered." Of course,

Barrymore

and

Richard

Cromwell.

In order that her husband can continue to study law, she goes to Chicago and does a snake-charm number at the Century of Progress that would make Salty Rand blush. Just in case you haven't guessed it, this is "The Barker" again, with Clara playing the famous 'Lou' role that has done right well by Claudette Colbert and Dorothy Mackaill in the past. This time Dick Cromwell plays exceptionally well the part of young Chris—which was done before by Norman Foster and Doug Jr. Preston Foster is "the Barker," and Minna Gombell, his hard-boiled girl friend.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN

Rating: Nice and Homey—M-G-M

YOU'LL like Marie Dressler's latest picture. It's as homely and folksy as a family Bible, with just enough of the right cheap humor. Marie plays a servant (remember "Emma") in a small town New England family, and she plays it with a dignity and a charm that will further convince you that she is a great actress.

Lionel

Dressler, Lionell Barrymore and

Jean Hersholt.

Marie turns out to be Chris's wife—and that spoils the plans of Lionel and his avaricious wife. The situations—suggested by a letter—including Beulah Bondi as the wife, and Helen Mack as the daughter who manages to marry the man she loves—thanks to Marie.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Rating: A Laugh and a Tear and Excellent—Universal

THIS picture introduces a new screen star—Margaret Sullivan—who is scheduled for big things, unless the cinema world, so we hope you like her. She gives a rich, sincere and beautifully sympathetic performance, and her ill-fated "Mary Lane" will haunt you for many a day. If the old heart-slings

Margaret Sullivan and John Boles.

fairly broke when you saw "Back Street," just wait until you see Miss Sullivan play goodbye to life and her little son in "Only Yesterday." You'll simply bawl.

The story begins on that famous day in November when the latest car crashed, and handsome John Boles, a bit grey around the edges, just can't face things any more. He can bear the careless, inconsequential chatter of his foolish, flighty wife, Benita Hume, and her artificial friends in the next room, John reaches for his revolver, but just then he notices a letter on his desk—a letter from a "Mary Lane" who died the day before . . . a girl he knew for only one night a long time ago. Then a flashback—and you'll see one of the most beautiful love stories ever filmed.

There is an immense cast, with a lot of favorites like Edna Mae Oliver playing only small parts. Margaret Sullivan and John Boles the important roles are played by Billie Burke, Reginald Denny and little Jimmy Butler. We guarantee you'll like it—even if you don't go for that "tear stuff."
The One Genius in Pictures

[Continued from page 93]

Frances Marion very definitely at the head.

In the first place, consistency is a strong factor of greatness. While Frances Marion is still young, the story screen play that holds a big position, who was at the top when little Frances Marion, still in her teens, began writing stories.

She wrote "The Foundling," and Mary Pickford—the picture which actually began the great career of America's Sweetheart. I think she got $125 for the original story and a contract to sell it. Today she is doing the screen adaptation of "The Good Earth," probably the most prized and most difficult assignment in this year's list. And the price she is getting for her work has paid the entire production cost of "The Foundling," including Mary's salary.

To understand the great position that Frances Marion occupies in Hollywood, the great achievement that is hers, it is necessary to understand something about the motion picture industry's attitude toward writers and stories.

Now, you have probably read a good many tales about writers in Hollywood, how badly they are treated, how little they get to express themselves, how important writers have been engaged and then completely forgotten.

Most of that is boloney. About ninety per cent of it is written by disgruntled authors who didn't make the grade, who found the difficulties of writing for the screen a little too much for them. I have been on the same lot with writers who wrote very, very many pieces about Hollywood after they left, and in every case but one, the stuff they wrote while at the studio was pretty terrible.

The truth of the matter is that writers today are so important to the screen, that a writer who can deliver can write his own ticket, within reasonable limitations. There just aren't enough good stories to fill the movies. You may have noticed that in attending pictures.) The demand for stories that will make good screen plays is simply terrific, greater than it has ever been. Everywhere you go, it's the same cry.

"Have you got a story for Constance Bennett? Have you got a story for Norma Shearer?" Companies are held up, overhead gets larger and bigger, producers go mad, stars weep—looking for stories. They clutch at a bare idea and spend months, even years, trying to get a real yarn out of it. For instance, I saw by the papers this morning that Paramount already has $200,000 invested in trying to get a screen story they can shoot from the book, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That isn't waste, either. It's sheer desperation.

When you consider that in a good season, the New York theater is lucky to get go good plays, so successes and five great hits, you realize what it means when Hollywood must have hundreds and hundreds of stories every year.

Maybe you don't know it, but studios have men in every part of the world looking for stories. Huge departments search for stories, they translate plays and books from every language, including Eskimo.

Searching for stories is the motion picture business's greatest and most difficult problem. Without good stories, stars can't twinkle and producers can't make money.

So, when a young woman can quickly and efficiently turn out such stories as "The Champ" and "Emma" and "Min and Bill" and "The Big House" and "Blondie of the Follies," you can imagine what she means to a frantic motion picture producer.

There is another thing about Frances Marion that adds to her merits, both publicly and, in my estimation, privately.

It has always been the fashion to hand credit for making stars to directors—Griffith and Cecil DeMille, and more recently Ernst Lubitsch.

But Frances Marion has been a star maker de luxe ever since she started.

It isn't the slightest exaggeration to say that without Frances Marion there would have been no Mary Pickford. To bring it up to date, there isn't any question in the minds of folks who know the inside of these things that without Frances there would never have been the great Marie Dressler of today.

In both cases, it was Frances' stories which gave these two an opportunity to play parts which achieved greatness.

Frances has a great gift for sitting a story to a particular star's talents; in fact I don't know anyone who can do it so well.

Frances wrote thirteen stories for Mary Pickford. Everyone of them were box office smashes. Never, after they separated, did Frances Marion touch the high water mark of those productions, which made her the greatest figure the motion picture business has ever known.

So Frances Marion who persuaded Marie to come to Hollywood and give pictures a trial. And she wrote the part of "Annex" in "Annette." And Frances Marion who persuaded that nobody else could play it. In "The Champ" and "Min and Bill" she gave Wally Beery roles that certainly made him a star.

That's why Frances is popular with every actor and actress, as well as with every producer.

She has been the headlinet given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best original story of the year. The last time she beat a story of my own was "What Price Hollywood?—but the Academy was right and I knew it and, though Frances was quite upset about it, I wasn't.

Always about her work there is a great and simple and vital humanity. She takes fundamentals, fundamental emotions and people who are so often hurt and love and suffer with them. She is never fooled and never swept off the track by fads and fancies, so-called "cycles of public taste," by styles and backgrounds. She tells a great, honest, emotional story and tells it with human touches and dynamic situations. It has not been the custom to recognize motion pictures as an art, but when it becomes so Frances Marion will be considered one of the greatest artists this country has produced.

She isn't only as a writer that Frances achieves greatness.

Little Frances Marion Owen, the prettiest girl in San Francisco, wanted to be a painter. I remember when my father first met her—she was about fifteen then—he said to me, "That girl has genius. She'll do something." She didn't become a painter, because before she got a chance to go to Europe and study, she started to make her own living. But for a couple of years she did all the art work for a big advertising firm in California, and all the posters and twenty-four sheets for the biggest theatrical managers on the coast. She then started to paint and to draw exquisite sketches of her handsome sons and of her friends.

She is a magnificent musician. When you go to Frances' home, you are apt to be greeted at the door by the glorious strains of a Beethoven sonata or a Liszt rhapsody. With practice and concentration, she would be a concert pianist of the first rank—but the Academy was right and I knew it and, though Frances was quite upset about it, I wasn't.

Last winter, to give herself a change, she did a radio program under another name. It consisted of imitations of all the radio's best crooners—Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Ruth Etting and Rudy Vallee. It was such a hit that a big manufacturing concern offered her a five-year contract to repeat it on their program this year.

And, she is the best cook I have ever known.

Actually, she doesn't go out much. She doesn't have time. But she loves small gatherings of a few friends, and is one of the most brilliant and one of the wittiest of Hollywood's chatners. And it was during one of my recent visits that I met Frances at the home of her good friend, George Brent. We sat until three o'clock in the small hours and it was evening I shall not soon forget.

Work, hard work, is Frances' explanation of her success. Of course that isn't the
Only thing. But she does work as hard as anyone I have ever known. She writes in bed, as a rule, with a pencil, keeps two secretaries busy and can go on for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch. She wrote the entire script of Mary Pickford's greatest success, "Stella Maris," in 18 hours.

But I think the greatest thing about Frances is her whole-hearted and never-failing assistance and support of others, in her own game or in any field of artistic endeavor. Not only with financial aid but with her great knowledge and experience, she is willing to give a hand to any one who is making a try at any sort of creative work.

I used to call her house the Frances Marion Employment Agency. At one time we used to lunch together two or three times a week. I never went there that I didn't find Frances on the telephone, passionately pleading with somebody to give somebody else a job.

I remember going to her house one morning for breakfast, to tell her about a jam I was in with the ending of a picture I was working on. Her secretary told me that she'd been working all night. When I went up to her lovely bedroom, I found her sitting up in bed, wrapped in a pale green velvet dressing gown, animated and dynamic, showing a struggling young scenario writer how to get around a certain difficult shot in her story.

Several times she has given credit to someone who has assisted her on a story, where it wasn't necessary, and where no one else would have done it, and where the producer objected violently.

Last year she brought a young girl from Germany, a fine pianist, and for a year gave the girl every advantage and every help, keeping her in her own house, paying for lessons, giving her hours to practice.

Instead of going to Europe for a vacation this summer, she stayed home and wrote a book of short stories. They are splendid.

And, with it all, she always has time for the two little boys, Fredde and Billy. The worship they give their mother is very beautiful to see. The great sorrow of her life, the sudden death of her husband, Fred Thompson, world's champion athlete and western star, left her prostrated for a time, but now she keeps only a beautiful memory, that cushions rather than destroys her life and happiness.

The thing about Frances that, to me at least, is always outstanding, is her unfailing interest in everything and everybody. She is always excited about something. She is never bored with anyone. She takes every tragedy in the newspapers as though it were her own. I remember one mine disaster, when a number of miners were trapped underground, and Frances didn't go to bed for two days, waiting for news. She didn't know any of the miners—it was just her deep sympathy and close feeling for all humanity.

There just isn't anyone like her. Because she and Peg Talmadge loved each other dearly, perhaps it won't be out of place to tell here something very touching that happened to me the other night, something that just happened to me. I have been reading my stories about Hollywood's great women may find personal to yourselves.

The first of this series, as you may remember, was "A Merchant of Hollywood," the mother of Hollywood.

Norma Talmadge came out to have dinner with me a couple of nights ago.

I wanted to tell you about the last thing that the last Peg read before she died, was your story in Silver Screen. It was one of the last things she talked about. She looked at Corinne Griffith and me with that twinkle of hers and said, "I want you girls to read this. Maybe you'll have some respect for me after that." And she kept the book beside her in the hospital during those last days. It made her very, very happy.

And I thought that might make all of us very happy, too, to know that we—if we are writers, you as the readers who made it possible for me to write that story—had brought sunshine into the last days of a really great woman—Peg Talmadge.

Next to her own daughters, Peg loved Frances Marion. Not because Frances was a great success, a famous and important person in Hollywood, but because she once said to me, "Frances has an all-embracing love for humanity. She understands. That's what makes her a great writer."

Foolish With Their Money [Continued from page 10]

After Lupe and Johnny had gone, I sat down and faced this new Hollywood—where you begin to hear that clink, clink, clink of metal upon metal in each, single conversation. And as I faced "it." I remembered Hollywood as I had known it before money begun to become important. When there was so much money that no one gave it any consideration. Memories floated across my mind exactly as though I was seeing them in a dream.

My first visit to Corinne Griffith's home when she was a Movie Queen collecting more than $10,000 weekly, "Her bathroom! The room was covered with pink satin. The fixtures were draped with the same—even to that most unmentionable of bathroom fixtures, pooled with satin. I stood in that bathroom and gasped and gaped. I was thrilled. More thrilled than when I had visited the ancient castles of Europe. For this was a modern castle. It was the shrine for a delicate Queen—an orchid lady...."

And my first visit to a Hollywood dinner party, given by a prominent scenario writer at a fashionable polo club. Two hundred guests. Producers, directors, stars and writers. Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer headed the table. All sitting according to Hollywood's feudal seating system. Producers at the head, the honor place; stars next; directors and writers. You could tell exactly who was the most important and who was next and next by the way they were placed at the table. And the food! Hors d'oeuvres stacked high on immense silver platters and served caviar. Numerous kinds of cocktails. Then—eight courses. With squabs under glass. And fish brought in—whole fish, packed in ice. Champagne! Suddenly I went home and tried to figure the cost. I couldn't. I didn't know what caviar cost, or squabs under glass or champagne under prohibition. I learned later that the party cost more than $3,000.

Then came a mental picture of Bill Haines' dinner party, with the tables banked with orchids. The orchids, alone, were said to total more than $1,000. And I chanced to be in Harold Lloyd's home, after he had installed an expensive pipe organ. The largest in any private home in the world. I listened to its rich, sonorous tones pour through those huge rooms and imagined that I was in another world and that I had a house.

FIRST STILL. In her second picture, "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," Dororhea Wieck and Baby LeRoy will divide honors.
like that with a pipe organ. And I also imagined that I could play it as well as Harold Lloyd, and I had a little lift that let me run the elevator up and down. The first I had seen in a private home, I was a grown woman. But I forgot that. I felt like a kid and had that oh-such-fun feeling, such as I hadn’t felt it since my daddy first took me to see Ringling Brothers circus.

Then came a flash of that night when I had been in the lobby at the Roosevelt hotel and a young, lissome, beautiful bit player had burst in to show me a check for $10,000 that Ford had given her. ‘I—I—he was at the same party I was. He just heard that I’d been ill and out of work and wrote this out. I don’t think he even knows my name. Do you think I dare take it? Did he mean what he said—there are no strings tied to this present?’

Of course, he meant it. That check was cashed. My only worry was how to spend it. It was less than the amount of his weekly salary.

And the first time that I met Olive Borden was at the Fox studio. The huge car. The liveried chauffeur and footmen—yes, footman—jumping to stand on either side of the door. The maid stepping out in her next, black silk uniform. The secretary next. The mother next. And Olive—swathed in mink—last. Although I know that Olive has little work, today, and very little money; although I know the sad part of that glamorous woman’s story—I cannot feel a great sob for her. She has lived in Fairyland. Red Fairyland. She has had everything of which girls dream when they are scarcely out of the cradle. And I have stood on tip-toe to peer into her castle window. She can close her eyes and remember herself as Cinderella even as I close my eyes and remember myself as a subject bowing before her. And thrill at the memory.

And that day on the set of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," when I noticed that the producers had put small orchids upon tables of them. And the day when H. B. Crouch, jeweller, brought over $100,000 worth of real jewels for Pola Negri—because Pola would not wear imitations, even in a picture. And one of the detectives let me hold the diamond necklace in my hands and press the cold stones to my finger. And I like that excitement of walking through Fairyland even as a humble spectator.

And the first time I had lunch in MGM’s dressing room. A humongous room. A box many times larger than any house in which I had lived! And someone whispered to me that the ceiling of that room at Santa Monica were made of solid gold!

And the day I saw Alice White pay $500 for a sheep dog (the one that was stolen recently), and Lapis Veler $150 for a rug, when she had a bank balance of $20. But she charged it. And the time I stood on tip-toe, in rushed deference, to look at that thing that had once belonged to Napoleon—in the drawing room of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. And the day Barbara let me pick a camellia from her rare flower garden.

On the morning following these memories, I went out and interviewed some of the business managers of Hollywood. Those shrewd, meticulous, business men whom the stars have hired to protect them from being “foolish with their money.”

I went to M. C. Levey, who had been one of our most successful producers at Paramount, First National and United Artists during those days of Holly- wood’s triumph. I listened to his worried tones, the careful precautions he has taken to protect his clients—Warren William, Dick Powell, Leslie Howard, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bruce Cabot and others from “suffering” through such experiences as he, himself, had known as a member of the “foolish” money colony at a time when he drew more than $100,000 as a producer. “I knew poverty,” he said. “I had begun as a news-boy in Chicago. When I sold out at Paramount, if I had put $500,000 into an annuity, I would have income now of $15,000 a year and could be independent and lazy. But I gambled on the stock market. And now I’m trying to give these people the benefit of my experience.”

I’m afraid that I interrupted the same present by remembering those special trains that used to slip out of the studio yards, upon special tracks, to carry executives and stars to previews in San Bernadino. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for example, the train slipped right into the heart of the lot. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chef and the waiters, who were accustomed to waiting on Metro’s colorful people, and knew their whims and fancies, loaded the filet mignon and special dishes onto the dining car. And the producers and directors and actors are imported carte to wire away the one and a half hour trip between the studio and the theatre in San Bernadino. I knew Mr. Levey had been on some of these trips, now discontinued. And I wondered if he didn’t wish.

Theodore R. Rogers, another business manager who handles the monies of such people as Bebe Daniels, Al Green, Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers, Bazz Wood and others joined Mr. Levey while we were talking. I wished that Rex Cole, who receives the checks for Connie Bennett and Alice White that Myrt Blum, who cares for George Raft and many more; that Joyce and Selznick, controllers for more than two hundred, and all the other business managers were there, too. For, although they may employ systems of guardianship which vary slightly, their general procedures are exactly the same.

The first thing that they do is discourage charge accounts. “Then if Bebe walks into a store and sees a fur coat which she has to think twice. She cannot charge it,” Mr. Rogers told me.

Nor could Bebe pay for the coat by check. These business managers must counter-sign checks before they are honored.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., went into an automobile show and ordered a new car because, as he said, “I have fallen absolutely in love with it,” he had only ten thousand miles upon his sixteen cylinder Cadillac. His business manager refused to okay the order.

Neil Hamilton owned one Lincoln for six years. He took his business manager to ride in a new one, which was being demonstrated. And a few days later, he was riding around in a Plymouth.

Connie Bennett lives upon an inflexible allowance. Her manager stipulates even the household expenses—right down to the amount she can pay for gasoline for her transportation.

One day, Alice White asked me to luncheon. She had to run up to her manager and beg for five dollars. Although he gave it to her, he promised to deduct it from her next week’s allowance—which is $50 a week for herself and her house. And Alice has stored her Lincoln and drives a Ford.

One half of Clara Bow’s salary goes automatically into a trust fund. Clara never saved a penny during her years of triumph at Paramount until Ben Odeil, president of a bank, persuaded her to let him have half of each check the moment it was deposited. And that is how she happened to have a little more than $70,000 in a trust fund when trouble overtook her.

Here is a sample statement such as managers keep for the stars. One star dropped in to get his recently and noticed that his wife had spent $6100 in 1933 for clothes. “Mercy, I’ll have to speak to her. That's
too much. She must cut down." His salary is over $10,000 yearly. Without such a printed statement, he would have paid no attention and the wife could have had her way."

As I say, I listened very carefully to these managers. "A star who makes $20,000 a year is not a poor man. It is not a small salary. At that, he saves less than the government takes from him, if he is single. The income tax is approximately $25,000 from such a star. As you know, he is not allowed to deduct his assistent." "This means that he has approximately $7,000 to live on. I know how that sounds to the average mind. But it is very, very essential that such a man make a careful high-powered expenditure to make that over actual expenses."

He went into actual details. Each star has from four to twenty-eight relatives to support and it takes them on an average $3,000 a month, with $2,000 going to hotels. Then Velez sends more than three hundred dollars a week to Mexico. One half of one per cent of the woman's check goes to the Motion Picture Relief Fund; and a certain percentage to other charities. The percentages are shown on an accompanying table.

All tabulated; methodical; systematic.

I have no doubt that these managers are theoretically right. They are protecting their own. They are acting from such a situation as Clara Kimball Young finds herself in, today—working for less than ten dollars daily, when she earns such a salary to be truly complete. She and her family means a pattern into Hollywood finance and Hollywood life—preparing us people for the day when codes may become actualities, when salaries weighed upon cold, judicial scales.

The stars are accepting the regulations. Otherwise, it would be difficult to get anything unless they were bound. Statistics prove that it is cheaper to rent, today, than to own. And his clients follow these statistics. My common man tells me that these men are right. I know it is foolish for Joan Crawford to redecorate her house two and three times a year just because she wants a change of atmosphere around her. I realize that it is silly for Gary Cooper to give huge parties once a month, as he did while he was in Europe; I know it is wise for Mae West to remain in her furnished apartment, only a few blocks from the studio, and to place the bulk of her $850 a month in the savings of her bank account. She has a checking account in any one of the banks she chooses. She has the use of it.

I even know that it may be for the betterment of the world for these people not to make so much money. Fifty dollars a week is too much for a salesman who is entitled to ten per cent of the sales price of his product. That is the way Katharine Hepburn works—and she will probably make more on "Little Women" alone, than if she were paid $15,000 weekly.

But it's the feel of Hollywood which I do not want to see permanently disturbed by anything as metallic as money. Glamour is a strange thing. It grows as arrogantly as weeds. Orchids are expensive because they are rare. The stars are expensive because they are the exceptions to the common-placeness of existence.

Douglas Montgomery comes from a wealthy family. He brought his wife. Yet, now that he has made a great success in "Little Woman," he, too, is starting to save his money. Just when he should be learning how to spend it wisely.

When Ken Maynard made his first money in this business, Mars Maynard, his wife, saved five hundred dollars by sacrificing a thousand dollars. She did it and actually saved her stockings for weeks because she did not know how to open a bank account. Neither did he. One day, a friend saw this personal bank, accidentally, and was so shocked out here, with its adorable little Princesses and Princes running around dumping their pots of gold helter-skelter, didn't have a lot to do with the huge success of the pictures. The desire to take advantage of all the little girl in a palace after she stopped being Cinderella? Or would she crawl into a neat, pretty, corner and spend the rest of her days with the blessed, happy memories of when she was Cinderella?

"Ah, to be foolish with money. To buy thirty-four coats with the happy, jovial childish abandon with which Lupe Velez bought them To import antiques for which you may have to pay on installations with the thoughtless abandon with which Ruth Chatterton imported them when she first signed a contract in motion pictures. And the day before she signed that contract she had two dollars. To have strawberries from Florida in December and white lilies in your bedroom out-of-the-ordinary season—as does (I mean did) Joan Crawford. To hire vigil guards to protect one child, as does Marlene Dietrich. I've heard a lot about the redistribution of wealth, and, I believe in the theory fundamentally. But the old Hollywood is gone. The small star, the little woman, the country girl of the one-horse town, no more. The Hollywood stars are being educated about the things they must have to keep up."

I should like to make a little plea to our government. Why don't you raise people's salaries? All the people have forgotten how to be foolish with money. You get almost half of what they make right back in Washington through taxes. The rest of the world gets almost all of the balance. But if you let them learn about banks and bonds and money that brings interest; if you let them become some what about money, I suppose you'll have to cut their salaries. And the moment you do that and they become sane rather than foolish—you'll take our orchids from us and make our parties dingy.

Oh, please, Mr. Government, do not take our one Fairland from us. Let us go to our motion pictures and return home to dream that we have died and gone to heaven and live in a house with satin-bathrooms, living rooms with deep-t音箱 and gardens choked with fantastic wire what it was all about, she said: "Well, I'll do right by the Governor. Maybe he wants me to help keep his troops under control. Plenty of money went to flocks to my New York shows when I was playing on Broadway, but I never thought I'd join an army.""

Before leaving for the East to marry Frances Dee, Joel McCrea was plenty busy trying to get his Walter Huston's new book and stage production of "Bubbling, Woman" into the hands of the producer. When it came to house his lovely wife, when she re- turned from Virginia. One day he dis- covered that both tubs are taxed $25 each! And he was not so happy when he found that his bathe."... it's a different story."

Douglas Montgomery had health in the beginning. They didn't know about bank accounts and insurance annuities and rock-bound investments. They gambled big. And they usually lost. And had a marvelous, childish carnival-time in the losing. They didn't want to know about them. They were youngsters. Youth, Bubbling, excited, generous, squandering youth. They didn't prepare for old age because they were too young to think about it!

And I wonder if this fairyland of ours

LISTEN:

Mae West is a Kentucky Colonel now, Yas sir! Governor Ruby LaFonson of Kentucky bestowed the honor on the Diamond Queen the other day. He sent her a letter expressing his appreciation for the way she handled a situation. What was it all about, she said: "Well, I'll do right by the Governor. Maybe he wants me to help keep his troops under control. Plenty of money went to flocks to my New York shows when I was playing on Broadway, but I never thought I'd join an army.""

Before leaving for the East to marry Frances Dee, Joel McCrea was plenty busy trying to get his Walter Huston's new book and stage production of "Bubbling, Woman" into the hands of the producer. When it came to house his lovely wife, when she re-
Up From the Theatre Guild [Continued from page 20]

you know what I mean. I'll bet that surprises you!

It did, film actresses having shuddered since Gloria Swanson's early days, at the notion of becoming "clothes horses." Here was one of the most versatile actresses of the American theatre, denying clothes. Of course, I don't believe her. That is what makes her so interesting and so amusing. A lot of the time you do not quite know what is going on. It is a study in contradictions, that Brady!

Everyone who knows the theatre knows something of her background. Her father is William A. Brady, who produces and builds theatres, and is an important figure on Broadway. Her mother was Marie Rene, a dancer, and she disappeared from Alice's life when she was very young. Alice was reared in convents. And, dear me, one fancies that she must have been a problem!

While she was still quite young her father allowed her to play small roles in one and another of his plays. She never played straight ingenues, even in her earliest days. She played young, feminine innocence-immature "vamps," as they were called then. Somehow she looked that way. What was more, she felt that way. Her father used to horsete her and discipline her for dressing like a young lady nancie outside the theatre. But he didn't get very far with his reasoning of her.

She describes herself as a "frustrated musician." She wanted to sing in Grand Opera and began to study for it. Her father pointed out to her that it would be years and years before she could hope to earn any money or acclaim in that difficult medium. The young Alice wanted money, so she turned to musical comedy and graduated from that to dramatic roles. What decision, which was her own, was responsible for the "frustration" of her musical ambitions. But she still mourns a little bit over what might have been ... and she plays the zither!

She has had a career rich in stage successes. The stark "Bride of the Lamb," "Mowgli," "Beijing Elektra," "Zande the Great," and "Mademoiselle," to name a scant third of a dozen of them. She came to Hollywood long ago, and for the pictures and for "When Ladies Meet" and she is going on to other things.

She said to me, suddenly, "I like pictures. But let's go into all that. I shall find a man and we shall carve out a whole new career for myself here. And it is going to be exciting. I want to live here. I intend to live here. It is very different from the theatre, of course. But pictures, since they have learned to talk, have taken on a substance and a vitality, a feeling for drama, which they did not have before. It is easier to trick pictures audiences by sheer vividness of personality than it is the audiences in the theatre. But it will not continue to be like this for ever."

"I am going to have a fight on my hands, sooner, or later," she went on, "Because I am going to refuse to be typed. So far, they haven't been extremely nice about it. After 'When Ladies Meet,' they gave me 'Stage Mother' and 'Beauty for Sale'—roles as different as possible from my first, successful parts. 'The Vagabond Girl' is a little bit but like the first one. But that's all right. It's time I went back and it is a swell p.r. and a swell cash."

"But keep up my option," she interrupted herself, abruptly. "I am having a lot of things done to the house which I rented in Beverly—and I may have to pay for them!"

 Appropriately, at this moment, a reg-}

istered letter was delivered and was duly signed for.

Miss Brady surveyed the outside of it with disgust. "It will be a bill," she concluded. "I shall simply tear it up without opening it. That's what I do with bills!"

"It's a small paper, Miss Brady," she said, "but if it is all in getting used to it," she declared, airily. "It sounded like fun and I thought for a moment that I might try it myself on the first of next month. But it dawned upon me, with a sad reality, that I should never be able to tear up bills with the aplomb of an Alice Brady!"

One of the dogs was taking a nap on my foot. Nana, the maid, told me that I needn't be flattered. "That one'll make up and cuddle with anybody," she informed me. "Now, my little Jessie—she's different."

Miss Brady was saying, while the telephone rang and decorators arrived with samples of wall paper and Adrian hung outside the window, waiting for the dogs to quiet before he entered. "In the theatre, you know everybody intimately. Out here, you scarcely meet the people with whom you work in a picture! Back there you sleep until all hours and spend your afternoons with members of your cast. Out here you get up at six or something and come to work at dawn, as if it were a factory. Well, it is a factory, I suppose. But it's fun . . . ."

Adrian came in, still a bit timorous of the vociferous animals.

Miss Brady went on talking, quite as if we had not just interrupted anything at all. "I asked Adrian what he thought of a picture I have on my dining room wall," she informed me, without greeting him. "It is a little startling on the sort of paper I have . . . . All he would say was, 'Well, I wouldn't do that, myself! It's interesting . . . but I wouldn't.' What do you think, really, Adrian?" she pled, addressing him for the first time.

"I wouldn't do it, myself," he told her, smiling.

"Oh, well . . . ." she dismissed the matter and went on to paid wall papers.

As I said before, the woman is a study in contrast . . . besides being as mad as possible. She economía almost to the point of penury in small matters and then indulges in the wildest extravagances in sums that count. She buys most of her furs at 'bargain shops' where she can get anything for forty dollars. She has a passion for valuable furs and those she owns are worth a fortune. She wears (often for a thousand dollars a suit) a heavy jacket, said to be worth forty thousand dollars. When one of her dogs chewed a sleeve out of it, she said, brightly, "Never mind, I'll have it made over into a cape!"

And did.

No meals excepting rare game and, occasionally, fish, are served at her table. If she does not process the guest through her actors in California, she will send any distance and pay any price for it.

She never wants to go home from parties, she will stay and stay and stay . . . . until her enormous vitality has exhausted all the other guests. Then she wants to go to some other place, "where it will be lively."

But when she settles down for sleep, she is thorough about that, too. She often sleeps for twenty hours at a stretch and she breaks no discipline while she is attending to that matter.

She is an avid reader of detective stories but she likes them, as she puts it, "in the raw. She does not read them because he is 'too highbrow.' But she has been known to snatch a very raw and cheap detective story periodical from a passing prop boy's hand, crying, 'I'll return it—or pay you for it—tomorrow!'"

She has the atmosphere and characteristics which fiction writers would have us believe belong to the great actresses all the time. There is a 'Royal Family' flavor to whatever she says and does.

Life has not been all light-hearted blithe spirit, protecto-philosophy, and obedience-to-whimsical-impulse for her. Her marriage to Jimmy Crane, son of Dr. Frank Crane, was an extremely unhappy one. They married, impatiently, while her father was in Europe one summer—and when Mr. Brady returned, he insisted that they be re-married by a Roman Catholic priest. (Their first marriage was a civil ceremony.) This made it doubly hard for Alice, a devout, converted Roman Catholic, when she sought a divorce, years later.

The greatest tragedy in her life was the illness of her small son. She suffered a frightful convulsion, probably brought on by experiments and eccentricity-to-whimsical-impulse for her. Her marriage to Jimmy Crane, son of Dr. Frank Crane, was an extremely unhappy one. They married, impatiently, while her father was in Europe one summer—and when Mr. Brady returned, he insisted that they be re-married by a Roman Catholic priest. (Their first marriage was a civil ceremony.) This made it doubly hard for Alice, a devout, converted Roman Catholic, when she sought a divorce, years later.

She is a gallant woman, that Alice Brady. No wonder that there is something brittle and unreal about her gaiety! But she is insouciance, which is the impulsiveness and the wit belong, insubordinately, to her. Her impudence is a part of her theatrical heritage . . . and it is one of her most valuable traits.

She is the most exciting addition to pictures since Mae West. More interesting to the thoughtful, perhaps, than that rosie and devastating girl who had to say that Mae hasn't given the thoughtful a bit of pause! She has given us comedy with it.

Miss Brady, at 27, is the daughter of Zan Pitts, a Marie Dresser or an Edna Mae Oliver. She has shown us versatility comparable (without the poignancy) of Helen Hayes. She is an actress.
trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they purchased a marriage license good for thirty days—which has now been put to good use.

And Gene Raymond can tell you that the third time's the charm when he headed, for the first time, an orchestra play a song you have composed. Especially when it's a first song—and no one ever suspected (except wildly) that you "had it in you."

"That," says Gene, "calls for a party." So when Harold Grayson told him that his orchestra would feature Gene's maiden musical effort at the opening of the Embassy Club recently, Gene, as proud as a new papa, was right there with a party of friends. Gene wrote both the music and the lyrics for "Brief Moments." And if he follows this up with more ditties the Gershwin boys had better beware. Gene's guests, who shared in his success as a composer that night, were his mother, Mary Brian, the Cedric Gibbons (Dorothy Del Rio), the Ralph Bellamy, and all three of the Jesse Laskys. Gene spent most of the evening dancing with Mary Brian, the sweet-heart of Sigma Chi, which means that Gene can be a social success now that Mary has smiled upon him. The event of the evening was the eruption of tuberoses around the neck of the gorgeous Del Rio—in um—such fragrance.

When Jack Oakie's option was renewed this last time he gave his mother a car and chauffeur. Gary Cooper bought his mother a silver fox scarf and himself a horse. Every time her option is taken up Miriam Hopkins buys another ace for her farm in Connecticut. Marlene Dietrich takes a European vacation and Jack La Rue brings another one of his sisters (there are five in all) to live with him in Hollywood. Jimmy Cagney built a swimming pool when his option was picked up, Robert Montgomery and Spencer Tracy went in for polo ponies and Joan Blondell built a playroom and a guest room onto her mountain-top home. Max Baer celebrated his Metro contract by buying the biggest and boldest car that has skidded on the Hollywood Boulevard car tracks since the days of Valentino. Wally Beery celebrated the boost in salary, and the new contract, by buying an eight passenger plane, and taking Clark Gable and his wife, and Leila Hyams and her husband, on a trans-state hop.

The biggest night in George Raft's life so far was when "Night After Night" was previewed down at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles. Georgie, practically unknown to the public, was starred in this picture, which is always a dangerous thing for an unknown. The public can so easily make that peculiar sound which the Americans quaintly call "the bird"—and a movie career is ruined. But the audience liked Georgie that night (and Mae West too, incidentally), and gave him a great big hand at the end of the picture. Georgie was so proud he could hardly keep from dancing in the lobby. He had to blow off steam, so he gathered in as many of his pals and fellow workers as he could find in a hurry, and away they went to the Coconut Grove, and from there on to the night clubs "to make a night of it." After that audience reception Georgie knew the "big bad wolf" wouldn't be at his door for a long, long time.

When Kay Francis' option was picked up with a generous raise, and Kenneth MacKenna's last directorial effort was pronounced "okay" by his boss, Kay and Kenneth decided to give a party. They called it a "spitting-snap-end-to-those-rumors' party. Kay's theatrical work had kept him away from Hollywood most of the year, and Kay couldn't be expected to sit home night after night twiddling her thumbs, so, of course, there were rumors all over the place that it wouldn't be long before one member of the family went to Reno. So, just because they were re-united in Hollywood, quite happily once more, and would like to put an end to those rumors, Kay and Kenneth threw a Barn Dance at the Vendome that was something to talk about. Everybody came as a farmer— and everybody came. There was a lovely Grade A cow among the guests whose manners were most impec- cable—which is more than can be said of some of the other guests. Gloria Swanson, dressed as Huckleberry Finn, proved a most annoying barker at the door, a smoker of a water pistol which she used on everyone—and to make it all the worse it wasn't water that splashed over your face, but milk. John Gilbert, celebrating the first release of Metro contract and the lead in the Garbo picture, was gayer than he has been in years, and wifey Virginia Bruce was right there to help him celebrate. Along about dawn a couple of celebrities took socks at a couple of other celebrities, so it was pronounced a most sentimentally successful party.

And hardly had Hollywood gotten the hayseeds out of its hair before it had to go and get all dressed up again, and go back to the Vendome for the Bowery Ball. Ah, indeed, the Bowery Ball was a super- colossal celebration. The party was given by Darryl Zanuck and William Goetz to celebrate the first release of the newly born Twentieth Century pictures. Everyone was requested to come dressed in a bowery way in the nineties. The Vendome became Chuck Connors' salon for the evening, with saw-dust and free lunch and red checked table cloths and cupidos. Mr. Zanuck, who with exquisite tattuing over his chest and back, was an obliging host, for he did everything to entertain his guests, dimming

An incident during the Hawaiian trip of "Four Frightened People." Here are William Gargan and Claudette Colbert paddling about searching for atmosphere.

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the evening with an adagio dance that was the funniest thing that has ever been seen in Hollywood. Ricardo Cortez and director Archie Mayo tossed him about like a rubber ball, and believe us—he could take it. Georgie Raft dressed as Steve Brodie, broke out with his famous Charleston, which he used to do in Jimmy Durante's night club in New York. Sally Eilers, as a Salvation Army lassie, along with her husband, Harry Jo Brown, and about ten others arrived at the party in an old-fashioned tally-ho drawn by four black horses—and did that give a thrill to Sunset Boulevard! Jean Harlow and her groom, Hal Rosson, made their first party appearance since they were spied in Yuma, and Jean looked too too cute in a little blue bathing suit of the Gay Nineties vintage, with panties and everything. It was interesting to note that when hubby Hal said, and right when the fun was at its height too, "Let's go home," Jean went without a single demurrage.

About the most original costumes of the evening were worn by Constance Cummings and her author-husband, Benn Levy, who drew up to the Vendome on a bicycle-built-for-two. The Levis were all dolled up as a couple of burlesque queens, with wigs and boozies and thighs pedaled beyond recognition. You could hardly tell them apart—we mean the Levis. Lil Tashman came as Lilly Langtry and was a beautiful dream in about ten pink ostrich plumes and a pink gown that billowed and billowed and billowed. Jeannette MacDonald was another vision as Lilian Russell and led the Grand March (a nice old time-honored custom that came into its own again that night) with host Zanuck, who covered his tattooing with a satin cape so as not to cause offense to the beauteous Russell. Miriam Hopkins was cute as a Jackie Cooper newsboy, and George Bancroft made a swell bum with a red beard. Another bum with a black eye was Ruis Colombo, who was celebrating the success of his first preview the night before, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

One of the high spots of the party was when Kay Francis decided she was quite weary of dragging a train and a bus, so she removed her dress and spent the rest of the evening in white shorts. The effect was quite bizarre as she failed to remove her black be-plumed hat. Another high spot was when it was discovered that two real tramps, who were just passing through the city on their way to no place, dropped in uninvited to enjoy the festivities. Their tramping clothes looked so much like the old bowery, that the two bums entered without any questions being asked, and had a wonderful time with the beer and free lunch until somebody got suspicious. Janet Gavron, who wasn't invited to the party, kiddingly informed Mr. Zanuck that she and the Irish were raiding the place—but the Irish evidently found something better to do that night, for the raid died out. It was after the party, and after he had taken the Countess di Frasso home, that Lyle Talbot ran his car off a precipice and almost killed himself. Outside of that it was a gay night for everyone—including the two bums.

The Marx Brothers celebrated the preview of "Duck Soup" and a new picture agreement with Paramount by attending en masse the opening of the Dunes in Palm Springs. Many other stars spent a merry week-end there—including the Charlie Butterworths, the Harry Jo Browns (Sally Eilers), the Ben Lyons (Bebe Daniels) and the Dick Arlen's. Neither Charlie Butterworth nor Groucho Marx managed to tear themselves away in time to attend the Screen Actors Guild meeting held in Hollywood on that Sunday night. Charlie wired Eddie Cantor, president of the Guild.

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500 TEST PATIENTS
CUT TIME LOST FROM
Colds in Half

Average cold lasted 5 days
Pepsodent Antiseptic cut it in half. New rules for avoiding colds.

Recently an interesting test was made to bring to light new facts about the common cold. Scientists found that the antiseptic you use to gargle and to spray with makes a striking difference as to how many colds you get and makes a difference, too, in the length of your illness.

These scientists found that an antiseptic is a sanitary measure and observed here are some facts:
IN TREATING COLDs

Here are a few facts:

1. One ward cut its colds in half.
2. Another cut its colds in half.
3. Third ward cut its colds in half.
4. Fourth ward cut its colds in half.
5. Fifth ward cut its colds in half.
6. Sixth ward cut its colds in half.
7. Seventh ward cut its colds in half.
8. Eighth ward cut its colds in half.
9. Ninth ward cut its colds in half.
10. Tenth ward cut its colds in half.

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Make $1 do the work of $3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with other leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence — what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about antiseptics
Take note! When mixed with water many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—Safeguard health—and save your hard earned money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
Joan Crawford [Continued from page 25]

of assistant directors, she was not going to be allowed to stay there very long.

"But what is it you want of me?" Joan asked her, in real bewilderment.

"I just want to look at you!" the girl told her. She had crossed a Continent for that purpose, and she was obviously a girl who had not very much money.

Yet, Joan cares more than anyone I have every known about what people think of her. She reads every word that is written about her and usually cries bitterly over it. When she was married to Doug, and the gossip about them was making them both so unhappy and so uneasy and so suspicious of one another, I said to her, "Why don't you take a vacation? Why don't you, for one month, read nothing that is printed about you anywhere? Why don't you try to get a perspective on your own life and your own situation without looking at yourself constantly through other people's eyes?"

"I'll do it," she declared. "You are perfectly right when you say that that is one of the main things which is bothering Doug and me. We keep on reading this stuff... I shan't open a magazine or a newspaper for a month... and maybe I can persuade Doug not to open one, either."

As we left the studio to go our separate ways, Joan stopped at a newsstand and bought seven magazines. My last glimpse of her showed her flipping the pages, eagerly, looking for items which mentioned her.

She never goes to parties if she can help it. She suffers from actual stage fright.

"That awful moment when you enter a room full of people! Everyone looks at you. I always think that they are talking about me, that they don't like me, that perhaps they are making fun of me! I spend hours before I go to a party, nerves myself for that ordeal of entering the room. I suffer horribly afterward. I am sure then, that they didn't like me. They didn't like my dress. They thought that what I said was stupid... It's awful!"

That is ego, of course. She wants ap-
know about it's authenticity," Kay obliged. "I've never been in Rangoon. But shall I tell you about the time I was in Hoboken? No? All right, then--look at that crooked silver buckle on your little red hat, just like it in a famous Shanghai night club."

I gazed at her funny at a flight of steps that led up to a balcony on which several tables were placed. The steps were set at uneven intervals, which is an old Oriental custom I learned of long ago to make it look as if a person had to navigate them in a hurry. You'd have to do an old-fashioned schotischt--one, two, three, hop--to get to the top.

Kay had to leave then to do a short scene in which she only had to dance across the floor in the arms of Ricardo Cortez--which is a break for any girl, if you ask me. Ric is still one of the most sought after young men in Hollywood, though his attentions lately seem to have centered on a young society woman named Christine Lee. But only last year this Ric and Joan Crawford and the gardenias were tangling night after night at the Coconut Club. They made a very fascinating couple they made on the dance floor. But let's not belittle Kay. Shittering out there in the Cortez in the middle of Kay's golden World, there's like a high-school girl, and the Worst Woman in Paris like nothing so much as a rank amateur.

At the various tables around the dance floor, fashionable and anonymous women are present to start a new League of Nations. Cute little Chinese serving girls in yellow silk pajamas; Burmese ladies with the highest dresses looking like shiny black onions perched atop their heads; Hindus, inconspicuous in occidental clothes, with their wigs in almost noughty dive on Ric's trail. Ric probably has some important papers which they mean to get, or a rare old emerald worth millions that the Maharajah of Hotspur gave him for saving a dozen or so of his wives from drowning in the sacred pools. Plot number 67. I was mistaken. I discovered later that it was Plot number 9.

"No, ma'am," said Ric. "I'm no hero in this picture. I hero so rarely these days that I'm neglecting my profile. I'm the hero because I am a descendent of a family of fortune who sells the girl who loves him--Kay, of course--to Warner Oland for a shipload of guns he hopes to sell for fancy price for Kay's sake. And Kay wants Kay for the head gal in his joint here. (Imagine swapping Kay for a lot of old guns--why Cortez gets funny.)"

"You see," Ric continued. "I'm an utterly bad villain. Later, I decide I want my girl back, and I follow her when she tries to go straight. And when I'm low down, I commit suicide and make it look like murder, and she's arrested and--"

"Wait a minute," I shouted. "You're breaking my heart. I want to get out before that starts happening."

"You don't have to worry," Kay assured me, freshening up her make-up for the next scene. "We go on location tomorrow and all the dirty work is done on a river boat. And which, unfortunately, is over a night's ride from Hollywood. We took some early scenes in the picture over on Catalina Island--which also is a bit for consideration what the location choicer for this picture has against me."

I found out that Lyle Talbot had been chosen for the leading man in the picture. He plays a young doctor with an unsavory past who meets Kay on the river boat when she's trying to run away from Oland's clutches. The part was originally intended for George Brent, but for some reason or other Talbot had been chosen to succeed him. We arrived just in time from the hospital, after his terrible automobile accident, that the studio called him, and although he was still pretty weak and shaken up he promised to take the plane for Stockton the next day. The old trouser instinct. The show must go on. But inasmuch as Lyle still has a gash in his head and his arm in a sling the script writers had to get busy and do a little explaining for a battered up leading man still on their shoulders and they did a very nice job together in "Mary Stevens, M.D." so, personally, I'm darned glad Lyle has the part. He gets more and more popular in Hollywood every day, and the nurses at the hospital reported that while he was there he received more wires, telephone calls and flowers from women than any young actor who had ever snuffed their chloroform. The Countess di Frasso's flowers were very much in evidence.

A call for 'Lights' and 'Quiet' and Kay went to do her 'trip and peeping' scene down the jerry-buitl stairsway, and I'm here to tell you it was a real "trip." Hollywood's best dressed actress started down the steps, looking languidly toward the dance floor. One heel got caught in the train of her gown, and down she came, bumpity bump BUMP! And per force before "DIE!"—said Miss Francis.

Director, cameraman, assistants, extras, dancers, everyone, even I, rushed forward to help her.

"Hurt?" Director Curtiz asked solicitously.

"What do you think?" Kay groaned, rubbing a tender spot. That same spot which has been so well featured in "The Bowery" and "The Fire Chief."

But Kay refused to let a little thing like that make her call off work for the day. She really was considerably bruised, but as she remarked to me, "The bruises aren't where they show." As if that wasn't enough excitement for one day, right on top of Kay's tumble, in came Miss Gladys Swenson and a gang of Admirals, piloted by a Warner Brother. Now, whether the U.S. Navy wants to be "my" or not, I don't pretend to know. It's been a long time since Secretary Daniels limited the navy's gong to straight grape juice. At any rate, Kay's eyes were very bright when they sparkled a bit when he spied the elaborate bar at the end of the café set. Kay must have noted the sparkle, too, for she led the distinguished passengers over to the bar and cordially invited them to have one on the house. There was a click of soles on boots.

But al--their illusions regarding the movies must have been rudely shattered that day, for after one sip at their mint juleps, served in honor of the Secretary, Joe is a Virginia, yas su, I noticed they

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Kay Francis [Continued from page 49]
all set them down as if each and everyone contained ginger ale—and, shiver me timbers, they did.

The Sec and the Admirals were good scouts, though, and posed for pictures, and all of them tried to get as close to Kay as possible (but I strung her telephone number to any of them), and the photographers had a field day.

When the last gold braid had disappeared, the Colonel marched and demanded to know the finish of "Mandary.

After all, there was just a chance that it might not be Plot number 7. There was nothing like security.

"After you fall in love with Lyle Talbot, the renegade doctor, and have fought off the villainous Cortez, and he has committed suicide and made it look like murder, and you get arrested—then what?"

"If you were I get out of that mess and at last get around to a happy ending, you have to wait until you solve the mystery because it’s such a good story to spoil for you."

Which I call a mean trick on a trusting gal—and now I’ve got to wait a month to see what happens."

I’ve never seen Kay more fascinated and beautiful. Kay, I don’t go for her in a big way in her role of "White Spot." I’m going to quit guessing.
the actress must not think of cradles and sunsets and the outside world called so persistently that, for a while, its song drowned out the lullabies that should be the theme song of a happy marriage, even in its modern world.

France was wise in delaying her marriage until she felt very sure of herself. Hollywood is a hard, unforgiving place, and she needed time to find the love that precedes them. Courtship is a happy period and when the goose hangs high it is a wise young couple that makes the right choice. Joel and Frances were snapped by several photographers as they boarded the plane for that San Francisco trip and, the following day, newspapers stated their way to the altar. Joel laughed and dismissed it with the remark, "Newspaper men must be in the matchmaking business." Frances denied vehemently that there were to be any wedding bells in the near future but Joel was optimistic and kept building his ranch house with an eye to a feminine occupant.

"Funny, isn't it? But I have put my love for my wife through every test," said Joel. "I have imagined every situation that could arise in everyday life, such as some stubborn illness befalling either of us—some stroke of bad fortune, a car accident—would any of these things change our love—or would it survive? Some might think me a bit morbid, but I think it is better to size up everything that could happen to a young married couple, and then try to visualize how what we would do under such circumstances. Would we still love each other? Would we grow tired? I can truthfully say that I love her in such a way that it would stand the gaff of any of the misfortunes I've mentioned. It would seem that our marriage should weather the storm. Some people think our careers will suffer. That's rot! I'm just as interested in Frances' future as I am my own. If she comes home dead tired and wants to stay at home or even not be bothered seeing me—I understand. Neither does she expect me to go gallivanting around if I'm all tagged out from a hard day.

They are both extremely sensible young people—and idealists too—so they should have a good chance to make a success of a marriage that was well considered. There were many arguments pro and con in the household of Dec and McCrea. Their respective mothers wisely looked on from the side lines and let the young ones decide for themselves. Frances knew what she wanted—so did Joel. They have decided that they will have to do a bit of sacrificing, one to the other.

Frances wants a career and Joel wants home life and babies—yet they want to make each other happy, and they know that the only way is to make the necessary sacrifices as the need crops up. If they can keep faithful with each other their happiness is assured.

Realizing that directors are sometimes human I obligingly move off.

There's another swell set out there at M-G-M. "The Vinegar Tree," which stars Alice Brady. In its way it's just as pretentious as the one in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." A month or two months ago, this one is a French provincial house with real grass growing on the stage. They dug up a whole lawn, sod, flowers, and transplanted it to one of the sound stages. It's watered every day and the sun-arsenic furnishes it with light to keep it growing.

There are dummy windows and gables putting out all over it. The roof looks like it is thatched—but it isn't. It is tiled that has been specially treated to make it look authentic—and mouldy. Scattered through the grounds are beds of tulips, iris, snowballs, asters, dahlias, a few lilac bushes and almost every kind of flower imaginable. Some of the beds are bordered with low hedges. Apple and peach trees are in bloom and yellow ramblers roses climb all over the house.

The cast, Alice Brady, Mary Carlisle, Katherine Alexander (from the New York stage—and why?), Lionel Barrymore, William Janney, and Conway Tearle, sat around a breakfast table on the porch. The furniture is white wicker with blue upholstering and white cords about the seams. The table cloth is the same color blue as the upholstering on the furniture and it, too, has a white fringe.

In Brady, the lady of the house, is charmingly gowned for breakfast in a blue and white checked taffeta dress. She catches her eye and smile widely but she looks vague. She doesn't remember me! And we had such a swell interview just last week. There is a song in Novarro's film called "Try to Forget." I'm going to write to him and "Try to Remember" and dedicate it to Alice. Well, she still swells—but what a blow to a Mook's concept.

Mary Carlisle comes over to shake hands and that consoles me no little.

"How thin you've got!" I exclain, determined not to let my chagrin over Alice mar my disposition.

"I've been dieting in wholesale quantities." Mary explains and adds, "I fainted this morning." And me not there to catch her. Truly, it's not my day.

This story is so mixed up. Katherine comes home from Europe with her jaded lover, Tearle, and wants to be with him but can't take him to her apartment. She wires her sister, Brady, to ask if she can come up there. She and Tearle arrive separately—at strangers. Brady is also the mother of Mary, who, concedes. There he fus with her boy friend, Janney, because he thinks she needs more sophistication. Brady is a flighty wench who never gets anything straight and she thinks Tearle was once one of her lovers, How?
A scene from "The Vinegar Tree," in which Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore are co-starred. It is the screen version of a popular Broadway success.

Mary throws herself at Tareel and he is tempted, despite his forty-two years. Alexander is furious. Brady is both furious and alarmed, and neither of them can do anything about it because they've let the cat out of the bag if they did. They're at breakfast when Janney arrives. He's had to come up on a coal car because he's broke, and he's a sight. He looks like a ragamuffin.

Brady gets the bright idea—and at breakfast, of all times—that one of them should leave the room and the others select some object. Then the absent one is called back, and has questions that can be answered with "yes" or "no"—supposed to guess the object they've chosen. Janney is sent out of the room so he can wash up. When he comes back he begins his questioning.

But Alice being a nit-wit (though, only in the picture, I assure you), gives it away and Janney guesses it in the third question. Brady can't understand that she gave it away. "It's wonderful," she simpers. "He guessed it in three questions. However did you do it?"

It's a grand scene and a grand picture. Alice is great, of course, and if you don't think Billy Janney's acting has improved by leaps and bounds, wait until you see this.

"Dancing Lady" is still shooting and so is "Tarzan and His Mate." The latter promises to rival "Rasputin" in length of production. It's on location today. And, of course, Garbo is still the Svede recluse and public he serves or public he is served by, no one is allowed on the "Queen Christina" set.

At the Fox Studio

A J A U N T I N G across Overland Avenue to Fox, I'm still having high blood pressure over not being able to get on the Garbo set and narrowly miss colliding with a brewery truck—a 4% one.

Once inside the studio I cool off, though, because the first set I'm ushered onto is supposed to be the stage of a theatre, and the setting is a winter scene in Switzerland. It's one of the most stupendous I've ever seen set up on a stage and, curiously enough, the stage is no larger than those in real theatres. For that reason, those carping critics who got squamish about the prologue numbers in "Footlight Parade," will have to find something else in this one to fault with. It is called "I Am Suzanne," starring Lilian Harvey.

On the stage, high up, almost in the flies, is a toboggan slide strung across it, precipitously steep, and a toboggan slide. There are lots of perfectly gorgeous-looking girls on the porch and steps of the chalet—and a few nondescript looking men.

At the lower left of the stage are some tables with people sitting at them and a few waiters wandering around. The cloths on the tables are blue and white checked. Nearly every tablecloth I've seen on a set this month has been checkered, so they must be quite au revoir.

Finally the lights are adjusted and the director calls, "Ready!" For a second there is confusion as people stop what they were doing to take their places, and the curtains are drawn. "Action!" orders the director and everything moves like clockwork. The curtains part and there are two octettes of girls and boys skating into the scene on ice skates. Down the toboggan at breakneck speed are a couple of fledgling with people. A group of children are dancing in a circle around a bear. The people on the porch and steps of the chalet, those at the tables, those in the windows of the house, are singing. Suddenly there is a hush and down a rope, strung from the top of the theatre to the stage, slides Lilian Harvey. She takes her bow and launches into a ballet.

It's colossal. You may wonder what leads up to all this. It's very simple. Hard times have come upon the little puppet theatre in Paris run by Gene Raymond and his father, Murray Kinnell. Their centuries old theatre is not making money. Gene decides to find out where the people are going and what they want. He ends up at the big, popular revue theatre around the corner and the scene I've just described is what he sees.

If you want to know what comes next, consult your movie primer. "I Am Suzanne" is plot number one. But who cares about plots in musical comedies.

From Miss Harvey's set I wander on to another stage and find another semi-musical, "Jimmy and Sally," which was supposed to star James Dunn and Sally Elliott. Only Sally decided the part wasn't worthy of her efforts, so they put her into a Western picture with George O'Brien, where she'd have a chance to act more—"if not longer." And Claire Trevor, whom I introduced to you a few months ago when she was playing with George in "Life in the Raw," gets Sally's spot in this picture.

The scene is another night club. It is a large room and Gus Arriehrn's orchestra has been engaged for the picture. At one end is the orchestra platform, with gold drapes around the front and lavender velvet ones forming a semi-circle in back. Meinfach and Janney are at this moment crowning into a mike. She's crowning so low that even when you stand a few feet away you can't hear her. I thought it was Claire looking very exotic with her hair parted in the middle, slicked down on each side and drawn back.
In "Seven Lives Were Changed," Norman Foster, Little Marianne Edwards and a music box share honors with Roy D'Arcy, the bug's sound signifies D'Arcy's first appearance since the silent pictures.

Ralph Morgan, seemingly a quiet English school teacher vacationing in the Balkans, is in reality a powerful Communist leader returning to his homeland to lead another uprising. About to be arrested when the train reaches the Jugo-Slavonian border, he slips an incriminating letter to Heather Angel, which leads to her arrest.

At the moment, Norman and D'Arcy are in the compartment with little Marianne Edwards, who proves to be乖巧ly Marianne with a toy music box. D'Arcy picks a purse in the compartment. Charmingly.

There isn't any dialogue in this particular scene but it's a gripping plot and proves that the wages of sin is death.

At R.K.O. AT THIS studio "Flying Down to Rio" is in production, but they're only rehearsing.

"I can't be running back and forth to these studios all the time to catch scenes," I grumble to Thornton Freeland, the director. "If you want to get in this department this month, you'll have to shoot the number now."

But Thornton knows me and, confound it, he soberly says "Eh, just a minute, Miss Flanagan," he asks the other night why you never drop in to say hello."

I'm going away somewhere—somewhere where no one knows me and I'll be respected.

One of the most stupendous sets I have ever been created for "Man of Two Worlds," in which last season's matinee idol, Frances Lederer, makes his screen debut. It is stark tragedy—the saga of an Eskimo who guides some Englishmen in their quest for rare animals. As a reward, he is taken back to England with them, and falls in love with an English girl. Recovering from an illness, she sees him in the mirror of his face and the shock is so great he faints and has to be taken back to bed. On the mend, though still weak, he attempts to make love to and possess her. She screams and values blood on him. Thoroughly disillusioned, he returned to his native Greenland, his mother, wife and son. But as time passes he finds himself comparing his environment and family to the other life he has known. His failure to possess the white girl becomes an obsession. In the end, he goes out into the storm, sends his spear hurtling through space and permits the snow and cold to force him to the ground—and death. Stella Adler produces his grand stay has been knocked out to make room for this one set. Huge mountains of ice have been thrown up. They're made of plaster.
of paris and wire matting, but they're painted white with faint blue shadows, giving the impression of immensity—and the vast distances of the arctic. Artificial snow covers the ground and a couple of vine machines not only faithfully reproduce the sound of the snuffling northern wind, but also keep the snow whirling.

Lederer, clad in the regulation Eskimo outfit, takes his place as far end of the set, high up in the hills of ice. A wire, painted white, so it won't photograph, has been strung the length of the stages. His father has a couple of ecyhlothes draped in it and the wire runs through these. The wind machines start, and the snow whirls. Suddenly he heaves the spear and it goes hurtling through space, missing the camera by inches, fixed itself in a couple of planks erected to stop it. Lederer looks after it sadly for a moment and then turns to the ground. The snow gradually covers it.

It is a masterful piece of acting and a gripping story, but just why the studio officials should have elected to use the most romantic figure on the stage today in such a part is another of those questions that confuse me. It's not concerned with the industry—except the heads of it, who seem blithely unconcerned.

The only other picture shooting over there is "Long Lost Father," starring the peerless John Barrymore, who goes right on making pictures despite anything I can do about it.

"You'll have to wait here a minute," my guide informs me as we're about to enter the stage, "until I see if we can get on this set.

He leaves me and returns a few minutes later. "One of the assistants says we can do anything but speak to his highness."

Well, it has been, I think, twenty years without speaking to Mr. Barrymore so I guess I can endure. And, anyway, I once split a quart of champagne with Ethel and nobody can take that away from me.

The scene is the office of a restaurant. There is no furniture in it but a desk, a dish lamp, a continental telephone, office chair, a couple of file cases and a few pictures on the wall.

John, looking very head-waiter in gray striped trousers and a frock coat, is seated at the desk with his famous fishy look in his eyes. At a corner of the desk stands E. C. Clive, a cocky, slightly undersized fellow.

"You wanted a job, didn't you?" Barry- more demands.

"Yes, sir," says Clive. "Get him a waiter's kit," says Barrymore, apparently addressing the thin air, because there's no one else there, "and have him in.

Now, I ask you: Does that make sense? And what possible connection can eggs have with a long lost father?"

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**At Paramount**

**AROUND the corner from R-K-O, I bump into Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Lew Cody and Gregory Ratoff (the same one who once rescinded Glenn Tryon referring to him as "talent," and who told Glenn that in New York they referred to him as "genius.") I guess I'd better add that the whole thing was in fun or a nitwit in Washington named Carol Behrle will be writing me an indignant letter of protest.

They're making a scene outside the studio gates for "We're Sitting Pretty." This is the picture that co-stars the first two. Haley is one of the best known comedians in New York, and, before his arrival, all Oakie's friends had a great time kidding him into believing Haley would steal the picture.

"What's it all about, Jack?" I ask Mr. Oakie.

"And me, my partner (indicating Haley) and me are a couple of vaudevillians trying to get to Hollywood, but we got no dough. So we go out on the road and give it this

---

**Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff, Jack Haley and Jack Oakie in "We're Sitting Pretty." You wouldn't think it was a girl show from this scene.

(giving me the hitch-hiker's sign). We finally get here but it does us no good. We can't get into the studio, so we park outside the gates and—"

"Action," yells the director.

Oakie and Haley bust up to the gate.

"We got to get in here," Oakie explains but the gateman pushes him out with a nasty expression. They're using a real gateman and I've seen that same expression many times when I've tried to get in myself.

Just then Lew Cody (whom Oakie says is the Schulberg of the picture) and his agent, Ratoff (whom Jack describes as a "flap peddler"), come along.

"Listen, Tannenbaum," says Cody, "you're a good agent but you don't know a thing about casting."

"I still say Freddie Marvin could play that part," Ratoff insists. "He's just a boy.

"Baby, eh?" Cody sneers—and how he can sneer. "He's been voting for five years." Cody gets into the waiting auto but just as Ratoff prepares to follow suit, Oakie and Haley, who have been watching open-mouthed, rush up and stop him.

"Say, Mr. Tannenbaum," Oakie sputters. "Yeah?" comes in a Fitzgerald tone from Ratoff.

"We're Parker and Pendleton," Oakie announces in a tone implying that more need not be said.

"All right," Ratoff squelches him as he shakes off Oakie's arm and gets into the car. "I'll use your broomstick."

The expression of bewilderment and utter disbelief on Oakie's face as Cody and Ratoff drive off is something I'll long remember.

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Inside the studio I find a little number in production called "A Girl Without A Room."
The picture is just starting and I don't think they've quite got the plot settled yet (just wait until Mr. Glogauer finds out about this!) but it's an intriguing set—recuss an artist's studio on the Left Bank in Paris. My guide and I pick our way through a lot of roofs set on stilts and come, finally, into the studio. I glance back towards the maze through which I've just threaded my way, only, being inside the studio, I have to look through a window and it's a little startling to see nothing but the roofs which seem startlingly real.

"A Girl Without a Room" is one of those Paris studio pictures. Walter Woolf and Marguerite Churchill.

without the stilts. The place is simply filthy (if I ever even hear of a tidy artist the shock will carry me off). One side is a wooden cupboard and on the other a platform for the model to pose on. Marguerite Churchill, who used to be so mousey, has now gone in for sex in a big way and her formerly chestnut tresses are a Peggy-Shannon red. She stands on the model's dais clad only in a pair of tights and a paid-for stool. Walter Woolf, who, I mentioned as having played in "Golden Dawn" with Vivienne Segal, and who has one of the most glorious baritone voices on the American stage, is the artist.

"May I quit now?" asks Marguerite.

There is no reply as Wally goes right on with his work Suddenly hiccupping Charlie Ruggles enters, without the formality of a knock. "Tch, tch, tch," says he, taking in things at a glance.

"What do you want?" Woolf asks, none too cordially.

"The bottle of brandy you borrowed while I was out," Ruggles answers as though it were ridiculous to suppose he'd count that up.

"May I quit now?"

"At least, I didn't disturb you when I took it," Woolf retorts, ignoring Marguerite.

"Why don't you knock before you come in?"

"If you insist on my knocking (pun intended)," Ruggles assures him, "then I must say that (indicating Woolf's painting) is the worst picture I've seen since my folks took the painting of Aunt Agatha out of the living room in 1912."

"Look," says Marguerite, "if you don't mind, I'll quit now."


I'm dying to ask Marguerite about these rules for a successful marriage that she and George O'Brien have formulated but, after all, you can't just bust up to a perfectly strange young woman and ask her if she thinks her marriage of two months' standing is going to be saved by a few rules.

I feel more at home on the next stage because Freddie March is there and Freddie and I have been friends for years. But, drat all, he's no fun today. "I've had the flu," he mutters. "I've still got a temperature of over a hundred and I ought to be in bed."

"Well, why aren't you?" I ask.

He gives me a disgusted look and then for a moment the March humor breaks through. " Haven't you learned yet that the show must go on?" he demands.

The "show" in this case is "Chrysalis." Freddie is a professor at a university and Miriam Hopkins, daughter of wealthy and divorced parents, is infatuated with him. Her brother, learning of the affair, sends the family lawyer to investigate Freddie.

Freddie is in the living room of his apartment—a living room furnished with a set of enormous assortment of chairs—one upholstered in red leather, another in needlepoint while a third is in the Jacobean style. A large table is placed endwise against the window, which boasts nondescript draperies. A draughtsman's board with a "T square and some paper on it is just back of the table.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door and Freddie goes to answer it. William Collier, Sr., stands there beaming. "Mr. Ellis?"

"Yes," Freddie admits.

"This is delightful," Collier announces, standing in the doorway and glancing about the room.

"I'm very busy," Freddie announces. "Could you come back tomorrow?"

"Won't you at least push me into the room, smiling so blissfully, his manner so suavely assured that March can't stop him. "I'm Jeremiah Hallman," legal advisor of one of Mrs. Farrell—Lyda's mother.

"Oh," comes from Freddie.

"I presume you know Lydia Farrell (Miriam Hopkins)?" Collier persists.

"Yes—yes," from Freddie.

"May I sit down?" Collier has the decency to ask.

"Of course," says Freddie, and adds. "You would anyway."

He's right. Collier already has the easiest chair in the room picked out.

On the United Artists' Lot

TWENTIETH CENTURY has two going: "Advise to the Lovelorn" and "Born to Be Bad."

The former is graced with the presence of Lee Tracy, Sally Blane (just back from Europe and two or three princes and millionaires), and Yogi. Doche, a pretty newcomer who gets her first break in this picture. She used to be Katherine Hepburn's stand-in. Dorothy L. Churchill, portly representative of the New York Times, is acting as technical advisor on this picture. Doche's penchant for resting is well known and I wondered how he would be able to stand the gaff of picture work. "I should have a stand-in so I could relax more," he grumbles.
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SILVER SCREEN for January 1934

"A sit-in, you mean?" opines the director derisively.

It seems that Lee is a breezy reporter on the Los Angeles World, who gets put in charge of the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column because he's always drunk and can't stay on any other job. He's furious and wants to quit so he can marry Sally Blake and go to work in her father's garage. But the managing editor won't let him go because he has a contract. So he starts to make the kid column, but only succeeds in boosting the paper's circulation.

Ashamed to tell Sally what he's doing, he announces he can't quit because a poor old reporter named Gaskell (Gaskell is really the managing editor) is dying of lung trouble and is the father of six motherless children. When Cary upholds his offer to take over the column, Lee is too sick to do his own writing so Lee has been quietly doing it for him for a long time. Fortunately for them Gaskell can't live very much longer, so that says six months, and then Lee will he released from his heroic sacrifice. Lee figures he'll be fired before then.

The lie works until Sally accidentally learns who Gaskell really is, and that he is the owner of a sixteen-cylinder automobile but no children. Then she sees red.

As I put an appearance on the set, the place is bustling with activity. Downstage is the reception room of a large newspaper office. There is a railing to separate the sheep from the wolves or, rather, the visitors from the employees. Inside the rail is the switchboard and Adalyn busy plugging up holes, etc. Through the plate glass windows can be seen reporters in the outer office scurrying around, typing, chatting and doing all the other little things reporters do when they're supposed to be working. Sally, in a blue-gray corsage, with mole collar and hat to match, and long dark gray silk gloves coming up to her elbow, is pacing impatiently up and down by the switchboard. Then Lee bursts through the door with hands outstretched toward her. Honey.

"Hello," says Lee indifferently.

"Why're you behind out on me?" Lee asks. "I've been calling you for weeks."

"Is there some place where we can talk?" Sally wants to know, ignoring his questions and cordially.

"Huh?" says Tracy and then he gets it. "Wait a minute." He rushes through the swinging gate to the switchboard and sends Adalyn out to powder her nose.

It's a typical Tracy part and for those of you who are not Lee's fans there are a couple of spots in the picture where he gets beaten up unmercifully.

"Born to Be Bad" stars Loretta Young, Sally's sister.

Loretta is a hard-boiled dame with a hard-boiled young son. She's had to fight her way through life and I've an idea that the son is the reason of her having lived "not wisely but too well." When he is run over by a milk truck, driven, curiously, by the head of the company so he can better acquaint himself with what's going on in his company, Loretta gets hold of a busher lawyer. They connect up to make the kids the hardest damned kids much worse than they are so that they can collect big damages. Their plot is discovered and the boy taken to an orphanage, only to become the managing director of the milk company (Grant Cary). Loretta tries to get the boy to run away with her but that plot, too, is discovered. Cary upholds his offer to take over the column, Lee is too sick to do his own writing so Lee has been quietly doing it for him for a long time. Fortunately for them Gaskell can't live very much longer, so that says six months, and then Lee will he released from his heroic sacrifice. Lee figures he'll be fired before then.

"I'm breaking this place and doin' it indifferently. I've been calling you for weeks."

"Is there some place where we can talk?" Sally wants to know, ignoring his questions and cordially.

"Huh?" says Tracy and then he gets it. "Wait a minute."

He rushes through the swinging gate to the switchboard and sends Adalyn out to powder her nose. It's a typical Tracy part and for those of you who are not Lee's fans there are a couple of spots in the picture where he gets beaten up unmercifully.

"Born to Be Bad" stars Loretta Young, Sally's sister.

Harry Green and Loretta Young in "Born to Be Bad." Loretta is becoming a very important young lady.

Poor Cary. He's always being framed. I wish you could get a load of Director Lowell Sherman. Almost the very minute I ever saw one. His dark sun glasses, worn inside as well as out, make him look quite distinctive. His costume of kahki, yellow sweater with practically no sleeves, and white wool golf stockings with clocks of orange and black diamond shaped figures running up the sleeves do nothing to distract attention from him.

Over at Universal

I WILL look this place over and my day's stunt will be finished.

"By Candlelight!" is the first picture that engages my attention at the present time in the business. This is the story that John Gilbert was reported to have written and that he was so anxious to make at M-G-M. It is the story of a writer (Paul Lukas) who amuses himself in the absence of his master, a philandering prince (Nils Asther), by wearing the latter's smoking gown, drinking his liquor and smoking his cigarettes.

En route to Monte Carlo, where the prince has taken him to stay at his palace (the prince's Villa) so that he may elude a couple of irate husbands in whose homes he has—er—meddled, Paul encounters the maid (Elissa Landi) of the chief butler (Rudolph Valentino). Each seeing the coat...
none too kindly. In his heart is the desire to write a great symphony but the desire is not fortified with the ability.

He continues giving viola lessons at 25c to $1 a lesson. We pick him up in the midst of a lesson. It is a shabby little room, although it contains a beautiful antique highboy.

John, his hair graying with the years, sits on the piano stool facing a little girl in a poke bonnet and ruffled dress, the ruffles edged in green ribbon, who holds a violin, and bow.

"Now, Joan," he smiles patiently, "let's do the G minor now.

There is the wheezing, scraping noise a tyro makes in drawing a bow across the strings of a violin.

"Just a moment, darling," he interposes when she finishes, "let's keep it up to tempo. Try it again now." And he manages to look interested as she does it.

"That's fine," he encourages her. "Now, can you remember the C scale?

I can only remember the young genius in "Homoroesque" who, while struggling for recognition, was forced by circumstances to give lessons to dolts who never would be able to play as well as he—who never would be as good as he did.

And as I watch John struggling to appear interested in something he loathes, I remember a line in one of Philip Barry's plays: "It is a patience's heel on the neck of inclination.

Most men lead lives of quiet desperation."

Shirley Grey, Edmund Lowe and Osaol Stevens in "Bombay Mail." Exciting, too!

Fortunately the whole picture is not in this sombre mood. Boles sings two songs in it—songs written by the director—Victor Schertzinger.

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Joan Pierce and John Bales in a scene from "Beloved," a Universal picture. This shows the sound pictures at their best.

continues giving lessons. Among his pupils is the daughter (Gloria Stuart) of some wealthy Charlestonians. They fire John when they learn that a crook—a fly—wants the bedroom, leaving the latter door open.

Through the doorway we see him toss the slipper and dressing gown on the bed, then don the coat of the prince's dress suit, turn and leave the room.

What happens next? For the answer to this great mystery see the picture when it is shown at your nearest theatre, as I must confess I can't help you out. But with three foreign actors—Lukas, Landi and Asther—playing a continental farce, you get your money's worth.

"Beloved" is the story of a boy (John Bales) whose father used to have a three piece orchestra play him to sleep every night in order to instill a love of music in him. Ten years later the Baron (John's father) has been killed and John and his mother are living in Charleston, S. C. The mother gives music lessons. Another ten years pass and so does the mother. John

---

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But to get back to our motion: Eddie Lowe, as Inspector Dyke, has been holding Onslow Stevens and Shirley (who have, of course, fallen in love with each other) for the murder of some of the other passengers. As the train nears Bombay he discovers their innocence.

"Hey, the way, Havley," Lowe remarks to Stevens, "the reason I asked you to remain was that a man in the guard's van this morning asked me to give you this," handing Onslow his tobacco pouch which contained three valuable rubies that had been stolen from him.

Last on the list, thank heaven—is "Cross Country Cruise," which stars Lew Ayres. These studios kill me. Here they had Lew Ayres under contract for years and did absolutely nothing with him after "A Man Quiet On the Western Front." They release him, Fox signs him, and immediately United has to borrow him back for a part which, apparently, no one else can play.

This picture is just starting. It opens in the eastern terminus of a transcontinental bus line. Passengers are milling about, waiting the departure hour.

June Knight is there waiting for her boy friend, Alan Dinehart, who has promised to marry her, but who didn't bother to explain he is already married to Minna Gombel. When Alan finally arrives, his half and chain is right with him. A right with his half and chain is right with him. A right with his half and chain is right with him. And I must say, Minna isn't any too hard on the eyes in the outfit she has on—a tweed coat-suit. Alan tries hard to explain things to June but doesn't make much headway. And, after all, there isn't much he can say, under the circumstances.

Alice White, a secacious choric, is also there. Learning of June's predicament, Alice gets big hearted and gives her her ticket, explaining that she can use her wish on the big hearted.

I'll say she can. She's got on a sexy little black satin dress with a white tie and a black felt hat. I'm dying to ask her about her lawsuit with Estelle Taylor and her rurkus in court with John Warburton but I guess it's just not my day because she doesn't mention it and I haven't the nerve to.

"I'm wearing stockings in this picture," she announces. "It's the first time in five years I've had any on and I don't know what to do with them."

"Roll 'em," I suggest but she only gives me a disgusted look and starts talking about the new Actors Guild.

I turn hopefully to Lew. "Are you playing the bus driver in this picture?" I query, remembering how he loves to play crucial parts.

"No, I'm only a rich man's son again," he mourns.

Well, tell your valet to get you some garters then," I snap, glancing at his socks, which are flapping around his ankles.

"Say, Dick," he suggests, "have you ever tried being nice to people?"

"Yeah," I reply, "one day when I wasn't feeling well I was very nice to Chester Morris and what happened? Before I was nice, I used to be asked out there to dinner four or five time a week. Now I'm lucky to get my nose in the door once in six months. It doesn't pay."

"Why, you're right," says Lew gloomily.

"Hey," my guide cuts in. "Are you going to spend the night on this set? It's half past six already."

"Say," I mumble, "have you ever tried being nice to people?"

"Yeah," says the churl, "but nobody liked me that way."

"All of which just goes to prove," I reflect as I drive wearily home, "that you never know which way to part your teeth. Here today and dead tomorrow!"
Ann Dvorak Selects Her Street Dress

PIQUANT frock, created by an American designer for a beloved film star, and, in turn, copied for all smart American women, should make us sit up and take notice! That is the big surprise Silver Screen has in store for its readers this month! Petite Ann Dvorak is pictured wearing the frock that has captured so many feminine hearts—and wouldn't you, this very minute, give most anything to have such a jaunty little model in your wardrobe? You can, you know, for our pattern department has prepared an exact copy of it, and will mail it right out to you together with a complete, illustrated, dressmaking lesson that is the easiest thing to follow. Just clip the coupon and send it in to us with fifteen cents in coin.

Miss Dvorak's frock is fashioned of one of the new pebble crépes that are all the rage this season, in the most luscious shade of blackberry, with white net ruching to frame the face and accent the front bodice closing. Notice, too, the sleeves are full, but moderately so, and the fullness placed much lower, and there is not one seam to mar the slender hip line. These lovely new narrow-buttoned are used—and they really are unusually smart.

You may order Miss Dvorak's frock, Pattern SS111, in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, and 40. For size 16, 3½ yards 59-inch fabric, and 1 yard ruching are required.

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(SS111) Size

Fashion Book? Yes or No.

This frock was especially designed for Ann Dvorak, the beautiful Warner Brothers' player.
A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. The girl who resembles Ann Harding so much
2. Her latest picture is "Brief Moment"
3. Chilly
4. A former wife of Jack Dempsey (initials)
5. The busy secretary in "Footlight Parade"
6. An Italian River
7. Goddess of Dawn
8. He is Joan’s dancing partner in "Dancing Lady"
9. He is married to Lilian Tashman
10. He’s a starlet
11. Constance Bennett’s hero in "The Woman Spy"
12. The (Fr.)
13. A degree (abbr.)
14. A plane
15. A well known politician
16. A radio crooner now in Hollywood
17. He is now appearing in "Midshipman Jack"
18. An instrument of eight strings
19. She was the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
20. To hold by any moral tie
21. A recent bridge不容
22. The head of the city’s government
23. A man trained and equipped for war
24. A body of trained men
25. A mask-like first name
26. To strike (slang)
27. A thoroughfare (abbr.)
28. Our continent (abbr.)
29. A cone bearing tree
30. A man of remarkable personality
31. The most loved of the screen actresses
32. The pal of Amos
33. He played opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable"
34. A mountain nymph
35. His next picture is "Day of Reckoning" (initials)
36. A Biblical masculine name (abbr.)
37. Melody
38. The resting place of Noah’s Ark
39. Everyone
40. To stagger
41. North Latitude (abbr.)
42. He is married to Lilian Tashman
43. She appeared with Doug Jr. in "The Narrow Corner"
44. She came back to the screen in "S.O.S., Iceland"
45. He is now appearing with John Boles in "Only Yesterday"
46. He is married to Lilian Tashman
47. He is in "Beautiful" with Ann Harding
48. One of the Portly in "Three Cornered Moon" (initials)
49. Expression of delight
50. We are anxiously waiting for her next picture
51. A period of time
52. He is married to Lilian Tashman
53. The Duke"
54. A day for a lady
55. Her picture is "The Woman Spy"
56. A lovely picture
57. A country
58. A church festival
59. A history
60. A picture
61. A church festival
62. To impair by use
63. To maintain by use
64. An organ of hearing
65. One of the Moore brothers
66. One who works in a quarry
67. Beverages
68. To extend or lengthen
69. Rub of a leaf
70. A martial
71. The picture
72. Where one of the greatest battles of the World War was fought
73. The (Fr.)
74. The (Fr.)
75. The (Fr.)
76. The (Fr.)

DOWN
1. May Robson’s lovely daughter in "A Lady for a Day"
2. Her latest picture is "Brief Moment"
3. Chilly
4. A former wife of Jack Dempsey (initials)
5. The busy secretary in "Footlight Parade"
6. An Italian River
7. Goddess of Dawn
8. He is Joan’s dancing partner in "Dancing Lady"
9. He is married to Lilian Tashman
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73. The (Fr.)
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75. The (Fr.)
76. The (Fr.)

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

GINGER NNA LESLIE ILE MACDONALD IL LEWIS RNS WYNN BAT DURANTE DEA ETON ADOLPHE KEEN RIN N LERNER ELMO TO BEI BRIAN OR R SAD OPE ERG M HALD INANE RIF ELOPE FAGIN ERATO A GARY LET ANON U TERR ODD AMI BIL HOPKINS EALBERNI LIND CADDY ARLE T REARED SHO HATTON

THE CUBAN PRESS, INC., CHICAGO
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.

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Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. 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.

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—all of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

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

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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 Boland, William Gargan. 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 Boland, 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.
GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

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.

Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER
The Opening Chorus

Thelma Todd in a "transformation," with a white strand of silver threads among the raven tresses. A beauty spot in "Hip Hips Hooray."

The annual opening of the swanky Hollywood Mayfair at the Beverly Wilshire (from eleven P. M. to five of a morning) served up a lot of romances along with the scrambled eggs and little sausages.

Gene Raymond and Marian Nixon were so much "that way" about each other that they danced every dance together, as did the attractive Madge Evans and Tom Gallery. Marian Nixon's "ex," Eddie Hillman, was giving the rush to pretty little Mary Carlisle. Carole Lombard was there with Russ Columbo, the Countess di Frasso with Lyle Talbot, and Sylvia Sidney with B. P. Schulberg.

Others all dressed up in their best were the Freddie Marches, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Una Merkel and Ronald Burla, Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller, Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, Fay Wray, Mary Brian, Sally Eilers, Mary Pickford, George Raff, Richard Cromwell, and many others. . . .

Gary Cooper is so popular that all the stars in Hollywood want him for their pictures. The next to get him will be Marion Davies in the thrilling "Operator 13" . . . . The Loretta Young-Spencer Tracy romance goes on and on—and aren't you just crazy about them as a love team in "A Man's Castle" . . . . And Clark Gable is now making love to Claudette Colbert in "Night Bus" . . . .

Lee Tracy's first public appearance at the Brown Derby after his little Mexican fracas called for a big demonstration, with burrals and backslapping.
First Prize

"WHILE the phenomenal success of such pictures as 'Lady For A Day,' 'Heny, the VIIIth,' and 'Little Women' gives hopeful signs of an upward trend in intelligence, the general run of movies remains far from brilliant. The picture-going public has too often been told that it is mentally fourteen years of age. Probably a large portion of it is just that; but it hardly seems necessary for movie-makers to turn out tripe and mush aimed deliberately at that portion. Sheer human mediocrity will account for a sufficient percentage of stupid pictures for those who want nothing better," writes J. S. H. of Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Broaden out, J. S. Joe E. Brown's cry for help in "Son of a Sailor" is the high point of soul calling to soul.

Second Prize

MRS. JOE MILLER of N. Graham St., Charlotte, N. C., writes: "Little Women" played here to a packed house for an entire week. It was only on the last day that I was finally able to slide into a back seat in the balcony. Doesn't this prove conclusively that the general public has not lost its taste for a clean, dignified picture? Then, how do producers get the idea that it takes hot, sexy shows and suggestive titles and posters to drag us in?

Please credit Katharine Hepburn.

Third Prize

"THREE cheers for Helen Hayes!" shouts Dorothy J. Cooley of Bingham, Me. "Wasn't she just marvelous as the wife of Clark Gable in 'Night Flight'? Didn't she act like any woman while waiting for a loved one? Running around singing, fussing about the table, and finally trying to eat. Oh! it was so pathetic when she imagined he was there eating with her. She kept getting more and more worried, and finally hysterical. Her emotions were so human and natural that it certainly tore my heart strings. Please give us more of Helen's suffering."

One order of suffering coming up.

Zasu Pitts is our head comedienne. She holds in her gentle hands big money possibilities for the producer with the right story.

"I'VE often wondered why we haven't seen our great operas adopted for the movies, writes Marie Joby of East 59th St., New York City. "How about the glamorous Garbo as Isolde, irresistible Lupe Velez as Carmen, the alluring Joan Crawford as Camille, delightful Janet Gaynor as Gretel, and the fascinating Hepburn as Tosca?"

Perhaps you missed Fra Diavolo--"The Devil's Brother." It was delightful.

"THE movies educate a man in more ways than one," writes A. M. Tousley of Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo. "They educate us to the different strata of society, how each one acts and lives. We gain the technique of studying our fellow man, and learn the qualities for good citizenship."

Now where does Mae West come in on that?

"WHY don't the producers make more pictures like 'Paddy,' 'Pilgrimage' and all that kind instead of the leggy ones?" asks Janice McGir of Mapel Hts., New Lexington, Ohio. "They'll find out that they will get more business."

You're partly right. The three great successes of 1933 were '42nd Street,' Mae West and "Little Women."

FRANCIS L. BRYANT of East Broadway, Enid, Okla., writes: "I saw a picture where Elisa Lantini and Warner Baxter were dancing at a night club. They appeared to be walking rather than dancing, in the same spot, and in a circle. I ask you is that the way to dance? Or, is it just that I don't know how?"

On and on, and not getting anywhere—it must have been symbolism or the Dance on the Grindstone.

"CAN'T something be done to keep Greta Garbo single?" asks Grace H. Frampton of Locust Street, Charlottesville, Va.

"She is our most romantic artist, but the day she marries we will lose much of that romantic appeal to many of her devoted fans."

We forbid the bans!

"THE saying that 'History Is Bunk' may be justly applied to the misrepresentation of 'Cavalcade,' wherein Noel Coward has laboured to portray the people of the England that is passed in a totally false light, writes Barbara Fletcher of Dickson Road, Blackpool, England. "'Cavalcade' is unreal. This unreality is due to the crowding together and undue prominence of national events, which exclude the normal private life of the Mariottis."

Noel Coward, a prophet without 'onr our 'igh' oburn 'th.'

"A GOOD looking actor would make just as good a cover for Silver Screen as an actress," writes Dan Newberry of Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

It was tried years ago, but that was before men were so handsome as now.

"GRETA GARBO probably is a great actress, but all this hallyhoo about her mysterious silence gives me a pain," writes Dorothy Griffin of Telchachi, Calif. "If it isn't the 'Real Life of Garbo' today it is 'The New Garbo' tomorrow or 'The Only True Story of Greta Garbo' or something."

Then you up and writes a letter about her. Tsch-Tsch!

"THERE were no dramatic scenes nor extravagant settings—it was a story that could happen to you or me," writes Ann North of Dixie, La., of a Helen Hayes picture.

Ah, the story possibilities in you and me!

"NOW that the United States has finally recognized Russia, I suppose that the producers will be doing a 'Red Rushin' Business.' All right! A few Soviet pictures will be interesting," writes Ruth King of Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.

Or the Chauve Souris. Wonderful!
Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....

AL JOLSON  KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL  DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY  RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE  HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY  ROBERT BARRAT
Merna Kennedy  HENRY KOLKER

"WONDER BAR"

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!

for February 1934
Quick Sure RELIEF!

Lasting relief follows in ONE MINUTE after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions! Gone is the nagging friction and pressure of the shoe on the sore spot. The soothing effect of these thin, protective pads relieves the irritated nerves, heals inflammation and soreness; prevents corns, tender toes, blisters and abrasions from new or tight shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses quickly and safely by using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box. Double value now at no extra cost! Get a box at your dealers today!

Get the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore backs; Bunion Size for bunions and sore integuments; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

AMAZING REDUCING DISCOVERY FROM ENGLAND

Absolutely Harmless—No Thyroids—No Physics

Now famous Lacey's MEDICATED REDUCING DISks imported directly from England, is available to Americans. Recognized and approved by British Doctors, hundreds of these dieting tablets have been prescribed. If well known methods have failed, "I tried many advertised reducing sets and fat melted away," says Dr. T. R. "I then tried LACEY'S and lost 15 lbs." Simply chew one piece of Lacey's after meals to reduce without risk to health. Success certain. Satisfaction guaranteed. REDUCE AND REDUCE WITH LACEY'S. One 75¢ box postpaid. Write to LACEY'S, P. O. Box 128, Seattle, Wash., and ask for free circular, "BE SLIM AND ENJOY LIFE."

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Naches enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head pieces. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.


THE indoor beauty season is on! Too many of us are prone to let our skin go during the summer, because they naturally look better then, what with a becoming tan, and plenty of tennis, and swimming to keep the circulation all stirred up and alive!

But, oh dear, in the winter! We're faded, and we look pasty. We find that summer make-up looks a bit garish. If we're out-of-doors much, our skins get chapped and flaky. If we stay indoors, the steam heat dries our skin out, and makes our hands and face itch like anything. Even our hair seems to lose its life and lustre. And all this comes just when we want to look our best for the social season!

Constance Cummings, who came back from England not very long ago, says she realizes now why it is that English women really have the most perfect complexion in the world. Over there the air is always moist and soft, both indoors and out, for steam-heated houses and apartments are not as common as they are here. Naturally, English women are not troubled with "dry skins" such as we are in this country.

Constance took great care to protect her skin from the change of cli-  

By Mary Lee

mate and air when she returned. She stockpiled beauty shelf, as I am advising you to do, and went to work to retain her lovely complexion. Of course, you can't depend entirely on what comes out of a cosmetic jar or beauty shop to do the trick. You must work out a complete beauty regime. Drink lots of water first of all, for the old system needs plenty of that during the winter. Take lots of exercise, in the fresh air, or in front of an open window, if that's the best you can do about it. Be sure to use only a mild soap for cleansing and be sure to rinse it off thoroughly. Then follow with a gentle cleansing cream to complete the job.

These cold bleak days also demand that you use a protective finish under your make-up, before going out. Dorothy Gray makes an excellent one, in tones to match your skin. Jane Cloud, the creator of a new line of creams and cosmetics, also has one that she calls her "Cream Before Make-up." It disappears quickly into the skin, without leaving it greasy at all, and it holds the powder beautifully, without caking it.

Incidentally, if you use astringents, be sure that...

[Continued on page 53]
THEY CRASH THE BEAUTY RACKET TO SEE WHAT MAKES "IT" GO!

BERT WHEELER
ROBERT WOOLSEY

loose again in

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"

with

RUTH ETTING • THELMA TODD • DOROTHY LEE

The funniest pair on the screen in a musical girly-go-round...
Taking the curves with howling delight at sixty laughs a minute!

Music, Lyrics and Screen Play by Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar. Directed by Mark Sandrich
RKO RADIO PICTURE
MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

for February 1934
Resinol

Rounded Form Allures

If your form flat, understand, aged! You can add 3-4 inches and have lovely, rounded womanly curves with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has proven thousands of beautiful forms. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form hasn’t increased after applying Beautipon Cream treatment for 14 days. $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, safest, GUARANTEED way to lose the battle, maintain feminine claim you’re already licensed feel FREE! Send $1.00 for Beautipon Cream treatment NOW, and you will receive with Beautipon Course, “Fascinating Loveliness,” as sold in thousands at $2.00—FREE! Order—BEE22-D $3.00 TODAY

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Mamie Mayson’s personalized training by correspondence and advanced personalizing of your voice, conversational ease, charming manners, finish, grace—what you need today.

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MARGERY WILSON

1143 Fifth Ave. 28 New York
MAN'S CASTLE—Very lovely. (Col) A shack on the waterfront is Spencer Tracy's 'castle', and to it he brings homely Loretta Young. But that's only the beginning...

MAN OF SENTIMENT—Pair. (F.D.) Marion Marsh, Bill Bakewell and Owen Moore in a three-centered love affair which ends happily.

MASTER OF MEN—Good. (Col) Jack Holt as the dominating influence of the steel industry. Watch his swift rise and sudden fall! In cast, Walter Connolly and Pay Wray.

MIDNIGHT—Fine. (U) A unique murder-mystery drama, cleverly directed and acted. Cast includes Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie, Henry Hull.

MY LIPS BETRAY—Good. (Fox) A! A mythical kingdom romance. With the foreign importation, Lilian Harvey—and John Boles donning a uniform for the occasion. There's music, too.

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Slapstick comedy. (Fox) El Brendel as a goofy janitor and Walter Catlett as a pernicious drunk furnish many amusing situations.

ONE YEAR LATER—Exciting. (Allied) A dramatic idea, handled with a serf twist, the setting a fast-moving train. Good cast includes Mary Brian, Russell Roston, Donald Dillaway.

ONLY YESTERDAY—Spledid. (U) An unfortunate love story, excellently directed and acted. (Margaret Sullivan, John Boles, Billie Burke).

PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—Superb. (UA) Don't miss that. Chap. Laughton makes the married king a vital, living person, to be remembered long after your history-book idea of Henry has faded from your memory.


ROMAN SCANDAL—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Veree Teasdale).

SHIP OF WANTED MEN—Good. (Screencraft) With a peaceful Pacific Island booming just ahead, chivalry towards a casual refugee lends these men back to port and unamused streets. (Fred Kohler, Dorothy Sebastian).

SITTING PRETTY—Fine. (Par) Jack Oakie and Jack Haley (of the stage) make a swell comedy team in this very entertaining musical. Ginger Rogers and Thelma Todd as the gals who lead them astray.

SON OF A SAILOR—Amusing. (WB) Hilarious film with Joe E. Brown as the pithy-provoking sailor. With him are Jean Muir, Thelma Todd.

SONS OF THE DESERT—Fine. (M-G-M) A field day for all good Laurel- Hardy fans. And the one who prefer the antics of Charlie Chase will not be disappointed, for he's among "those present!"

TAKE A CHANCE—Good. (Par) A popular Broadway musical turned into a moderately entertaining film. (June Knight, James Dunn, Buddy Rogers).

WAR ON THE RANGE—Good. (MGM) Little boys will love this Tom Tyler Western—and adults who are in the "mood" may have a good time also.

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Fine. (Par) It's always great fun traipsing the Parisian Boulevards with Chevalier—even though this story somewhat dumbs his usual sparkle. Ann Dvorak has feminine lead.

WHITE WOMAN—Par. (Par) Even Chap. Laughton couldn't lift this story of the tropics above the average. Carole Lombard as the lady who suffers picturesquely.


WORST WOMAN IN PARIS—Par. (Fox) A commercial comedy, not so naughty as it sounds—but it has its moments. (Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou).

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Fine. (B.I) Filmed in England by Monty Banks, an American, and featuring Thelma Todd (another American) and Stanley Lupino, this musical has haunting tunes and beaucoup comedy.

When "Going Hollywood" was previewed, Bing Crosby got the big applause. Few realize what a compliment that is to the fairness of Marion Davies, the star of this picture. In November, Sil-Screen printed Walter Waager's brilliant forecast that Bing would crash through!

for February 1934
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

1. "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

2. "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

12 Silver Screen
Silver Screen

Rumors are the Ripples
When a New Star Rises
From the Hollywood Sea.

I am Timmony, Mae West's manager, going Hollywood? He has been wearing nothing but derbies ever since he came to Hollywood, and suddenly he bursts forth on the Eve of Thanksgiving in a lovely brown felt with a snap brim—no less. He admits it's the first he ever possessed. Which brings to mind that old crack Walter Winchell once made about Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton: Has Mae West's success gone to Jim Timmony's head?

The whole Paramount studio was in a great uproar the other day. Even laughed on the von Sternberg set! The Marx Brothers up to a new prank? No—Baby LeRoy (whose vocabulary is still practically zero) had just said to his director: "I'm mad." And was Paramount proud. They'll probably start a "Bright Savings of Children" department as soon as LeRoy learns a few more words.

Connie Bennett and her Marquis are seen everywhere together again—and those old meanies who said Hank would never come back after his last trip to Paris are having to eat their words.

Jean Parker, whom you'll always remember as "Beth" in "Little Women," claims she has never been in a beauty parlor but only once in her life.

Marlene Dietrich has a weakness for tuberoses and for bright-colored sports scars. She has fifty of these sports scars, all purchased in Paris last fall.

With the recent epidemic of secret elopements and "jumping off to Yuma," the all-Hollywood columnists got as nervous as a setting hen. They didn't want to be "scooped" by their fellow reporters on any of these movie marriages, so they simply made life miserable for the stars under suspicion. Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw Wire reported married, or about to be married, dozens of times—and the same with Gary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. But it was Madge Evans who really came in for most of the hounding—one columnist even going so far as to announce the wedding date for the following month. But the little item that amused Madge most of all appeared in the "low-down" column of a local trade paper. It said, "It wouldn't surprise us at all if Madge Evans and Tom Gallery had been married for some time."

Topics for Gossips

tell me what it is?"

"Mr. McCrea has an unlisted number and I'm not permitted to give it out," the operator demurred. "Besides, dearie, that's an old gag. You'd better think of another one if you want to get McCrea's number."

Banging down the receiver, and uttering a man invective, Joel jumped in his car, and dashed for home. But on Sunset Boulevard, which is carefully patrolled, Joel was stopped three times by traffic cops, who insisted upon writing out three little slips of paper inviting him to give a personal appearance at the Los Angeles Court House. Seeing red, feeling blue, and in a black mood, Joel eventually arrived home.

"I just came home to tell you I can't come home," he growled at Frances Dee, "I have to work at the studio. And what the —is the —-number of our telephone?"

Fifi Dorsay finds herself, these days, in a terrible predicament. Her marriage to Maurice Hill has been announced at least six times, and every time Fifi has had to call it off on account of work.

"I have the man—I have the license—I have the ring," says Fifi, "but I haven't the time."

Sounds like a song to us.

Before she left for New York, Katharine Hepburn gave every member of the "Trigger" cast a present—something to remember her by. From the lowliest prop boy to the featured players, no one was overlooked. One of the most appreciative recipients was the cat who steals a lot of Hepburn's scenes in the picture. Madame Tabby got a big box of catnip.

Never bet with an Albertina Rasch girl! Before one of the big games in Los Angeles, Bing Crosby made three five-dollar-bets with three of the Albertina Rasch ballet girls, who are now tripping it at the Meto studios. The girls all lost and Bing won, and he arrived at the studio on Monday to collect his fifteen dollars. But there were about thirty girls on the set who all looked just alike. Bing had to inquire of each about his five bucks—but not one of the gals admitted to ever hearing about five dollars, a football game or Bing Crosby!

(Continued on page 47)
The FOUR Big Shots

By Patricia Keats

BOOM! Boom! Boom! Boom! The four big shots of Hollywood. Katy and Janet and Marie and Mae. They can pack any movie house any day—even though it has two balconies, a crooner and a draft. They can break any theatre records any old time—even those of Garbo, Sally Rand and "Abie's Irish Rose." They can take dainty little weekly grosses of ten and twenty thousands, and with a roll of the dice make them into great big voluptuous record-breaking grosses of $118,000 (which is just what Katharine Hepburn did in "Little Women" during its first week at the New York Radio City Music Hall). They can take a theatre where the patrons are accustomed to a plush seat for themselves and another for their packages, and quiet enough to enable them to catch up on their

At M-G-M there are many stars, but none so popular as Marie Dressler.
They "Gross" the Most at the Box Office.

OF

Hollywood

Mae West is the record breaker of Paramount.

Janet Gaynor has made sure-fire pictures for Fox for years.

is that they all belong to different studios. Which is very lucky for the studios. Can you imagine those four girls all on the same lot and demanding the best dressing rooms, the biggest banquets and the boldest type? Fortunately each studio has its queen bee—and each is pretty darned certain that little queenie isn't going to flit over to any neighboring honey-pots. She's kept in clover—the is.

It isn't any secret that the movie industry has become one of the best little dividend passer-uppers you ever saw these last few years. People didn't go to the movies, so the movies naturally couldn't make any money. Things were in a bad way. Every few months an efficiency expert was sent out to Hollywood from New York, who guaranteed to have things booming in no time at all. He'd fire an office boy, a couple of file clerks, and six stenographers, and hire a dozen cops to insult people. But even that didn't seem to do any good. The studios continued to lose money. Of course, Fox and Metro knew what to do when things got the blackest—they'd up and release another Garbo or Dietrich picture, and sit back and say "Ha Ha" while poor old Paramount and Radio bit their finger nails. Then Mae decided to go West for the ride and a trilling sum, and Katharine Hepburn decided in favor of overalls and knitted caps and Hollywood—and Paramount and Radio had the good sense to grab the gals for the next dance.

So that's how it is. Mae West carries Paramount on her ample-er-shoulders. Katharine Hepburn keeps the bookkeeping department buying black ink at Radio. Marie Dressler is a name to conjure with at Metro. And Janet Gaynor is the one star on the Fox lot who can pack a theatre with her name. Those four have the magic "draw." It doesn't mean a thing if you aren't got that "draw." Now doesn't it seem a bit queerish to you that the four most popular stars in Hollywood are as different as Baby LeRoy and May Robson? Not one of them is the least bit like the other—and still they represent what we, the public, want in our picture stars. Can you imagine Janet's surprise at finding herself in the same club with sexy Mae? Why those girls haven't a thing in common—not even ample-er-shoulders. And I don't believe that the very crisp and modern Katharine and the very homey Marie are very clubby either.

But there they are. Kate and Janet and Marie and Mae. Each unique, successful, popular and incomparable.

Katharine Hepburn, who's gilding the lily for Radio now, is really not a personality, but an actress—which makes her unique—though La Hepburn helps herself plentifully to a lot of the old publicity stunts that made Garbo, Dietrich and Connie Bennett famous. She knows better than to "just be yourself," which makes the dullest kind of copy. So, for the sake of newspapers and magazines which crave the colorful and the bizarre, Katy struts around in despondent overalls, and in funny knitted caps that look like something the hired girl made for the soldiers during the war, reads her mail on the bumper of her car, and serves tea on the curbstone in front [Continued on page 57]
The Girl Who Was

Mary Pickford, her marital troubles settled and divorce proceedings begun, may now resume her brilliant career.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

America's Sweetheart.
That was what they called her. And it was true.
We have had many sweethearts. However, the style in sweethearts has changed, along with other styles. We have grown sophisticated, and it is the fashion to be hard-boiled. We have painted our fingernails red, tea-time has become cocktail time and every one discusses sex appeal pro and con.
But somewhere in the heart of America there is and there always will be that first sweetheart of ours, with her golden curls and her smile and her tomboy-little-girl-grownup ways.

Somewhere in the heart of America Mary Pickford remains the sweetheart of our youth and of our happiest, gayest, sanest years. There is a place in memory, fragrant with violets, silvery with moonlight, melodious with love songs—and it is sacred to her.

There isn't one of us, old or young, happy or heartbroken, who hasn't hidden down deep a memory that is more tender than all other memories. Something that remains untouched by the storms and experiences of life, that defies discouragement and ugliness and cynicism. Sometimes it's only a day old, or even an hour, and sometimes it's buried beneath the sands of many years. But whenever and however it came, it was the moment when we touched true romance for the first time.

To millions Mary Pickford was the symbol of all that romance meant.

Maybe, you, who read, are too young to remember the days when Our Mary was America's Sweetheart, even though it is such a little while ago. Time sweeps by upon such swift pinions. But it doesn't matter.

For you can walk with me in the garden of that exquisite memory and know the loveliest thing that the motion picture ever gave to the world—and that was the love the world bore Mary Pickford. It is something you should know. It is a part of life that you shouldn't altogether miss.

Mary was the only screen idol I ever had.
Oh, I grant you the new, the great, the magnificent and brilliant stars of today.
I am fascinated by Garbo and swept off my feet by the genius of Hepburn. I, too, roar with laughter over Mae West, and thrill to the platinum blonde beauty and vivid acting of Jean Harlow.
the First Movie Star

She is one of the Six Greatest Women of Hollywood.

But I tell you that not one of them can compare to Mary Pickford in her prime. Not one of them has ever approached the place that Mary held in the good old days. For, you see, we loved Mary. I do not think any star since has been sincerely loved by her public.

The whole world loved Mary Pickford. She wasn't a screen star. She wasn't a motion picture idol. She wasn't some distant, exciting glamorous figure that stirred admiration. She was something quite different. She was real and she belonged to us. We never thought of her "behind the scenes." We never thought of her as an actress playing a part and winning our admiration for some fine performance.

She was a real person, and we laughed and cried and loved and suffered with her through a hundred tales.

In "Daddy Long Legs," with Wesley Barry, Mary Pickford became America's Sweetheart.

With Director Sam Taylor and Johnny Mack Brown in "Coquette," a talking picture.

"Tess of the Storm Country" was Mary Pickford's greatest hit.

It is almost twenty years since I wrote my first story about Hollywood. It wasn't about Mary. I was too breathless at the thought of her to dream I might meet her. And when I did, I was so shy I couldn't say a word. I just stood and looked at her—and she was just the same Mary, with the golden curls and the big eyes that were like a violet sky with a golden haze shimmering above it.

Then I found that she was even shyer than I was, and somehow we got to laughing—we were both in our 'teens—and then we became friends. But to this day I never go to see Mary without a little catch in my throat, a little breathless feeling somewhere in my middle. That is why she is still queen in Hollywood and always will be, as long as she wants to be.

Many stars have passed along the highway in the years between. I have watched the industry grow from the days when we made pictures back of car barns and exhibited them in the car barns. I have watched the "epics" of the screen march in stately procession. I have seen Theda Bara give place to Garbo, Rudy Valentino to Clark Gable, Clari Bow to Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks to Jimmy Cagney, Norma Talmadge to Norma Shearer.

Most of them I have known well—all of them I have known a little.

Yet no one but Mary has ever given me that quick sweep of emotion. Not even Marie Dressler—because, after all, Marie isn't little.

And as I look back over that panorama of the screen and of Hollywood, with its amazing growth, its ever-developing art, its wonderful productions, its vast cathedral-like theatres, and its geniuses, the only thing I find that you can't replace—that isn't better today than it was in the yesteryears—is the something that Mary Pickford gave us, the way we, as fans, felt about Mary.

[Continued on next page]
At the Brown Derby in Hollywood, Irving Pichel, Isabel Jewell and the irrepressible Lee Tracy. His Mexican adventure fitted in so perfectly with his screen character that he was promptly forgiven by the fans.

If you missed Mary in "Stella Maris" or in "Daddy Long-Legs"—it is something you can't duplicate. If you remember her, it is something you treasure always.

All the other places have been filled. But not Mary's. There isn't a throne any more—or if there is, there are too many claimants. Mary played alone. There wasn't a dissenting voice.

Why did the world love Mary?

Because that love was so unusual and vital a thing. I have thought about it a great deal. It must mean something, when a young girl can arouse an emotion like that all over the universe.

Sometimes I used to think it was because she was so little and so pretty and her curls were so lovely. She was the fairy princess out of our fairy tales. She came forth from between the covers of the green-and-gold book we treasured. She was Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty.

But I know now that it was more than that.

You may or may not know that Mary Pickford had the only camera-perfect face that has ever been in pictures. That is true. Ask any cameraman. You could photograph her from any angle, by any lights, in any make-up—and it was impossible to get a bad shot of her. And while it wouldn't be polite to go into details here, that is a long long way from the fact about most of our great stars.

A great art critic once said that Mary's face, in line and modelling, was the replica of all the angels and all the madonnas you will find in the great and immortal paintings of the world. It is the Botticelli angel. It is the Raphael madonna. And hidden in the soul of the world there is always a yearning for goodness and sweetness and purity in women. I don't care how far afield we go, how our fashions change, how we laugh over badness and admire sophistication, the ideal that has dominated the history of the world persists. The pendulum swings wide sometimes, but it always hits the true middle during its swing.

In my life I have known many women—good and bad. I have never known a really good woman who wasn't beloved by all who knew her. That's the truth, and if you will think for a moment you will know it is so.

That is why the world loved Mary as it has never loved any other screen star; because she seemed the embodiment of that goodness upon the screen. That is why no one else has ever taken her place.

The is the real reason why she was great.

She is the last of the six great women of Hollywood, of whom I have told you. Peg Entwistle—who mothered the in-fant motion picture world. Marie Dressler—a great woman in many fields. The glamorous Garbo, who changed the fashion of a nation. Greta Garbo, an artist and honest as a friend. Frances Marion, who has written more great screen stories than any- one else in the motion picture business.

And Mary Pickford—America's sweet-heart.

She began life as a poor girl. Before she was ten, she was the wage earner for her mother and her little brother and sister. She knew quite well what it was to be hungry, to be cold. She knew what it was to walk many blocks to work on blustery, wintry days. She had no education to speak of because she was always too busy working.

By her own efforts she earned millions, and she became the greatest single power in the motion picture industry for many years. Kings and queens were glad to receive her. She acquired a deep, true culture that makes her, today, one of the most delightful women in the world. Socially she ruled Hollywood for many years, and still rules it. An invitation to Pickford is coveted as much as an invitation to be presented at court—and it still places the stamp of social approval upon anyone in Hollywood to be a guest at the lovely gray house on the hill.

She is and always has been a great business woman.

And no one has worked as hard for charity as Mary.

She lived one of the great love stories of modern times— the names of Mary and Douglas with the names of the great lovers of history and were known to more people. For ten years those two lived a perpetual honeymoon.

And now?

The great and glorious past is over. That her best friend could not deny. Nor would Mary, who is as clear and honest as a brook, deny it. She is not the great star of the screen that she once was. And she and Douglas have separated; the great romance of the screen is over. In fact Mary has finally decided that a reconciliation is impossible and has filed papers for an early divorce.

What of the life of this great woman, who achieved so much, single-handed and alone? Still young, still beautiful, still with the finest years of life ahead of her, what will she do with them? Is her past so great and so remembered that the future cannot measure up?

I don't know.

It seems strange that tragedy should happen to her. And she is a different key. But she is America's sweet-heart. It is the wrong ending for the beautiful story of her life. It is the wrong ending for her great and glorious career and for her wonderful love story. That isn't the way it should be. Mary will never be happy without work. She has always worked. She has given her whole life to motion pictures in one way or another. She was their queen, she belonged to them.

Do you know what I think?

We will not be long, that Mary Pickford will once more be loved by the world. I do not believe that the woman who could so awaken love in the hearts of millions, the woman who meant so much that was fine and beautiful, the woman who alone can never be replaced, will be allowed to waste all that genius. Today she is upon the middle ground and she has not yet found herself. The Mary Pickford of the curls, the Mary Pickford who was America's sweet-heart, is still too vivid in our memory—and perhaps in hers. We cannot and she cannot accept anything else now. We remember only how wonderful and how lovely she was with the long golden curls, when she was a fairy-tale princess. And she herself is too close to her own greatness to change even if we would let her.

But the time will come when the name of Mary Pickford will blaze across the heavens in undimmed splendor, when we shall know once more that breathless love which she alone made us feel.

She will find herself. She is a great artist, a great actress—and she still possesses everything that made her great. She will find stories, she will find parts, of a different age and in a different key. But she will do them as she used to do. The world will look once more on that face and, in a new and true setting, find once more the beauty and truth that were romance.

Maybe it won't be right away—and maybe it will be romance no longer. Maybe it will be safe, strong, more vital. Maybe it will be motherhood. Maybe it will be years away, when she thinks, as Marie Dressler once thought, that she is through.

But somewhere, sometime, the world will once more love Mary Pickford as it did in the past. Because, after all, she is still Mary Pickford.
Gloria Stuart

As a Sculptor’s Wife She Models a Plan for a Screen Star’s Successful Married Life.

By Jack Jamison

EDITOR’S NOTE—
"Gloria has just finished posing for one of the finest pieces of sculpture her husband, Gordon Newell, has ever turned out. We have obtained a photograph of it and reproduced it on this page. It is a beautiful panel for a door, carved of the finest hardwoods. The carving, to some extent, is conventionalized and ‘modernistic.’ The face, especially, has been worked into an artistic unity, and so does not particularly resemble Gloria’s. But there, in Gordon’s new house, immortalized in the glossy sheen of rare woods, stands Gloria’s slim, lovely body.

Gloria Stuart has taught Hollywood a new way to look at marriage! As perhaps you’ve heard, marriage in Hollywood is a pretty shaky proposition. Few couples stay together long. To date, Hollywood has had only two viewpoints towards those broken homes. Either you broke frankly into the headlines with your divorce, and let the public think what it liked, or you kept on pretending you loved your wife or husband (for the public’s sake) when really you wished he or she were in the nearest ash-can. Brazen it out, or hide it. It had to be one thing or the other.

Few stars, indeed, have actually tried to beat the Hollywood jinx, which decrees that marriage has little chance to last, or to figure out a workable scheme which would help them stay in love. Miriam Hopkins’ companionship marriage failed, and, though it is true that Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster live apart, strong rumors have it that the reason is not any attempt to experiment, but rather, Claudette’s Maman.

Gloria and her husband are setting up two establishments, in [Continued on page 59]

for February 1934
There is none of the "great star" business about Dietrich. She uses only the studio hairdresser. But it isn't very difficult to make Marlene look beautiful.

I've got to write a Dietrich story. And I hate to write a Dietrich story. But I've got to write a Dietrich story because I like two lumps of sugar in my coffee, fancy sports shoes and a quarter occasionally for those fascinating slot machines at the Clover Club—and because it's going to be a long hard winter with plenty of buffling and pulling. Writing about Dietrich, with a two cent vocabulary and a pocket dictionary, is like scratching your initials on the Mona Lisa with a rusty nail. Like giggling at the thrilling awe and exquisite pageantry of a New England sunset. Like spilling blackberry jam on an old and rare piece of lace.

I have never understood why the benches along Riverside Drive face the street, and the occupants blandly watch taxis colliding with Chevrolets all unmindful of the serene beauty and mystery of the Hudson River behind them. And I have never understood why dumb clucks write about Marlene Dietrich. There is so little beauty in this world, it
loveliest STAR

Marlene Dietrich, in the Gorgeous Costumes of "Catherine the Great," Proves Herself the Reining Beauty of the Screen.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Maria, the real daughter of Marlene Dietrich, makes her first screen appearance as the Princess Sophia when a child.

John Lodge, Marlene Dietrich and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from "Catherine the Great."

should not be defamed by clumsy pens—be like typewriters. Dietrich—beautiful, mysterious, exotic as a white orchid and as disturbing as the sensuous rhythms of the "Boleéro"—a subject only for poets like Edna St. Vincent Millay.

But I've got to write a Dietrich story. I'd much rather write about Jimmy Durante and string out a lot of "Hot cha chas" and "Am I mortified" or about Alice in Wonderland and get all tweet-tweet and Gaynorish. But the boss said Dietrich—and just because three years ago, come what may, Consolidated Gas went down instead of up it's got to be Dietrich.

As the whole world knows, Roosevelt is president and there's an NRA and Josef von Sternberg is whipping up a little something at the Paramount studios called "Catherine of Russia" as Dietrich's next starring picture. Of course you realize that unless you're queening it in Hollywood these days you can't belong to the club, and what with Catherine and Christina and Bess and Marie Antoinette romping around in whalebones and ruffles, the place is beginning to look like a hand of poker. But we like it.

Briefly now, for the benefit of those who came in late, we'll skip lightly over a few of the episodes in the life of the Great Catherine, which von Sternberg has chosen to depict in his dramatic historical opus.

As a child the Princess Sophia Frederica (Marlene Dietrich's little Maria) of Anhalt-Zerbat, Germany, is denied dolls and toys and sternly prepared for marriage to royalty by her mother, the Princess Johanna (Olive Tell). One day, after the little Princess Sophia (now played by Marlene) has reached her 'teens, the household is thrown into a fever of excitement, for communications arrive from King Frederick of Prussia confirming arrangements for her marriage to Grand Duke Peter Feodorovich (Sam Jaffe), grandson of Peter the Great. And that is something.

Fifteen years old, frightened but impressed at the same time, Sophia hides an old rag doll, which her mother knows nothing about, in her trunk, puts on her best clothes and her bravest smile and sets out by carriage for Russia. And it was quite a bumpy ride in those days of boggy roads. But ah—the dashing Count Alexei (John Lodge) has been sent from Moscow to escort the little German princess to her future husband, and the Count has a neat figure, besides a lot of unruly hair. Quite delighted, oh yes, indeed, quite, Sophia repulses the Count's ardent lovesick by expressing devoted loyalty to the Grand Duke, who has been described by the Russian envoy as the handsomest man in all Europe. Sophia's years of Prussian training stand by her now—she can't help feeling all a-glow when that fascinating Count flirts with her, but what's a Count when a handsome Grand Duke awaits her in Russia.

The princess is given a royal welcome at the Kremlin in Moscow, where such blonde loveliness has never been seen before. Her Imperial Highness, the Empress (Louise Dresser) loses no time in warning her that it is her duty to become a dutiful wife and the mother of a son, so that there may be an heir to the throne. Immediately she changes the princes' name to Catherine and the shy little German girl from Anhalt-Zerbat becomes a Grand Duchess.

But the first bitter disappointment comes when she meets the Grand Duke Peter, for instead of being the handsome youth described by the Russians, the heir to the throne is obviously imbecile and quite revolting in appearance—in fact we may even call him a degenerate. He has only two passions in his life, his mistress (Ruthelma Steven) and his regiment of toy soldiers. But just the same he is male enough to be extremely piqued when he notices that his young wife abhors him. Count Alexei slyly informs Catherine that her marriage with Peter need not be successful.
become too tedious because he will make it his business to be always near her. Good old Alexei.

Following the magnificently barbaric wedding and feast, the Empress spies upon the newlyweds in the bridal chamber and is infuriated when she learns that Catherine is determined to remain in her satin and pearls, and that Peter, on his wedding night, has to get his solace in his wooden soldiers. After that there's in-laws trouble. Well, about a year later Catherine gives birth to a son and all the trumpets and shouts cannon—all except the Grand Duke Peter and the Empress who've got a pretty good idea about the legitimacy of the youngest heir to the throne of Russia. Catherine then revives the old Russian custom of receiving loyal subjects in her boudoir—and takes a keen personal interest in the young officers of her regiments. But you've read your history books and I don't have to tell you about Kary's whimsies.

Oh, indeed, Russia was in an awful state the day I arrived on the Paramount lot bent upon getting a Dietrich story or something. I arrived in time to see a queer spectacle, so queer in fact that I began to wonder if the worst suspicions of my family were about to come true. Not Dietrich the Glamorous in a Truck! At first I thought that it was Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine, and that silly old Paramount, with childish simplicity, had gotten its queens and history all mixed. But it seems that the costumes (a few of them and each more grand and heavy than the other) Marlene wears in this picture are so delicate and expensive that the studio won't allow her to sweep up the sidewalks with them. Which is all right with Dietrich, for it is quite a job carrying forty pounds of something around on your back when you're used to the freedom of pants. So every day, when she gets ready to go on the set, a low-gear cab truck, or "Minnie" as it's called by the workmen, backs up to the curb and the exotic Marlene becomes a truck-load. But what a pretty sight it is when the seventy-five yards of ruffles begin to ruffle in the breeze.

Stage nine on the Paramount lot, where the Empress is throwing a party for the express purpose of humiliating the young Grand Duchess Catherine, is as silent as the tombs. Wan figures in satin and muffls and jewels and green boots sit around on the Kremlin stairs or the uncomfortable pew of the Cathedral—strange gaunt apostolic figures—never making a sound, hardly breathing it seemed. I immediately decided I had walked past a red light and onto a stage where a scene was being taken—but no—it was only a rehearsal. But so quiet you could hear the proverbial pin drop way over there behind Marlene's dressing table. This is the place in Hollywood where you can find such a startling phenomena. Usually on sets, when scenes are not actually being taken, the workmen are hammering away, the prop boys running here and there, the phone ringing, soundmen shouting, maids and valets giggling and drinking coca colas, and extras playing cards or visiting each other. But not on von Stenberg sets. His rehearsal is as quiet as his "take." He wants to keep the atmosphere of his picture and, believe me, he certainly keeps it. Huddled up in a studio chair I felt all the barbaric splendor, religious fervor and draff of old Russia. And was quite sure that if I so much as sneezed or coughed I'd be banished at once to darkest Siberia. But that's the way von Stenberg works—and it is a very effective way, for no director in Hollywood gets atmosphere and perfect timing into his pictures so well as von Stenberg. Those gaunt and grieving apostles, who decorate the chairs and pews of the Kremlin and the cathedral, the symbolic of eighteenth century Russia, and they give the same feeling of fate and Destiny to "Catherine of Russia" that the drums give to "Emperor Jones." These figures there are two hundred of them—are von Stenberg's conception, executed by Peter Balbusch, sculptor.

But with all it's deathlike quietness, it seems that a lot of fun and kidding goes on on that set. Someone painted a neat little dog house sign, and every time anyone meets with the Master's disfavor he has to wear "I'm in the dog house" around his neck. Bert Glennon, the cameraman, wound his wrist watch during a take one day—though you or I would never have heard it—but it brought the ire of von Stenberg down upon his head. He was upset about it, and went around grieving for several days until someone noticed that he looked just like the grieving apostles: so now they call the apostolic chairs the Glennons. Monty Westmore was the next to incur the von Stenberg wrath by changing wig when wigs shouldn't be changed. So now Monty is in the dog-house.

The minute Marlene comes on the set black Russia becomes warm with beauty. The hair-dressers and make-up girls simply adore her and Bert Glennon, the cameraman, worships the ground she walks on. Only last week Dietrich gave Nellie, the hair-dresser, a fur coat—the first fur coat [Continued on page 54]
AFTER eleven years in a small house on a side street in Los Angeles, with furniture purchased “stick by stick,” Warner Baxter is building a lovely and spacious home high in the hills off the winding Beverly Boulevard that connects Hollywood and the Pacific Ocean.

It is sort of a dream house and has all those things that Warner and his wife, Winifred Bryson, have longed for.

“I hope,” said Warner wistfully, as he told me about it, “that folks won’t think I’m going Hollywood. And I hope,” he added, his chin settling into a decisive line, “that we won’t go Hollywood. We never have, you know. Maybe the house will get us, but I don’t think so. We’ll live just the way we have been living.”

All of which appealed to me as an unconscious flash of the real character of the man, who has lived quietly and conservatively in Hollywood, where pomp and display are the usual thing.

Warner is as handsome off screen, as he is on. He is strong and masculine and attractive looking. He is sure of himself, without being in the least bit cocksure.

He’s been up and down in the movies. He has been an extra and then a leading man, gone back to bit parts and risen again to stardom. He has made money and he has been broke.

He has been married since 1917 to Winifred Bryson, then the lovely leading lady of “Lombardi, Ltd.,” now very much an invalid to whom he is devoted. They were wed, he told me, early one snowy January morning in New York. That night “Lombardi,” in which they both appeared, was to open.

His best friend today is his stand-in and double, Frankie McGrath, a handsome, rollicking daredevil. He doesn’t pal much with his fellow actors away from the lot. He loves to cook—particularly chili—but more of this later.

How does he stack up with the town and the people with whom he mingles but little? Those who know him think he’s a great fellow. I happened to mention to Louella O. Parsons, famous film columnist, that I was writing a yarn on Warner.

“Oh, he’s a grand person,” she said. “He was in Honolulu when we were. He was so lovely to his wife. She wasn’t well and he would never leave her for long. When he would go down on the beach to swim, you’d always see him look back at the hotel until he caught her eye and then wave to her. He lives at Malibu during the summer, but he never goes in for any of the social racket.”

Later that evening, my telephone rang. “My husband says to tell you,” came Miss [Continued on page 61]
STAR? DIRECTOR?

How many of you think that a picture's success is due to the actor cast in it?

I have questioned three film people, leaders in their respective fields, and not one gives the actor the major responsibility. The director, they insist, makes or ruins a picture.

Fredric March, Academy Award Winner and profound thinker, claims that the director is principally responsible, the actor being secondary.

King Vidor, the director whose productions pulse with the rhythm of life, agrees with March, only he thinks that the story, too, is of primary importance; but he does not mention the actor.

Frances Marion, scenarist, who is blessed with the most brilliant feminine mind in the industry, thinks that the little incidents, culminating from a combination of the three—director, writer and actor—are what make a film memorable. She does not think that the actor alone is responsible for its success.

Yet it is the actor alone, according to the public mind, who must shoulder the whole responsibility. Let us consider some actual examples:

Many a picture is made through its retakes. The studios spend about four million dollars a year on revised scenes. For instance, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" fell very flat at the preview. It cost three hundred thousand dollars to remake two-thirds of the film, but it became a success and established Helen Hayes as a screen artist. "Fire Chief" lacked humor and therefore a number of scenes were remade and improved, thus promising Ed Wynn a better reception. Almost all of the costly "March of Time" was scrapped—representing, six hundred thousand dollars. Mary Pickford remade "Secrets at considerable expense, the first version being inferior.

"Nana," introducing Anna Sten, got off to a bad start. Sam Goldwyn called a halt. When Vidor and Mack read seventy-five new pages of script to the production staff, everybody cheered. With this stimulation to the story, and new members added to the cast, Miss Sten's debut is likely to turn out auspicious, after all.

"Of course," said Fredric March with a smile that was gently ironic, "it really helps to have all three—good story, competent direction, inspired acting. But Santa Claus doesn't come every day. Such a 'break' happens rarely.

"The actor is more dependent on direction than on story. A clever director can build up trite material with little, human touches. And he can evoke something out of even untrained talent, as Vidor did with 'Hallelujah.'"

Mr. March named Ernst Lubitsch, King Vidor, Lewis Milestone, Frank Lloyd, Frank Capra, John Cromwell, Rouben Mamoulian and Cecil B. DeMille as our best directors.

"Yes, DeMille!" he emphatically forestalled my objection. "He is a great director for a woman, skilled in bringing out all the nuances of feminine appeal and psychological reactions.

"Pictures should be made from blue prints, like houses. Even 'improptu' dinner speeches are rough-drafted beforehand. All creation takes visual form modeled on a mental picture. Projects carried through from a basic plan succeed best. That's plain logic. Rehearsals do not stifle spontaneity. Only actors who are unsure of themselves make such a statement. You can't be convincingly spontaneous unless you have a foundation. Perfection comes only when every detail is polished down to the finest point."

For this reason Mr. March feels that the stage offers more carefully constructed stories, whereas a film plot is often a hybrid, product of many imaginations, altered as the scene progresses.

"After you see a stage play you analyze its particular psychology. But how many films stimulate your mind to such vigorous consideration?"

"Films should do more than amuse you. The screen field is..."
Which Deserves the Credit for the Great Screen Successes?

By Myrtle Gebhard

Author?

Director:

"A director can put over any story if he knows his business," says King Vidor.

infinite broader, less concentrated and compact than the stage. Its greater scope of scenic latitude, its limitless panorama, the possibilities for action and the changes of costume and of background—all these assets widen its possibilities. It really should be leagues ahead in the interpretive art."

"The Royal Family of Broadway"—which March characterizes as a specialized flash—and "Night Flight," with its battle of the elements in a drama of the air service, he considers primarily as "ideas.

"The Sign of the Cross," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Stranger's Return" are also ideas. "Broadway to Hollywood" he calls an example of a mediocre story made entertaining by good Willard Mack direction. But this, again, is an idea embodying a chronological cinema of the amusement world.

In the March inventory "Morning Glory" was made enthralling because of the Hepburn genius, and he liked "Penthouse" because of its modern tempo.

"Acting," he avers, "is far more important in character roles than in straight leads. The Romes can get by on personality. But who knew Chaney, the man? When do we see Robinson, the man? It isn’t sex appeal or any distinctly slick-like characteristic that draws us to George Arliss and Walter Huston, Charles Laughton, Leslie Howard, James Cagney and the Brothers Barrymores. Yes, this includes John, because in "To-

pace" he waded into a character role that completely obliterated his own type, including his profile.

"We can’t have acting and personality at one and the same time, in equal degree; balance between them is impossible. A personality can’t be acting! You see? He is too busy being himself. When he acts, he submerges himself and adopts another’s personality.

"Many people assume that a good story is ‘fool-proof.’ I disagree. A good story demands a great actor, whereas a poor story can be put over by a mere personality. For when a person acts, you are interested in the problems of the character he portrays, and not in himself, but when a personality appears, you are content to watch this idol and not care so much what it thinks or does.

"As for me—if I could choose, I would prefer to be a good actor! I couldn’t be a personality, anyhow; I haven’t enough romantic appeal. Besides, the actor is a technician and workman; he creates and builds.

"We have more great actors than actresses," he observed. "Too much is made of a woman’s beauty. It’s about time for the screen to develop theatrical traditions. Stars are often too beautiful; that is enervating. We need more vital Hepburns and less pretty pouting.

"Please, no! There’s danger in getting too personal," he countered my suggestion. "For the screen to develop thespian traditions. Stars are often too beautiful; that is enervating. We need more vital Hepburns and less pretty pouting.

"Author"? Scene from Frances Marion’s great picture, "Miss and Bill." It made Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler more popular than ever.

[Continued on page 58]
On the United Artists Lot

THE most pretentious set this month is one being used in "Gallant Lady," which marks Ann Harding's first starring vehicle for Twentieth Century Pictures at the U. A. Studio.

It is the exterior of a baronial castle, which was originally erected for Douglas Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask." The set was so stupendous and so costly it was left standing. Since then it has been used in "Cock o' the Air," which starred Billie Dove and Chester Morris, and now it is serving as the locale of a convent in Italy. The moat is still there, but instead of the flagstone courtyard in front of the castle, in which the fiesta was held for "Cock o' the Air," the whole place is covered with grass.

Sally Wyndham (Ann Harding) is in one heck of a mess. After a tragic love affair with a young aviator who is accidentally killed, she finds she is to become a mother. Rather than return home she determines to isolate herself from relatives and friends. Realizing she must make her own way in the world, she decides it will be best for her child if she places it with Phil (Otto Kruger) and Amy Lawrence (Ivy Merton), a wealthy young couple. And Sally, heartbroken, agrees never to see her child again.

She goes to work for Maria Sherwood (Janet Beecher), an interior decorator. Janet is in love with Dan Pritchard (Clive Brook) and Clive is in love with Ann. Rather than stand in the way of Janet's romance, Ann accepts an opportunity to go on location, has made "Massacre." It is a fascinating story of Indian life.
"Carolina" is the new title of Janet Gaynor's piece, which is the screen play from the "House of Connelly." It tells the story of Janet's charm overcoming stiff-necked prejudices and is the best picture Janet has had for a long time.

to Italy on business for the firm. She is to dismantle an old chapel on the estate of Count Mario Carminati (Tullio Carminati).

At the moment, a donkey cart is approaching. On the seat sit Carminati and the driver. In the back are a trunk and two or three suitcases. The driver is playing on some sort of stringed instrument and Carminati is singing Toselli's "Serenade."

He sings it beautifully and the donkey almost breaks down. That animal has the saddest eyes I've ever seen. They approach the castle. In an archway a gnarled old tree is growing, and beyond it, on a painted backdrop, loom the mountains. The lights playing on the drop make it look as though the sun is shining on them.

The cart creaks to a stop and Carminati hops off, still singing. Then he sees Ann standing in the door of the chapel.

"Ah, Madonna!" Carminati breathes gallantly.

"It's only me," Ann smiles. Well! I must say, Miss Harding. After all the talk of your intelligence and literary ability, I should think you would use correct English and say "It's only I."

Carminati, being a foreigner, doesn't notice it (but I did) and also being conceited, ignores her modesty and continues: "Did you hear my song?"

But Ann can also ignore. "Do Italians ever take life seriously?" she parries.

"Why?" he asks, shrugging his shoulders as though there were nothing else to do.

"You're the laziest people on earth," Ann vows, "and the most delightful. Tell me, what is the name of the song you were singing."

"It's Toselli's Serenade. It is a sad song about a little girl who had no time for play. Finally she became an old dried-up woman, and she blew away without knowing love."

"All your songs are about the same thing, I believe," Ann comments.

"Why not?" he demands. "What is there to life but love and play?"

"Somebody's got to work," Ann announces and gesticulates towards the workmen she is employing. "If I didn't watch those fellows in there, by the time we put this chapel together in America it would look like a crazy quilt."

"Cut," calls the director.

"Mr. Carminati," my guide introduces me.

"How do you do?" comes politely from Tullio, accompanied by the announcement that he is returning to New York after this picture to appear in a musical comedy. If he sings as well on the stage as he does in pictures he ought to be a huge success. Come to think of it, I believe he was in the original company of "Strictly Dishonorable."

I leave the set of "Gallant Lady," my head in the clouds, dreaming of moats and castles and donkeys and illegitimate mothers, but on the next set I'm brought

*(Continued on page 62)*
NOW:—Letters FROM the Stars

Send Your Letters to Your Favorite Star, in Care of Silver Screen's Fan Mail Department.

The Fan Letter to Claudette Colbert—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:

I thought "The Torch Singer," starring Claudette Colbert, was grand. I think Claudette is a marvelous actress, but I also think she is too thin.

Why does every movie star, when she gets just the right size, start dieting?

Let's have a campaign for plumpness, so that it will be a joy to go to a movie and know that one can, at least, see a movie star who looks healthy.

Sincerely,
Claudette Colbert

The Fan Letter to Elissa Landi—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir—

We girls get sick of this modern world. Can you blame us for wanting to see some real old-fashioned love now and again?

There are very few people who didn't like the virtuous "Mercia" in "The Sign of the Cross" or the energetic Amazon in "The Warrior's Husband." How about seeing Elissa Landl in "Joan of Arc," against one of those spec-

The Fan Letter to Joan Crawford—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:

I work in Bloomingdale's, and I get so sick of selling stockings that I said to the department head that I was sick of selling stockings and she said: "Well Joan Crawford sold stockings once, and I would like to know, did she?"

I will close

Yours truly,
Mae McCauley
Astoria, L. L., N. Y.

Joan Crawford's Answer—

Dear Mae McCauley—

No—I never sold stockings—but I did sell dresses once, and I had a lot of fun out of it—

I wasn't bored or sick of my job—honestly I wasn't. And I used to have marvelous laughs (secret, of course) when very large women would come into the shop and think they—in a size forty-eight—could look like the girls in size fourteen.

And I'm sure you get the same type of laughs when a woman who takes a ten stocking comes to you and insists on buying an eight—

So remember, nothing is ever so bad as it seems—and there are always ways of getting fun out of our jobs—

Joan Crawford
A New Department, to Appear Monthly, Which Will Enable Silver Screen’s Readers to Have Their Letters Answered by the Stars. Write to Any Player, Ask Any Question, or Give Your Favorite the Benefit of Your Advice and Counsel, and Your Letter Will Be Answered.

Address—
Editor,
Silver Screen’s Fan Mail Dept.,
45 West 45th St.
New York, N. Y.

Elissa Landi’s Answer—

My dear Mr. Keen,—
Thank you so much for forwarding the letter of Miss Kathryn Gillies to me. I was very happy to receive it.

When I was eight years old I read something called “Le Mysterie de Jeanne Darce” (I forget by whom it was written) and I was very much impressed by it. When I was twelve years old I saw a movie about “Joan of Arc,” and I had a secret desire to portray that character myself. By the time I was sixteen the desire to do so was overwhelming! Incidentally, at that time I entertained the idea of writing a play about her. (Just me and Bernard Shaw, don’t you know!)

During my first year in America I received dozens of letters from various people asking why I didn’t portray “Joan of Arc” in a picture. I still receive letters from time to time asking the same question.

While working with Cecil B. DeMille in “The Sign of the Cross,” he told me that there was one picture he would very much like to make with me, and it was “Joan of Arc.” The more people who think I could play the “Maid of Orleans,” the happier I become, thinking to myself that there may be something in the ancient quotation that “Fifty Million Frenchmen Can’t Be Wrong.”

Many more thanks for sending this encouraging letter to me.

Sincerely yours,
Elissa Landi

The Fan Letter to Jean Harlow—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir,—

Why doesn’t Jean Harlow get one of those sweet little roles given Janet Gaynor?

I know she would fit them just as well. I don’t think she is anywhere near as tough as the screen would have you believe.

It was more like our sweet little Jean Harlow when she cried her heart out on the prison matron’s shoulder, in a scene from “Hold Your Man.”

Ruth Valentine.
Flint, Michigan.

Jean Harlow’s Answer—

Dear Miss Valentine,—

It is very gratifying to me to know I have an unknown friend, who is interested enough to write and give constructive criticism, as well as make excellent suggestions regarding my screen work.

As you probably know, parts are assigned to me by the studio (I have no choice in this matter), so I do my best with the part—in every way possible. At the same time, I fully realize that I am entirely dependent upon the support of my fan friends, and the opinion of the public—so you may understand how I welcome and appreciate any suggestions given me.

Never do I want to fail those dear friends whose faith in me has been the greatest incentive I have had to succeed.

Please know I am grateful for your interest.

Sincerely,
Jean Harlow.

DIRECTIONS
1. Make your letters short.
2. $1.00 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
YOUTH ROMANCE
Jesse L. 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 lift of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.
JUST as Joan completed "Hell's Bells," she was rushed to a hospital for an appendix operation. Now that that's over she may be with James Cagney in "Heir Chaser," as a wise-cracking phone girl—and that should be grand. Joan was born near Broadway and once trouped around the world.
THE "Wild Birds" company, on location, is making a real movie replete with villains and young and earnest hearts. "Gangster films" and "Epics" are out and even "Musicals" are no longer planned. The present lot of stories offer grand entertainment. Jean Parker has made every part count—from "Rasputin" to "Little Women."
"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" is a DeMille picture, and the scenes below illustrate Claudette in a schoolma'am's rôle. Also William Gargan and Herbert Marshall scowling at each other when the lush and unconventional jungle influence gets to work. It will be a great picture for those who have never been bitten by the travel bug, nor by an Hawaiian mosquito.
SHE'S a new beauty and a Russian, though she has lived here for ten years. Her dancing is wonderful, and her screen career at Warner's begins in "Bedside," in which she plays a Grand Opera star, opposite Warren William. Kathryn Sergava's hair shines like a new penny and her future is even brighter.
THE movie world is always eager for each new picture with Janet. "Carolina" shows her as a poor but nice girl from Pennsylvania, who wins the affections of Robert Young, a Southern Aristocrat. He is "land poor" and proud of it, but gentle Janet abolishes his slavery to tradition, in modern fashion.
JACK is off to Honolulu, and when the vacation is over he will go into "Sailor Beware," which is one of those plays that grows decent with age. Ever since that glad day in Sedalia, Mo., when Jack was born, he has been making friends, and there are a lot of us now. His great success in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony"—but what's the use of telling you? At left, with Thelma Todd in "Sitting Pretty." It's a gift.
AT RADIO, John Barrymore has made "Long Lost Father" with Helen Chandler. She never looked more attractive. Barrymore raises every scene to a high level, and players with him are always at their best. He recently took a vacation trip—on the high seas, of course. After all these years, his last season was his best, with "Bill of Divorcement," "Topaze," "Dinner at Eight" and "Reunion in Vienna." He is scheduled to make "The Devil's Disciple," which will be the first George Bernard Shaw play on the American screen.
ANNA STEN

THERE never has been more care given to launching a star; however, Nana is ready at last, and in it Anna Sten shows her great beauty. At left, scenes from the picture. (At top) Phil Holmes and Anna. (Below) Richard Bennett with Anna. Lionel Atwill has a prominent part in this story, which is from Zola's famous novel. "Barbary Coast" is planned for Anna's next picture.
"Orient Express" brings these two popular players together. You'll remember Heather from "Berkeley Square," and Norman was outstanding in "State Fair." Heather is one of our English cousins. She was a stage beauty in London. Norman is well known in his home town of Richmond, Ind., and elsewhere, and well liked by his wife, Claudette Colbert, and other movie fans.
THERE is no figure in the world of pictures who keeps her glamorous personality a-gleam, through thick and thin, as Marion does. In "Going Hollywood," Bing Crosby and Marion make a wonderful team—crooning, dancing and always charming.
HER next picture is "Joe Palooka," the famous comic strip come to life. Stuart Erwin is Joe. Lupe has kept herself in the headlines by her marriage to "Tarzan" Weissmuller, but the star billing is a tribute to her own native hotcha personality.
HAL LE ROY
The dancer as Harold Teen

PERT KELTON
Plays an "actress" part in "Once Over Lightly."

IRENE BENTLEY
The girl the Fox Studio believes in.

SIDNEY BLACKMER
Backed by a Broadway stage reputation.
ELIZABETH YOUNG
Lady-in-Waiting to Garbo in "Queen Christina."

RALPH MORGAN
Skipped to New York on vacation.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN
A Southern boy who gets around.

MURIEL KIRKLAND
With Anna Sten in "Nana."
Betty Furness contemplates a gay evening while wearing this lovely informal dinner frock of gold cloth, with its shimmering panels bordered in monkey fur to carry out the effective treatment of the bodice. A tiny "cocktail hat" of the same material completes the costume. (Right)

Elmer Fryer

Always dignified and charming, Mary Astor chose a luscious watermelon crépe for her simple "home" dinner gown. An ultra-modern effect achieved by the slit from neckline to waist in back. (Above)

Patricia Ellis is ready for luncheon in this tailored acquamarine crépe frock, with its quaint lace jabot draped around her slender neck and drawn demurely through the unique panel arrangement on the blouse. Her toque matches her frock, in the style of the moment. (Left)

We simply have to use the word glamorous when speaking of June Brewster all togged out for the tea hour at Palm Beach. Like her dainty gown, June's floppy broad-brimmed hat is of Chinese red organdy, over which filmy black lace is draped. (Right)
Caressingly smooth and lovely are MARGARET SULLAVAN'S hands. With JOHN BOLES in UNIVERSAL'S success, "ONLY YESTERDAY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too...by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE
AS SWEDEN'S famous queen of three hundred years ago, Garbo wears male attire and a strange hairdress. The talked about "Queen Christina" started many "royal" pictures—"Catherine the Great," with Dietrich; "Napoleon," with Edw. G. Robinson; "Cleopatra," with Claudette Colbert; and many others.
More Gossip: Listen!

CARY Grant, Randolph Scott and David Mannes all sailed to Europe together on the S. S. Paris. What fun for the gals on that crossing! 'Tis said that Cary and Virginia Cherrill will marry in England, and Randy has gone over to be the best man.

Una Merkel has the newest hair-dressing trick of the season, and it's a trick worth knowing. She wears her hair with soft, short curls about her face—and keeps each curl exactly as desired by applying a bit of Newsilk just beneath the curl. It doesn't show and the curls keep in place for hours.

Carole Lombard has been so, so sick for weeks and weeks with flu and relapses of flu. The first night she was allowed out she went to see "Henry the Eighth"—and guess whom she went with? Why William Powell, the old "ex" himself.

Al Jolson says it's all right with him if Warner Brothers want to pay the "little woman" a big wad of money for appearing in their pictures—but not one cent will Al let Ruby pay for her support. So Ruby gives her money mostly to her family. Last month she surprised them with a beautiful new home on Toluca Lake.

Garbo is still seen dining in quiet places with Director Mamoulian.

They'll have you believe that Carol Ann Beeley, the chip off the Beeley block, knows all about the Hollywood ritz and studio diplomacy, even though she is only four years old. One day while her father (Wally) was away on location, she visited the M-G-M studio. Everybody made a big fuss over her but Carol Ann gave them a cold stare and let it go at that. But, when Mr. Louis B.

Silver Screen's first picture of Jack Haley, who is a hit in "Striking Pretty." Full pages next—if he keeps it up.

Mayer, (Papa's boss) appeared, Carol Ann became all smiles at once and pranced right over and gave him a great big kiss. In Hollywood they learn young!

Something to get excited over: Dolores del Rio and Ricardo Cortez doing the tango in "Wonder Bar." Oh boy, what a rhythm!

Roland Young has rented Alice Brady's New York apartment, and it looks as if he intends staying in New York with his successful play until Spring.

Just what we needed—a Norma Shearer picture. And Norma is in the midst of "Rip-Tide" with Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

Myrna Loy says it's too much trouble keeping a house, so she has given up her Brentwood mansion and moved into an apartment in Beverly Hills.

Bing Crosby is the latest of the Paramount players to be made a star.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Joan Blondell both had terrible experiences with ole debil appendix, but both are on the road to recovery, thank you.

No one realized how beautiful Gloria Stuart was until they saw her in "Roman Scandals," and now all the studios want to borrow her.

Joel McCrea is the most romantic husband in town—he stills sends Frances Dee flowers every morning.

Gary Cooper knocked 'em out of their seats when he played the Paramount in New York, in a little skit that Lubitsch wrote.

Next to prizefights Mae West likes oyster bars ... Two other oyster stew addicts are Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson.

What with prohibition a by-gone now, all the girls are breaking down and telling their favorite cocktails. Carole Lombard prefers to serve Martinis at her house, Norma Shearer will serve you a "High Hat Cocktail," and if you're lucky you'll get one of Bebe Daniels' eggnogs or Una Merkel's mint juleps.

Joan Crawford tried to do her Christmas shopping while on vacation in New York but was so mobbed in the stores by fans that she had to give up—luckily Hollywood.

When Alice Brady had to go on "location" with the "Miss Eunie's Baby Is Stolen" company, she got all excited over the brightly colored leaves and cute little sprigs of things. One day, when she wasn't needed in a scene, she wandered into the woods with the express purpose of gathering some of those lovely red leaves to take home with her. They were poison Ivy—children—and poor Alice had to spend two weeks at home.

Now it's the heyday of prizefighters in Hollywood—Metro is offering Max Baer just any old salary to make another picture for them and Radio has signed Jack Dempsey to work for them.
They Danced Through

The Successful Newcomers Are,
First of All, Talented Dancers.

Ruby Keeler, a famous tap dancer on Broadway, tapped at the door of the movie colony and became the sensation of "42nd Street."

The Three Little Pigs may be the rejuvenation of the theater, but the new life of Hollywood is afforded by the three little fogs—tap, toe and jazz dancing.

If you cannot do at least one of these three branches of Terpsichore, keep away from the movie colony, because Hollywood is dance-mad. Things there have reached a point where a star is only as good as her legs.

A gal who can do a rhumba can grab any casting director's nimnab. A graceful split is worth a five-year contract, and the lady who has a talent for backbends can just about write her own studio ticket.

Not since the yodel provided steady work for a million hillbillies, has a woman accomplished the same feat as Ruby Keeler, has become Mr. Ruby Keeler, and simply because his wife can be more temper tantrums than other women.

When that Keeler has laid her soles to the floor, she makes the rhythm of clocks sound erratic. In fact, Ruby's flashing feet won her immediate fame in her first picture, "42nd Street," long before the public decided that she also has a lot of sex appeal.

Ruby's family will tell you that she was born dancing. Her parents vow that the stork had nothing to do with their daughter's advent into the world. She danced through an open window, they say. Be that as it may, old family friends testify that Ruby danced almost as quickly as she walked.

She was still throbbing in her early teens when she decided to become a professional dancer, and joined a vaudeville troupe. The late Texas Guinan saw Ruby dance in a small-town theater, and it was Texas who persuaded the youthful girl to go to New York, where she became an enter-tainer in a Guinan night club.

While she was under Guinan's wing, she was seen by the late Florenz Ziegfeld, and in turn provided a higher rung on the ladder of success by contracting Ruby to become a specialty dancer in the cast of his famous Ziegfeld Follies.

"I was a member of the Follies when I met, and fell in love with Mr. Jolson, whom I soon married," Miss Keeler relates. "After our wedding, I put away my dancing shoes, because my husband preferred that I quit my professional career, and I remained inactive until I was offered a part in "42nd Street."

"Al didn't want me to accept the role, but when I pleaded that screen work is less toilsome than that of the stage, and that movie hours do not ruin home life, he gave in. Out came my tap-soled shoes, and from my old wardrobe trunk—which I have kept for my memory's sake—I hauled my rehearsal clothes, recking of mothballs.

"For weeks before I was to start work in the picture, I practiced dancing at home, with a phonograph to accompany me and a full length mirror to criticize me. People who do not dance believe that it is easy, and that they can learn with a few simple lessons. Believe me, those people are mistaken. I have spent years mastering the little ability that is mine today."

Now that Ruby is definitely committed to motion pictures, she practices dancing one hour daily. If she misses a day, she devotes two hours to her practice the day.
the STUDIO GATES

Grace, Rhythm and Beauty Are Welcomed on the Screen.

By James M. Fidler

It was there that the lovely Miss Harvey pirouetted, tripped and fell screaming in the orchestra pit. A film director saw the fall and decided it would make a thrilling scene in a motion picture. He engaged Lilian for his production, and from that beginning, Miss Harvey's dancing career proceeded colorfully across the screen.

"I have danced in nearly all the motion pictures in which I have appeared," Lilian says. "Congress Dances," in which I did more dancing than Congress, was the cinema that won me a Hollywood contract. Since my arrival in America, I have made three pictures. In two of them, 'My Lips Betray' and 'I Am Suzanne,' I dance.

"I adore dancing. I believe that every human being needs an outlet for rhythmic expression. One will play a musical instrument. Another, less talented, will beat time on a table with his fingers or a pencil. I dance. When I am nervous, moody or discouraged, I hasten to my music room, turn on the phonograph—and dance. Rhythm lifts me; dancing is my cure-all."

Joan Crawford is another star who danced on the stage, and dances on the screen. In her newest picture, "Dancing Lady," Joan amply proves that she can hold her own in any dancing contest. In addition to her terpsichorean talent, there is the near-perfect Crawford body—and you simply must not miss the body and the dancing, both exhibited freely by Joan in this new picture.

In preparation for "Dancing Lady," Miss Crawford practiced and rehearsed for several weeks with a trained chorus. She might have had private teachers; in fact, the studio urged it. Joan preferred to study with the chorus, and by this show of democracy she won the loyal friendship of the ninety or more chorus beauties engaged for the picture.

Of course, dancing "in a line" is not a new thrill for her. Joan once danced in a Detroit night club, and moved from there to a similar floor show in Chicago. The manager of a New York musical comedy saw her, and offered her a job in New York.

She went to New York and became a specialty dancer, and as such she attracted the attention of motion picture executives, who took tests and eventually sent her to Hollywood. For a while, after her arrival in the movie colony, Joan did little except visit the Hollywood night clubs, and for the sport of it, took part in the many dance contests that were then the rage in filmland. Today she has a store-room simply packed with cups, statues and other prizes she won.

It was Miss Crawford's flashing exhibition of The Charleston dance that made her a sensation in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and in many subsequent motion pictures, including "Dancing Fools Dance," she has demonstrated often that she is not permitting her talent to fade for lack of practice.

Still another dancing lady, whose legs are more than walking her to great heights, is June Knight [Continued on page 50]
LITTLE WOMEN
Rating: The probable trophy winner—Radio
KHATHARINE Hepburn is surrounded by a splendid cast in the picture made from Louisa M. Alcott's autobiographical story. It is a very emotional picture and, to one who does not read the book clearly, it seems to breathe the very spirit of the famous story. Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker and Frances Dee are all entitled to complimentary mention. Katharine Hepburn, however, is outstanding.
The part of Jo is really the only intelligent character in the story, and Hepburn in this role grows, thinks and feels the stirrings of individuality. She is not conventional in her attitudes, and gives a vigorous expression to that longing for freedom which has come to flower in this present generation. Can it be that Miss Alcott, so many years ago, felt the urge for equality and mental liberty?
“Little Women” is a delightful picture and has been received royally. While some may wonder how “Little Women” and Mae West can both enjoy success, we venture to remark that the audiences were not composed of the same types of people. The great talent that Katharine Hepburn brings us lends expression in one of the most delightful voices of the screen. Her cultured and expressive hands and her slight girlish body remain in one’s memory, and her face, so beautiful at times and so strange at other times, is always appealing.
We understand that Katie now slams the door on writers, and that there isn’t any “Welcome” on the mat any more. We hope, however, that she will leave the window slightly ajar to hear the sincere appreciation of one reviewer.

GALLANT LADY
Rating. All the flattering superlatives—Twentieth Century
WEll, bring out all the flattering superlatives for Ann Harding, and string them out every “es” of them. Ann hasn’t had a picture like this in years—not since the famous “Holiday” has she been so beautifully cast and has she given such a sincere and magnificent performance. Changing studios often changes luck, as many a Hollywood star can tell you, and though Ann of Radio was getting to be quite unpopular with the fans—due to bad stories—it is a cinch that Twentieth Century Ann will gain back more than she ever lost. And while we are casting raves at Ann, we might throw a few at the picture itself. A perfect picture and a perfect cast. You’re in for a swell evening when this picture plays the neighborhood theatre.
The story’s about a brave girl who gave up her narrow-minded family to go with the man she loves. He is killed in a plane crash and Ann learns that she is to have a baby. Clive Brook, once a brilliant doctor but now a gentle and philosophical tramp, looks after her and when the baby is born arranges to have it adopted by one of his rich friends. He gets Ann a job in Janet Street to the swanky musical comedies of Broadway. Franchot Tone is the rich young man who kills her out when the burlesque show is raided, and who gives her the excellent advice that what is considered vulgar on Houston Street is considered art on Broadway.
Franchot falls in love with her—naturally—and when he sees he can’t get her as long as she is interested in her career, he buys the show and has it closed. Then Clark Gable, the abrupt but mightily good looking dance director, gets his dancer up and tells Miss Crawford and Mr. Tone a few hard facts. Result: Joan returns to the show, is a great sensation on the opening night, and marries Mr. Gable. There are marvelous comedy bits contributed by Winnie Lightner, Ted Healy and his Stooges, May Robson and Sterling Holloway, and enchanting song numbers by Art Jarrett and Nelson Eddy. There’s everything that could be in musicals in this picture—there isn’t any more.

DANCING LADY
Rating: Dancing Joan’s Here Again—Goody—M-G-M
COME on Crawford fans, here’s a cause for celebration, for ringing door-bells and calling up strange people! Joan has the best picture she’s had since “Letty Lynton.” And does she give, oh baby, does she give! The entire works. A burlesque dance, a tap dance, routines and every musical number (with or without Fred Astaire) more assorted than a box of chocolates, but nothing so difficult for Joan. She has never been better and never looked better. And when I ask you, what a figure! and her love scenes with Franchot Tone will give you something to talk about. Um-m-m.
The story itself is a “natural”—all about a little girl who just had to dance, and who, through perseverance, danced herself right up from the burlesque of Houston Street to the swanky musical comedies of Broadway. Franchot Tone is the rich young man who bails her out when the disastrous fling at roulette. He returns to the small town in which his wife lives, a broke and broken man, and his domestic difficulties are just about to be patched up when up pops Dark Hazard again.
Glenda Farrell and Hobart Cavanaugh look after the comedy, but aren’t given much material.

LADY KILLER
Rating Color and Off-Color—Warner’s
SUCH an exciting life as Jimmy Cagney S does lead in his picture dramas. This time he’s fired from his job, as an usher in a movie cathedral in New York, because he shoots craps. He joins a gang of card crooks, and with them opens a night club where he becomes a big shot in a stiff shirt. The gang goes in for forgeries on the side, and when a butler gets bumped off they all have to blow town.
Then comes the most amusing part of the picture—Jimmy arrives in California (in a

Katharine Hepburn and Frances Dee.

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.
"YOU can have the kind of skin men can’t resist"—says SALLY EILERS

"I'd like to tell every girl: DON'T be satisfied with just an 'average' skin!" says this beautiful screen star.

"It's the complexion with something more . . . the soft luminous quality of true loveliness . . . that men can't resist! And this beauty can be yours . . . with my complexion care. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years because it keeps my skin so incredibly soft and smooth.

"Try it for your complexion. Use it regularly . . . faithfully . . . as I do. Then see how soon the delicate new loveliness of your skin is noticed—admired—adored!"

Girls the country over are discovering that they need no longer be satisfied with a complexion that just "gets by." Hollywood has shown them the way to exquisite loveliness . . . the irresistible beauty that wins—and holds—hearts!

Actually 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

You try it. Begin today to win new loveliness!

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"
JIMMY AND SALLY
Rating: Full speed—Fox

NO GALA premiere at Grauman’s Chinese for this one, with lights and red carpets and things, but it’s a swell yarn and travels at full speed. And the chuckles come as steadily as the landlord. Jimmy Dunn plays the publicity manager of the Marlowe Meat Company, and Claire Trevor (a tasty eyeful) is his secretary, who has to spend her time feeding Jimmy ideas and rescuing the company from the disastrous results of Jimmy’s brainstorms.

Victor Jory and the horse, Smoky.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE
Rating: Mrs. Malaprop ALICE BRADY—AND WHAT A LAUGH—M-G-M

HERE’S one of the smartest and most sophisticated comedy dramas of the year—but with so many laughs it’s almost a farce. The gushing widow of “When Ladies Meet” now becomes a vixen, blundering wife, who calls a Holstein a Holstein and chatters incessantly. If you like Alice Brady’s particular type of comedy—and who doesn’t?—you’ll simply go insane about her after this.

Lionel Barrymore plays Alice’s old and crabbed husband, who does everything to cramp his silly young wife’s style. Mary Carlisle plays their daughter, who is just at the age when love means everything. When told by her boy friend, William Janney, that she isn’t attractive to men because she “hurts at full speed,” they immediately decide to learn about love and life from Conway Tearle, a suave and cosmopolitan artist, who is in the midst of an “affair” with Mary’s aunt.

Then, to complicate matters, Alice thinks that Tearle is a flame of her early youth and has come to claim her for his own after all these years. Such fun! Katharine Alexander, Alice Brady’s sister-in-law in real life, is extremely good as “Aunt Wimnie,” who starts all this mess by bringing her lover down to the country for a quiet week-end. There’s nothing off-color here—just good clean sophisticated intelligent comedy.

SMOKY
Rating: Emotion on Horseback—Fox

HERE’S Will James’ famous “Smoky” made into a picture, and just about the finest horse film ever made. The kids will go for it in a big way. In case you don’t know the story of “Smoky,” it’s the simple but poignantly dramatic story of a horse from his frisky Colt days, through the round-up, the branding, and the resignation to the saddle, and finally, through the treachery of man, to his “last mile”—his heart-breaking journey to the slaughter house.

It has a tremendous emotional appeal, and unless you are one of those few people who don’t like animals you’ll be greatly moved by this simple story. Of course the horse is the hero. Victor Jory plays a cowboy and Irene Bentley his girl, and the atmosphere is more “western” than you usually find in westerns.

Mae Clarke and James Cagney.

torrent of rain) and finds out about the movie racket. Starting as an extra he works his way up (by writing himself fan letters) to stardom and is just about to marry Margaret Lindsay, the darling of the cinema, when his old gang pops up and demands that Jimmy help them rob movie houses—or else—

It’s while Jimmy is making good in pictures that you’ll see some of the funniest stuff about Hollywood that has ever hit the screen. Even better than “Bombshell,” you will roll in the aisles when you see Jimmy’s present to Margaret (dozens of monkeys) break up her party, bathe in the punch bowl, swing from the chandeliers, and plunge into the angel food cake. A howl! But the fun over when the gang shows up and the picture has to go melodramatic on us.

Jimmy’s own special brand of comedy is swell in this film—but some bright boy with a dirty mind certainly managed to put some off-color dialogue into it—not unexpected as even Mae West would undertake—so that it makes it rather embarrassing for the young’uns who really shouldn’t know such things. However—it’ll probably be cleaned up before it gets to your local screen. Mae Clarke is grand as a gun moll, who double crosses Jimmy and then goes noble and helps him out of a tight spot.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
Rating: Advice—See It—Twentieth Century

LEE’S last picture before taking that ill-fated, but rather amusing Mexican part, and you should have heard the preview audience tear up the theatre over him! Such excitement! In this picture Lee again plays one of those fast-talking, liquor guzzling reporters who steps right up to his boss and calls him a so-and-so. Just because Lee has been hitting the bottle too steadily, his managing editor puts him in charge of the Miss Lonely Hearts column—and is Lee burned!

He has to keep his dreadful secret from his girl, Sally Blake, so one awkward situation after another arises. Then gangsters get mixed up in the lovelorn column and it isn’t as much fun as it started out to be. Sterling Holloway as Lee’s slow-witted assistant gets a lot of the laughs.

Sally Blake and Lee Tracy.

Charles Farrell, Margarette Churchill, Grace Bradley and Charles Ruggles.

Walter Woolf. Charlie Farrell has a hard time escaping the schemes and seductions of Grace Bradley and four Russians, but of course the end finds him in a clinch with Margarette Churchill. There’s much popping of corks and much ado about a bathroom—just to give that French touch.

SMOKY
Rating: Emotion on Horseback—Fox

HERE’S Will James’ famous “Smoky” made into a picture, and just about the finest horse film ever made. The kids will go for it in a big way. In case you don’t know the story of “Smoky,” it’s the simple but poignantly dramatic story of a horse from his frisky colt days, through
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

Rating: Amusing, dramatic, tragic—and excellent, too—Universal

JOHN BARRYMORE'S most vivid and brilliant performance—and you mustn't miss it. Indeed, John must have liked this rôle of a clever lawyer, for he puts his whole heart and soul into it. The entire action of the picture takes place in the lavish offices of a law firm in New York's Empire State Building. All the characters are every-day people you'd find, in a law office if you went into one today.

John, a successful and brilliant lawyer, who has worked his way from the sidewalks of the Bronx to the top of his profession, is beset by every kind of amusing, thrilling and tragic situation as he sits there behind his desk. But, so adept at solving the problems of others, he fails completely when it comes to solving his own and attempts suicide when he learns that his social register wife has left for Europe with a wealthy clubman. But Bebe Daniels, his long-suffering and patient secretary, saves him just in time—the phone rings—

Doris Kenyon and John Barrymore.

and John is once more the clever Counselor-at-law, ruling the destinies of people.

There is a swell cast of "type" people, with most of the honors going to Isabel Jewell as the fast-talking telephone girl, and Clara Langner as John's broken-English "Bronx" mother. Doris Kenyon plays the cold, brittle, society wife and Melvyn Douglas plays her lover. A magnificent picture which will not fail to hold you thrilled and interested to the final fade-out.

CONVENTION CITY

Rating: Over the Sales Quota—Warner Brothers

THE Honeywell Rubber Company assembles its salesmen for its annual convention in Atlantic City—and such fun, such fun. There's one swell comedy situation after another, held together by a thin plot—who's going to be the next sales manager? It has narrowed down to Adolphe Menjou and Guy Kibbee, when a Dark Horse enters the race and wins simply because he saw the sedate Mr. Honeywell (Grant Mitchell) in one of his weaker moments, named Daisy LaRue. Thus are sales managers made, if you didn't know.

Jean Blondell, as the hard-boiled show girl of Atlantic City who sees her Sweet Pappas come and go, is simply elegant, and her comedy scenes with Guy Kibbee will make you rock in your seats. Mary Astor plays a saleswoman in love with Menjou, who is so busy courting Honeywell's daughter for business reasons that he can't see her. Patricia Ellis is the daughter, who eventually falls for Dick Powell.

Hugh Herbert as the blind (drunk) salesman, who gets in on the wrong convention, is a scream—and so is Frank McHugh. How the men will go for this one. And if you're a salesman, in the habit of attending conventions, better take wifey and little Edgar to see "Alice in Wonderland" across the street.

Two ways to wash woolens!

Washed wrong! Wool harsh, shrunken so that buttons won't button—leggings bind Jerry's legs.

Be SAFE with IVORY SNOW

These knitted outfits started out even.
Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft wooliness!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

What makes the differences? The washing, my dears! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing wools SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them exactly to get perfect results.

1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Make a generous lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is pure.
3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two Sudsings are better than one.
4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.
5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

99½% Pure. Quickest dissolving in lukewarm water

To make Ivory Snow, a creamy stream of pure Ivory Soap is forced through sprayers. It dries in soft, fluffy bits. No hard flat flakes! No hot water needed to dissolve it! Large-size package only 15c. Enough Ivory Snow for 40-50 SAFE washings of the suit shown above.
Nellie ever had—and if you so much as let one little belittling word against Marlene slip from your lips when Nellie is around, you'll find her curling irons at your throat. Marlene talks very little to the extras and featured players on the set—but she smiles—and when Marlene smiles at you that's all that's necessary. It takes hours for that marvelous tingling sensation to wear off.

In fact I hear that Marlene, even in the privacy of her home, talks very little. She listens—beautifully. And when she is pleased with you she gives you a smile and a firm warm hand shake which mean more than a dictionary of words.

There is none of the "great star" business about Marlene at the studio. Though most of the featured players have their maids and valets with them on the set Marlene never has a personal maid. She waits on herself—assisted by the studio hairdresser and make-up girls. Rarely using a standing-in, she stands for hours upon hours in those horribly uncomfortable regal gowns, with their pounds of whalebone and iron hoops—and even when she is given a chance to rest she can't sit down and relax—not in those dresses. The day of the marriage ceremony she wore a crown that would not stay on unless it was clamped tightly to her temples, and from nine until one she endured that metal band pressing into her nerves until she nearly went crazy.

When von Sternberg called "lunch" she broke down and cried—she had suffered so long. Pleading with you that Marlene was not the old Prussian idea of enduring pain is still dominant. And then, too, Marlene has great respect for von Sternberg and will never do anything to hold up a scene or upset his famous "tempo." Which is rather nice, don't you think? Certainly such thoughtfulness isn't found much in Hollywood these days.

Indeed, no one has ever seen Marlene explode or become temperamental or sarcastic on a set. She is always the quietest member of the cast. No matter how many times a player blows up in his lines and the scene has to be retaken, Marlene never shows the least impatience or annoyance. The scene where she meets Count Alexei on the Kremlin stairs had to be taken forty times—and forty times Marlene had to run up and down those steps. But not once did she complain. Only once has she ever been known to become the least bit impatient on a set. It was the day that little Maria worked at the studio with her mother, and according to state law had to study for a while between scenes. Although she speaks English little Maria refused only in German, so when the school teacher insisted that she read from an English text book, Marlene became rather annoyed. "You cannot hope to teach my little English in one day," she coldly informed the teacher. "And besides she is tired now and needs to rest." There was a scene—a terrific scene. Dietrich said:

"I was on the set one on one of unfortunate days when the same scene had to be taken over and over again. A grand actress and trooper, Louise Dresser just couldn't keep from blowing up in her lines. Actresses have "bad" days just as we do, when nothing seems to go right. Von Sternberg will be furious. I think, and sort of winced to think about the deluge of sarcasm on its way. But no. He turned out to be the sweetest, most thoughtful director I have ever seen in a trying situation. With Louise nearly in tears because the words just wouldn't come right. Herr Jo simply pranced up like a pique, gaily chuckled her under the chin, and laughed away, just as if that nasty old scene was really the most unimportant thing in the world. And Marlene never emitted a famous eyelash. When I got a little bit nervous because the "takes" were running up into the fortes and decided I'd better go home, Marlene lightly said:

"It is nothing. It happens to all of us." Well, if I had been standing up there for three hours in a forty pound dress and supporting a Russian bayonet and spear. I'm not at all sure I could say, "Tut, tut, it's nothing." Why I was worn out just sitting there trying to play dead.

There is one reunion in view that will be welcomed by the more sentimental fans. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell will make two pictures for Fox early next year. Charlie will receive $35,000 per picture, and will, it is understood, share equally in the closeups!
Overtures to Beauty

(Continued from page 8)

they are the mild non-alcoholic variety... and allow them to dry thoroughly on your face, to prevent chapping. The most important accessory to this back-to-normal drive, is a good emollient cream... a rich nourishing one that will lubricate your skin and make it supple and soft again. A special nourishing oil, such as Primrose House Smoothskin Oil, will do the trick. You can use it on your face "as is" from the bottle, or you can heat it a bit, and give your face a hot-oil treatment.

Large pores seem to be more noticeable than ever during the winter. Keep them clean first of all, and then it won't be so hard to shrink them. If ordinary cleansing with soap or water or cleansing cream isn't drastic enough, once or twice a week you might try some special cleanser like Keenex Wash. This product, which has to be ordered direct from the maker, is known as a "pore purifier," and it does banish every last speck of grime.

If your locality isn't blessed with soft water, you'll find some of the new perfumed bath oils a great help. They not only perfume the bath and you, but they make the water feel much softer and your skin much smoother afterwards. Hollywood has gone in for these bath oils in a big way, judging from a small (?) purchase which Joan Crawford made in a New York department store just the other day. She stepped up to a counter and bought $20 worth of bath oils, and the salesgirl was so flabbergasted at the size of her sale, and the importance of her customer, that she had to go home for the rest of the day to recuperate.

Too many of us are concerned with superfluous hair on arms and legs during the summer only, when bathing suits and tennis shorts make it necessary that something be done about it. But a truly well-groomed woman (and don't we all wish to be that?) is fully conscious of such defects even if they're hidden under a heavy service weight hose, or a long tight sleeve. You see there is really no excuse for superfluous hair these days, because it can be removed so simply, so painlessly, and so effectively.

I have just had a long heart to heart talk with the greatest specialist in the world on the removing of superfluous hair — in fact, the only one: Madame Berthe, creator of Zip. Her work has brought her in contact not only with some of the outstanding stars of the stage and screen, but with thousands of ordinary women, both young and old, who have come to her for advice and treatment. "No woman need have a single hair that she doesn't want," Madame Berthe said to me. This not only applies to hair on arms and legs. Good grooming today requires that every last bit of "fuzziness" on the face be removed, and Zip is one product that may be used with safety on the face. In the summer you may overlook these hairs, because they become bleached by the sun. But how quickly they show up in the hard light of winter. If you are at all bothered with superfluous hair, the worst thing you can do is tamp it with it by using a razor or a tweezer. For this only strengthens the growth.

I haven't begun to cover the things that you should do for yourself this winter. Hair—for example. How to make it live and vibrant as though the summer sun were always on it. Hands—how to keep them looking quite as soft and lovely as they did on a cool summer's evening in the moonlight. But I really will get to these things next time, I promise.

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Dr. Margaret B. C. Manus, leading physician of Amsterdam, on staff of Municipal Hospital, Boerhaave Hospital, and State Hygienic Service.

"Ask your doctor whether there is a quick, magic cure for common colds, grippe and influenza, he'll answer promptly, 'No.' Those three highly infectious ills still baffle medical science... kill thousands... cost millions.

"Yet it is amazing how people still neglect one simple measure that fights off pernicious germs... that helps check dangerous epidemics... that makes the home a health resort instead of a hospital.

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Send for the booklet—"Marriage Hygiene," with articles by leading women gynecologists.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. It's an effective germicide at ALL times. For forty years it has had the full acceptance of the most prominent physicians, of the entire medical profession throughout the world. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals everywhere. No other antiseptic enjoys such absolute trust, or is so generally recommended for home use.

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

Lav & Fun, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. 416 Sales Distributor of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me free the "Lysol" Health Library including: "Keeping a Healthy Home," "Marriage Hygiene," "Preparation for Motherhood."

Name.

Street.

City, State.


Silver Screen for February 1934
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And then, too, Marlene has great respect for von Sternberg and will never do anything to hold up a scene or upset his famous "tempo." Which is rather nice, don't you think? Certainly such thoughtfulness isn't found much in Hollywood these days.

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There is one reunion in view that will be welcomed by the more sentimental fans. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell will make two pictures for Fox early next year. Charlie will receive $5,000 per picture, and will, it is understood, share equally in the closeups!

Flora Robson, the great English actress, in the British production of "Catherine the Great." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., supports Mrs. Robson. The stories depict different years in the life of Russia's great queen.
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Street ____________________________

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State ____________________________

HALL OF FAME* on the air Sunday night—10-10 E.S.T.—WFAF and K.B.C. coast-to-coast look-up
They Danced Through the Studio Gates

[Continued from page 49]

lovely recent graduate of the stage. In "Take a Chance" and "Ladies Must Love," Miss Knight found that motion picture cameras take kindly to her slender, supple grace.

Now here is a bit of a secret: When Greta Garbo appeared as a dancer in "Mata Hari" and performed that graceful Japanese chonchka, the public roared approval of this new and heretofore undiscovered Garbo talent. Actually, that dance was done by Miss Knight, doubling for Greta.

June is still under twenty-one years of age, but she has had a career considering her brief span of life, including a feature role in Florencz Ziegfeld's "Hochha," which she enacted at the age of eighteen.

To write of dancing stars and not to mention Ginger Rogers would be no less blundering than to draw a map of the United States and omit Texas or California. Ever since Ginger won the Texas Charleston championship, to the accompaniment of applause that almost unroofed Dallas theaters, she has been a hot favorite of worshippers of modern foot-rhythm.

As a result of the contest, Ginger was contracted for a vaudeville tour, surrounded by a chorus of red-heads. Unlike Joan and Ruby and Lilian and June, Miss Rogers has never danced in a chorus.

"Eddie Foy, Jr., taught me to dance the Charleston," Ginger says. "And when that Texas contest took place, I entered. I was a Fort Worth girl and the finals took place in Dallas. Because the two cities are jealous rivals, I believed I had little chance to win, since the winner was to be chosen by applause.

"I was the only one to win. The Dallas crowd gave me the biggest hand."

After several months of vaudeville troup- ing, Ginger landed in St. Louis, where for 32 weeks she headlined a show with Ed Lowry. It was while she was dancing in St. Louis that she was offered an opportunity to go to that heaven of vaudeville dancers—Broadway, New York. But her mother decided that little Miss Rogers was too young yet to try the "big time." Of course, Ginger eventually did land in New York, for those fast-moving legs could not have failed to reach Broadway. Her experience there was not unlike that of other successful stars who have danced, instead of climbed, up the fame-ladder. She soon reached stage stardom—and then Hollywood called. And when Hollywood calls, big or small, they all answer.

An amazing number of stars, old, new, and not-yet arisen, but-apparently-headed-to-the-right-way, started as dancers. Marion Davies, Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Lee, Maidéle Dietrich, Fifi D'Orahy, Lilyan Tashman, Lyda Roberti, June Clyde, Rochelle Hudson, Miriam Jordan, Joan Marsh and June Vlaske—why, even Mae West once lifted her knees—and first-row-sitters' eyes—in a chorus. That was before Mae found that "fame could be had" another way.

At any rate, it would appear that "those who dance" don't need to pay the fiddler—if they don't dance well enough. The fiddler, along with the barber and the butcher and the candlestick-maker will be paying to see the dancers; paying to see them on the Silver Screen.

Maybe that is why director Robert Z. Leonard, who megaphoned "Dancing Lady," advised the chorus girls who appear in that picture to "keep on dancing; some of you may some day be stars!"
The Four Big Shots of Hollywood

[Continued from page 15]

of her dressing room.

Forgiven her publicity flail, Katy is a right nice young girl, very earnest, very ambitious and very intelligent. What has made her the big box office draw she is today? Why do you like her—or do you? She isn’t pretty and she isn’t exactly “one of us.” No, I think the Hepburn popularity is a hang-over from the Garbo craze. No one knows much about her private life—there’s a lot of conjectures and a lot of rumors—but no one really knows, and Katy doesn’t say much about it. That makes her mysterious.

Altogether different from her big shot sisters is Mae West. Hers is universal appeal. There are those who say that Katy is too plain and intelligent for a screen star, and that Janet is too sweet, and that Marie mugs too much—but everybody seems to like Mae. At first the studio thought that only men would like the Western humor, the curves, and the seductive swish, and that Mae would probably be a one-picture personality. But—surprise! Everybody, the rich and the poor, tiny tots and totting grandmas, bankers, college presidents and garbage collectors, all piled in to see Mae West do him wrong—not once but twice. High school kids, who rarely go for Mae’s kind of pictures, started saying “Come up and see me sometime,” and ladies in perambulators in Central Park say “You fascinate me,” to their wooly bunnies.

There’s no mystery about Mae, who is certainly a gal who has quite openly seen things and been places—including jail. Mae, with her lack of restraint, her naturalness, her delightful abandon, her wicked eyes and naughty hips is what we’d like to be. Fate and Civilization and Grandmother hadn’t interfered.

Janet Gaynor and Marie Dressler have been box-office draws for so long that it isn’t news any longer.

No mud can be slung at Janet—millions of fans would rise in defense. Of course, Janet gets very tired of playing these goody-goody little girls and princesses who can never be bad or dramatic, and just to please her, the studio once let her play a “bad woman”—but it wasn’t very successful. Janet resigned herself to being good and pure for the rest of her screen career.

Marie’s tremendous draw is because she is the most folksy every-dayish player on the screen—and has been for years. There is absolutely no glamour, no mystery about Marie—it’s just good old Marie, who is common and wholesome and hearty. She’s “one of us”—she’s “just folks”—and we love her.

No, there really isn’t much to be said that hasn’t been said about Janet and Marie. Janet’s “Paddy the Next Best Thing” broke records every place it played last fall, and when Marie Dressler’s “Tug-Boat Annie” played the Capitol Theatre in New York, it grossed $6,000 at the box-office in one week; which figure has been surpassed only once—by Greta Garbo. Which calls to mind the thought that once Garbo starts turning out pictures again, there might be a bit of shuffling and sparring among the big four. She might de-throne Katy or Janet or Marie. There are those who say that she can again be the sensational hit she was up to the time she went to Sweden, and there are those who say she can even surpass herself. Well, anyway, it won’t be long before we find out. “Queen Christina” is now ready for release.

TWO MONTHS LATER—Jean’s back home

NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOU AND BILL. BEEN SEEING A LOT OF HIM?

JEAN, HOW QUEER YOU LOOK! IT ISN’T….I COULDN’T REALLY HAVE “B.O.”

WE’RE ALL GUILTY AT TIMES, DEAR. I PLAY SAFE—WHY DON’T YOU USE LIFEBUOY, TOO?

“B.O.” GONE good times ahead!

SORRY I WOKE YOU, JEAN. BUT I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU—BILL WAS AROUND LAST NIGHT!

AND I TAKE IT HE’S COMING AGAIN SOON. CONGRATULATIONS, DEAR. AND DID I TELL YOU—LIFEBUOY’S GRAND FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO.

Combats TWO winter foes

ENEMY NO. 1—cold, biting winds that roughen and irritate the skin. Lifebuoy lather soothes—cleanses, gently!

ENEMY NO. 2—close, stuffy rooms that make it easy for “B.O.” (body odor) to offend. Lifebuoy lather purifies— deodorizes pores. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you this rich lather stops “B.O.”
Star? Director? Author?
[Continued from page 25]

may not coincide with the other fellow's. And think of my social ostracism if I should presume to find fault with any of our lovely ladies!"

His eyes gleamed as they dropped to his lap and I smiled at the thought of Fredric March being perused by any of our queens' disfavor.

But, one by one as I mentioned names, he murmured, as though musing: "Beauty . . . mystery . . . publicity . . . figure . . . sex appeal . . . contagious humor . . . rugged physique . . . photography . . . and thus disposed of the glorified personalities.

"I think that many of these girls are competent, you understand," he qualified. "It's just that they are greater as personalities. This has been stressed to such a point that they would have to sacrifice much that personality does for them in order to become great thespians.

"Katharine Hepburn!" he said decisively, when I asked him to bestow an accolade. "I lack the vocabulary to express my enthusiasm. She is truly great. Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer and my wife, Florence Eldridge, I also consider exceptionally fine actresses.

Here is King Vidor's viewpoint on the subject:

"Stupid acting can ruin the best story, unless the direction is skillful. But good acting can't redeem a poor story," Mr. Vidor began. "And if a director knows his business he can put over any story, even with unskilled actors.

"There is too much standardization now. We have these infernal copycat cycles of backgrounds. Back in 1914, when I began, picture people were creating out of themselves. But the individual urge and the idealism have been lost—almost. Stardom is unduly stressed. Consequently there is little progress.

"The exceptions come in the case of certain directors who dominate story and cast. Often I drop into a neighborhood theater to find an unannounced premiere on the screen, directing one scene. I recognize a Lubitsch film, or a von Sternberg, or a DeMille. Such men, who write their own stories or adaptations supervise lighting and photography, act out each scene, and impress the personal touch on everything.

"Directors should know acting, screen structure, and the technical aspects. They should also be executives—in short, understand the motion picture's individual laws. The best productions are made from original material. Such writers realize the necessity of creating what I call 'the audience wish,' an ideal, the reaction of hope. Each spectator sees a reflection of himself in the story; it is a vicarious achievement for him," Mr. Vidor concluded.

"Much should be left to the imagination, by suggestion and under-emphasis. Characters must be believable. The audience must care what happens. This, I think, explains the recent reaction against a surfeit of extreme sophistication, too surreal a contrast to the average woman's monotonous life.

"The movie has a terrific force and power that are being used," Mr. Vidor complained. "Remember 'The Birth Of A Nation,' 'Intolerance,' 'The Clansman' and 'The Covered Wagon'? Epics expressed in individual lives. No longer do people stand up in a theater and cheer, as they used to do.

"We lost a great director in F. W. Murnau. 'Sunrise' was sheer genius. Miss Hepburn has given us 'Morning Glory,' to sustain our hope. 'Night Flight' has the appeal of something novel technically.

="So often preview reaction surprises us. "Kaij" was a great story that did not reach the screen as a great film; yet I understand that during production enthusiasm was high.

"Frequently I retake scenes after getting the audience response. The American public, determined to act manly, seems ashamed of its emotions. People laughed hysterically at the sad ending of 'The Big Parade,' so we had to shoot another, softening the tragedy. Also for 'The Stranger's Return.'

"After a sustained suspense, one can't tack on a humorous ending, either. The immediate release of emotion destroys the previous mood. Humor is ticklish, anyhow. We can't realistically show a comician crying; the audience sees him funny only.

"Either cast by the type, choosing the player because of looks or personality, or by the actor," Mr. Vidor added. "That is, I consider the personality of the part or the personality of the actor. The two don't often blend. The character always has to be made to fit Wally Beery, for instance.

"And now for Miss Marion's reactions: The small moments of life are the big ones." Frances Marion summarized her views. "We Live in the Now. And surprise counts a lot. The suspense of 'State Fair' had me all on edge. Henry King did a wonderful thing, in making us care intensely that that darn pig would win.

"To me, the director is first, the story second, the actor last. 'Cavalcade' was excellent in all three respects. King Vidor made the unimportant story of 'The Champ' into a very human document. Director George Hill and I agreed before starting 'The Big House' that everything should be secondary to the mood. Our intention was to create a tragedy of sympathy, the black monotony and hopeless-ness of prison. 'Min and Bill' was tailored to personalities. I always write a character for Marie Dressler.

"We had to retake the endings of both 'The Big House' and 'Hell Divers' because, though logical, they left one in a depressed mood. If not exactly 'happy,' the end should raise some hope; at least exalt the spectator with a sense of worthy sacrifice.

"People are all a lot braver than they pretend; we only think we are cowardly at times. Look at the grand way everybody reacted to the late—well, not quite yet late—depression. But our code prevents our pulling around about bad things. So we express it by going to the movies for a good cry. After nineteen years of screen.
writing, I still enjoy a heartfull weep when something goes wrong on the screen. But we must all be uplifted with a promise of happiness, even if it is only by some symbol.

"I do think that we need more reality and less conversational dexterity. There's too much smart wisecracking. One or two such artificial pictures amused. However, we must show people as earnest shadows, as they really would like to be. And few women actually desire to fretter their lives away in blasé unconventionality; in caviar-chatter."

Miss Marion chose as super-directors Lubitsch, George Hill, King Vidor, Frank Lloyd; also Frank Borzage for his tenderness and Henry King for his delightfully entertaining sophistication.

"Frank Lloyd has a sensitiveness, an artistic restraint; witness the charming 'Berkeley Square.' King Vidor made humanity speak in 'The Crowd.' His 'Hal-letujah' was a great picture, but it came before its time, and during the transition to sound, it would be a sensation if first released today. 'Eskimo,' directed by W. S. Van Dyke, achieves much the same result, in a totally different sphere. The soul of a people becomes articulate."

Miss Marion's favorite players are Paul Muni, Marie Dresler, Katharine Hepburn and, despite that absurd public fixation of her as a childlike sweetheart, Mary Pickford.

And now, do you agree with these three who know pictures so well?

**Gloria Stuart**

[Continued from page 19]

order that they may live in what they call "compassionate divorce." It is a planned separation. They figured it might come even before they were married three years ago, when Gloria was writing for a newspaper at Carmel, an artist's colony on the northern California coast, and Gordon Newell, her husband, was working in his sculptor's studio there.

"I don't know why on earth people can't be sensible about marriage," says Gloria, deep earnestness in her blue eyes. "Oh, that isn't quite true, of course. I do know why. Love is the most powerful emotion we have, and it's pretty hard to be sensible about it. But factories don't design automobiles according to emotion, farmers don't plant crops when their emotions say it would be a good time to plant. In other things, people try to think, to work things out with their brains instead of their feelings. Why don't we put more thought into our love relationships? Maybe all that's wrong with marriage is that we don't think about it enough. Marriages differ. One isn't like another. Each must have its own special plan. I know that, the very day Gordy and I got married."

This modern generation! Gloria belongs to, all right! And still her realistic outlook, which might strike anybody who didn't know her personally as being cold-blooded, doesn't change for an instant the fact that her marriage is so romantic as it can be. Gloria was a student at the University of California when she met Gordon. Coming from a wealthy family, as she does, she knew that her parents wouldn't like the idea of her marrying a far-from-rich young artist with his name still to make, so she settled the matter—promptly—by eloping with him! And if an elopement isn't romantic, in this day and age, then nothing is! It was a runaway marriage right out of a book, all moonlight and stardust.

---

**There's a BARGAIN IN BEAUTY at your grocer's**

What a thrill it is to slip into these modern clothes—so flattering to delicately moulded curves. To know, as you wear them, that your face is as lovely as your figure, your eyes bright with health and happiness!

To look well in the new styles, many of us must reduce. In dieting, be sure your menu contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. This condition may endanger both health and complexions. It may be corrected by eating a delicious cereal.

Just ask your grocer for a package of Kellogg's All-Bran—rich in "bulk" and vitamin B to aid regular habits. All-Bran is also a good source of iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in All-Bran is much like that in leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much pleasanter than taking patent medicines!

Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
At that time, Gloria insists, "I didn't know for sure that I was going to be an actress. I thought I was going to be a diplomat, but I had a feeling that I should give him up for me, and it isn't right that I should give up mine for him. And still we find it's simply impossible for me to be the way things are."

There's cold common sense, for you!

A husband who is in business, and a wife whose job it is to take care of their home and family, and to work with in their own special rules and regulations, according to Gloria. If both the husband and wife work, that's another. If they're rich, that's another. If there are children, that's another. Every couple must work out a plan for their own particular marriage.

Professional people in Hollywood have their own problems, different from anybody else's. They also don't think they treat them as problems; what is Gloria wants to know. Anybody ought to know from the start, she feels, that two careers under one roof is a recipe for disaster. Look at the dozens of Hollywood divorces which have occurred for just that reason!

"Did you see 'Double Harness'?" Gloria queried. "If you did, you remember hearing Ann Harding say: Marriage is a woman's business. Since it's a business, emotions shouldn't be allowed to interfere with it.'"

When Gordy and I were first married, and living up north at Carmel, that was one situation. Now we're in Hollywood. That's another. We've found conditions in Hollywood make it impossible for us to live together, that's all. So we're simply being sensible about it—no allowing our emotions to interfere with practical, everyday sense.

"Studio schedules require me to work all hours. I have to be on the set at five in the morning. I go work two days and nights without stopping if they say so. When I get home, I'm so tired my bones ache. Can Gordon then expect me to cook his dinner, tidy up the house, and later settle down to an evening of playing hostess to his friends? It wouldn't be fair to me."

"When I do go to bed at eight o'clock every night,"

"(She does, too!" puts in Gordon. "That's not bunk.)"

"Now," Gloria goes on, "look at poor Gordon's way of living. He can work early one day and spend the rest of the day—like they say—reading. He has no emotions. He has to. Only fake artists rave about their 'inspirations,' but that doesn't change the fact that Gordon does have to work when he feels like working."

"At that time," Gloria insists, "I didn't know for sure that I was going to be an actress. I thought I was going to be a diplomat, but I had a feeling that I should give him up for me, and it isn't right that I should give up mine for him. And still we find it's simply impossible for me to be the way things are."

"It can't be done!" you say?

"I think it can," answers Gloria, "and Gordon agrees with me. Maybe we'll end up in a divorce, after all. We don't know. Nobody knows. But we've figured it out as sensibly as we can, and we think we've got an idea that's better than the old-fashioned idea of a woman being the sort of emotional people who can't take a line like the face. As Gordy says, we're getting all the good part of marriage, this—marriage, and no children. We'll see each other only when we're not working, only when we feel fine and want to see each other very much, and only when we're at our best.

"It's just common sense."

So Gloria, calmly and emotionless, with no tears whatsoever, is taking for her own the beautiful house on Millor Road, in the neck that looks down upon Hollywood Boulevard.

And Gordon, who is so strong on the subject of husbands 'kept' by their wives that he has his troops even at this time for the old yellow Merkel which he blasts through town—Gordon is renting, for seven dollars a month, an old shack on the edge of the Silver Lake district, where there is a small artists' colony. It looked like a deserted barn when he first moved in. But he is tearing out the walls, remodeling, stained glass, repainting, building and carving his own furniture. A friend of his, a famous architect, is drawing the plans for them. He had a studio and a house, but for a very few dollars—coupled with lots of work—he is turning a wreck of a house into a thing of beauty.

Wives are shaking their heads. "If they were really in love they wouldn't separate like this," they're saying.

Is that so?

—Living at opposite ends of Holly-

wood as they do, they're having dates several nights a week, already.

As a matter of fact, Gloria has just finished posing for one of the finest pieces of sculpture Gordon's shop has ever turned out. She's posing for a beautiful panel for a door, carved out of the finest hardwoods. So the inspiration never runs out and sometimes they're still in love with each other. The carving, to some extent, is conventionalized and 'modernistic.' The face, especially, has been turned into an albinoid, and it does not particularly resemble Gloria's. But there, in Gordon's new house, immortalized in the gossy shene of rare woods, in Gordon's shop, it looks as though she were just dropping her clothes to take the pose for him—as though, with his sculptors' tools, he had caught her in suspended motion. The relationship brings to mind that between Marlene Dietrich and her sculptor lover, in "Song of Songs." The sculpture is a constant reminder of the two of them.
N. G. in the Garage
Business

[Continued from page 29]

Pardon's voice, "that Warner plays the mandolin and does swell sleight of hand tricks. My husband thinks he's grand, too."

Now a Hollywood fellow who is in love with his wife after sixteen years, who can play the mandolin, do card tricks, cook chili and live in Hollywood without "going Hollywood," must be quite a fellow, don't you think? Speaking of chili, it was my introduction to him. It happened this way:

"Do you like chili?" said the young lady who was taking me across the Fox lot to my noon-time interview with him. "Mr. Baxter has arranged a special lunch-hour for you in his dressing room, but, of course, if you don't like Mexican food he'll take you to the studio commissary."

Well, there wasn't much to do about that. If Warner liked chili, and I wanted to see him at his best, I was simply going to adore it.

And I did. It was food such as I had never tasted before, made with lots of garlic, red pepper, onions, beans, tomatoes and other odds and ends. I ate with Warner and Frankie McGrath, the stunt-man.

The two men served the food, passed the olives, the buns, the salt, the pepper, (mostly pepper!) cleared the table and did everything but wash the dishes. It wasn't until they had finished about three bowls apiece, and I about four, that they broke down and told me that the "special lunch-out" was left-overs from a party the day before for the cast of "As Husband Go." They were a bit ashamed of serving it two days in succession, but they hated to waste it, etc. What they meant was, they loved it!

Well, so did I.

"When I was in school in Columbus, Ohio, I dabbled around with amateur plays," Warner said. "When I got out I found I had to make a living. So I sold farm machinery. It was while doing this I had my first adventure in the game of making a living."

"I was walking down the street in Columbus one day when a fellow tapped me on the shoulder. 'Pardon me,' he said. 'But I want to look at you a moment.' I thought he was crazy, but I stopped."

"He told me that I had the exact physiognomy, the right set to the jaw, the correct eyebrows, eyes, etc., for—well, not motion pictures as you might think—but for qualifying as a special agent of insurance! It seems that a special agent is the guy who steps in and closes the deal after salesmen numbers one and two have lined

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds
—so fast you're amazed!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny," and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. 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 healthy flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolutely money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "TY" 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 free of charge 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 your money refunded. Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.
up a prospect. Insurance companies pick them as they do actors!

"Was I interested? Certainly I gave up my job and went to Hollywood. Connecticut, where I studied insurance and learned the technique of closing prospects. After they thought I knew enough, they sent me to Philadelphia.

"I stayed there long enough to save enough money to go West. I went to Tulsa, Oklahoma and put my money in a Southern auto sales agency and garage. I went broke. And then I started out to do the thing I had always wanted to do."

"The North Theatrical Troupe was playing in Tulsa. And I interviewed a guy who gave me a job doing bits. Pretty soon I was a juvenile at $25 a week, and then a leading man at $55, playing comedy, farce and even a few town halls, all through the Southwest."

"And say," turning to Frankie, "do you know how many Harvey was in the first days of my life. They were carefree—we had no worries. Often we didn’t get paid. The manager would come around and say, ‘how much is your laundry bill?’ $1.50 / O.K. How much is your room? $2.00? O.K., we’ll pay it. And on we’d move.""

"Two years of this and Warner decided he was ripe for Hollywood. He had saved $250, which he spent like nothing when he hit the cinema town. Pretty soon he was starring in an attic room on North Las Olas Avenue, pulled a down the movie flag and went into Los Angeles where his "great dramatic training" in the tank scenes raised him to a job again as bit man, with the Oliver Morosco company."

"Those were the glamorous days of the Morosco Theater. Edmund Lowe, Richard Dix, others who were to make names for themselves, were leading men. Winifred Bryson was second woman. Warner and Winifred were the ones to make one more around the corner because it wouldn’t do for her to be seen with a punk like Baxter."

"Lombardi, Ltd., was a good try and Morosco decided to send it to New York. He sent Miss Bryson and Baxter. And in New York they were married, as I have already told you."

"Lombardi, Ltd.," played two years in New York and on the road. Then Warner played leads in some Broadway plays. I can imagine that young Baxter was on top of the crest. That they thought everything would be rosy from now on. But they were doomed to more disappointments. Plays became few and far between.

"Warner was called by Paramount’s Long Island studio to play opposite Jeannette Johnson in a picture. Warner had to play a Peerless Wonder Cream. Figure quickly, easily at little cost. Developments were needed—Gent, Arma, Log—any part. No better is necessary—just say "here’s the ticket." Please me a large bag of your Peerless Wonder Cream sealed and proper, and tell me you will develop a尺寸 Razors of Form by your Home. Home Kitchen! How this Fails! We spend $1 when we give you almost $5. But each for a dime and guarantee to return your dime if not satisfied."

-SUZANNE WILLIAMS

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DEVELOP YOUR FORM

BLACKHEADS

Don't Squash Them! It causes Blemish! Infection! Disfigure Blackheads scientifically, with Lance Pero, stop uncovering Spontaneous, "Shine" your Blackhead, Cleanse, Luminise! Beautiful! Avoid at the guilt quickly—Intensively! Face; smooth, supple, soft, resilient. Medic, 71-12, 117-16, 153-15, 192-24, 210, 258, 297, 336, 375, 414, 453, 492, 531, 570, 609, 648, 687, 726, 765, 804, 843, 882, 921, 960, 1000, 1039, 1078, 1117, 1156, 1195, 1234, 1273, 1312, 1351, 1390, 1429, 1468, 1507, 1546, 1585, 1624, 1663, 1702, 1741, 1780, 1819, 1858, 1897, 1936, 1975, 2014, 2053, 2092, 2131, 2170, 2209, 2248, 2287, 2326, 2365, 2404, 2443, 2482, 2521, 2560, 2600, 2639, 2678, 2717, 2756, 2795, 2834, 2873, 2912, 2951, 2990, 3029, 3068, 3107, 3146, 3185, 3224, 3263, 3302, 3341, 3380, 3419, 3458, 3497, 3536, 3575, 3614, 3653, 3692, 3731, 3770, 3809, 3848, 3887, 3926, 3965, 4004, 4043, 4082, 4121, 4160, 4199, 4238, 4277, 4316, 4355, 4394, 4433, 4472, 4511, 4550, 4589, 4628, 4667, 4706, 4745, 4784, 4823, 4862, 4901, 4940, 4979, 5018, 5057, 5096, 5135, 5174, 5213, 5252, 5291, 5330, 5369, 5408, 5447, 5486, 5525, 5564, 5603, 5642, 5681, 5720, 5759, 5798, 5837, 5876, 5915, 5954, 5993, 6032, 6071, 6110, 6149, 6188, 6227, 6266, 6305, 6344, 6383, 6422, 6461, 6500, 6539, 6578, 6617, 6656, 6695, 6734, 6773, 6812, 6851, 6890, 6929, 6968, 7007, 7046, 7085, 7124, 7163, 7202, 7241, 7280, 7319, 7358, 7397, 7436, 7475, 7514, 7553, 7592, 7631, 7670, 7709, 7748, 7787, 7826, 7865, 7904, 7943, 7982, 8021, 8060, 8109, 8148, 8187, 8226, 8265, 8304, 8343, 8382, 8421, 8460, 8500, 8539, 8578, 8617, 8656, 8695, 8734, 8773, 8812, 8851, 8890, 8929, 8968, 9007, 9046, 9085, 9124, 9163, 9202, 9241, 9280, 9319, 9358, 9397, 9436, 9475, 9514, 9553, 9592, 9631, 9670, 9709, 9748, 9787, 9826, 9865, 9904, 9943, 9982

Stars on the Job (Continued from page 27)

Connie to answer them. She got sore and went out with Conway. Just now the four mentioned are in an almost deserted and deserted area, a rush hour, because the huge place is almost deserted. Empty tables galore. Over against a window one lone couple is sitting. What the busy restaurant is buzzing about today is tuning the place up.

"Oh, by the way," Connie asks them to start to eat, "where's Dan?"

"We'll call the actuary," says Tracy, his face clouding at the mention of Dan’s
name. "He's got a beautiful hangover he's trying to get rid of."

"I like a man who takes a drink once in a while," Arline volunteers, looking distastefully at Spencer.

"I don't mind his drinking," Spencer comes back at her, "but he's a lug. He's no good in spades. One of these days he's gonna get the gate and I wouldn't be surprised if I gave it to him."

Arline turns to Connie: "If you ask me," she observes tartly, "your boy friend's burned up because you went out with Dan the other—" She breaks off suddenly, realizing she has said too much.

This talented quartet is making "Trouble Shooter," Spencer Tracy, Constance Cummings, Arline Judge and Jack Oakie.

"You did what with who?" Tracy demands, glaring at Connie.

"You were working overtime as usual," replies Connie, "so—"

"So you two-timed me with—" Spencer starts, burning up.

"I'm not married to you," Connie retorts angrily. "Not yet. And if I want to go out with—"

"Not with him, you don't," Spencer interrupts furiously. "Not if you want to keep me hanging around."

"If that's your attitude," remarks Miss Cummings felly, as she rises. "I'm not at all sure I want you—hanging around."

Just hanging will suit me," Arline says dryly.

"Bullieve me, that's one scene that is realistically played and I know. It's so realistic Arline can't get out of character when it's finished. "That hangin' goes for you, too, you lug," she snaps at me.

"Wh-h-what have I done?" I stammer, "I asked you to our party six months ago and you promised to take me crabfishing. And have you? I haven't even had a smell of one."

"You don't smell good," I answer. "You wouldn't like the smell at all."

"That's none of your business," she says. "Two or three times a week we sit down to dinner Wes (Wesley Ruggles, her husband) says, "What! No crabfishin'? And it gets tiresome after awhile."

"Well, when you finish this picture," I begin.

"I'll finish tonight," she mutters. "They saw yesterday's rushes. I've been found out."

"Come on," my guide whispers, tugging at my sleeve, "and understand that it's all in the spirit of good, clean fun, let's get out of here before she throws something at you."

At Warner Brothers

ON THE way over to Paramount, I stop in at Warner Brothers' Sunset Studio, where they're making "Easy to Love."

It's the story of a couple—Adolphe Menjou and Genevieve Tobin—who have grown to middle age without a hitch in the lure of their marital happiness. Then John begins to slip. Just a little around the edges, it's true, but a slip's a slip in any man's home and if you don't believe me ask the wives.

500 PEOPLE SHOW HOW TO END Colds IN HALF THE TIME

Average cold lasted 5 days
Pepsonent Antiseptic cut time in half. New rule for avoiding colds

Recently an interesting study was brought to light which shows how Pepsodent Antiseptic can be used to advantage against colds. Of the 500 people studied, 300 were given the regular treatment, while 200 were given Pepsodent Antiseptic. The results were striking. The average cold lasted 5 days in the control group, while in the group given Pepsodent Antiseptic, the average was cut to 2.5 days.

Make $1 do the work of $3

WHEN FIGHTING Colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you much greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

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But as the weather warms up, don't be afraid to try something new. Whether it's a change in diet or a new hobby, embracing change can lead to new experiences and growth. So go ahead and try something unexpected or different from your usual routine. You might be surprised by how much you enjoy it and how it broadens your perspective.

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On the "Easy to Love" set, Edward Everett Horton has an axe to drive dull care away. He is assisted by Genevieve Tobin, Adolph Menjou and Mary Astor.

Then they go to a hotel and register as man and wife. The four grown-ups—or are they—rush after them.

For once the walls of the corridor are a dark-paneled wood instead of the eternal white. Menjou in a tweed overcoat, with the collar turned up in the most approved collegiate style, is in the hall of the inn, outside the red wood crepe suit trimm.

The young love. He has a fire axe with which he intends breaking down the door. His helpmate, la Tobin, is standing anxiously by Horton and Astor rush up. Horton, seeing the axe, thinks Menjou is going to strike Tobin with it. He rushes in and grabs the axe as he turns to Tobin. "There, my darling, did he hurt you?"

"Mind your own business," Menjou shouts.

"You brute," rejoins Horton. "If you've hurt her, I warn you—"

"Is this a private party?" Mary Astor puts in sweetly, "or can anyone join?"

"Paul and Linda," Menjou explains to her, "and they aren't married."

"Why, it's immoral!" exclaims the horrified Astor.

"You should know," retorts Tobin sarcastically. "You are an authority.

"Let's not begin that again," says Menjou wearily, forgetting the children for a moment.

"She has no right to criticize my daughter," Tobin announces with asperity and a dirty look.

"That's quite true," Horton agrees.

"Keep your nose out of my affairs," Menjou orders.

"Affairs is just the word," Genevieve opines, looking meaningly at Astor. It goes on like that for hours. I don't know why they always have to have so much bickering in pictures. I should think people would get enough of it at home. Maybe the producers figure people like to laugh at somebody else's troubles.

Anyway, Mary and Genevieve sure look like a million. Mary has on a rust colored wool, trimmed in dyed mole, with a velvet turban of the same color, and Tobin has on a beige colored coat trimmed in beaver, with a perky little toque, also beaver trimmed. Mr. Horton is robed in a plaid overcoat—belted model—which
shrieks to high heaven of the taste of Sam Hardy—"the same who, at the moment, is giving the conservative Bond Street tailors of London palpitation of the heart.

Leila Bennett, who is practically my favorite comedienne, appears hulky in this epic as the dumb maid in the hotel, but she isn’t working in this particular scene. She is supposed to be on her way to put clean towels in one of the rooms and she comes up with a load of them on her arm.

"Need some towels?" she asks tersely. I glance at her suspiciously but let it pass.

At the Columbia Studios

IT SEEMS foolish to pass by Columbia without going in. The Paul Street Boys" and "Night Bus" are on location but "Let’s Fall in Love" is shooting.

My dears, here is one picture with an absolutely never-been-used before plot. When I start telling it to you, you’ll never, never, NEVER guess what’s coming next——

The Swedish star of the Premier Studios quits in a huff and the director, Ken (Edmund Lowe), and the producer, Max (Gregory Mamon, who is good news, being on the lookout of finding a beautiful Swedish girl who can sing divinely, and who speaks English with a Swedish accent. Weeks of testing follow and no one like Garbo turns up.

One night while Eddie is sunk in the depths of despair and gloom and one thing and another, his fiancée, Gerty (Miriam-no-longer-Mimi Jordan), coax him out to the circus. Eddie, struck with the blonde beauty of Jean Kendall (Harriette Lake) suggests that she work in pictures. She thinks he’s a four-flusher and gives him the cold shoulder. Later, he returns alone, and Eddie—alone—can convince any girl of anything.

He takes her to an old Swedish couple, who teach her Swedish manners, customs and the Swedish language—all in a few weeks. He introduces her to Herr Ratoff as the Swedish nightingale. Max gets her to sign a contract and gets all hot and bothered about his discovery. A coast-to-coast publicity campaign is started and everybody is happy. Everybody but the lady who begins to look at Eddie Lowe’s interest in his discovery is neither platonic nor businesslike. How she ever got that idea I don’t know, but you know how women are. That sixth sense!

Just now Miriam, Eddie, Betty Furness and Anderson Lawlor are having dinner at the Coconut Grove. It’s the finest thing! The orchestra platform is there, there are a couple of palm trees to one side, and back in the corner, behind the orchestra (where the bandleader always puts me) is a table for four with the afore-mentioned people sitting at it. Only writers and unimportant people are ever stuck at those tables, and how the maître d’hotel ever happened to

make a mistake and stick four picture people there can only be explained by the Columbia script department. Maybe it saved reproducing the whole Grove.

Miriam is ravishing in a black satin evening gown "cut low and behold in the front and V de boheme in the back." Instead of the usual silver straps to hold it up here are of gold sequins on flesh colored net. There is some of the same stuff at the neck, reaching from shoulder strap to shoulder strap—but no farther. In back the skirt holds up as best it can. Miss Furness (heaving up surprisingly well in Arthur Lake’s absence) is a tootsie mor sel in a peach satin evening gown, with a little herringbone of gardenias on her hair behind one ear. I can remember when Arthur used to send Loretta Young and Virginia Cherylrit gardenias. Oh, well...

The orchestra is playing and two or three couples (which is all there room for) are dancing in this corner.

"Be a sport, Ken," says Bette to Eddie, "and get Mr. Hopper (that’s Mr. Ratoff) to invite us to the coming-out party he is giving for Sigrid Lund (Harriette Lake—the big foot and voice gal from Sweden). This sounds like the best party of the year. We can’t miss that."

"No, Andy Lawlor puts it. "And say! I’m dying to meet Sigrid Lund. Is she as beautiful as she looks in the papers?"

"Yes," answers Miriam before Eddie has a chance to. "—if you like that frail type. (Carl) Ken does. (Sarcastically to Lowe) Don’t you—darling?"

"Yes, I like her," Eddie responds, purposely ignoring the implication.

"I think she’s the greatest find in years."

Then the bickering starts again, so we’ll skip that. But wasn’t I right? Even after all I’ve told you of the plot you can guess how it’s all going to end.

On the R-K-O Lot

YOU can get from Columbia to R-K-O in less time than it takes to mix a maudlin mix and I don’t mean a minute. Wheeler and Woolsey are doing their stint in an opus cyclept "Hip, Hips, Hooray!"

Somebody tried to tell me the plot but I ask you, have you ever seen a comedy such as they—or even the Marx Brothers—make with a plot? All I know is, the set is part of that Leo Tolstoy’s "Worlds." Only, where, in that other picture, the scene was laid in Greenland or Iceland, now the locale is the Rocky Mountains, and to lend authenticity, they’ve transplanted a few cedar and the pines. It’s a beautiful set, however, and I can stand seeing it twice. Outside the stage is a great pile of crushed ice which a couple of men are trundling inside in wheelbarrows, because ice will bank up to look like snowdrifts, and unbleached cornflakes won’t.

"How much ice are you using for this scene?" I ask Ed Kilby, the assistant director.

"Oh, about fifty tons," Ed guesses.

"Make it two hundred," Mark Sandrich, the director, cuts in. "It sounds more impressive. And, anyhow, we had to get a special permit from the Chamber of Commerce to bring ice to Los Angeles."

All right, Mark. Two hundred tons it is. It does sound impressive. Two hundred tons of crushed ice scraped off the foundations of the local ice plant—all in one day.

A racing car, with "Maiden America" painted all over it, stands at the top of the hill, with this ice banked all around it and looking for all the world like it is stuck in the snow. It was stuck, but whoever has charge of the elements and getting cars stuck in the snow figured without the

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Maiden’s Prayer

a soft smooth skin

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for dinner tonight. And Bunny (Mrs. McDole) is in Frisco again—or yet—and you'll have to eat alone.

"Get off my set," Norman shrieks in a voice rivalling hers. And she walks out of my sight. I tell you the set's closed.

"Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust," I peer.

"Get off my set, woman," the man begins again. It's a screwy picture, they're got screwy sets, everybody in it is screwy, but I'll bet my ticket to the U. S. C. (Wong Wingfoot) football game that I'll call up yonder—at the annual meeting of the Academy—it'll be runner-up, at least, for the best picture of the year. I wouldn't miss it for all those hundreds of thousands of heads that shall roll in the dust.

Not all sets are like Norman's, though. Some are more peaceful than others. For instance, take "Miss Fan's Baby Is Stolen." You could never find a more informal atmosphere than that pervading this stage—when they're talking about how the picture is going it's something else again. It's a tense picture.

Dorotha Wieck plays a glamorous film star on location in Hollywood. She's my old friend, Alice Brady, her husband (Irving Bacon) and her child (Spanky McFarland). Wieck is Alice's idol. Dot returns home that night to see her child—Baby LeRoy. Next morning the child is missing.

The kidnappers (Alan Hale, Dorothy Burgess and Jack LaRue) have taken him to a secret Mexican hideout. All Alice knows is that there are some people there and she wants to be friendly. So she takes some fresh vegetables over. Spanky sees LeRoy carrying his car from the house. LaRue snatches the baby away from Spanky and the door is slammed in Miss Brady's face.

She returns home, puzzled over their strange behavior, and then learns from her husband that Miss Wieck's baby has been kidnapped. Even then she suspects nothing, not when she receives a note from the kidnappers' nervousness and Mr. LaRue's actions are attributable to their possible fear that LeRoy (who she believes is their child) might be found.

But the more she thinks about it the less likely that seems, so she returns to the kidnappers' shack—this time with a pail of milk.

What an awful looking dump it is. The walls are covered with newspapers, yellowed with age. There is a rough board table, covered with oil cloth, a bottle used as a candleholder, a broken down sofa that saggs every place a sofa can sag, an oil stove and a curtain made from old sacks.

Hale and Burgess are in another room. I can hear them talking and laughing as Hale tells how clever he has been about throwing the police. LeRoy sits alone on the sofa, looking wonderingly towards the door where the laughter comes from. The outer door opens and his father enters. Upon atting the door, Alice enters hurriedly and starts to pick him up. Then she hears Hale coming and puts him down again.

"Police again? Nobody told him to do that—it was his own idea. But Hale hasn't finished his story, so he re- enters the room where Burgess is and Alice is talking to the baby. I imagine her surprise to discover they have stained his skin and darkened his hair.

"Cut," orders Al Hall. "Hi, Dick. Seen that lug of a Jimmie Dunn lately?"

"Al and Jimmie are great pals—or they were until Jimmie found that Al had even more girls than he. When he learned

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To Be Given to Some Man or Woman

There is a concern in Cincinnati, Ohio, that will give $3,500.00 to any man or woman who answers their announcements during their upcoming publicity program. Tom Wood, Manager for this company, said: "I would give all the money to anyone, I would like to know whether wisely the $3,500.00 will be used. Some people say that money offers freedom, but of course I wouldn't be showing this if it was to all the thousands of hundreds of heads that shall roll in the dust.

Now, Mr. Wood wants to find out. That's why he asks you to answer this question: "What DEBT Do You Have with $3,500.00 If I Give It to You?"

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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. T-313, Rochester, N. Y.
that he couldn't compete with AL, he stopped seeing so much of him. Said AL gave him an inferiority complex. That but that was before AL became engaged to Lola and it all changed now. My one wish is that this time Lola will find the happiness that eluded her before.

PARMAwont be an old say, "God bless you, like chickens, come home to roost." Just because I held a kind thought for Lola, Alice recognized me. She even remembered jokingly, calling my dark fool because I drank beer when I was on a diet.

"When I get back to M-G-M," she said, "come up and see sometime." Well, I'll ask her.

Spanky, not being in the scene, had been amusing himself during the shooting, by unscrewing one of the camera legs. His mirth, happening to glance in my direction, noselessly slapped his hand and shook her head at him to quit. But Spanky knows who's the star in that family. Not daring to speak for fear of spoiling the scene, he promptly stuck his tongue out at her. From the glint in Mrs. McFarland's eyes, I'll venture she won't get star billing when she gets him home.

Paramount has three other pictures shooting—"The Search for Beauty," featuring Larry Crabbie (formerly Buster, but who now wants to be known as an actor instead of a cameraman) and Ida Lupino (who almost got the part of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland")—but didn't, "Death Takes a Holiday" (starring Fredric March) and "Catherine, the Great," starring la Dietrich. All of them are on location. But next month, ladeeze and gen- nius, a true and authentic account of these pictures—and my quips—will positively appear on these pages.

At Warner's Other Studio

THE sun blazed down as I left the Paramout Studio, bringing beads of moisture to my forehead and spots of perspiration out on my new white linen suit. With a muttered impeachment on the flawless Cali- fornia weather—flawless even in November!—I flipped a coin to see whether Warner Brothers and Universal or Fox and M-G-M should be the next subject of my gaze with my present presence. Warners and Universal won. Lucky devils.

As I parked the car and trotted across the lot, I had new evidence of Cali- fornia's eternal summer. Blackbirds began darting at me from all directions, eyeing me balefully. "You must be under amber oaks and pay me the slightest attention to my 'Shoo' and 'Scat!'" When I indignantly voiced my displeasure, on getting inside the publicity office, I learned that the birds only build their nests in hot weather and all they wanted with me was a few hairs. A few hairs, indeed! And me paying Helen Clark's reputation a tidy sum each month to grow more!

"There's not much doing out here just now," they lamented. "We've only got a few stories shooting—'Mandalay,' with Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot; 'Massacre,' starring Richard Barthelmess and 'Hi, Nellie,' starring Paul Muni. You've already been out to Sunset Studio and seen it. Easy to Love." My! How news travels out here.

The "Mandalay" set is simple. Just the exterior of the hotel in an im- plicated plot—one of those South Seas and Mandalayana affairs. Kay is Ricardo Corn- zel girl, but when he gets in a tight spot, he needs someone else to be runner—"so help him runner—in payment of his debt. She finally escapes and boards a vessel for Mandalay. En route she meets Lyle Talbot, a young doctor, on board ship. Lyle is immediately attracted to her and she to him.

Kay's recountal of the plot is interrupted by a call to arms—or a call to camera. It's all the same.

Lyle is knocking at the door of her state- room. At first she pays no attention, so he knocks again. Louder, please.

"Who is it?" Kay asks.

"I," Lyle answers—as though she would know who "I" was. "I was just wondering if you're ready for dinner?" he continues.

"I didn't hear the gong," Kay says, opening the door a little and standing on the threshold. She didn't even ask him to come in. "Did it ring?" she goes on.


"You go ahead," Kay urges him. "I'll be along shortly.

"All right," Lyle agrees reluctantly.

Well, he tried, didn't he? The unfor- tunate thing is that dinner doesn't always mean as much to people on shipboard as it does on land.

"Mike—Mike," Kay yells for Michael Curtiz, the director, when the scene is finished.

I thought for a moment, maybe Kay was going to have a baby, too (that would have been three this month who weren't ex- pected) and from all accounts of the plot she easily could have—but it was nothing serious as that.

"What is this?" Mike asks.

"When he knocks," Kay explains, "I say 'Who is it?' and then he's supposed to say his name. What is his name?"

The exact scene witnessed by old snooper Mook, as Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot make "Mandalay."

Fine thing! They've been shooting three weeks on this picture and she doesn't even know the name of the man she's supposed to marry at the end of it. Another fine thing! Neither do Curtiz. They had to ask the script girl.

Kay looked very fetching in a tight fitting, sleeveless yellow organdy trimmed in black embroidery. I wiped my heated brow and gazed resentfully at her. Why can't men wear cool, summery things like that.

Oh, well, skip it.

"How's it?" Lyle asks as he comes up.

"How should I know in this heat?" I re- tor.

"What's all this about you and Judith Allen? I wish you'd heaven you'd yourself a girl and keep her for more than a week. I've got enough worries without trying to keep track of your romances.

"Nothing to it," Lyle. "I used to work in a small stock company with her. When she came out here she happened to be staying at the same apartment hotel as I and we ran into each other. When I was away on location, she and her mother were very nice to my parents, who were alone out here, and I appreciated it. And when I had my automobile accident the studio wanted me to make pictures with somebody acting as nurse, she came up in
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Silver Screen for February 1934

nurse's uniform and posed with me and that's all there is to it. Just good friends."

All right, Mr. Talbot, but take care. If you go out with Master Tom Brown or any other actor ever gives me that "Good friends" stuff again I'm going to shoot to kill. I'm what my old negro mammy calls "short-patietened."

From the set of "Mandalay" I trickle over to Stage 5 and drip off. Stage 5 is the "process" stage and Gentleman Dick—yes, I'm a Gentleman—has there to work there on "Mercy."

Usually that stage is closed to visitors because they don't want their trick shots given away. Whadda I care?"

"Halst, Dick?" I shout, not noticing that the cameras are turning. I didn't remain in ignorance of that fact long, me tell you myself.

"Swell," he says when the shot is finished. "I'm more enthused over this picture than any I've had in ages."

"You look like Tom Mix at the height of his glory," I accuse him, because usually Dick is the scene of good taste in his clothes and now he's got on one of those tall ten gallon hats and his car fairly screams for attention.

"I'm supposed to be something like that," he announces triumphantly. "I'm a Sioux Indian who has been taken from his Iowa reservation by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and educated in Haskell College. After I graduate I become a rodeo rider."

Then I'm taken up by a sext-ridenrity girl—Cline Dodd—who manages to make quite a hero of me. Dick's eyecups dropped suddenly at this last announcement.

"Swell sunburn you've got, Dick," I murmur meaningly.

Dick grins and calls me something which I hope I have misunderstood.

"Just about this time," he continues, "I learned that my father was dying and I go to the Indian reservation to see him. I've been riding at the Fair and I'm just leaving."

"Did you say you're a rodeo rider?" I inquire.

"Yes," says the unsuspecting star.

"Do you do the riding?" I persist.

"You'll see," says Dick blandly, "when the picture is released."

Well, I say for Mr. Bartholomew there are darned few things he can't do, and it wouldn't surprise me if he went over the back of a galloping horse, or leaning from the saddle to snatch a handkerchief off the ground.

Heat or no heat, a Mook always comes through, so I stroll over to give Mr. Paul Muni the benefit of my expert views on his acting. Unfortunately, Mr. Muni is not on speaking terms. We've never even been introduced.

But Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and I are not better than juggling terms. We're on bawling out terms. Witness:

"What about that story you were going to do on me?" Mervyn asks without so much as a bow for the handbag which was opened up in dinner and said you were going home and write a swell yarn."

"That's right," I agree. "I did go home but when I got there you'd given me so much food I fell asleep and when I woke up next morning I'd forgotten everything you'd said. I'm going to come again sometime and we'll write it while I'm there."

"Nix," says Mervyn. "You just want another fee. I'll come up to your place.

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Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? Learn about my perfected invention. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands by assisting in relieving and curing many cases of relapsing hernia. It has Automatic Air Cushions which bind and draw the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No noxious springs or pads. No salts or ointments. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Send package of two, a trial-size package of Golden Treatment. Will be sent as long as you live that you did it. Address Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 835 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Then I know you won't get so much to eat you'll fall asleep.”

Well, Mr. LeKov, I must say. “Hi, Nellie” (the picture in question) is all about the managing editor (Muni) of a newspaper. Just Canfield has been appointed to investigate a corrupt political ring, but just before the inquiry gets under way he disappears and, at the same time, his bank fails, with a shortage of $50,000. (This all happened before President Roosevelt stopped banks from failing.) All the other papers jump to the conclusion that Canfield has absconded, but Muni thinks it may be a frame-up. So, while he prints the facts, he doesn't link the disappearance and the bank failure.

Next morning Mr. Muni is summoned to the office of the publisher (Berton Churchill). As he enters, he encounters one of the crooks (Edward Ellis), who is just leaving. Confidently, Mr. Ellis has a finger in the pie of Judge Canfield's disappearance and, naturally, he was overjoyed when the papers intimated the Judge had absconded. Mr. Muni's failure to be displeased Mr. Ellis very much. Accordingly he—er—the throws the hook into Paul—right in front of Paul's boss.

"Hello, Bradshaw," says Ellis to Paul as they bump into each other. "That was a splendid piece of journalism you turned in last night," he adds sarcastically. Then he shakes his head pityingly from side to side and suddenly bursts into a fit of raucous laughter as he goes out, closing the door after him.

Paul—(you don't mind my calling you "Paul" do you, Mr. Muni?) Paul looks after the vanishing figure and then jerks his head towards the door as he turns to Churchill. "What's O'Connell up to now?" he wonders. But he never finds out because Mr. Churchill, blue in the face with rage, unburdens himself of a few uncomplimentary opinions of Paul.

That's not all the picture, though. There are thrills, chills, horrors and whatnots. And, whether he needs it or not, any

Paul Muni and Edward Ellis, with the air full of menace, at the filming of "Hi, Nellie."

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Dean Markham and Irene Hervey in "The Comeback," which is an appropriate title for Irene's return.
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Over at Universal

Before the effects of lunch have worn off good I find myself here. My lucky day. Only two companies shooting—"The Poor Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton, and "Two Clucks" starring Slim Summerville and Zane Grey.

As Mr. Horton is working at Warner Brothers today, they have to shoot around him, so the company has gone on location. Most of "Two Clucks" are also on location, so I don't have to do any work at Universal.

M-G-M Humming With Action

By taking a short cut over Highland Avenue, instead of going all the way around through Bunker Hill, I manage to get to M-G-M in fifteen miles and thirty-five minutes. My luck still holds. Only one company going—"The Cuckoo." This picture is noteworthy because it marks Irene Hervey's second picture, and I'm still in a dither from her first one (she played Franchot Tone's wife in "The Stranger's Return").

Otto Kruger is the most spectacular and successful criminal lawyer in New York. Irene has been trying for days to see him to interest him in her (Sam's Hinds). Ben Lyon, the junior partner, has fallen for Irene and intercedes with Otto (and you don't mind my calling you "Otto") do you. Mr. Lyon refuses to be interested in what he designates as a cheap murder case. Hinds is to be tried for the murder of his wife—Irene's stepmother.

To get rid of her and to hush Ben, Otto finally consents to see the girl—and promptly forgets his promise in a Florida speakeasy. Weeks later he gets around to glancing at the papers and finds that the case has been demolished, and discovers that the murdered woman is someone he has once loved and who had hurt him deeply. He goes berserk, disappears in a fog of whiskey and a week later is found nearly dead of pneumonia on a certain grave in a nearby cemetery.

There are many situations, plots and counter-plots before (Tales of the Unknown) Tablets gives a pardon for Hinds, who has, in the meantime, been sentenced to die.

The pardon hasn't come through yet and Hinds sits in his cell in prison, reading the Bible. As her pardon comes along the corridor escorting Irene. He motions to another guard inside the death row, who opens the gate, clamps it shut, locks it and guides Irene to her father's cell.

Any man should be willing to die if the last thing he could see would be Irene as she looks out the window of the carriage dressed in black velvet. Sam continues reading his bible and Irene stands at the bars, heartbroken, watching him. Suddenly he looks up from his book.

"Daddy," she whispers.

Hinds gets up, goes over to the bars, reaches through them and embraces her.

"Try it again," the director orders. "And this time, Sam, don't you start crying, too. She's the one to cry. You've got to be brave and comfort her and make her feel that any way it turns out everything is going to be all right.

"Say," one of the technicians pipes up, "you'd better make a note to have the sound of that gate closing, when she comes in, re-dubbed. It sounds like one of my screen doors instead of an iron prison gate!"

I stay long enough to be introduced to Irene and then learn to my chagrin that the Sheikh of Hollywood, Dean Markham, is already the head man there.

Last, But Not Least—Fox

One more studio and another month's stint is behind me. I breeze into the Fox publicity office and my heart does nips-ups as I learn that only one picture is shooting here, too. What a day! My luck can't hold forever, though, and my heart quivers down when I see the picture is "Carolina" starring Janet (Six Lumps) Gaynor.

I will say that this picture has more plot than most of M-G-M's, and it affords her better acting opportunities.

Robert Young is the last male representative of an aristocratic and distinguished Southern family in the year yesteryear's glory. His mother (Henrietta Crossman) and his uncle (Lionel Barrymore) uphold the old traditions and dignity, even though the plaster in their mansion is cracked and there is scarcely enough money to buy groceries.

A family of poor Pennsylvanians (wouldn't you just know that would be Janet's folks) move on to the plantation, knowing nothing of raising cotton, they plant tobacco. The man dies and the daughter (Janet, of course) Carruthers.

She and Bob Young become interested in each other, and Janet tries to interest him in planting tobacco, insisting that he will make enough money from it to restore the former glory of the place. But Miss Crossman wants her son to marry a rich girl. When the banks call for more money, she insists that Bob leave for Charleston and arrange a marriage. She accepts the rich girl's bankers are making to take over the place. Then she sends for Janet.

The meeting occurs in the library of the old home. It's a bright, cheerful room. Shelves filled with books reaching to the ceiling on all sides—except for a comparatively small space occupied by the fireplace. Lovely, colonial furniture. Miss Crossman has her hair piled high on her head, and dressed in a figured black dignity, looks every inch the aristocratic Southern grande dame. Janet looks as she does in the early sequences of all her pictures (it isn't time yet for her to appear in her party dress), wistful, appealing, the pawn of fate—a badly treated pawn.

"It's just wonderful, Mrs. Connelly," Janet bursts out with girlish enthusiasm. "You wanted to hear about the crop, didn't you? You would be a guardian of the acres into tobacco. Why, Mr. Richards, the stockbroker, is so excited he wants to go into partnership with me next year. He says—"

"You saw Will (Bob Young) last night after we talked," Miss Crossman interrupts. "Yes," Janet admits—after a slight pause. "Didn't we settle that you wouldn't do that?" Miss Crossman persistently.

"I said I couldn't—promise, Mrs. Connelly," Janet whispers.

"I advised you not to see him," Miss Crossman goes on. "Yes," Janet admits.

"Are you going to see him again?" Janet hesitates a second and then, "I'm going to see him this morning."

Don't worry, Janet only has to be brave through two or three more reels and then she'll get him. And that should be a big load off the minds of a very large portion of the theatre-going public.

Cheerio! See you next month.
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Miss Loy's frock is fashioned of sheer wool, tiny checks in sort of wood brown shades; the collar is white pique, and the buttons and belt buckle white bone. The flower of white pique is ready made, and can be purchased at any shop, or may be omitted altogether. You need not select wool—if you prefer a frock of silk crêpe or faille, you will find this model just as smart in either fabric. The Spring color chart includes such intriguing shades as Bois de rose, Chinese red, dull brick, green in fairly light tones, blue—also in the Chinese manner, and Patou's much discussed "wild blackberry." With any of these delightful colors you may vary white, flesh or cream for contrast.

Miss Loy's frock, Pattern SS 112, may be ordered only in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 54 inch fabric and 3/4 yard 36 inch contrasting. By the way, better send for the new Spring Pattern Book. You will find some of the smartest frocks of the season in it—for afternoons, evenings and sports—and many clever suggestions that will save you money.

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MALA, THE ESKIMO.

BROADWAY is my bookshelf. The theatres are the books and the gay marquees are the gaudy wrappers. If I want to read a thrilling story, action, action! here's the Strand, with James Cagney, to read. Romance is there, on my shelf, with "Little Women," and comedy and travel are there, too. In fact, "Eskimo" has given me an idea:

When you see this great story of the Arctic you will see more than a travelogue. Even though the settings are marvelous and the actors are splendid, the world of self-consciousness is not what a camera was, nor what a picture was, nor a screen. So they did their parts with that perfect pose which the greatest actors long for.

We hope that some of our Hollywood friends will see this film and think deeply upon this point, and then, when next they are before the camera, let them seek to carry on the technique of Malar.

Or, perhaps it would be better to send for these people of the north to come to Hollywood, and send our beloved Hollywood actors to the Arctic Circle. B-r-r-r!

There is an absorbing topic for argument here. They were not acting, therefore it is not Art.

Nature in the raw is never Art.

"Eskimo" also is a vindication of the silent pictures. The picture talks, to be sure, but in the Eskimo tongue. The cadence of the language of these simple people is fascinating, and the scattered English titles are mere to explain the story. The use of the third person "One is happy to give to a friend," lends a poetic quality to the titles. Sound is useful and no silent picture could have the full flavor of this masterpiece—and here is the tip. Sound does not have to be understood. Remember Mac West's loving love noises?

See "Eskimo" for its simple greatness. It shows why Rockwell Kent and other artists love the Arctic—it shows how actors should act, and best of all it shows how delightful women are when they have nothing to say about anything.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. She was last seen in "The House on 59th Street." (5, 8)
2. She played opposite Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness." (9)
3. A Japanese coin. (10)
5. First name of RKO player. (8)
6. The radio operator in "Night Flight." (10)
7. Joan Crawford's constant companion. (8)
8. Here to bring "The Last Man." (initials) (10)
9. The press agent in "Dinner at Eight." (10)
10. She played with Richard Dux in "Forever Faithful." (10)
11. The character Jeannette Westmiller made famous. (4, 7)
12. She was born in London. (8)
13. Devout of faith. (5)
14. Contraction of "I am." (5)
15. Measured distance on earth's surface (abbr.) (5)
16. Her next picture is "Laughing Boy." (9)
17. The clear blue of the sky. (5)
18. Head covering. (5)
19. A period of time. (8)
20. A narrow street. (5)
21. Esther. (4)
22. A highly advertised radio crime club. (9)
23. A vehicle. (5)
24. An Indo-China dialect. (8)
25. Bare. (4)
26. It returns to the screen in "Blood Money." (6)
27. Vitagia Banning in "Dr. Buhl." (7)
28. "Cradle song" is her first American picture. (8)
29. The new he-man lover of the screen. (5)
30. A well-known character actor. (7)
31. She's in "Roman Scandals." (8)
32. A radio baritone (initials). (4)
33. A preposition. (5)
34. Having been. (5)
35. A contraction of "it is." (4)
36. The smallest of the forty-eight states (abbr.). (5)
37. She is the bride of Joel McCrea. (8)
38. A popular cough remedy. (7)
39. Day (Sp.). (5)
40. Human being. (6)
41. A man's name. (5)
42. A three toed sloth. (5)
43. A former Hollywood vamp (initials). (8)
44. American laundress (abbr.). (10)
45. Court of Appeal (abbr.). (8)
46. A mode of transportation (abbr.). (10)
47. One of Warner's junior stars (initials). (10)

DOWN
1. He was the German Professor in "Ever in My Heart." (10)
2. She played opposite Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness." (9)
3. A Japanese coin. (10)
4. Place of worship (abbr.). (4)
5. "The Blonde Bombshell." (10)
6. First name of RKO player. (8)
7. The radio operator in "Night Flight." (10)
8. Joan Crawford's constant companion. (8)
9. Here to bring "The Last Man." (initials) (10)
10. She is the heroine in "Dinner at Eight." (10)
11. The press agent in "Dinner at Eight." (10)
12. She played with Richard Dux in "Forever Faithful." (10)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

JULIE CADET PEARL
E OCTA LO SIO T
ARMY COLOMBIA STORY
N ARABIC TELLING AGE
EAM ST BANA FIN
CARAT ORDENS MARIE
ANDY L ALL S R EEL
RD OBAD L TUNE N
L BARARAT AR LIS I
OR BOMB SHELLS AS
EAGLE G EATERS
WEAR M EAR V MATT
R KY QUARRY R M R
O ALES E EKEN WEIN
YODELL S MARNE

The Cuneo Press, Inc., Chicago
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, pliant 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 on ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.

NOW IS THE TIME! Receive

FREE a beautiful Vanity

It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $—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.
Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

You know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way—the cigarettes are made right—the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's MINDER
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER
—we ask you to try them
"Girls who know this secret always win out" says Irene Dunne

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEAROSE 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... so easy to try... regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer your skin becomes... how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and holds them!

9 out of 10 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.

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"

YOU can have the Charm men can't resist
Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl... pretty clothes... but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!

Don't let
“PINK TOOTH BRUSH”
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

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.

Ipana Troubadours are back every Wednesday evening... 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

Ipana Tooth Paste
Silver Screen for March 1934

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. N-34
12 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enlosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

PINK TOOTH BRUSH
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS
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
C L A U D E T T E C O L B E R T recently had a run-in with a six-year-old that quite embarrassed her. The child, a pretty girl with freckles, had joined the "Night Bus" company while they were on location in Sunland, in the mountains back of Hollywood. All morning the child watched Claudette and Clark Gable with wide, all-seeing eyes. When lunch was called she ankled over to Claudette and said, "I've got on a wig, haven't you?" Claudette nearly fell out of her chair.

"Yes," she agreed. "You see I have to have long hair in this scene and my own hair is cut quite short."

"And you've got paint on your face," Miss Six-Year-Old informed her critically.

"Yes," Claudette agreed, pouting under the close scrutiny and fearing what might come next, "All actresses have to wear paint when being photographed."

"Well," said the child, "I wish I was as cute as you are," and walked away.

Lilyan Tashman has a new theory about a woman's hair—and a darned good theory, too, if you ask us, which you haven't. She thinks a woman will rate more male attention if she takes the trouble to change her hairdress at least twice a year. Not just a lock or a swirl or a curl—but a change so decided that when she enters the living room her husband will jump up and say, "My heavens, what have you done to your hair?"

All is not "prop" on a studio set, as Carole Lombard discovered recently, much to her chagrin. She had to wear a very sheer chiffon negligee for one of her scenes in "Bolero" and, arriving on the set too soon, she looked around for a comfortable place to park herself until she was needed. A block of ice was at hand—the "Night Bus"—but it turned out to be real ice! And was Carole's -er-face red!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT all dressed for the last time. She starts "Cleopatra" in the morning.
Marlene Dietrich

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"
(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)
directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
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—
make a LIVE LASH!

Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones— not one thick, solid tone. Therefore it darkens lashes and makes them look live, glistening, natural. Their silvery, 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.

BLACKHEADS!

DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS! INFECTION! Develop Blackheads, scientifically, refines large pores, stop embarrassing breakouts. WINS! All-ordinary, clear Moody, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying power. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS: LIGHTENS: BEAUTIFIES. Gives you that come-out-at-dusk look which means everything in modern and social life. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staring home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cleansers—send only $1.00 for this unused skin healer.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX TIN ($1.00)

1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON

MAIL

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise will be awarded prizes, $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, and $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

"You're Telling Me?"

Please Pass the Raspberries

First Prize

"WE hear criticism of Garbo's feet, which, we hear, fit comfortably into plus average shoes," writes M. G. Abergen of Granton, Wis., "but, oh, how we would love to be in her shoes and be able to fill them as she does."

Second Prize

"I THINK it was too bad in 'Alice in Wonderland,'" says Helen Cleveland of Winfield Avenue, Baltimore, Md., "that there could not have been just a little tag somewhere on those wonderful creatures, to let us know instantly who they were. I heard folks sitting near me, just as puzzled as I was as to who was who!"

Lewis Carroll would have done it.

Third Prize

ROBERTA BUTTERFIELD of North Troy, Vt., writes "I wish to say that Lionel Barrymore's characterization in 'One Man's Journey' was perfect. My dad is a doctor and takes his pay often in potatoes, wood, chickens, etc. He has practiced over thirty years and often has thought himself a failure. But I know he isn't, for the people tell me how much they respect and trust him. My eyes filled with tears as I watched the lovable actor, Lionel Barrymore, pay tribute to my beloved country doctor."

"WHY not have a picture with nothing but old time favorites in the cast, such as Clara Kimball Young, Norma Terris, Anita Stewart, J. Warren Kerrigan, Blanche Sweet and Francis X. Bushman—all in the same picture?" asks Estelle Urban of E. Ontario St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Good idea. We saw Nita Naldi and Mae Murray at the Garbo opening. They looked wonderful.

What New York newspaper women look like. Gary Cooper and the new bride, see Sandra Shaw, receive the press.
"I WAS born and raised on a farm and I love the country. But I can’t remember when I’ve ever seen a real farm or country picture,” writes Thelma Burger of Rogers Ave., West Springfield, Mass.

Careful, you’ll start a “trend.”

“TOO often we find an excellent feature picture accompanied on the program by inferior short subjects. Why doesn’t an imaginative producer supply a short comedy—and let us say—a travelogue to go with the main film?” asks Lois Kaylor of Grand Avenue, New York City.

“It’s being done—Warners, for example—but short subjects are never in harmony with anything.

“I WONDER just how much of the beauty of the screen stars is due to the skill of the make-up man or the photographer,” writes Mildred Handsley of Manchester, Iowa. “I can’t believe that they’re really as lovely as we see them.”

They are lovelier, Mildred. The camera housing only one eye cannot see form. Also, theatres with projectors above the screen, distort everything. Miriam Hopkins is so beautiful that when you see her your heart trembles.

“LIONEL BARRYMORE’s acting is masterly in ‘Night Flight,’” writes Irwin Pollock of West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. “His portrayal as an itching might watchman lives with me to this day. Whenever I think of that particular picture I begin searching myself.”

The most famous itch.

“There is a real thrill in seeing the dances featured on Broadway, writes Dorothy R. Spier of Blaisdell St., Minneapolis, Minn. “Fred Astaire’s dancing in ‘Flying Down to Rio’ has twice delighted me, and every time I say it’s something radio can’t give us.”

Radio, the enemy of pictures, again branded inferior.

“ANYONE can do Mac West’s walk with a little practice. Why, even I, who am no more like a West than Greta Garbo, can strut about in that curiously tantalizing fashion,” writes Irene M. Woodruff, of Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.

“It’s very simple, and Broadway, without mirrors, but with a lumber hip movement, like the initial movement of the Charleston, if you remember that, and a flexing of the knees as you move. Synchronize the two and you have the typical Mac West walk. And much good may it do you!”

Don’t believe my wife would appreciate it.

“I HAVE a complaint against the female stars of the screen. Why don’t they try to make us laugh? Is it only the men who can be funny?” asks Edith Sargent of West 34th St., New York City. “Are they all dying for admiration? Why not forget themselves and their dignity, and dig up a sense of humor?”

Did you ever see dream laughing?


Anna Gets the Banana.

“Here I was raised on a farm and I love the country. But I can’t remember when I’ve ever seen a real farm or country picture,” writes Thelma Burger of Rogers Ave., West Springfield, Mass.

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Did you ever see a dream laughing?

For March 1934

Test the...

PerfolaStic

Girdle

...for 10 days at our expense!

"I have

reduced my hips nine inches"

...writes Miss Healy

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy."

"They allowed me to wear their perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 POUNDS."

"I read an ad of the PerfolaStic Company...and sent for FREE folder."

"The massage-like action did it...the fat seemed to have melted away."

Reduce your waist and hips

3 inches in 10 days

...or it won't cost you one cent!

We want you to try the PerfolaStic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, 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, satined fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't wait any longer...act today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle 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.

The illustration of the PerfolaStic Girdle also features the new PerfolaStic Uplift Braiser.

Send for 10 day free trial offer to

PerfolaStic, Inc.

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Without obligation on your part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new PerfolaStic Girdle and Braiser, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-day FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Use coupon or send name and address on Penny Post Card
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY

"ALLURE"

By Mary Lee

WHEN a bright young lady like Suzanne Kaaren, at the tender age of sixteen or seventeen, comes to Hollywood and shows the world that an ingenue can have allure... well, it's something to make all of us sit up and take notice. Here is not the allure of the drooping eyes, the sweeping eyelashes, the languid gestures and the worldly boredom. Quite the contrary. Suzanne looks worldly enough, but it's a bright, gay world that she knows, and she's not bored with it. Her eyes are big enough, but they look at you boldly, full of challenge. Her lashes are long, but they curl upward, perky. Her gestures are poised, but full of spirit. In brief, if you will look at the tiny picture of her on this page, you will see that Suzanne has one of the most coveted qualities in the world—and that is an animated charm and allure.

She is typical of the girls in Hollywood who are too young to practice the Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich kind of allure, but who are smart enough to know that people like vivacity and spontaneity. Yet they haven't a bit of the flapper or "kid" about them either. They're beyond that stage. The anxiety of waiting for their careers to open up is a serious matter. They waste no time just sitting idly by and hoping for things to happen. No siree, for there is nothing more deading than that. Once they lose the sparkle in their eyes, the sweetness of their figures, or the smiles on their faces, they're licked—before they begin. So, if you're wondering how they keep their spirits up and their weight down—"Vell," like Baron Munchausen, I'll tell you.

Remember that many of these newcomers haven't a lot of money to spend (even as you and I), so they create beauty for themselves. And the most important part of their daily beauty program is exercise. If you, too, want to look as alive and vibrant as Suzanne Kaaren does, then you've got to keep your body that way by doing Suzanne's stunts. Call these stunts dancing, gymnastics, or whatever sounds most pleasant to you—but don't forget that they're work, hard work.

The best time for these exercises is early morning. Throw a thin mattress on the floor, or a pair of double-thick blankets, and get to work. (The pad helps prevent bruises, if you're susceptible.) One of the easiest is the exercise illustrated above. Lie flat on the mat, with your arms over your head. Then sit up and touch your feet with your hands; then roll back again and lift both legs over your head, and pull them down till you touch the ground. Do this all in one roll, and repeat eight or ten times. This gets at those flexible mounds over your hips, and limbers the waist.

Now—and this one is a little harder—turn over on your stomach, and, reaching backward, grasp both ankles with your hands. Lifting your head from the ground, pull your arms in, draw up your legs as far as you can, and rock back and forth on your stomach. Relax, and sink back to the original position. Then up and at 'em, and try it all over again. This develops a hard, firm stomach, strengthening the stomach muscles and literally rolling off the fat.

Now for those kicking exercises. Not only should you do that old one of lying on your back and kicking first one leg, then the other, into the air, or lifting them slowly, but lie on your left side, with your right hand on the floor in front of you, and then kick your right leg up near your shoulder. Turn over on your right side and repeat with your left leg. Also, try kicking backwards as you lie on your stomach, propped up on your elbows, always trying to touch your head.

After these lying-down exercises, see if you can take it standing up. The old leaning-over-and-touching-the-ground starts this series off. Here's a more complicated version, however. Lean first toward the left foot and grab your ankle firmly with both hands. Then, holding on to your ankle, try drawing your head down to your knee, keeping your leg still, of course, and no fair cheating! After a few days of practice, you should be able to make these ends meet. Do the same on the left side [Continued on page 12]
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
FI FI D'ORSAY  GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT  KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY  ROBERT BARRAT
Merna Kennedy  Henry Kolker

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture
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 5-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 developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with 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.

Overtures to Beauty

[Continued from page 10]

of course. Then, after you get really expect, try walking while you hang on to both ankles. This straightens out those crooked muscles that stretch all the way up and down the backs of your legs, and, at the same time, it squashes off the fat in front.

For the waistline, there's nothing better than to stand with your legs and the lower part of your torso absolutely still, fold your arms and swing the upper part of your body from right to left, as far as it will go. And another thing: since a lot of you have been writing me about bust development, here's one that will give you a nice high chest, and the appearance of a larger bust, if you keep at it regularly. However, someone must help you do it. Stretch your arms up above your head. Have someone grab each of your hands and then slowly draw your arms to the side and back, and very gently, pull them together so they meet at a point even with your waistline. I'll guarantee they won't swing at first . . . if they do, you're not doing it right. What does this have to do with your bust line? Why, the further you stretch your arms like that, the more you increase your chest expansion.

These exercises, tiring as they may be at first, really stir up new life in your veins. The exertion gives you better circulation, which helps reduce waste tissue to just nothing at all. But don't be too anxious about this reduction of your bust. It is all purely ornamental. You won't lose half as much as you expect to—or would like to. It takes a week or two for the pounds to start rolling. But once they start—why, how they fly!

The improved circulation will have good effects on your skin, as well as your figure. You'll probably find yourself even picking up bits of your old color. However, most important of all, this activity will give you that glorious glow which is the very essence of the new Suzanne Kaaren allure.

WHEN Ricardo Cortez met Dolores Del Rio on the "Wonder Bar" set the day they were to rehearse for their spectacular dance, he said, "Look at me. I started out to be a great dramatic actor and what do I turn out to be? An adagio dancer."

LISTEN IN!

SILVER SCREEN

Is On The Air

The representatives of SILVER SCREEN, in Hollywood, prepare for you each Friday the interesting news of the motion picture players. They visit the sets and talk with the stars. They listen to the "play-back" and see the preview. They watch events transpire, and then wire their reports for this broadcast. All with the accuracy and good humor that you will find in SILVER SCREEN.

Every Friday, 2 P. M.

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8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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Address
City... State

Packed in bottles of 50 or 100 tablets for home use

Buy Hexin in these economical sizes

SSB-2234

Silent Screen
HAVE Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson decided to call off this marriage business? Or is it a temporary till? Or is it just a lot of nonsense from a lot of gabby gossipers? Anyway over the chicken a la king in the Brown Derby they are saying that Jean has moved back to her home in Bel Air with her mother and step-father, while Hal lives alone in the honeymoon love nest at the Marmont. Well, some people like it that way.

GRAY COOPER had the most chap-pecked honeymoon in history. Not only did Sandra's mother and father accompany the young couple to Arizona, but Judge and Mrs. Cooper also joined them there.

THE biggest surprise Hollywood has had in years was when Kay Francis announced—after arriving in New York—that she was divorcing Kenneth McKenna. Even the most suspicious of the gossip writers didn't suspect it. Kay told Warner Brothers that she was going to spend Christmas in New York with her husband or else. And she told all her intimate friends here that she and Ken were planning the merriest of holidays. And then came the divorce news! You can't even believe your own eyes these days.

All the boys on the Paramount lot, including Freddie March, W. C. Fields and Charlie Ruggles, tried to crash the set of "Bolero" the day that Sally Rand was scheduled to do her famous fan dance. But there were bars that thick across the door—not even George Raft could get in and he's in the picture. So the boys just up and sneaked in on the "Good Dame" set where Dorothy Dell, the "Miss Universe of 1929," was making her film debut with a hoochie-koochie number.

CLARK GABLE has gone in for race horses in a big way. And Mrs. Gable is just as excited over them as Clark is.

"LITTLE WOMEN" was such a grand success that now Radio aims to do "Pride and Prejudice," written some many years ago by Jane Austin. As many of the "Little Women" cast as possible will be used again—but especially Katharine Hepburn and Joan Bennett.

AT COLLEEN MOORE'S cocktail party recently there could have been a lot of chilly glances and awkward pauses when Gloria Swanson ran into her former Marquis now Connie's. And Marion Nixon with a new boy friend ran into Eddie Hillman, her recent "ex," who now escorts Mary Carlisle places. But everybody talked and had a grand time.

IRVING THALBERG, JR., brought his Momma flowers the first day of her new picture, and Norma was that pleased that her cheeks blushed pink. But young Irving still says that the little pigs are his screen favorites.

AND Baby LeRoy has "gone Hollywood." Every time he comes into the Paramount publicity office now he tottles up to where his picture is hanging on the wall, points to it, and gurgles, "Baby." It doesn't take them long in Hollywood.

WHATEVER you say about them you can't say that the Hollywood boys aren't good to their mothers. Jack Oakie took his "Mama" with him on his vacation to Honolulu and wrote back, "When I'm not dunking her at Waikiki, she's got me chasing around to women's clubs where I sit beaming and trying to balance tee cups. She's wearing me out." And now Gene Raymond, the local Brummel, has chased off to Europe for a six weeks' vacation, and has taken his mother with him.

WHEN the Barrymoors feel prankish there's nothing to do about it. John and the beautiful Dolores rarely go in for Hollywood parties, but this year, for some unknown reason, they decided to attend the swanky opening of the Mayfair. Dolores looked like "a Dream Walking" but the manner appeared in old bedroom slippers and dark-colored glasses and spent most of the evening glaring at the profile of Mr. Warren William.

WELL, it's the old story of your family never appreciating you. Alison Skipworth got a letter from her brother in the East, which said in part, "I saw you in 'Tillie and Gus. Why do you insist on staying in Hollywood? Please come home."

NO MORE "eight handsome escorts" for Bette Davis for a long time now. Her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, is visiting her in Hollywood, and doesn't seem to care for "eight handsome escorts." Maybe we could interest him in "Eight Girls in a Boat."

TO WELCOME her home after a fierce struggle with old demon appendicitis in a local hospital, Joan Blondell's husband, George Barnes, presented her with a baby miniature Peke, which is just about as big as your hand and the cutest thing you ever saw. Joan promptly christened him "Cupcake."

DESPITE all the rumors that Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell eloped or something the week before Christmas—and there were millions of them—both Lee and Isabel say that they did no such thing, that they are not married, but that they expect to marry in about a year. But after the Lupe Velez episode and the Kay Francis divorce nobody believes anybody any more. However, dope that I am, I am inclined to believe Isabel and Lee. Isabel says she wants to be a real picture star before she marries Lee. But maybe she is just testing Lee before taking the final steps—just seeing if he can walk the straight and narrow for a year. Well, anyway, it's love all right. You just ought to see those two together at a night club or a party.

[Continued on page 51]
A VISIT TO NORMA SHEARER
ON THE SET OF "RIP TIDE"

By Elizabeth Wilson

OVER on stage 22
of the Metro lot (pronounced
Mel'r-o by the Governor of California at
Mayer's birthday dinner party, and
you can be quite sure Louis B. Mayer won't
invite him any more after that) there was
much ado about getting
on a boat. Of
course it was only a
piece of a boat and it
wasn't going anywhere except back to the
prop department, but everybody was aw-
fully fussed up over getting on it. Dozens of
extras in new tweed coats and snappy
scarfs (Christmas presents, no doubt) were
rushing madly for the gangplank, while
western union boys and stewards carrying
luggage made it as difficult as possible for
them.

And, in the midst of all the excitement
there stood Norma Shearer ecstatically
lost in the big bold arms of Herbert Marshall.
Lucky girl. She was telling him above the
unison that she had worn the pearl nec-
tlace—that just knowing him was enough.
So I gathered that "Rip Tide," the first
Shearer picture in a long time, too long a
time, was well underway with Sex and
Smell strain at the leash. Strangers
May Kiss A Free Soul—and voila—Rip Tide.

"No, my...milk...hasn't...gone...quently
on us, and instead of doing Marie
Antoinette," as was first announced, she's play-
ing once more a smart young modern with
sophisticated ideas about life and love and
Bob Montgomery and swimming in the
moonlight. Indeed, they tell me that there is
a little swimming-in-the-best-clothes
scene, which is faintly reminiscent of one
of Tallulah Bankhead's Hollywood parties,
where, at five in the morning, she and her
guests jumped into the swimming pool in
Hattie Carnegie models, diamond bracelets,
top hats, white ties and tails. After that
it became the smart thing to do, and you
couldn't think of leaving a party until you
had practically drowned in the swimming
pool trying to manage your train. Charlie
MacArthur, who dashed off the script of
"Rip Tide," while he and Irving Thalberg
and Norma and Helen Hayes were having a
nasty time of it in their mud baths over in
Germany, very likely heard about the
new fad among the smart young people. In
fact, very likely he did it himself, so he
wrote in an extra sequence in his story.
Well, if it becomes a fad out your way you
might just as well know now that wrist
watches take to water like cats, not ducks.
Anyway, they finally got Herbert Marshall
(bart to his friends), off on the boat—
though, confidentially, I might just as well
tell you that he really didn't sail after all
that fuss they made about it, but got off
the boat and married Norma and made her
Lady Resford and an honest woman, until
Bob Montgomery came along and one sunny
afternoon on the Riviera. Hi ho—now you
know.

Norma, released from the Marshall arms,
came rushing over to speak to me just as
if I were the Queen of England. When it
comes to downright sheer cordiality and a
hearty handshake you can't beat Norma.
She has a way of making you feel that now
that you have come life is at last utterly
complete. You are so swept in by this
cordiality (especially after the chilled looks
and clammy mitts you get from some of the
Glamorous Ones) that you don't mind in
the least when she calls you Miss So-and-So
when you are definitely Miss Whatisit. But
you really can't hold that against Norma,
for forgetting names and faces and numbers
and appointments and—ah well, just
forgetting—is one of her idiosyncrasies. Only
that very morning she had gone up to Di-
rector Eddie Goulding (he made the old
English curtsy famous in Hollywood), and
said, "Eddie, What's my name?" Well,
Eddie dropped her a curtsy and said he was
under the impression that she was Norma
Shearer, but he'd check on it with Irving
Thalberg. "No, no," exclaimed Norma, "I
remember my own name but I can't re-
member what name I have in the picture."
Her name's Mary, a very difficult name to
remember, to be sure.

We talked for fifteen minutes about
Katharine Hepburn who, Norma thinks, is
about the best actress on the screen. She
has never met her personally, but so en-
tranced is she with the Hepburn person-
ality and ability that she runs her pictures
over and over again on her own projection
machine at her Santa Monica beach house.
And then we talked about Helen Hayes,
who is one of Norma's best friends, and of
her sensational success in "Mary of Scot-
land" on Broadway this season. And then

Charles Mac-
Arthur, au-
ther of "Rip
Tide," took
this snapshot
of Norma
and Baby
Irving when
they were all
abroad.

Herbert Marshall
joined us and he and Norma had to retire
to her dressing room to study their lines
for the next scene.

"You once told me," I said in parting, "that
your life's ambition was to be known as the
Mad Shearer. How
are you progressing?
Do they refer to you as the Mad Mrs. of
Santa Monica yet?"

"Oh, I've tried so
hard to be Mad,"
she said regretfully, "but it
just seems to be against my nature. I
can be vague, forget-
ful, and slightly crazy
at times, but I just
can't do these delicious
little insane things that
delightfully mad peo-
ple do. I can't stay
on boats after that all-
visitors ashore gong
nings, and I'm always
too dead asleep at
three in the morning
to call up London, and
I've never had the
erge to go to a party
in a night gown when
the hostess says 'Don't
dress.' I suppose I am
frightfully bourgeois.
"Norma is too intelli-
gent to be insane—
that's her trouble. Watch
her on the
set, talking to her, you
get the very definite
idea that here at last
are brains all bundled
up with charm and
beauty. However, I
may say that when I

14

Silva Screen
Norma Shearer Comes Back to Pictures in the Same Gay Spirit That Made “Private Lives” so delightful.

Last saw Norma she was doing right well towards accomplishing her life’s ambition. I was sitting in the drawing room of her most attractive beach house waiting for her to remember that she had a date with me when suddenly the door burst open and there was a wild bare-footed creature in a mink coat! (And Ophelia only sang songs and threw flowers!) But it seems that every time there is a thick fog Mrs. Thalberg just can’t resist taking off her shoes and going for a turn up and down the deserted beach. She likes to feel the sand wriggle between her toes. Which is all right—but ah—that mink coat! Can’t you just hear the gentle fisher folk and the sea gulls whisper to one another, “There goes Mad Shearer again.”

On Norma’s sets there is always an orchestra—just as Joan Crawford must have her victrola and her favorite records, so must Norma have her three musicians who play appropriate ditties. Norma has had these same three musicians for six years or more, ever since silent pictures, when a little Hearts and Flowers was better for tears than glycerin. Of course, with talkies, the musicians can only play between takes. The morning I was on the set they were playing the Song of the Islands. Herbert Marshall said it made him think he was back in Hawaii again with Four Frightened People and DeMille—but he was just as glad he wasn’t.

There was quite a stir on the set when Mrs. Pat Campbell and little Moonbeam entered. Mrs. Pat is what Hollywood calls a “character” because she is very English and calls a spade a spade—and a kept woman a—er—kept woman. Which practically turned her socially when she was here before. She plays Herbert Marshall’s plain spoken, brittle, old aunt in the picture. When Director Eddie Goulding was discussing the part with her he told her, “You see, you play a very grand middle-aged English lady, something like yourself. . . .”

“Middle-aged, ha!” commented Mrs. Pat. “I’ll be seventy years old to a day, on February 9, and [Continued on page 52]

She calls you Miss So-and-So when you’re really Miss What-Is-It, but you can’t hold that against Norma, for forgetting is one of the things she does so charmingly.
“I’M IN LOVE”

Myrna Loy Is Radiant With Happiness.

By Patricia Keats

Myrna of the Hollywood Loyes gazed intently at her latest fashion portrait—a little 11 x 14 something that Clarence Bull had snapped of her two nights before at the studio—and Myrna sighed. Then she held it up to catch the fading rays of that muchly tooted California sun, which was just about to do dip-down into the ocean in Norma Shearer's front yard. Then she put the picture on the floor in front of her, crossed her pajama-clad legs, and made faces at it.

"That," she said at last, "is terrible. I don't really look like that, do I? No, I'm sure I don't. It's the dress. It was two sizes too large for me. There now, my little buttercup, you'll never see a roto page," and viciously she drew a big black ellipse around le derriere—or is it la derriere? I must ask Claudette—and carefully nipping off the right hand corner she consigned fashion number ten to a pile of rejections on her left. Then she morosely regarded fashion number eleven, which was a little chic—something whipped together pour le sport.

(For the benefit of the uninitiated, I might mention that this little ceremony of nipping off corners and defiling pictures with pencil scratchings is thoroughly enjoyed by every Hollywood star. It's an occasion. After every portrait "sitting" in the studio gallery the star is allowed to look over the proofs and decide which ones she wants developed for publicity purposes, and which ones she hopes to high heavens she never sees again. It's probably the one time in the whole motion picture business where the star is allowed to scratch and chew and tear as much as she wants to. The "front office" never consults a star about a part, and the director never consults her about the way she wants to play it. But he photographs, the dope, always consults her about her pictures. En ete nous, it doesn't mean very much. For, time and again, stars have met themselves in Vanity Fair, and the fan magazines, and the Atlanta Constitution, in the same old seqins with gadgets on the shoulders that they definitely remember pencilling and nipping. So what? So they do nip-ups. But where are they? Well, anyway, it's a pretty custom—like opening Parliament in London.)

While Myrna was growing and admiring (Oh she's quite a human person—that Loy girl—you'd like her), I took advantage of the occasion to look her over.

Without any aids of Lure—and, with the exception of lip rouge, there wasn't an aid in sight—I must say Myrna doesn't look like an Exotic One who would cause men to leave home and launch ships, not on the other hand does she even slightly resemble Mona, the Hag. Although she has been a half caste, a heathen Chinee, a me-like-white-man, and a goddess of something impure on every screen in the country, Myrna, in real life, looks distinctly wholesome. She has reddish hair and freckles—quantities of them. Full lips, even teeth, and a giggle. She seems quite simple and unassuming—no swank or elegance or place-cards. But ah—

she has the most devastating blue eyes with long curly lashes that come swooping down over them—and when those lashes swoop, then you know that despite all appearances all is not wholesome in Loy—thank goodness. Don't let the freckles and the red hair fool you. Cleopatra had freckles and red hair. Yes, indeed, when those lashes swoop you have a pretty good idea that Myrna knows where several bodies are buried. Frank-looking Myrna has her not so frank mysteries—and therein lies her charm. But I can't go into charm today—but anyway I'd just like to bundle up those swooping eyelashes and take them home with me.

Myrna lives in Hollywood's most up-to-date apartment house, guaranteed not to bend more than double during earthquakes. Of course Wynne Gibson insists that she bruised her head on the curbstones in front of the Clover Club during the little upheaval last March, but the management insists that it was Lee Tracy's balcony that bumped her. Besides Wynne and Lee, Ricardo Cortez and Isabel Jewell and Tom Gallery and Carlyle Blackwell also live there. The day I saw Myrna, she had taken temporary refuge in a very undesirable apartment on the second floor, until somebody had the decency to move out and let her get on the tenth floor, where she could get more swing for her money during the quakes. The apartment was in great disorder. Elinor Glynn would have had a hat—not a drape, or a soft light, or a tuberose, or a falling rose petal in the place. What—no Glamour? No, no Glamour.

[Continued on page 54]
Clicked Twice
Douglass Montgomery Made the Grade as Kent Douglass and, in "Little Women," Does It All Over Again.

By Charles Grayson

He always was a noisy kid. Lynne Fontanne once said that he even made a racket buttoning up an overcoat. But this morning he was even worse than usual. It was five o'clock, and cold. But he kept standing down there in the street and yelling until at last I went to the window, wondering—how he had managed to live so long.

"Go away," I demanded inhospitably.

"Far away," he insisted.

"Let me in," he insisted. He was wearing a sweater and a pair of duck pants. He shivered. He held up three eggs. "Look, I've brought my breakfast." I went down and let him in. It was the least I could do for the neighbors. For if he quit making noise himself, then he would start that monstrous old Pierce Arrow which crouched at the curb—the famous Leaping Death which for so many years has broken Southern California eardrums.

He came in and put the eggs on the mantel. He was trying to grin and be light, but it wasn't any good. He was about as gay as a guillotine. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Now?"

"Well, I did it," he said. "They boosted the offer up to twelve fifty a week, but I couldn't go it. I've been up all night, thinking. And I've decided to get out—back to New York."

My wife came in and I told her that we were about to lose our playmate. That our dramatic friend—who the movies had grabbed from the stage, labeled "Kent Douglass," bleached the hair of, and marched through a series of pictures with the Misses Davies, Crawford, Clark and Chandler—was about to toss over the gilded future that so patently was his in celluloid. That he was returning to his first love—the theatre, his real name—Douglass Montgomery, and the satisfaction of his severest critic—himself.

The child bride considered the news for a sad, thoughtful moment. Then a light suddenly came into her face. "And we," she cried, "will be able to get some sleep!"

Doug was a bit of a trial to his friends in those quick, harassed days. He didn't feel that he [Continued on page 52]
“SOME grow, some swell.”

Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of the United States, once made that remark about the men he appointed to important posts in his government.

It applies likewise to Hollywood, where, as the years pass, certain human beings are appointed by the public to the glittering pinnacles of motion picture stardom.

Some grow. Some remain static. Some swell. And some swell up and bust.

No other class of people are as famous as motion picture stars. Their names are known to every man and woman, boy and girl—in every great city, village and hamlet throughout the world. They are better known than statesmen, than champions, than great authors, than any musicians or painters or stage stars. The name of Garbo is known to more people than the name of Frances Perkins, our Secretary of Labor. Mickey Mouse is familiar to as many people as Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Movie stars earn more money and receive more adulation, more direct worship, than any other class of people who have ever lived.

They come, these fortunate and gilded few, from here, there and everywhere—and nowhere. Sometimes they work hard and long and achieve by genius or great ability. Sometimes they shoot into the glory zone almost overnight, by some trick of personality or appearance or some quality of entertainment that is impossible to name.

And then what?

Some grow, some swell.

It is amusing, sometimes it is tragic to watch the effect of this heady and dizzy height upon human beings. Sometimes they become laughable in their shear, unadulterated ego—sometimes they are encouraged by appreciation and applause to new and better things and become our greatest stars.

Women like Marie Dressler, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton—they grow in work and personality daily.

Dick Barthelmess, who has been a big and outstanding star longer than any other man before the camera today, is one who remained sort of static. Dick grew some and swelled some—and then decided to call it a day. He grew enough to hold his position—but he swelled enough to keep him from progressing as he should have progressed, from being the really great actor he should have been.

For example, there is no actor on the screen today who is so generous and fearless with his casts as Barthelmess. People, if you will notice, are always “stealing” Dick’s pictures. Connie Bennett, young Doug Fairbanks, Bette Davis—somebody is always getting a lot of glory and a big start out of some part played with this everlasting star. Dick doesn’t care. He is big enough to let them have their chance, big enough to believe that he owes it to the public to give them good pictures if he can.

Over and over, I have heard writers and directors warn Dick that some other part would overshadow or at least equal his own, and always Dick would say, “Okay. If it’s a good picture, that’s what I want.” That’s why he still gets $8,000 a week.

On the other hand, Dick hasn’t broadened his mind as he should have done—because he has a good mind. He gets a little “grand” sometimes, assumes the rôle of a young man about town and a bit of an English accent. That smothers him in self-satisfaction—and it robs him of the divine discontent which alone leads to great work.

Yeah—some grow, some swell.

Take, for instance, Clark Gable.

Some years back, Mr. Gable tried awfully hard to crash the movies. Finally, he gave it up as a bad job. Journeying to New York, he became a stage leading man, just medium successful. He returned to Hollywood in a stage play—and, within a few months, Clark Gable was the greatest sensation pictures had known in years. Girls stormed the studio gates—and more important—the box office. His salary leaped from three minor figures to four very major ones. Famous stars clamored for him as a leading man, even the great Garbo. The story department was busy day and night searching for Gable stories, and producers bowed low when he passed.

Watching from the sidelines, the Gable inflation came so fast it looked like a trick by Houdini.

Would Clark Gable, I remember saying to myself, the boy from an Ohio farm who had never known success nor fame nor wealth, swell up like one of those fishes in an aquarium under this public idolatry? The betting around was ten to one that Mr. Gable would so swell and that he would become pretty obnoxious.

But Mr. Gable didn’t swell then and he...
hasn't swelled yet. For a time, he remained in a state of suspended animation, reduced to a state of coma by these incredible happenings. Then, like a sturdy oak tree, he began to grow.

A certain dignity came to support his shyness and modesty. He gained poise and added certain graces of manner and speech—he learned how to dress and which look to use. But he didn't change. He remained quite definitely Clark Gable—only nicer. He did the things he had always liked to do, his talk didn't center around the pronoun "I."

I remember, a year or so after Gable's first sensational success, I dined with him and his charming wife at the home of the Edward Selwyns. Edward Selwyn, of course, is a great figure in the American theater. He was himself a famous stage star and matinee idol, a producer of many successes, a fine playwright—and now is a good director. Some discussion about the theater came up and somebody asked Clark Gable a question, in a very flattering manner. Clark grunted boyishly and turned the question over to Edgar Selwyn. From that time on, he kept Mr. Selwyn talking of plays and actors and playwriting all the evening—and Clark listened, really listened. He'd been given a chance to shine and show off his somewhat limited knowledge of the stage—and he didn't do it.

In spite of bad handling and bad stories, Mr. Gable continues to grow both on and off the screen. He's very, very grateful for his success, and I think he'll be one of our big stars.

On the other hand, there are those who swell.

Poor Douglas Fairbanks Jr., has swelled—and how little he has grown. It's too bad. Perhaps it's partly because Doug's success was always a little synthetic—handed down partially because of his name and his father's fame. The boy, who had certain natural talent and grace of personality, has become a very bad imitation of Mr. Noel Coward. Somebody or other, or maybe many somebodies or others, flattered his slight and surface knowledge of things intellectual, and young Doug believed it—and his press agent. He began to parrot a lot of soft, pseudo-intellectual phrases, he wrote very bad poetry and worse prose, and he began to paint, which is a shame. He saw a lot of the spotlight floating about in his general direction, and with true Fairbanks' love of the spotlight grabbed it as often as he could—by almost any means. He was a pretty fresh, spoiled kid when they made him a star in his teens, because his name was Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—and he hasn't grown in the brittle glare of fame he's just swelled. Too bad.

On the other hand, all Hollywood, from the prop boys and cameramen to the most hard-boiled old timers, tell me that one Mr. Bing Crosby is growing rapidly under the warm sunshine of public approval.

In the beginning, no one in Hollywood was particularly glad to see Bing Crosby. A radio crooner, a cafe entertainer. Somebody famous for gargling songs through his nose: Bing! Not an actor, certainly. Mr. Crosby had quite a reputation, earned or unearned, for being very pleased with himself, inclined to go around a bit, and not above accepting the open adoration of ladies, who liked to hear him moan, as his natural due.

On the screen he was an instant and unexpected success. Audiences just naturally went for him—his acting, his personality, as well as his songs. One picture, and Bing was "in."

Everybody got ready for the balloon ascension. But it never went up.

In a very quiet, slightly puzzled manner (he suggests the absent-minded professor looking for the lost umbrella that is hung over his arm) Bing went about his own business, which, it seemed, was to learn as much as he could about this new business of making motion pictures. He was more often silent than not. He foraged with the sound men and the cameramen and asked questions. He was very dubious about himself as an actor and very willing to take direction. And was so frankly pleased when he did something well that everyone else was pleased, likewise.

There wasn't any swelling around or showing off, or any other women who openly adores his pretty wife, is nuts about his baby, thinks his home is better than Buckingham Palace—it's a very nice home, but most unpretentious—and altogether he's done much growing and very little swelling.

Of course, as far as that Gary Cooper! Of course, it's very difficult to know about Mr. Cooper. He practically never does or says anything anyway. But when I think back to the Gary I first knew, and see the man of today—a period of about ten years—it delights me no end. In his silent way, Gary absorbs sponge-like, but he will be just Gary Cooper to the day he dies. I knew him well when he was first coming on as a big, awkward, bashful cowboy, with all the poise and social grace of a Great Dane. He's become it's and famous since then and many women have loved him. Too many, I imagine Gary thinks. But one night we were at a dinner party at Pick- les. It was a very smart dinner, and I looked up and he winked at me. It was a very funny, grave wink—but it took me back ten years, and I knew he was saying it was a very fun but, as a last will, he was still Gary Cooper, the cowboy.

Mr. George Bancroft, however, was one of those who sort of swelled up and bussed, [Continued on page 59]
All the World Follows

Hollywood Creates the Fads and Fashions.
Here Are the Newest Ideas.

The whole world follows the movie stars. People go to films and look to Hollywood for inspiration in what to wear, how to wear it and what to do. Mae West and her hour-glass figure and clothes comprise the current rage. And, incongruous as it may seem—the Other is the song from "Three Little Pigs," which was played everywhere! In fact any day now I expect to see milady of fashion parading in a "Big Bad Wolf" skin coat.

What's coming next? It is difficult to predict accurately, but my hunch is to look carefully at the new Garbo picture, "Queen Christina." In the past Garbo has been responsible for more style innovations than any other movie star.

The tall, lanky Swedish girl, who cares not a pouf for clothes personally, has been virtually a style dictator of the country. It was on Garbo you first saw the wide shoulders and the high-necked evening gown. She wore them in "Inspiration," at least two years before they were taken up in earnest. It was Garbo, in "Romance," who wore a funny little hat on the Eugenie order. Garbo's "Mata Hari" coat, with its peaked labels and broad shoulders, was copied by every coat manufacturer in the country. And Garbo's long bob has been inspiration for thousands like it.

Adrian, the young man who designs the clothes that Garbo wears, showed me pictures of some of his "Christina" models. Notice, when you see the film, that "plate collar" which she wears in certain scenes. A round, stiff collar, which practically cuts the head right off, it is very startling and quite interesting. Adrian merely smiles when you ask him if it will start a new style, and remarks: "not practical for necking!" You ask me, though, and I predict that you will see collars much like it, and

Little Maria Dietrich, Marlene's daughter, with her hair in the Alice in Wonderland style.
The STARS

By Muriel Babcock

"Ribbons on everything," says Gwen Wakeling, designer. And Ann Harding starts the idea off, for the rest of the feminine world to follow.

The ladies of today, notice, the broadly drawn mouths, the deeply outlined eyes. Who is to blame? Joan Crawford! And quite unconscious so.

The story behind those deep red lips lies, strangely enough, in Joan's terrific ambition to succeed as an emotional actress. When she was cast for "Rain" and given her first important tragic, dramatic role, she bent every atom of strength and energy to think up a makeup entirely different from those worn in her "hey-hey" roles. Experimenting with lipstick, she attained that expressive, sensual mouth of Sadie Thompson. She found that lipstick was effective in attaining character as well as attractiveness.

Women the world over copied that makeup and, today, when someone uses an extra dash of lipstick, the remark is passed: "Hi, like Joan Crawford." Jean Harlow, whether you realize it or not, cost dress manufacturers and garment designers thousands of dollars because, after "Hell's Angels," they had to do a complete right-about face in their modeling of the figure.

The frank figure of today, in which the bust is accentuated, came into being after "Hell's Angels," in which Miss Harlow revealed her beauty more intimately and daringly than ever before. She created a sensation which was copied the world over.

It was Jean, too, who was responsible for the one-time vogue of platinum hair. This lasted only a short time and reached nowhere near the proportions of the frank figure trend.

Remember the Mary Pickford curls? They were very important in their day and worn by thousands of would-be ingenues of the Pickford era. Garbo's long bob is still famous although the tiny hats of the last year have played havoc with it to some extent. The Claudette Colbert bangs, although distinctive, have never exerted any perceptible influence on hair styles.

Starting to me is the influence "Alice in Wonderland." Just released as a picture, has had on hair styles. Already you see combs in the hair accompanied by that straight combed-back look which Alice always achieved in the illustrations of the Lewis Carroll book. Maybe this is because there has been so much advance publicity on "Alice" and so many photographs of the ideal person for the title role published in advance. At any rate, Alice's style of hairdressing is with us today.

Would you like to know the lowdown on the great 1933 "Pants For Women" epidemic? Pajamas for beach and lounging had been in vogue. But not until Dietrich was photographed publicity at the Brown Derby in her natty gray trousers and mannish jacket, at the Mayfair in her tuxedo, on the street with her small daughter also in trousered suit, did the world get interested in the tailored trousers for women.

Modern interior decoration—straight line chairs, austere lamps, concealed lighting, absence of furbelows, and the lovely decorative heritage of the luxurious periods of the past—owes much of its development to the movies.

Cedric Gibbons used modern interiors first in comedies. He said you could suggest so much more with modern effects than with old-fashioned. He exaggerated his first modernistic furniture for the fun of it. His first serious use of it came in "Her Cardboard Lover." The world liked his work.

Following the release of "When Ladies Meet" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio was flooded with requests for plans of the quaint, lovely little farmhouse home portrayed in that picture. Women wrote in and wanted to know the names of the various pieces of furniture, where to buy quilts and curtains such as pictured.

You see, the movies are responsible for a lot of things!
The world copies the movie stars in little and big things, and the only thing for which I am thankful, is that the Angel's monocle has caused not a ripple.

for MARCH 1934
WHAT a day! What a day! What a day!! I waken at six-thirty and find the sun already shining in a cloudless sky. Suddenly I'm sick of California. This much vaunted climate is fine for invalids and octogenarians. But I'm not an invalid and I won't be an octogenarian for another five years. I want some cold weather and snow and rain and I can do without earthquakes for a few weeks. I lie in bed thinking about the futility of it all. The houseboy shoves the morning paper under my door and I learn that "She Loves Me Not" has just opened in New York and is a hit. There are lots of other hits. I jump out of bed and a cold shower starts the blood pulsing. Damn it! I'm going to New York. Today! Tonight! But first there are all those sets to be covered.

At Warners
I BUSTLE out to Warners' First National studio without any breakfast. The publicity department let out a shriek of dismay when I burst into their office. "What are you doing out here at this time of day?" they moan. "Don't you know no one is supposed to come around before ten-thirty?"
"Whadda I care?" I retort. "I'm going to New York tonight and I've got to cover the sets before I catch my train."
"Tonight?" they echo. "Aren't you excited?"

We barge on to the set of "A Modern Hero" starring Richard Barthelmess. Dick surveys me with raised eyebrows. "I knew when I saw you at the Colony Club last night you were in for a hard night. Why didn't you go home and get some sleep instead of staying up all night?"
"I did go home," I retort. "I did get some sleep. Look how clear my eyes are—how pink and white my skin!"
"You didn't go home," he insists. "If you'd gone to bed you wouldn't be out here at this time of the morning. Nobody gets up this early—except picture actors."
"They do, too," I snap. "I'm going to New York tonight. Now go on and make a scene like a good boy. I've got lots to do today."
"Today?" he whistles. "Excited?"
"No, I'm not excited. I just want to get my work done. Will you make just one scene so I can go?"
Dick has a whispered consultation with the director and to my amazement they promptly shoot the scene. It is the interior of a sleeping car belonging to a small circus. There is a built-in bunk, a chair, and cheap cretonne curtains over the windows—no other furniture. Dick, in a pair of brown cord pants with a wide leather belt and a black, turtle-necked jersey sweater, is lying on the bunk. Marjorie Rambeau in a black wig, her hair struggling about her face, and clad in a cheap black silk kimona with gold Chinese figures worked into it, is sitting at the foot of the bed. She is his mother and is explaining his father to him.

Stars at Work
Over Hollywood with S. R. Mook
A Survey of the Studios and Lots.
Dick regards her with an intense, burning look. "He was Nathan Wolfsen," Marge explains proudly. "They were the most powerful banking family in Europe. They were like royalty, only richer. And," wistfully, "Nathan was an only son." She makes a hopeless little gesture. "So he was not free."

An edge of bitterness creeps into her voice as she continues: "I knew I should give him up—he must go back to the world he belonged in." Her voice drops to a hoarse whisper: "So—in London one morning—I left him, still asleep."

As the full import of her words begins to penetrate, Dick sits up, looking at her eagerly, fiercely. But there is a slight pause as Marge, with agony in her eyes, recites those last moments again. "I joined a circus going to Australia," she finally continues. "So he could not follow me—but always hoping that he would." She reaches for the bottle of brandy, and begins fumbling with the cork. "Then I read of his marriage. His family arranged it—looking away from Dick, her face desolate. "That night when I went into the big cage—I didn't care what happened," glancing down at the empty sleeve of her kimona, where one of her arms should have been. "Then," with ironic bitterness, "my favorite leopard solved the problem for me!"

There is a dramatic pause. Dick looks at her, stirred with a feeling of tenderness that he has never known before. He looks at her and her eyes fill with tears. "So you see," she whispers with a pathetic little smile, "you are a real love child."

Suddenly her voice breaks and she buries her face in her arm. Dick jumps up, grabs a coat off a hook on the wall and starts out the door. He is halfway through it when he stops, turns back into the car and goes over to her. He stands there staring at her. Then he pats her shoulder gently, turns and goes quietly, quietly out. There is the sound of a door closing as Marge sits there gazing off into space for a moment—two—thinking—wondering.

Barthelme has always been one of my favorite actors and my admiration for him increases. There are precious few who could listen to a monologue as long as that, with never a word of their own to say, and simulate interest the way he did—his expression changing with almost every word she uttered.

"Lucky devil," he says as we shake hands, "I wish I were going with you."

Next door to Barthelme, "As the Earth Turns" is shooting. They have probably the most beautiful set of the month here. Almost a whole farm has been erected inside one of the stages. There is the farmhouse, the barn, fences at varying distances apart, a driveway, the old well with a rough stone coping around it and an orchard of peach trees in blossom. There seem to be miles of them but really there are com- [Continued on page 60]
The Assassins

Murder!

An ugly word. An altogether too common word. And nowhere more ugly or more common than in Hollywood.

Usually, when murder is committed, the one murdered is out of misery. His days of fear and worry and pain are over. But not in Hollywood.

The other day, a friend stopped me. "I am trying to get Charlie Ray a job," he said quietly. "He is willing to do anything. You don't know of a chance, do you?"

"I didn't know he was in Hollywood. I thought he was in New York.—"

The man smiled. "Charlie slipped into town as a forgotten man. A friend, a big man in this business, is helping him to pay his and Mrs. Ray's expenses. The idea is to get him some kind of place where he can fed that he is making enough to support himself and his wife—"

A murdered man who was still living. A man who had crept back into his home town, where he had been murdered.

Clara Bow was the first person to tell me about the assassins of Hollywood. It was when she was at the very height of her majestic fame—a fame that I believe most of us underestimated. Clara Bow was the most powerful Queen who has ever reigned over Hollywood—including Garbo and Mae West. That statement is proven by both box-office and fan mail figures.

"It won't last if they don't let me play something besides the 'It' girl," she said. Her voice was desperately serious. "The public is going to get tired of that word it and the expression 'flapper,' too. All crazes pass. They are crazes. Why don't they let me do something else? I can act. I know I can. They know it, too. But no scenario writer will think of turning out a story for me unless I am an 'It' flapper. They will murder me, I tell you!"

I was then doing a story called "After the Flapper, What?" Clara did not know the answer, but she certainly understood the whimsical fancy of the American public. She realized that whatever came after the flapper meant her death in motion pictures.

And she had placed her chubby finger upon the obvious assassin—the scenario writer who could not even imagine a story for Clara that did not portray her as the personification of just one type of character, the "It" girl.

I talked with a very famous scenario writer about this. She has asked me to refrain from using her name for reasons which will be obvious when I have finished quoting her.

"You and Clara Bow are right," she told me. "We kill one of them after another. It is cold bloomed murder because we realize what we are doing. It is even premeditated, only we are not responsible for the premeditation. Have you ever heard of a story conference? Do you know who sits in on that conference? We write a yarn and take it into that conference. When we have finished, a producer will say, 'All very well. But you haven't had him punch anyone in the jaw? In his last picture they went crazy when he punched the girl in the

William Haines (above) and (below) the "Pine" room of his home. The rust colored corduroy club chairs, the old drum table, the Sheraton secretary all indicate his unerring taste.
Hollywood  ~ By Ruth Biery

The Stars Have Good Reason to Fear the "Typers.

Charlie Ray was found lying by the wayside, murdered. True, he did try to come back in other roles. But it was too late. The public had learned, through the long series of pictures in which he played only the one role, to accept him as such. If he had been the country lad in one; the city sly-street in another; the old man in a third—then we would have hailed him as Charlie Ray, actor. But since we had learned to see him as one particular type again and again, we laughed when we finally saw him in another. He had been cast so well in another upon our minds as a pattern that we could not erase him.

How many of the true heroes of Hollywood have been assassinated? I can remember when they were turning out one Wally Beery-Raymond Hatton cheap comedy after another. Wally was desperate. "If this keeps up, I'm done." He escaped. Lady Luck smiled broadly. But his partners—Murdered.

Billy Haines was not a wise-cracker by nature. He didn't even have much sense of humor. He was a wistful lad who had sold green string beans on the pavements of New York to keep himself from starving. And then he had won a motion picture contest and made an accidental and naughty wise-crack, in a fit of temper, at a producer. The producer laughed. Immediately Bill Haines was fitted for only one occupation in life. To make people laugh. He understood. He was shrewdly intelligent. He told me, "I sat up nights making up wise-cracks or hunting them up. You know... old joke books. I made it a profession to be funny. It was a tough job. But if they thought I was a comedian, I couldn't afford to disappoint 'em!"

Haines foresaw his murder early in the game; he prepared for it. And while he was "playing the game"—learning to coin wise-cracks and throwing expensive, Hollywood parties, he was quietly and industriously finding an outlet for his truly artistic nature (he wanted, as a boy, to become an artist!) by studying interior decorating. He filled his apartment library with books and pamphlets on the subject. He learned to tell an original antique from a fake, through long nights of intensive work. And when he felt he had learned enough to attempt an outlet for the creative urge within, which had been intensified by real study—he designed, built, and furnished himself a home in Hollywood.

I wish there was space to describe that home, in detail. I shall never forget the first time I entered that upstairs drawing-room. It was as though I had left the emotional, fire-wagon pace of Hollywood and stepped into the quiet, reminiscent peace of Old England's back country. My nerves relaxed: my mind stopped screeching back and forth like a hobby horse. And, just as I reacted, so did the balance of Hollywood.

"Oh, Bill, would you furnish your home for me? Would you?" And as he hung back, modestly, forgetting to wise-crack, the cry became louder. "Please, Bill, Money is no consideration. I'll pay you—"

[Continued on next page]

for March 1934
And wise Bill eventually conscripted and eventually pocketed the huge fees which had been suggested, not by himself but by three or four New York literary agents. By the time his murder was committed William Haines was more famous, locally, as an interior decorator, than he had been as an actor.

But not all of Hollywood's "to-be-murdered" stars are as fortunate or fat-sighted as Barrymore! Mary Barrymore fought against playing the perennial juvenile. Mary, quite recently, had a rather pathetic interview written about her which began: "I've Made Myself Over Again," she told the writer. She must prove that she can be something besides the sweet, college sweetheart, since she has long since outgrown that role.

We have told you in another story how Charles Farrell feared murder so desperately that he left the team of Gaynor and Farrell and went without work for nine months, at the loss of $90,000, to try and avoid the catastrophe. He even played his part wearing eye glasses in "A Allright, Appleby," just to prove that his ability-at-characterization, rather than a familiar personality, could carry him to success.

Understand, the producers responsible for the assassinations committed by the scenario writers, who have written a dramatic scene for each Marie Dressler picture, a killing for George Raft, a sleazy love-scene for each Garbo, a fallen-woman film for Dietrich, etc., have thought they were justified. Their interests are obviously the box-office. It is a natural conclusion that if Bill Haines makes a big income for them in one slightly naughty picture, he will do it in another. Why should they think of the star? They pay him a huge salary for taking such a risk; by the time the public is tired of his enforced specialization in entertainment, they will have found a newcomer with a new pull for the box-office.

Before Barbara Stanwyck would make any more pictures for her producers, she had them insert a clause in the contract to the effect that she would not be forced to play any more farmer-girl roles.

We all know the battle George Raft waged against doing "Temple Drake." He separated from his studio, and was on the verge of leaving for England to make pictures, when his producer called him back—and offered him $1,500 a week to remain here; he had been receiving $750! And George has just proven in "The Bowery" that he is able to appear in opposite side of his little-boy nature on the screen, as well as the hardboiled menace which he was forced to develop to raise himself from the Tenderloin district of New York, where he had his beginnings.

Eddie Robinson placed a firm foot upon a producer's floor and refused to be "hard-heled" any longer. "Silver Dollar" and "I Loved a Woman" resulted from his independence.

And many writers, who have been imported to Hollywood to write picture material, have followed one of two paths. They have followed the "murder" instructions of those hiring them, or have returned from whence they came to pen sarcastic articles about the business. T. A. R. Wylie and Dorothy Parker are examples of the latter.

The others, too numerous to mention, pocket their checks with their tongues in their cheeks and continue to write scenes which already proven acceptable at the box-office!

Do I hear the criticism, "But don't the stars have a choice of their own stories?" They have their loopholes in their contracts, but to each effect, I will give you just one example, with the assurance that you can apply it to any star in this business.

Connie Bennett was supposed to have a choice of her stories at Radio. She laughed when I asked her about it, "No star under contract, drawing a salary from week to week, has the choice of stories. I had the theoretical right at Radio. This is the way it worked. The studio promised so many Connie Bennett stories for the year; I was signed to make that many. Suppose they submitted five stories to me and I turned them all down. The time had come when I must make a picture to keep the studio's promise for so many Bennett productions, and to keep my contract with the studio. Then I had to choose the least of five evils. I have had four bad pictures in a line due to this very situation."

"My new contract with Twentieth Century is different. It calls for three pictures a year, but I do not have to make any of them unless I approve the story. If mine are made, my contract is automatically extended. In other words, no one loses but myself. It is up to me to help find a good story!"

Another question I hear asked is: "What about Janet Gaynor?"

Ah, but if it is a one exception, I believe, to prove each point.

Janet happens to play the type of girl that has been handed down intact throughout the generations. She represents that will o' the wisp charm which other women have always wanted to mother; which fathers have always wanted to see their sons

"Bolero" is a dancing holiday for George Raft and Carole Lombard.
"Design for Starring"

Some Star in Hollywood, Some Star on Broadway,
But Miriam Hopkins Is a Star Wherever You Find Her.

By Lenore Samuels

ON A SUB-ZERO morning in January (the coldest, according to the proud weather bureau, that New York had experienced since that memorable winter of 1917—if you want to remember back that far), I went to have breakfast with Miriam Hopkins. Although Fifth Avenue is noted for its gaiety, at 11:30 of that bleak, cold morning it had taken on quite an unaccustomed air of depression. So it was with genuine relief that I entered the Hotel Pierre, that luxurious habitat of the socially elect in the fashionable Sixties.

A second after I had rung the bell of Miriam’s apartment on the 14th floor, her cheery voice bade me enter, but when I came into the exquisitely furnished sitting-room, so daintier than I had expected, there was no Miriam to greet me. That unmistakable, seductive voice of hers could be heard, however, on the telephone in an adjoining room. Interrupting her conversation once or twice, she invited me to take off my coat and make myself right at home. Which I proceeded to do, warming my chilled fingers on the radiator and in the meantime admiring the magnificent view of Central Park from the windows.

The telephone clicked and Miriam’s voice was wafted out to me again. “I’m still in bed,” she called. “Do you mind? I always rest as long as I can on martini days.”

Assuring her that I not only didn’t mind, but was delighted at the chance of visiting with her so informally, I drew up a chair close to her bed while she took up the telephone again to order breakfast for two.

She was, I saw at once, smaller and even daintier than she appears on the screen. In her pink silk bed-jacket, with its tiny em-roidered Peter Pan collar, she looked for all the world like a healthy sub-deb home from boarding-school for the holidays, and tremendously enthused about everything. Her lovely golden hair (she’s a natural blonde—you can tell that by her eye-lashes which are so light they are almost white) was piled in curls high on the back of her head after the fashion affected by the southern belle in “Jezebel,” the post-Civil War play in which she is starring on Broadway. Of her senses . . . the marvelous art and auction galleries, the shops, the spontaneous little suppers at Tony’s, her favorite midnight rendezvous, the sparkling dinner parties at which she met that small coterie of friends who had come to mean so much to her . . . all these fed her back to New York again and again.

But, during her second year in Hollywood, Miriam, being a girl of intelligence and character, decided to discipline herself. So she remained in Hollywood for twelve full months, without one teeny weeny visit East. The test worked. Now, although she’s revelling at the opportunity of spending a full winter and spring in New York, she’s actually looking forward to her return to Hollywood the latter part of May. She’s even seriously considering the purchase of an estate at Santa Monica, intending to make it her permanent home.

“IT would be nice for Michael,” she ex-

[Continued on page 56]
The Fan Letter to Irene Dunne—

Editor, Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

It seems rather tardy to be writing to you on this particular subject, but ever since I saw the film, "Back Street," I have been getting tied up in endless arguments with my friends regarding the character played by Irene Dunne. Considering how carelessly John Boles treated her upon occasion, and also considering that he possessed a wife and children upon whom he lavished every courtesy—shouldn't Irene have married that up-and-coming young man from her home town when he begged her to?

My friends argue that her love for Boles was too overpowering. I say that cold logic ought to have governed her actions, for no woman wants to dwell on the back street of a man's heart. Or, does she, secretly? Do you know the answer to this riddle?

Sincerely,

Jean Wadsworth
New York City

Irene Dunne's Answer—

Dear Miss Wadsworth—

Was so happy to have your letter forwarded to me.

Your question is: Does any woman want to live on the "Back Street" of a man's heart? I should say definitely "No"—but, in the case of the woman in "Back Street," to have married the nice young man who pursued her from her home town, and given up the one great love of her life, would have brought her little happiness.

I have received very many letters from brave, true women who have lived on back streets of life and, while always a glimpse of happiness is seen in their revelations, one is bound to feel the longing for the freedom of the more fortunate woman. So I should say finally that no woman enjoys even secretly living on a "Back Street."

Best wishes to you always,

Irene Dunne

The Fan Letter to Edward G. Robinson—

Editor, Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

Edward G. Robinson is to American movies what the late Ring Lardner was to American literature—a true intellectual, with the faculty of speaking Everyman's language fluently and convincingly.

As formidable gangster, deep-sea fisherman, pioneer prospector, tabloid editor, condemned slayer and esthetic patron of arts, Robinson's acting strikes the same responsive chords in Humanity's heart as do the writings of Lardner.

Show us Robinson, man of letters, in George Behan's famous role, "The Alien"; allow us to lose ourselves once more in rollicking laughter, quick tears and poignant heart-searing drama. When Robinson, brilliant linguist, acts, we react!

Sincerely yours,

B. M. Jackson
Thomaston, Ga.

Edward G. Robinson's Answer—

Dear Mr. Jackson—

It is very flattering to receive a letter such as yours.

Gratifying as the success of "Little Caesar" was, the price of that success was great. Recently, however, the public has been weaned away from labelling me as a "type," or "one-pair" actor, and I hope, in time, to be permitted to do the kind of role you suggest in your letter. It is the sort of thing I did in the theatre.

Most sincerely,

E. G. Robinson

The Fan Letter to Norma Shearer—

Editor, Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

I haven't been quite right lately. Sleep and appetite bad. Snap at the kids and collectors. Provider husband doesn't seem to be the fascinating lad of yore.

Silver Screen
DEPARTMENT

Address:— (Your Favorite Star)
% Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

And it has just dawned on me what's ailing me. I've been missing Norma Shearer. Just heard she's back from a jaunt in Europe and will soon appear in "Marie Antoinette" and "The Good Earth." That's music to my ears and balm to my troubled soul. Hurry, please, Norma and set me right with the world.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Violet Lane
Charlotte, N. C.

Norma Shearer's Answer—

Dear Mrs. Lane—
I loved your little letter. I hope your diagnosis is correct.

Am trying very hard to provide the proper remedy—a bottle of patent movie medicine called "Rip Tide," a mixture of Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery and Shearer. I hope you will find it pleasant to take.

I expect to start on "Marie Antoinette" in a few months. Will not be playing in "Good Earth" unless my expression changes.

Bless you,
(Doctor) Norma Shearer

The Fan Letter to Mae West—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—
I am taking the liberty of voicing the opinion of all fan dance admirers. Would it be possible to have Mae West portray her version of this new and fascinating art?

Very truly yours,
Walter E. Johnson
Chicago, Ill.

Mae West's Answer—

Dear Mr. Johnson—
I am afraid you'll never see me do a fan dance. Not that I object to fancies, you understand, but after all it is Sally Rand's own personal property. She created it, so why should I copy it?

Maybe for my next picture, I'll make up a new dance of my own, but I promise you there won't be a fan in sight.

Sorry to disappoint a friend.
Sincerely,
Mae West

Send Your Letters To
Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.
for March 1934

The Fan Letter to Sylvia Sidney—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—
It is to be hoped that more films will be shown of Sylvia Sidney, an actress of rare ability and of a certain unquenchable spirit. She seems to be possessed with an aura of mystery not unlike an oriental "Japanesy" might be a good one-word description. Sylvia's acting appears to add to the illusion of the motion picture, due to her ability to apparently live the part she is playing. She has power to charm, and her voice and gestures are at times haunting.

L. Kober
South Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sylvia Sidney's Answer—

Dear Mr. Kober—
Although your letter was not addressed to me directly, Mr. Keen forwarded it, and I am happy to take the opportunity to answer it.
I am happy that you liked "Madame Butterfly." Frankly, I love Oriental roles, and would like to do another one very soon.

Sincerely,
Sylvia Sidney

It is gratifying to hear either sincere praise or constructive criticism from a fan at any time.
Write again.
Sincerely,
Sylvia Sidney

DIRECTIONS
1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
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.
A NEW girl, from London, with screen, stage and radio successes to justify Fox in casting her immediately in "Bottoms Up." Now that good English is inseparable from good pictures, the imports from Sweden and Hungary are falling off and our British cousins are arriving by every boat. Pat will find that Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Clive Brook, Heather Angel and Diana Wynyard taught us to expect great things. That's Heather greeting Pat and her scottie on their arrival.
"MOULIN ROUGE," one of the new Twentieth Century pictures, has Connie supported by Franchot Tone. She wears a dark wig in it and creates some very dashing effects, as you can see at the left. She never seems to stop growing, is always surprising, and always better. That's Constancy for you!
The Compleat Angler, Movie Hero and Stream Whipper is Jack Holt. He is under a long term Columbia contract. Between pictures he fishes the high waters of San Gabriel Canyon for rainbow trout and, incidentally, furnishes an excellent subject for the artist photographer, Orville Snider.
SHE’LL be hard at work on her second picture by the time this reaches all the new Sullavan fans. "Little Man, What Now," the best seller German novel by Hans Fallada, is the basis for Margaret’s next picture. "Only Yesterday" made her famous. Her radio appearances are delightful. Can she make "Little Man" a success?
KATHARINE HEPBURN

"Trigger," which will be released late in March, will be the fifth Hepburn picture. Here are scenes from all of her films. Her fans are violent, her critics are savage. Katharine rose so quickly that when her play "The Lake" was not too well received, many believed the Hepburn craze over. We do not. We believe in the new, wonderful, spiritual quality of this great actress.

First Picture—Katharine makes her bow in "Bill of Divorcement" with John Barrymore.

Second Picture—"Christopher Strong." Katharine holds the interest of the critics.

Third Picture—"Morning Glory," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Fourth Picture—"Little Women." The year's greatest. With Paul Lukas.

Fifth Picture—"Trigger." Katharine and Robert Young. Can she fail now?
HER latest picture is "The Cat and the Fiddle," in which Ramon Novarro sings to her—but Jeanette's a girl who can sing right back at him. Jeanette has a nice new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—more money. Which is a long way up from the Ned Wayburn Capital Theatre chorus, where she started. She is a reddish blonde and five feet five. With three-inch heels she'll be as tall as Ramon.
HE WAS mentioned as having given one of the Best Performances of 1933, and experts predict a great future for him in "Men in White," now being made. Meanwhile he is with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady," and good, too! Otto retains his own personality although he made a great reputation on Broadway in "The Royal Family"—in which he played the part believed to be an ironic study of John Barrymore.
The living room. The table at the left is polished maple with a large semi-circular hole cut in each end. In this hole fit the copper buckets in which fresh flowers are kept. The easy chair is upholstered in a dull salmon damask trimmed with a white cotton cord. The divan is an offshade of white—very rough material, which looks a lot like some tired old bedspreads in vogue in the south years ago. It is trimmed in a heavy green and white fringe. The pillows are green corduroy with a white and green fringe.

Harry Lillis Crosby (popularly known as "Bing") and Dixie Lee Crosby—and the baby.

The "Homiest Home"

We Have Heard of "Modernistic" Homes, "Exotic" Homes, "Flamboyant" Homes. Bing Crosby Has a Home to Live In.

By S. R. Mook

The front door is a dull blue with a peep hole through which callers can be identified without having to open the door.

The breakfast nook. The walls are papered in a blue plaid with an occasional thin stripe of dull red. The floor is covered with battleship linoleum with inlaid stripes of white. The curtains here are of glazed chintz with white dotted Swiss ruffles. The furniture is polished maple and the daisies on the table have white leaves and yellow centers. The cabinet in the corner is a built-in affair, enameled white, with a blue interior.

The dining room early American was on the wall is mural. The white plates, Mr. Crosby and I had lured him, them, which was "apiece," but Bing and insisted upon a lot (of ten) for goes to prove how tively you can furnish a famous home.
This is the front of the house (southern exposure), and facing a large walnut grove across the street. The room with the stick-out window is the living room and the flat window is in the den. Behind the den (you see the windows) is the play room. To the right of the front door is the dining room and above it is the baby's room and nursery.

The playroom. The walls are of California redwood. The chandelier has old-fashioned globes such as were used on oil lamps, the three stools in front of the bar are of maple and the cuspidor is a heavy brass affair picked up at an auction for $2.00. That's a ship's clock above the bar and the wall on which it is mounted is a panel that pulls down so the bar can be locked. The table and arm chairs at the left are of polished maple. The backgammon board on the table is made of cork and was a present from Sue Carol.

Master bedroom. (Left) Four poster mahogany bed. White dotted Swiss spread and valance with glazed chintz curtain in the back. The lamp on the bedside table is porcelain, with a white dotted Swiss shade.

Another corner of the living room. (Right) There are white muslin, ruffled curtains, with overdrapes of glazed chintz. The table is maple and the two chairs are upholstered in a dark plum glazed chintz.
"SLEEPERS EAST" is a railroad-gangster-chorus girl story, but Wynne Gibson and Preston Foster are lovers, so who cares about the plot.
IN "WONDER BAR," Dolores dances in Al's cabaret. Jolson put over talking pictures ("The Jazz Singer"), and now he deserves a break.
GENEVIEVE TOBIN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

GENEVIEVE, in "Easy to Love," gets even with her erring husband by flirting with Edward Everett Horton—a swell pair of comics.

HUBBY
Adolphe Menjou looks boldly at wife Genevieve Tobin when she shows her independence.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
ADOLPHE MENJOU
Powder...the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor’s Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses. “To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature’s colorings,” explains Claudette Colbert. “That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect. The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness.”

New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius. Max Factor’s Face Powder, $1; Max Factor’s Rouge, 50c; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1. At leading stores.

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in coupon for purse size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color tester, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up...FREE.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Society Make-Up...Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony
DAUGHTERS OF STYLE

Youth will have its fling—and very modish fling at that.

DOROTHY LEE

If you have a penchant for sophisticated simplicity, and yet crave a few furbelows for gala occasions, why not choose an evening frock like Dorothy Lee's. Of cerise chiffon, it can be worn with or without the cerise feather boa, which ties at the low back with a trailing chiffon bow.

HELEN MACK

You can look just as charming in the office as you do on the dance floor if you copy Helen Mack's charming cherry-red wool frock, with its distinctive four-in-hand tie arrangement in cherry-red and grey.
SATIN-SOFT HANDS
PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid caressing across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them!
Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!


TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE
"Death Takes a Holiday," successful as a play, is now being picturized. In the plot, Death (Fredric March), gives up his work, takes a day off and no one can die. He meets Evelyn and Life gets the best of him. Evelyn studied for her career, and appeared first in "Cradle Song." Now she is a regular actress—educated, refined, beautiful. She's the 1934 type—so let's bid a last long farewell to pretty, pretty sex girls. "Design for Living" was March at his most wonderful best. The monocle in this photograph is part of his make-up.
Dorothea Wieck is different, and is well liked in Hollywood.

She sleeps with her script under her arm every night when she's working. Ordinarily she's an avid reader, but when she's working you can't get her to read the most interesting book.

Between pictures she indulges herself in the maddest combinations of food. Avocados, oranges, cottage cheese and bananas mixed together, and liberally sprinkled with salt and pepper, constitute one of her pet dishes. But when she's on a picture she doesn't know from one week to the next whether she's had a square meal or not. And doesn't care.

She's a sweet-tempered, gracious person—except when she's working on a picture. And then, beware! She'll fly off the handle at the slightest provocation. A story went the rounds of Hollywood, immediately after she started her first picture in this country, which nearly did her great harm. It seems she was getting ready for the first scene of her first American picture and was intensely nervous. She shrieked at the hairdresser, who was a bit slow in answering her call. "Why you not run when I speak? In Germany when I call, they run!"

She's always abjectly sorry after she's lost her temper and she apologized profusely later. Before the picture was over she and the hairdresser were seen arm in arm, and the latter had asked for an autographed picture which she received with a grand inscription.

You see she's like that—Dorothea Wieck. She has a terrific intensity over her work which makes her resent anything which distracts or interferes.

It even made her leave a husband, whom she adores, after three brief months of marriage. A husband, Baron Karl von der Decken, who is a novelist and editor in Berlin, and of whom she is extremely proud.

Before she started "Cradle Song," during the five months when she was perfecting her English, she wrote to him nightly—twenty and thirty page letters in longhand. When shooting began she still cabled him daily—but those lengthy letters ceased. Like everything else they had to give place to career.

It's small wonder that Dorothea Wieck has this passionate single-mindedness when working—this ability to concentrate utterly on the job in hand. Surrounded from early childhood by artists: great great granddaughter of Schumann and Clara Schumann Wieck; great pianist of her day; daughter of a painter father and musician mother; niece of a noted actor; protegé during her adolescent teens, of the famous poet, Klabund, it is natural that she should have this fevered devotion to her own particular art. Born of artists, nurtured by artists, the concentration which is an essential part of genius is deeply ingrained in her.

Dorothea Wieck pronounces her name as if it were spelled DORAKAYA VEEK.
CHRISTINA
Rating: Beyond and Above Adjectives—M-G-M

WE NEVER thought we would ever feel like a king, sceptre in hand, ruling his kingdom, but now this experience has come to us. Garbo puts us on a throne. Go to "Christina" and be inspired. You will see Garbo become as human as a boy, and once more she will captivate you with her marvellous spirit. A kingdom roars about her but, alone, she upholds unblazoned upon her soul the age old and glorious truth: a woman may give all for her love.

The cast is authentic. They are all royal personages brought to Hollywood at great expense by M-G-M from the 17th Century. They are all great men to know. Lewis Stone is grand and Aubrey Smith will never have a finer time. We did not get so much from John Gilbert, but somehow no one can criticize Jack anymore, after so brave a return.

Garbo is the girl queen in boy's clothes and once, when she is on horseback in the snow, she laughs and the flowers in the park bloom. Her charm is infectious and utterly irresistible.

The ending is sheer poetry; fragile and still, but with a strength and sweep that swings up to the heaven of Best Pictures. Rouben Mamoulian is the director and he has opened for us the closed pages of the past. His magic gives us new centuries to visit, and we can brawl in ancient scribes and once more come to Garbo's feet to worship. If you have read Undset, you will almost meet Kristin Lavransdatter at "Christina."

MOULIN ROUGE
Rating: Oo-La La, Zee Connee! Magnifico—Twentieth Century

AND now it's time to get out all the superlatives for Mr. Bennett's offspring, who married into the nobility. Connie hasn't had such a grand picture since "What Price Hollywood" and she certainly gives it the works. As Raquel, the actress from the Moulin Rouge (that delightful place in Paris where good tourists go bad), Connie sings and dances and acts, and you realize, definitely, that Connie Bennett is one of the most glamorous and captivating stars of the screen.

The story is somewhat reminiscent of "The Guardsman" but it is much more boisterous and rollicking. Connie plays the wife of playwright Franchot Tone, who has very decided ideas about a woman's place. After their seventh battle on the subject, Connie walks out on him to prove to him and the world that she has a definite talent as an actress and a singer. She impersonates Raquel, the naughty French star imported for Franchot's play, and completely deceives her husband and his best friend, Tullio Carminati. They both fall passionately in love with her—and for the rest of the picture Connie is torn between a natural delight that she can "vamp" her husband, and a furious rage at his evident unfaithfulness. Both as the wife who's as mad as mad can be with the husband she adores, and as the sibilant French seductress, Connie is perfection itself and all that can be desired.

And just in case you should be too exciting—there are the Boswell Sisters and Russ Columbo and several musical numbers. It can't miss.

BELIEVED
Rating: Sweet and Lovely—Universal

ONE of the most beautiful and effective love stories ever to be screened. And if the quaint old-fashioned romance of John Boles and Gloria Stuart doesn't get you—then you're completely out of vogue. Handsome John Boles plays a sensitive young musician, born in Vienna, who emigrates to the South in time to take part in the unfortunate War Between the States. He woos Gloria Stuart, beautiful daughter of an old aristocratic family, with his songs and ntus and when he returns from the war to find everything devastated and ruined he takes her to New York where he proceeds to teach violin for twenty-five cents a lesson, while he works on his symphony.

Years pass, the world changes, there are defeats, disappointments and triumphs, but always there is John's beautiful love for his wife, the sympathetic and understanding Gloria, and always his persevering loyalty to his symphony that no one buys. His grandson becomes the leading "paz" composer of New York, and it is through him that John and his symphony are finally "discovered."

Director Schertzinger has composed the incidental music for this picture, and his waltz theme will haunt your mind for many a day.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE
Rating: Merrily We Roll Along—When Up Pops the Devil—Universal

WELL, it seems that all the really amusing people are going to California by bus this year. On Universal's bus are Lew Ayres, a rich young man about town, who falls for pretty and shapely June Knight and decides to woo her all the way to California. June has fancied herself in love with smooth-talking Alan Dinehart and they are planning to run away together to California, but Alan's wife, Minna Gombell, sort of breaks that up by insisting upon accompanying her spouse.

The bus hasn't reached Poughkeepsie before June finds out that her boy friend is married, and a first class crook besides, so she switches her affections to Lew Ayres. And that brings on a swell murder along about Arizona. Contributing to the comedy, which is really quite sprightly and gay, are Alice White, a little blonde gold-digger, who is buffing her way across the country, Eugene Palette, a self-appointed Barker, Robert Wade, a professional grouch, and Henry Armetta, who no speaka da English and gets lost.

It's an amusing comedy up until the time Mr. Dinehart murders Miss Gombell and throws the suspicion on Miss Knight, then it goes melodrama in a big way. June Knight is one of Universal's prettiest girls—"Cross Country Cruise" from Broadway—and you'll be seeing her round.
FUGITIVE LOVERS
Rating: An Exciting Trip—M-G-M
HERES another of the "bus" pictures which you'll be seeing these next few months. There's a regular epidemic of them—and not a serum in sight. On M-G-M's bus is Madge Evans, a beautiful chorine, who sets out for California on the spur of the moment to shake off the un-welcome attentions of gangster Nat Pendleton, who fancies himself quite a guy with the dames. But Nat catches her and swings on to the California bus himself—though Atlantic City is more in his line.

Ted Healy, a loud-talking and gawling traveling salesman, and his Sooges, now a vaudeville team, all catch the bus too, and things are right merry until Bob Montgomery escapes in a prison-break and joins the little crew. Of course he and Madge fall in love at first sight, and of course all the police on the Continent start tracking down poor Bob. There are moments when the picture is very exciting and moments when it isn't.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS
Rating: All Hail a New Screen Personality!—R-K-O
FRANCIS LADERER, the matinee idol of Europe and Broadway, certainly lives up to his exciting publicity in his first picture. He is a distinct personality, sexy, curly, and everything. But his first picture isn't so terribly hot, in fact it's rather cold, with poor Francis all done up in furs as an Eskimo. Now, now we ask you!

The story's about a hunt in the polar regions by an expedition from a London museum. Francis, as the Eskimo, helps them in their research, and they, in turn, make it possible for him to realize his life's ambition—to see "the white man's land." But the poor Eskimo discovers that civilization isn't all it's cracked up to be. Elissa Landi plays the love interest.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO
Rating: Almost An Altitude Record—Radio Majestic
Another musical! And with far better music than most of them have. If you aren't dancing the "Carioca" in the next month or so, you aren't living, lived or gone places and seen things. It is the most exciting thing since the rumba—and what rhythm, oh si si señor, what rhythm! The story's about a blonde orchestra leader, Gene Raymond, to be sure, who goes for a luscious and bewitching senorita, Dolores del Rio, and thereby loses his job in a swanky Midtown hotel. But a friend of his down in Rio gets him a job there, so he and his piccolo boys fly to Rio.

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in "Fugitive Lovers."

Fred Astaire and Dolores Del Rio in "Flying Down to Rio."

Of course, there are complications—Gene finds the girl of his dreams again, but only to discover that she is engaged to his friend. But don't worry—there's a happy ending. Besides the "Carioca" the high-mark of the picture is the versatile and snappy dancing of Fred Astaire, fresh from the Broadway proseniums. Ginger Rogers is swell as Fred's wisecracking dancing partner and she puts over a dirty besides. Raymond and Gene Raymond both give excellent performances. And Dolores is more mysteriously beautiful than ever.

MR. SKITCH
Rating: Very Funny—Fox
THE incomparable Will Rogers' newest picture is as wholesome and homely as sweet potato pie. Will plays the papa of the Skitch family, which suddenly finds itself caught up in the depression. So Will packs the Missus, ZaSu Pitts, his pretty young daughter, Rochelle Hudson, a couple of know-it-all twins, their young seven-year-old heir, and the dog into an old model car and starts out to see the West via the auto camps. Every time ZaSu mourns that they've eaten the last bean, Will scampers out and gets a job of some sort, ranging from Grand Canyon guide to waiter at the swanky Calneva in Nevada. All kinds of amusing things happen and you'll be vastly entertained.

Rochelle falls in love with a West Point officer, Charlie Starrett, and pretends that she is a rich girl—as girls will. ZaSu has quite a tussle with the honeybees in Yellowstone Park. And Harry Green, a wealthy Jew from New York traveling for his health, gets involved with the Skitches to add to the comedy. But the big "surprise" of the picture is a young English actress, Florence Desmond, who gives impersonations of the movie stars that will knock your eye out. When she did Katharine Hepburn at the preview of "Mr. Skitch" the audience fairly tore the house down.

You really mustn't miss Will in his latest antics—and the clever Florence Desmond.

BOMBAY MAIL
Rating: Very Intriguing—Universal
HERE'S a first class murder mystery that will keep you guessing up until the final five minutes. His Excellency, the Governor General of India (played by Ferdinand Gottschalk), is on his way back to England via the Bombay Mail. During the night his Excellency is foully murdered and, of course, everybody on the train is suspected. Inspector Eddie Love of the British Secret Service is summoned, and through his cunning is able to solve the mystery in the twenty-four hours before the Mail reaches its destination. There are more weird, mysterious people traveling on that train than you have met up with in a month of Sundays—and every mother's son and daughter of them looks guilty. Among the suspects are Onslow Stevens, Ralph Forbes, Shirley Grey, John Davidson and Hedda Hopper. Lots of excitement and suspense.

THE LAST ROUND-UP
Rating: Git Along, Little Dogie, Git Alone—Paramount
A SWELL western that throws you from one suspense to another. Randy Scott again plays the handsome hero of the wide open spaces who, by a fluke, gets himself involved in a gang of outlaws, called the Border Legion. Monte Blue is the leader of the gang and Fuzzy Knight and Fred Kohler are his partners. Barbara Fritchie, the love interest, is something new in western heroines, and a very tasty one. If you go for westerns you'll go for this one with spurs on.

Florence Desmond and Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch."

Brandon Hurst, Shirley Grey, Jameson Thomas and Edmund Lowe in "Bombay Mail."

Francis Lederer and Steffi Dana in "Man of Two Worlds."
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT
Rating: If ALL Depends on You—Paramount
A very slight story but an unusual idea puts this picture into the "atmosphere" class. Some of you may not like the unexciting theme, but at least you'll like the novelty of its presentation. The story revolves around an exclusive girls' school in Switzerland. One of the girls, Dorothy Wilson, has loved not wisely but too well Douglas Montgomery, a poor chemist in the town. When it is discovered that she is going to have a baby, the girls all rush to her side and make light of the entire matter. Even the icy athletic instructor, Brendel, small and jealous of his gorgeous flock. Some of his posing drives the poor girl, Elissa Landi, to drink. But even the popular Marlene Dietrich proves that a man can love her, and the two are married. So the young couple are married. You knew they would be all the time.

GOING HOLLYWOOD
Rating: Bing, Bang—Hooray!—M-G-M
A MARION DAVIES—Bing Crosby—Hollywood—musical picture! What more can you ask? Marion plays a school teacher, who falls in love with Bing's crooning over the radio, and sort of forgets the kiddies' examination papers. When she learns that Bing is going to Hollywood to appear in pictures she manages to catch the same train—but alas, Bing is all hot and bothered about Fifi Dorsay, who's engaged to him, and he can't see Marion for a flock of cinders.

The crew of "Eight Girls in a Boat."

BY CANDLELIGHT
Rating: Landi Loses Her Dignity—and What Fun—Universal
THOUSANDS call for Landi after seeing her in this gay, intriguing picture of love and mistaken identities in romantic Monte Carlo. It used to be that every time Elissa appeared on the screen we knew there would be a problem and a long-suffering lover, and it was all getting too, too depressing when suddenly Universal up and discovered that the little Landi girl is one of our best comedians.

Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in "By Candlelight."

MADAME SPY
Rating: Corking Good—Universal
Those spies are with us again. Fascinating people and always so darned good looking. This time Fay Wray plays a beautiful Russian spy with a Gretta Garbo look. When Nils Asther, so handsome in his Austrian uniform, crashes in his plane, Fay rushes him back to health and they get married. Back in Vienna things begin to happen, especially when Nils' old pals, John Miljan and Edward Arnold of the secret service, show up and after much excitement prove to the infatuated Nils that he has married a famous Russian spy.

The Art of Paul Lukas Captures the Spotlight!

But Marion's got determination and their paths keep crossing in the studio and on the sets until Bing finally sees the error of his ways. Bing sings and sings—and you'll love it. Besides the beautiful Marion and the crooning Bing there are Stu Erwin, Ned Sparks, Paity Kelly and the three Radio Rogues, with their uncanny impersonations, all adding to the fun. Grand entertainment.

THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN
Rating: And Not Very Funny Either—R-K-O
The best comedians in town—look 'em over: ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Gleason, El Brendel, Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher. But such a weak story and flock of old gags that they have a hard time keeping body and soul together. ZaSu plays the owner of a small town's Emporium and El Brendel is the local harrier who's in love with her. Pert Kelton's a stranded show girl and Jimmy Gleason's a man about town.

Marion Davies and Stuart Erwin in "Going Hollywood."

A "hit" picture starts a "trend," a "trend" leads into a "cycle," yet always there is novelty and surprise. "The Little Women" wave is passing and the "Queens" have arrived, leaving the "Gay Nineties" only a memory.
THOSE Queer Things That Happen Department: Two years ago Margaret Sullavan, who became a star overnight after "Only Yesterday," took a test for Paramount and was given both turned down thumbs and cool shoulders. Now Universal, who "discovered" her, laughs while Paramount is getting its teeth.

And a year and a few months ago, a young actor named Franchot Tone had the New York critics raving about his performance in "Success Story" on Broadway. Franchot was signed by Metro and went to Hollywood and got himself engaged to Joan Crawford. And now "Success Story" has been bought for pictures and goes into production with young Douglas Fairbanks Jr. It's all in the family.

IS THAT old Swedish reserve breaking down? Is the thaw setting in? Is Garbo going to turn out to be flesh and blood after all? It seems that she really does have human impulses now and then. And one of them came the other night when she actually drove out to Pasadena and attended her own preview! Yes, sir, you could have touched her with your own little pinky! And furthermore, you could have knocked the unsuspecting publicity people over with a flamingo (Hi-there—Alice in Wonderland)! But life has its little ironies. "Queen Christina" ran one reel—let out a couple of snorts and hisses—and completely broke down. And poor Garbo had to go home without getting that famous public reaction.

THE Garbo-Mamoulian romance seems to develop steadily. The two have been spotted lunching at the Ambassador and dining at the Russian Eagle quite often lately.

THOSE bad boy writers from the East, Gene Fowler and Ben Hecht, must have taken "Once in a Lifetime" a little too seriously. When they were given an office at Metro they promptly put very hot art studies on their walls, and hired a beautiful blonde secretary whose job was to take no dictation, answer no phone calls and receive no callers! But their fun didn't last long. Louis B Mayer heard about it.

UNA MERKEL says it's bad enough to receive complimentary reviews on your own pictures—but it's expecting a little to much of an actress to have to take it on the chin for someone else. In a recent review of "The Way to Love," with Maurice Chevalier, the critic of Vanity Fair remarks "what with knives suddenly hurtling through the air, Una Merkel shivering with hysterics, and Chevalier moaning about his ambition. "The Way to Love" looked like a production from the joint studios of Rene Clair and Mack Sennett."

So Una sent a wire which read: "I spell it Merkel and besides I wasn't in the picture."

LA TASMAN is about the most invertebrate reader in Hollywood. She never sleeps more than four hours a night and spends the rest of the time reading.

KING Vidor says he has at last discovered truth in advertising. Driving through San Diego recently he saw this sign over the theatre: MAE WEST—I'M NO ANGLE.

JOAN CRADFORD has had a new library added to her home in Brentwood. It's done in knotty pine and quite beautiful—but there's a white rug! What will the book worms say when they see that white rug!

HOW to acquire poise and confidence? Irene Dunne says that bashful girls should wear high-heeled shoes.

WHEN an actress turns down a chance to star in a brilliant London production—all because of a man—it must be love. So, guess the Teasdale-Menjou romance is the real McCoy. Veree received a most flattering offer to star in "The Human Element," which will open in London in the near future, but she turned it down cold.

"I can't do it," she told Zoe Akins who fashioned the play from Somerset Maugham's story. "Any other year I'd have simply jumped at the chance. But I happen to be very much in love, and the gentleman involved has to remain in Hollywood. And so shall I."

DEAR me, how those Hollywood kiddies do put on airs. If you haven't been snubbed by somebody's precocious four-year-old you really haven't lived. It's Mrs. Pat Campbell, the famous English actress, who's laughing now over the recent ritz she got from young Irving Thalberg, Jr. Young Irving, who celebrated his third birthday in August, was visiting the "Rip Tide" set to see Mama Shearer act. After the "take" Norma very proudly introduced her young son to Mrs. Campbell.

"And what is your name, my little man?" Mrs. Campbell inquired politely. "Mr. Thalberg," Irving Junior informed her.

MADELINE FIELDS, the voice of Carole Lombard, is this department's favorite when it comes to screen stars' secretaries. Whenever you call her, she says "No"—just like that. When I called the other day, before I could even say a good hello, Madeleine shouted, "Whatever you want, No, Miss Lombard dislikes publicity, she can't bear to see her name in print. She particularly dislikes fan magazine interviews. The answer is No to everything. Well—when do you want to see her? Can you come over right away?"

HERBERT MUNDIN FLORENCE DESMOND HEATHER ANGEL

FIRST STILL from the new musical "Fox Follies."

Florence Desmond's impersonations of Hollywood stars bring down the house—especially is her Katharine Hepburn splendid.

Florence goes mostly with the English crowd in Hollywood, except for Ted Fio Rita, the famous orchestra leader. She and Ted planned to elope one night in Hollywood, but got lost in a fog on the way to the airport and changed their minds. Yuma never saw them.

Ned Sparks, bright and gay cinema actor. He's the very spirit of the Depression.
was suited to pictures, and persuasion could not change him. He was about wildly, attempting to silence the nagging voice which told him that the things he was doing were pretty futile—that his place was on the stage and that the films weren't for him.

He took a plane that night, and it seemed that one of the most promising screen careers of the decade was cut short. Certainly that was the way it looked when, months later, I went down from New York to catch him in a show at the Lyric, Philadelphia. His had a burst of energy and playing to delighted crowds. The stage-door alley was packed with autograph seekers.

"I've kept your name," I told him when we were back at the hotel. "This is something pictures can't give—this keyed-up feeling that you get from an audience in the flesh."

"But those girls," I pointed out, "weren't hanging around to get a look at the Theatre Guild's pride and grief. They wanted to see the guy who played in 'Paid' and 'Five and I' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' Or am I being coarse?"

His face clouded and I saw that despite his exuberance he had had those same thoughts, those same doubts as the release of his pictures, particularly the last one—'Waterloo Bridge' and 'A House Divided.' In which he had the starring role, and his work was shown clearly that he was wrong in his belief that he was not a screen type. Yet, despite the chance for his services in Hollywood, he continued to travel in an undistinguished season in New York.

Returning to his Pasadena home for a summer vacation, he kept stoutly to his position of passing up the films. Unable to remain idle, he played a few weeks with the Pasadena Community Theatre, and once more over New York.

"Maybe I'm fool," he told me just before he left. "Things look bad on Broadway, and Heaven knows the movie moguls are casting about for new stars. And it looks more and more all the time as if pictures are becoming the theatre of today. But I don't mind being broke if I can do that one thing I like. No salary is large enough to make a dull rôle attractive—and it's only those awfully stupid straight parts that I've been offered here."

This is the way he appeared in two plays, 'Men Must Fight' and 'American Dream.' Both were marked down on the theatrical scoreboard as flops, and while they gave Doug the satisfaction of roles into which he could really set his teeth, they were woefully neglectful of his bank account.

There is a general understanding that Doug is independently wealthy, an idea fostered by his spendthrift ways. But he is not immune from the financial troubles which beset most of us. And often more so, due to the extravagance of his habits.

"I can't help it," he admits blithely. "I've never been able to feel that money isn't a whole lot more fun to spend than to keep...several long, cool drinks, and a few good wines; I like to live well. It if keeps me broke in doing so, all right. Ever stop to think that a swell way to keep from being broke?"

Getting poor by spending is doubtless a pleasanter task than being so from scratch, but broke or not Doug is not one to take up one more of those long, limp fingers which is the wealth of evil. Instead of taking picture offers in the East, he once more returned to Pasadena for summer stock—this time to rep the New York and London hit in 'Volpone.'

Again, impressed by his performance, the picture people came after him. We were swimming one afternoon when he suddenly went down to the bottom of the pool and stayed there for a long time. "Maybe he's sunk to his knees," I suggested. But pretty soon he came up with the worried look which means he's been thinking. "Ah," we jeered, 'effect shot of a Young Man with a Problem.'"

"No problem," he said. "Just a kind of feeling that maybe I'm a chump for the ages. I was offered another contract this morning—she's the long runer. That makes two. For five years. Good God, imagine being tied to a place for that long, having to do more than I'm shoved at you! And wonder how one could go swim in that pool again."

He jumped back in the water and stayed under for so long that we were talking over his death before he came up. I guess he was plunging back out. "If they only let you pick your spots!" he yelled. "But they won't want to have you sewed up so they'll benefit that much."

They sent you sign a termner before they pass out the plum. Can't blame 'em, I suppose—but it's surely tough on people who have no restrictions, being tied up to one company."

One of Doug's few delusions is that he has a fine singing voice. Suddenly he began to sing with a sort of pathetic gush..."The blues are all around his head. Wanamaker and I went and hid in the water. When we came out Doug was balancing a highball glass on his forehead. 'Guess it's about time to be making a start back East to see what's on Broadway.'"

And the broken manager for every light on Times Square," I pointed out, "You're like the guy who searched all over the house for diamonds, looking for them where they were—in his own back yard."

"Maybe. Hollywood is my backyard, too. enough, and certainly the diamonds are here. Looks like it's just a matter of us not being able to get together on a friendly basis."

And then suddenly that happy condition arose. Although the offer of the hated long-termers, Doug was given the part of Laurie opposite Katharine Hepburn in 'Little Women.' When the picture was finished and the raves over, his work echoed so loudly that they were heard down the street at Paramount. Whereupon he got the only male rôle in the fascinating speciat mystery, "Get Rich or Die Tryin'". I think it's also nice to be on the receiving end of some checks again—but I don't know. Actually I'm just as uncertain as to what the score is as I ever was.

"I've got to keep going. My work is my life, and to get static in it would be fatal. A lot of people think I'm screwy, but I think there are a few of you who understand that in my own way I'm trying to be true to myself. And that's the important thing. And I'll kill a penguin, peg in a small hole and I don't know yet what my racket. I'm beginning to believe that it is, and that perhaps I've been mistaken in keeping away from it as long as I have. "Yet that's nothing new for me. I've made mistakes all my life, fallen down and got up and gone on. I remember some thing made me insist on that blues being all around his head. Wanamaker and I

SILVER SCREEN for MARCH 1934

Ciclced Twice [Continued from page 17]

Rip Tide [Continued from page 15]  

In fact, as Mrs. Pat informed Eddie, he is putting with Metro because he hasn't been allowed to act in any of their pictures.

Well, I don't know whether Moonbeam got the job or not, but I do know that his fond mistress has a trust fund for him, and if she dies first he is to be kept in choice homes for the rest of his life. While Mrs. Pat argued it out with the director over her darling's prows before the camera, I moved over to Lil Tashman's dressing room. Lil was reading the lines for her next scene where, as Norma's sister, she crashes a sedate English party stinking drunk. But learning lines to Lil is only a matter of two seconds, then talks to ten different people on ten different subjects for an hour or so, and then arrives on the set better perfect in her dialogue.

This is the first time that Lil has worked on the Metro lot since she and Norma played together in 'The Trial of Mary Dugan,' which was one of Metro's first talkies. She's an ardent Shearer fan, I think. It's quite a thrill to discover the possibility of being 'The Star Who Cleased Twice.'

you know it very well."

"Mr. Pat, whose acidulous remarks to the screen's 'great' made dinner conversation in the past, hasn't been quite so verbose this trip too far. Though she did tell Lil Tashman that a recent party she arrived wearing one of her smart creations from New York, and all the ladies were gurgling over it and admiring the birds of paradise that swept over the face. Mrs. Pat stood it as long as she could. "My dear," she said at last, "you look exactly like an English sheep dog in that extraordinary hat."

"Mrs. Pat didn't have to work that morning, but she thought it wouldn't hurt to drop a line to an old director generally again about the possibility of getting little Moonbeam a part in the picture. Little Moonbeam, with Moonochen, the lady who got herself killed in 'Smiling Thrut)' is a white Pekingese who played with Mrs. Pat on the New York stage in 'The Party,' and he is quite stage

Dudan, which was one of Metro's first talkies. She's aardent Shearer fan, and thinks that Norma is the best dressed of the screen stars—which always makes Norma laugh—and makes me laugh, too, when I think of the bare feet and the fog in her hair.

Also, for the first time, La Tashman is wearing gowns designed by Adrian, and the studio is still gassing over her comments on a little tri-cornered creation Adrian whipped up for the Tashman head. "That," she said, "is too extreme. Which is the first time that Tashman has even admitted her limitations.

Because of the daring style innovations of Norma's elaborate wardrobe in this picture, the studio has given orders that no full length "still" be made of for publication until after the release of the picture. Isn't that exciting? I hear that what Adrian has done to the silhouette is something that will change your life. Can you wait!
This young wife thought romance had fled—until...

Aunt Alice is right---even a busy wife can take a minute or two to Lux. Lux takes away perspiration odor, yet saves colors.

But Tom seems so indifferent, Aunt Alice—I work so hard—keep the house spick and span—but oh, what's the use?

Dear child, might I venture—

Oh, Aunt Alice, have I been careless that way? I didn't realize I was offending—

I know it, my dear, but perspiration odor in underthings makes any wife seem unromantic. Why risk it when Lux is so easy?

Aunt Alice is right—

And soon Tom's attitude changes.

Oh, Tom, what beautiful roses—they're so sweet.

Just a little something to show how this husband appreciates his charming wife.

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 alkalai—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors
"I'm in Love [Continued from page 16]

"Thank goodness, that's over," Myrna said at last, wrapping up the dismantled fashion sitting and giving it to a boy to return to the studio. "Let's talk. I always get fatally embarrassed at interviews. You ask me questions and I'll answer—maybe," and Myrna laughed and gave her eyelashes a swish and I knew darned well that I could ask questions until the cows came home and that shy little minx would trick me out of my answers.

"Yes, there've been a lot of complaints about you," I said. "You've been in Hollywood pictures since 1925 but there is less known about you than any other star. No gossip, no rumors, no hits, no runs, no fun. Without any air of mystery about her—Myrna has never refused an interview, dodged down a side alley, or worn dark colored glasses—she is the most mysterious person in Hollywood today—not even excepting Miss Gutziaho. When the day's work at the studio is done, very few people know what Myrna does, says, or thinks."

"But," I continued, "in your own quiet way you have suddenly blossomed forth during this last year into one of the Most Important People on the Screen. How come? Metro, with all its Shearers and Crawford and Harlows, suddenly discovers that you have more glamour than a Christma-present from Tiffany's, and they write you up a new contract with a lift in salary, and go out scouting for stories for you—instead of giving you those little scripts living around that no one else wanted. How's about it? What's this new high in Love?"

"I think my change during the last year," said Myrna seriously, "may have been caused by two things. First, I am really seriously honestly-to-goodliness in love. And second, after all these years of floundering around and taking what the gods and the casting offices threw my way, I have at last gotten complete confidence in myself and know what I want and where I am going. I have a definite ambition now. And I know that my real personality does photograph on the screen. If you only knew how many sleepless nights I have spent worrying over that—worrying because every studio in Hollywood thought only of me as a weird exotic with taped eyes and wandering brows, and I played so many Eurasian half-castes that I began to wonder if I really did have a personality that would photograph after all. Did I do want to be me. After 'Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet' and 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' I knew I was a personality, not a type any longer. Gosh, it has made a difference in my outlook on life."

"Wait—wait a minute," I stammered, "You're in love? And it hasn't been smeared all over the newspapers and low-down columns? Wonder woman—how do you do it?"

Myrna gave another one of her fascinating smiles. And swooped those lashes again and I knew right well that two hours from now I would still be as vague about her "love life" as Alice Brady in a pea soup fog.

"I'd rather not give you the name of the man" (Yes, I was afraid of that), Myrna said. "She gave a shy smile. "Of course, out of fairness, I can't say that I owe everything to him, for there were three men before him who managed to see through darkest Africa and realize that I wasn't just a native girl with a good figure. And believe me, I am certainly indebted to them."

"It seems Mr. Griffith had been assigned to direct Ina Claire in 'Rebound,' and he and the Pathe executives were looking every place for a girl to play the part of Esie. They had tested a lot of people and had resorted to looking at some old film just for ideas. 'Oh dear God,' Mr. Griffith said, 'please send us Little Esie.' And that night he saw me doing the usual half-caste in a film and sent for me to take a test for Little Esie. The next day Mr. Griffith sent for me and I played Little Esie—a nasty little snob from the social register—but thank goodness, not a half-caste. It was after 'Rebound' that Director Griffith called me 'glamorous' and told me; 'You can do what Mary Astor has done. Go out and get yourself a big contract.'"

"But I didn't—right away. Mr. Mamoulian was another director who helped me to gain confidence in myself. I learned that he insisted upon me for the Chevalier picture 'Love Me Tonight,' though the Paramount studio didn't want to pay my salary for such a small part. I wasn't so keen about the small part myself—but at least it allowed me to wear modish clothes and speak English, so I took it and Mr. Mamoulian everyday would hand me a little blue slip of paper, which meant I had more and more lines to say. He encouraged me when I most needed it."

It was late. The telephone was ringing. I had to go. I think Myrna Loy is a swell woman. I would like to find some of those thoughts that go on behind those swooping eyelashes—but I presume this is all. I'll get out of old Mona Lisa Myrna.
"Beauty of Face and Figure

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Says DR. SCHOLL

Just as comfortable feet can be made the foundation of new beauty, grace and attractiveness for you, so will tortured feet show in tired eyes, wincing lines, a halting stride and in a silhouette robbed of its once soft, lovely curves.

Corns, callouses, bunions and sore toes can affect you in these respects as seriously as most any other painful foot trouble.

Whether it's simply to stop nagging friction or pressure of your shoes on a tender spot on your feet or toes, or to ease the sharp pain of a corn, callous or a bunion — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause of these foot troubles — shoe friction and pressure—by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They soothe irritated nerves and inflamed tissues and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, enabling you to walk, dance or golf with comfort.

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In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Have You Other Foot Troubles?

Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 59, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.
"Design For Starring"  [Continued from page 27]

Some Grow—Some Swell  [Continued from page 19]

if I may use the phrase. Mr. Bancroft got to be a very big star, but he wasn't ever really quite as big as he thought he was. I think Mr. Bancroft's end came in Hollywood when the story was circulated that his wife said she couldn't just wake him in the morning—she had to carry in a bowl full of milk for him, and that she then had to pour him into his August nose and allow him to come to gently in their fragrance. Maybe the story isn't true—but it had wide publicity and spread typified the Bancroft attitude toward life.

Franchot Tone—in spite of being the constant companion of Miss Joan Crawford, who has been growing rapidly. Everybody in his own studio, and all the other studios, looks up to him. He takes his work very seriously. He is intensely pleased with good notices. He wants to be a better actor, which is quite astounding, because Mr. Tone is a much better actor than most people now, and might well be satisfied with himself. In my opinion, no one in pictures has grown so much as Jean Harlow. The platinum blonde, who became famous because of her sex appeal, works harder than anybody else on the M-G-M lot. On the phone, the other day, I said to her: "Jean, you're becoming a very fine actress in spite of everybody." She chuckled. "I'll get there or die trying," she said. And by "get there" she didn't mean to stardom, which she has to fame, but what she calls "the little things." She was meant to the goal which she has set for herself. The goal of really fine artistry.

"I like to do "little people,"" she told me, once, and "themselves to see my pictures and they applaud—and it makes me cry. But I want to be so much better in front of it on cold evenings and a real star, so that when my platinum hair sort of fades, they'll come to see me for work. I'd rather be an actress like Marie Dressler, and have people love me as they do her, and be able to give the performances she does, than anything else in the world. And I get enough encouragement all the time to keep me alive."

Richard Dix has a sense of humor that keeps him sane.

Fredric March always strikes you as an actor, hot or cold, on or off—but a pleasant actor in both instances.

Janet Gaynor—Garbo—Norma Shearer—they all have grown scarily tall, and with a certain amount of humbleness in the face of their fame. The only woman, outside of Dressler, who has grown most in the years, is Marion Davies. There is no one so kind, so thoughtful, so altogether lovely, as Marion. Which she played in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But when she spoke of her yearning for a permanent home in Santa Monica, with the eternal miracle of the majestic mountains almost at her back door, and the restless, surging Pacific at her front, she was the living prototype of Louise in "The Stranger's Return," the girl who was drawn back to the wall that intangible power that she had no wish to control.

However, the role of Gilda in "Design for Scandal" is the most exciting thing that Miss Miriam has ever done, anything else that I can think of. Gilda proclaimed herself "Mother of the Arts." Well, Miriam is just that. Her dearst friends, both in Hollywood and New York, are numbered among writers, artists and musicians. Two of the very fine sketches on the walls of her apartment in the hotel were done, she admitted by "a young artist in California. That's a splendid sketch he's done of Michael. He shows great promise. I mean to help him, if I can."

But, in the beginning, one of the artist publishers in New York called her up asking for a criticism of several books she had written. She said she would have nothing to do with literature. But Miranda proceeded to tell him quite decisively why she thought certain ones would be suitable for republication. Just like Gilda, Miriam loves small chatty dinner parties. Big parties leave her vaguely depressed. She adores mixing small groups of people—writers, artists, and actors. In fact, she is like them—she is not only a woman in the arts but an artist in them.}

claimed briskly, "It's good for a child to grow up and be able to call one special place home.

Michael, lest you forget, is Miriam's adopted boy and she's simply crazy about him. He came in from his morning romp in Central Park, (in spite of the icy temperature), while we were having breakfast. Although he's just twenty months old, you could not, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, imagine such modern-day child expression. He's really the most adorable fair-haired little boy with striking eyes still brown, with a laughing California shine, and with deep-set dark blue eyes that are forever crinkling with inner laughter. Up upon his mother's bed he dimpled like a little puppy, dogs, gurgling with glee over his own prowess, his eyes fairly eating up the fruit and toast on Miriam's half-finished breakfast tray.

"I shouldn't give him anything," she announced herself sternly, "Miss Nathan would be furious (Miss Nathan is Michael's nurse), and in addition, the doctor has told me not to, but, like all mothers, she couldn't resist Michael's gurgling demands and led him just to a bit of bread. "Is it good food," she murmured proudly. "He even asks for more spinach." Which makes little Michael Hopkins something of a phenomenon in the world of children. . . or doesn't it?

The question whether she would like Michael to follow the theatrical profession when he grows up brought a protest from Miriam. "I want him to follow his own bent. Just now he seems to get a tremendous pleasure picking notes out on the piano. I plan to take him and have him just take piano lessons. They have new teaching methods these days," she said. "I think we might have some horrid reminiscences of our own piano-practicing days. "Michael may turn out to be an infant Mozart," she laughed, while she punched his little chest and back lovingly, treating him just as if he were a little punching bag.

With Michael back in his own room having his breakfast, I started out again, and I gathered that on the following day Miriam was moving from her luxurious hotel suite, to a furnished pent house apartment on East 56th Street.

"The terrace," I ventured, "will be lovely for Michael."

She agreed, and added, "But Michael won't go to Central Park altogether. He adores playing with the children there."

"I wish you could see that apartment," she confided. "It's too, too divine. And it was just like the sort of house and the sort of furniture and the sort of place, once upon a time, I was meant to be happy in."

"There's a marvelous living-room, leading out onto the terrace in my new place. The place is called the Mountain, because of all the half-finished paintings on the wall and I'm so pleased I could shout! But, best of all, there's an open fireplace. It will be heavenly to sit in front of it on cold evenings and chat over tea and cocktails, or just read and dream."

Miriam has already lived in three different places since she came to New York early in December. She came first to the Pierre, then, tired of hotel living, moved to a magnificent five story English basement dwelling on East 53rd Street. A corps of servants was hired, charge accounts opened at the stationer's, the laundry, the market, etc., etc., and Miriam decided that she wanted to move again. The reason doesn't matter. Call it a whim, a fancy, if you like, but when the urge came to get going once more, Miriam "got going." She came back to the Pierre, but in another suite, hung up at the windows the type of curtains that she adores (bright, cheerful ones that draw together magically with a pull of the string and shut out the dark, unfriendly night) and ordered the private phone, which she can't do without, installed.

"I'm ashamed to call up the telephone company and ask them to put in another number," she murmured notwithstanding, the action to the words. I wish I could just give them a change of name instead of a change of address. It would be easier. (Note: I don't believe she was a bit contrite, the little minx, but she felt she ought to be.)

"I once read that you collected first editions of books. Do you have a little set of the brief pauses between phone calls."

"Not any more," answered Miriam with a definite shake of her blonde head. "It was far too expensive. At any rate, when I found that the lobby was becoming almost an obsession, I stopped it short. Why, when I was earning $350.00 a week on the stage, I was used to spending the entire sum on one book. I've given away almost the whole collection, so as not to be tempted again. Now I buy books, of course, but I find I still like the torch singer like that, and to try to attractively bound, and printed, but they don't have to be first editions.

I think Miriam's glowing personality best, taking some of the parts she has played in pictures as a medium, two roles come to mind almost at once. . . . (She is still like the torch singer like that, and to try to attractively bound, and printed, but they don't have to be first editions.

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Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to train in these New Hollywood Styles?

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali! ... 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 silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali... no acidity 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 to normalize the 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 for DRY hair

PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO for OILY hair
The experience was invaluable and all the varied training of those months came to Dorothea's aid when she finally got her great chance—the opportunity to play Fraulein Von Bernburg in "Maedchen in Uniform." It's doubtful if anyone could have brought more understanding, restrained emotion, and pure beauty to the rôle of Fraulein Von Bernburg than Dorothea Wieck. Yet it's little short of a miracle that she was chosen for the rôle. It came about completely by accident.

Dorothea Wieck was the last actress in Germany who would have occurred to Carl Froelich and Lionel Sagan, producers of "Maedchen in Uniform," as a possibility for the rôle of the sensitive school teacher. Her screen work had all been dammingly trademarked by that blonde wig, and her stage work, confined as it had been to Vienna, Munich and Frankfort, was not known in Berlin.

But it just so happened that Froelich was a close friend of Dorothea's artist father. And that one evening during a visit to the Wieck home he glanced casually through the family album—and saw a picture of Dorothea.

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

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

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

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

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Genevieve Tobin and the pooch she entered in the Dog Show.

He had known that his friend's daughter was an actress, but his impression of her, gained from her film work, had been of a flabby blonde nonentity. Here, however, looking up at him from the pages of that homely album, was a woman of rare and unusual beauty. One look was enough to convince him that Fraulein Von Bernburg was found.

Only one thing remained. And that was to convince the lady herself. Convincing Dorothea, let me interpolate, is about as easy as bending a steel girder between the thumb and first finger. But once she believes sufficiently in anything there's no stopping her. She recognized in "Maedchen in Uniform" the opportunity for which she had long been waiting, went to Berlin, played the part—and you know the rest.

Seldom has a foreign-made picture enjoyed the sensational welcome that "Maedchen in Uniform" was accorded in America. And only a few times before has a European actress arrived here with a ready-made American public awaiting her. True, Dorothea had to cinch that public with her first American-made vehicle. But the way has already been paved. They awaited her, not as a stranger, but sympathetically, interestedly, as one who has already met her mettle, and who will have, in the future, only to live up to what she herself has indicated, in "Maedchen in Uniform," can be expected of her.

Paramount is the studio which signed her and brought her to America, and without the cooperation of Paramount she cannot, of course, live up to those expectations. She arrived in America in March, 1934, and in Hollywood in April, but it was not until October that her first picture was completed. Time had to be allowed for the improving of her English and for the finding of a suitable vehicle. The vehicle finally chosen was "Cradle Song," a peppy, tender, romantic play by Martinez Sierra, in which Dorothea plays the rôle of a nun.

During those months which passed between the time of her arrival in Hollywood, and the day when she actually started production on her first Paramount picture, Dorothea was somewhat of a mystery woman to Hollywood.

The night she arrived she did none of the things one would expect from a glamorous European personage on her first night in the maddest of all towns. She went quietly to dinner at the Brown Derby with her manager and afterward to a movie at a small neighborhood house. There was no riotous reception, no noisy party, no excitement whatsoever to herald Dorothea Wieck's first night in Hollywood.

And during the months which followed she continued to be a mystery woman. She never attended parties or premiers. The only companion which seemed to have real importance for her was her Sealyham. And whenever an adoring stranger—or even a friend—would attempt to pet the small dog her eye would narrow and she would show such obvious disapproval that the most devout dog lover—the most ardent claimer that "all dogs love me"—would retreat in apologetic disgrace.

I met Dorothea the day she arrived in Hollywood, but it's only recently that I've understood this facet of her personality. It all came from the simple tale of her being so Jealous when a new friend declared to her that her ring was more valuable than any she had heard.
We're feeling lonely those first weeks in a new country. The many, many times she had come into that huge omnibus and seen around her a sea of strange faces, in one of which flashed her a welcoming glance of recognition. Now it was different. From almost every table came a greeting, a cheery hello, a bid for her attention.

Yet—indisposed, ambitious, almost ruthless as this young woman can be when she feels her career is at stake, she was lonely. But once she made friends she made plenty of them. I went on the set with her that day when we had our interview. There was that little note of camaraderie in the manner of prop boys, assistant cameramen, assistant directors—those small fry who can make or break the big shots—which indicated that they genuinely liked her. She was not simply a star who rated courteous attention—she was one of them.

Yet this was the same girl who had gotten herself thoroughly in wrong by snapping at a hairdresser. But, as I've said before, that's the way Dorothy Wick is. A charming girl, almost an impish person. A high-strung, intense, quick-tempered person, quick to anger, quicker to make amends. But above all a woman consecrated to her career, and brooking no levity, no interference, no delay, where the serious business of work is concerned.

In conclusion let me tell you a typical anecdote. When the Wick, as her friends call her half in fun, half in genuine respect, arrived in New York the reporters who met the boat wanted her to raise her skirts and pose showing her legs. After all Dietrich had done it. If Ramsay MacDonald had had that kind of legs they'd have asked him to do it. Dorothea to them was just another potential news picture and they wanted to make it as tasty as possible. But "the Wick" met their request indignantly, her eye flashing fire. "Why?" she queried with honest resentment and honest bemusement. "I am an actress—not a musical comedy player!"

And now I leave her in your hands, this fiery yet retiringly reserved young woman who may be our next film sensation. From now on it's up to you.

Silver Screen has a startling article scheduled for the April issue. "I'm That way," says Jean Harlow. DO NOT MISS IT.

The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race.

Which will arrive first? A baby, a mother, and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.

If the doctor wins... all's well. But if either of his two rivals keeps the lead, there's trouble ahead.

The Federal Children's Bureau points out that 16,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in these United States.

Of deaths in childbirth, 40% are caused by septic poisoning. That hardly ever occurs if the expectant mother has gone to her doctor regularly once each month during pregnancy, and if the child delivery is made at a good hospital or lying-in clinic.

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Stars at Work

[Continued from page 23]

paratively few. The rest are painted on a back drop, and so skillfully is it done that when you see it on the screen you won't be able to tell where the real trees end and the painted ones begin. This same set is used to show the farm during spring, summer, autumn and winter. In autumn the leaves are brown and sere, and in winter everything was covered with snow. But just now it is spring and everything is tender and young—and lovely.

It is a simple rural story of a boy (Donald Woods), born and bred in the city, who has the love of the country in his heart. When his father's (Egon Brecher) business runs down, he persuades him to sell out and take the family to a New England farm which he has purchased with money he has earned as a musician.

On the adjoining farm live David Landau and Clara Blandick with their brood, consisting of Jean Muir, William Janney, Russell Hardy, Arthur Hohl, Dorothy Appleby, and one or two others. Clara and Dorothy are city bred and hate the farm, so the management of the house falls to Jean Muir.

Woods meets her and falls in love with her, but she won't marry him until she's sure he really loves the farm. Plots and counter-plots are developed and unfolded until that glorious day in the spring when the peach trees are in bloom and the birds are twittering and Donald drives up to the gate, with money in his pocket to build a new farmhouse. Then the last vestige of doubt is removed from Jean's mind and she rushes with outstretched arms to meet him.

The Warners Freres say that Miss Muir is going to be simply a sensation!

This lot is simply bustling with activity today. James Cagney is just starting a new picture—"The Heir Chaser." He comes towards me with outstretched hand and a grin a mile wide on his face. Then suddenly he stops short in his tracks. "What are you doing here?" he demands. "When did you get back?"

Jimmie had taken a cottage in Carmel and invited me to visit him. But when I arrived he was promptly summoned back to the studio and left me alone up there. My dears, I'm telling you, the place simply exudes ART and KULTUR. Gil and I couldn't stand it. I couldn't breathe. It reminded me of one of Berton Braley's poems:

"I've run about lately
With folks intellectual—
Minds that are flashing
And glowing
In stride:
Making me feel
Like a worm intellectual
Only much lower—
And lower—
In life."

"I got bored," I explain simply, "so I just came back. And then it's my turn to guilt. Jim's appearance is something he marvel over. The back and sides of his head have been sheared—positively, there's no other word for it—until he looks like nothing so much as a horse that has just had its mane roached. Scars have been put on the back by the expert make-up man. He has on an old gray felt hat, a cheap tweed overcoat and tan shoes such as I wore when I was a boy and thought I was knocking 'em cold."

This story concerns itself with a guy (Jimmie) who runs around digging up missing heirs to fortunes, and then cutting himself in on it in one way or another.

The Seasons come and go. Jean Muir and Donald Woods on the sensational set for "As the Earth Turns."

In this dinky room in a cheap tenement—a room with a wall phone, an old-fashioned round, oak, dining-room table with cards spread on it where the occupant has been playing solitaire, an old-fashioned mantelpiece and fireplace—a room with double doors leading into the adjoining bed-room and through which can be seen the foot of a brass bed with the covers ruffled and unmade—a room with combination gas and electric fixtures—he has just run down Arthur Hohl (doubling in this picture and "As the Earth Turns") who has recently fallen heir to a fortune.

Unfortunately Hohl has murdered a gent and is in hiding. He knew nothing of the fortune he had inherited until Jimmie bursts in on him with the glad tidings.

"What do I do to get the dough?" Hohl asks suspiciously.

"Cinch," Jim smiles, seating himself opposite Hohl. "Just go down an' tell 'em who y'are."

"Swell!" says Hohl with grim humor. "I only got a murder rap hangin' over me."

"What evidence they got against you?" Jimmie asks.

There was a dame in the room when I blasted the guy. She was his doll so that makes everything just dandy!" Hohl explains.

"Who's the dame?" Jim wants to know.

"Gladys Farrell," Hohl answers, and explains, "She works in a night trap."

Originally Joan Blondell was slated to play Gladys but with her appendicitis operation she's laid up, so Bette Davis has been rushed into the breach. I'm sure I'm quite safe in predicting that Miss Davis is going to give an amazing performance as a gangster's moll. I can hardly wait to see her.

Tucked away in a corner of another stage is a little cabin. Never have I seen a simpler or more unpleasant set than this. This set has been thrown together for "Heat Lightning." The company just returned unexpectedly this morning from a location trip and the sets are not ready. This one was thrown up in about fifteen minutes, but it suffices.

There are three walls (the fourth has been knocked out so the camera can cover the interior—a ceiling and one window. There is a tired, old rocker, a straight chair, a broken-down chifferon, an equally broken-down washstand in the corner with a bowl and pitcher on it and a mirror hanging over it, and a dilapidated, rusty, iron bed with a cheap pink cotton spread and pink pillow case. Pink is used because it will photograph whiter than white.
Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot have robbed a bank and killed two cashiers. They are fleeing to Mexico and stop at a desert gas station for oil, gas and food. Pres recognizes the proprietress (Aline MacMahon) as an old flame of years gone by. She has given up the old life and settled down out here to protect her younger sister (Aam Dwarka) from ruination. Pres promises to keep her secret but when two divorcees from Reno (Glennda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly) drive up, loaded down with diamonds, he decides to spend the night there and rob them. He goes over to the little cabin where he and Lyle are staying and finds Lyle sitting on the bed, nervously stuffing his entire tie into his mouth, then pulling it out through his clenched teeth in the manner originated by Ben Hecht.

"I told you you could have another sandwich if you’re hungry," Foster says agreeably.

"I ain’t hungry," Lyle protests. "I can already feel myself on a prison diet..."

"So can Hogan," Pres retorts. "They nabbed him."

"How do you know?" Lyle asks, blanching at the thought.

"It came over the radio a little while ago," Foster explains.

"Holy cats!" Lyle exclaims, jumping up and grabbing a shirt as he prepares to pack. "Let’s get goin’! Let’s not stall around here all night."

"Sit down—and listen!" Preston admonishes him, giving him a shove as he shakes his bottles of beer for emphasis. "My neck is just as valuable to me as yours is to you and I’m not going to do anything that’d pull a poppet over it. We’ve sat here—but only long enough to get our hands on those rocks those dames are lugging around. We’re in a tight spot and we might need to do some greasing to get us over the border."

"All right—all right," Lyle agrees. "I’m glad you let me in on the plot."

"Put on a tie—and try not to choke your self to death with it," Foster orders him.

"We got our own new deal coming up—and prosperity is just across the border."

"Cut," calls the director and Lyle comes over. "I hear you’re going to New York tonight. Excited?"

"No." I tell him. This is getting old—this excited business.

One more and Warner Brothers and I can kiss each other goodbye until after the holidays. The one remaining picture is "Wonder Bar," starring the peerless Al (Sock Em) Jolson and featuring Dick Powell, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Louise Fazenda, Guy Kibbee, Fifi O’Rsay and Meena Kennedy, to say nothing of little Hughie Herbert who has made two or three pictures and already thinks he’s worth more money.

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This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of head 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering or border.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 26th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.
This set for “Wonder Bar” is unlike anything you’ve ever seen. Well, possibly I go too far. It’s bigger than anything you’ve ever seen. It really is a stupendous, gigantic, colossal. So is the room. It is perfectly enormous. The bar runs the length of the room—at one side. There are stools in front of it whereas that is the place to con-sit. A larger dance floor than I’ve ever come across occupies the center of the room. One step up from the dance floor is a plat-form with tables on it where the cash cus-tomers sit. At the far end of the room, where there’s more space, a second platform, a step higher than the first, has addi-tional tables, so the hal f-faced with the bar get ringside seats may see what’s going on. All the tables are occupied with extras in full evening dress. Gorgeous gals, glittering gowns. A few minutes—ugly, apparently, ever comes into the Won-der Bar. On the opposite side of the room from the bar is a gigantic orchestra plat-form. And at the far end of the room, behind the tables, is a stage with heavy black velvet curtains pulled closed. At a signal from the assistant director, the cur-tain part and Mr. Jolson appears, his lar-gest million dollar smile on his face. Immediately there is deafening applause, led by the assistant. All, still smiling, come down an aisle some steps his hands out-stretched in a plea for silence.

“Ladeeze and Genlemezn,” he begins. As the applause hasn’t quite died away he isn’t sure the statement will strike him like full effec-t of his perfect diction, so he repeats, “Ladeeze and genlemens, I have the honor and pleasure of announcing our star attrac-tion of the evening—Mr. Louis.” He speaks. He descends the steps to the dance floor and as he reaches the bottom of the steps he turns towards the orchestra.

“I have the honor and pleasure of pre-senting that grand little premere danseuse of the Wonder Bar—Mlle. Inez (Delores Del Rio) and Monsieur Harry in the famous dance creation—False Amour au Cœur.”

He pauses and the lights go off. Sud-denly he glances around and sees Ricardo Cortez (who is playing Monsieur Harry) looking at him in a peculiar way. A little bird whispers that all is not sweetness and light on this set. Mr. Jolson and Mr. Cortez, as may be inferred, don’t belong in the same social class.

In addition, no one seems to care particu-larly about working with Al Kay Francis tried to sidestep the part and Genevieve Tolto told him “You just make me put up a squawk and then it was discovered Kay would finish “Mandalay” in time to do it after all. Nor is that all. Director Lloyd Bacon and Dance Director Bushy Berkeley have different ideas about how things should be done and they’re not at all backward about voicing their opinions of each other’s ideas.

Anyhow, the scene has to be shot over. This time, when Jolson finishes introduc-tion Del Rio turns beamingly to the other side of the platform where Cortez is standing. “This, la-deeze and genlemens, is Monsieur Harry, considered by many to be the handsomest man in Paris. And they say I know some people who like monkeys.” More laughter from the crowd and Cortez takes a bow as he steps off the platform and into his dress circle, where he had every hand kiss, and let them glide off into the waltz. Del Rio is hauntingly beautiful in a black dress literally spangled with sequins. The music is as lovely as the dance. Jolson standing on a long, narrow platform, is pushed out into the middle of the floor, and sings a refrain of the number.

I wish I had time to list all the details of the plot but suffice to say it is really gripping and tense. The whole action of the picture takes place in this cabaret and the ante-rooms.

I skip Universal this month. The last picture has been completed and the place is closed down until after the holidays. Closed down like an old speakeasy.

On the Paramount Lot

PARAMOUNT is going strong today, First, there is “The Scarlet Empress,” starring Marlene Dietrich and directed by Josef von Sternberg. The set is closed to visitors and the stars must be free from outside influence, but I sneak on anyhow, and you well may ask how.

As I am going down the walk at Para-mount, a bloom of而不是 Marlene, sweeps by in the white satin gown she wears at the wedding scene. There are hoop skirts about a mile in diameter surrounding her. Paramount tells that she is really ruined so they send a woman along to be the train-carrier. The maid, being occupied with watching her ladyship, doesn’t see me. So I dart quickly under the skirts and march along with them. When we come to a halt we’re safe inside the stage.

I must give the devil his due, however, and say that that scene is really magnificent. The scene is the banquet room. The table is longer than any I have ever spotted any-where. The chairs look as though they have skeletons sitting in them. The table is really only gargoyle stuck on top of the backs. It is supposed to be the banquet following Marlene’s marriage to the Grand Duke. And it is. Heavy plaster plasters support the ceiling. Gigantic wax tapers light the room.

Marlene takes her place at the table. A few minutes later, the camera is focused on that end. Suddenly a band of musicians burst in, group them-selves around her and start playing. She gazes at everybody, sees the leader and everything is said. She just looks and he just plays. But it must have been with such a look as this that Helen sent Paris’s spirits soaring.

Just as I told you, genius cannot be ham-pered by outside interference. I cannot get a picture of this scene for you. The Von isn’t in the mood.

The producers are always telling us that what the industry needs is more pictures with down-to-earth plots, not the thing it needs is more sets with an air of human-ness about them. And they’ve got it on the set of “Bolero,” starring Carole Lombard and George Raft. Unfortunately, not much is said about Carole. Success has never changed her and I can’t imagine her ever having the set closed to visit the “Darling.” She shrieks, catching sight of me and coming flying off the set with outstretched arms.

“Sweets,” I murmur, falling into them. “Why don’t you ever come to see me?” she says. “I hear you’re going to New York. Aren’t you excited?”

“Nuts to that stuff,” Director Wesley Ruggles puts in. “He’s nothing but a craw-fisherman and the sound reel is always lur-ning around. I’d rather stay at home.”

My wife for instance, fell a victim to his wiles. Don’t have anything to do with him. Get back there on the set.

“Ain’t no jape,” I’ll forgive your insults if you’ll tell me in ten words what this is all about.”

Will you promise to leave immediately after that?” adds with peremptoriness.

“On my honor,” I promise.

“Hmm,” says Wesley. “Well, George Raft and his brother Mike (William Frasc-ley) work on a set that is more of a crawfish field. George has an idea he would be a sensation as a dancer and, after a number of try-outs—financed by his brother—he is. He goes to Paris and, with his partner,
becomes the rage of the city. Then Carole appears and wants to work with him. He's obsessed with the idea of going to London, so he hires his old partner and takes Carole on. But the old partner, for revenge, tells the management he's going to skip his contract. The management attaches his bank account and other assets. His hopes of London go glimmering until he discovers a diamond ring on his brother's hand. That will get them to London. They have just arrived in the metropolis with practically nothing between them and starvation—but that doesn't phase George. He takes his party to one of the best hotels. Now, if you'll excuse us all we'll shoot the next scene and show you what happens.

The scene is the sitting room in a hotel suite—apparently furnished in Louis XV period. Most of the furniture is white but there are a few inlaid walnut marquetry pieces. There is a white, hand-carved center table with a black marble top. A huge white baby grand piano is in one corner and a white divan stands in front of it. Green damask drapes with a gracefully looped green damask valance, over ecru curtains, take care of the windows. Oh, yes. There is also a fireplace with a white marble statue and a couple of Dresden vases on the mantel.

Carole, in a typical 1914 outfit—plaid black and white vest, black skirt, black cape and gray silk blouse and small black velvet hat, takes her place on the divan. Raft hovers solicitously beside her. George is gorgeous in a tuxedo checked suit, and his brother, William Frawley, is an eyecatcher in brown. Frank Dunn, the hotel manager, in cutaway coat and gray striped trousers, stands near the mantel and the porter, John Erwin, stands in the doorway. "You know," Raft announces blandly to Dunn, "there are a lot of cheap crooks in this world, without a cent to their names, who might come here and try to bluff you." (He turns to Carole, smiling.) "You know, this isn't a bad hotel at all."

"Thank you," says Dunn, bowing and leaving the room. "Say, Porter," the loquacious Mr. Raft continues, "How'd you like to have a half a pound?"


Frawley gives Raft a dirty look, hands the porter a half pound, managing heroically to accompany the gift with a smile.

Carole Lombard is taken on as a dancing partner by George Raft, in "Bolero."

SHE knew the minute she met him that he was the man of her dreams. But he did not seem attracted to her. It was her own brother who guessed what was wrong, and brother-like, told her the truth: "Stop using a lipstick that makes you look painted," he said.

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TURN TO PAGE 73

Silver Screen for March 1934

Rags to Rugs right at home

As the doorknobs close after the porter, Fravley turns to Ralston, railing, "That's all we have—and you know it."
The scene finished. Yes eyes me meaningly so I took tail and left it.

Presently I bump into Fredric March, but Freddie is no fun today and hasn't been in months. I don't know what's got into him. Maybe he's worried because he's having to work in two pictures at once—"Death Takes a Holiday" and "Good Dane" with Sylvia Sidney. I'm sure his work's looking like fury to finish up "Death." I can't figure out whether this is satire or drama. Certainly, it has satirical touches but then, they have there moments of stark drama—tragically, almost.

Fredric, as Death, is taking a holiday. He assumes a human form because he wants to find out what men feel when they're dead. He goes to the home of Sir Guy Stansfield and demands that he be received as an ordinary guest for three days, with his identity kept secret. Sir Guy instantly agrees and Freddie promptly—as a mortal—proceeds to fall in love with Evelyn Venable, who is engaged to Sir Guy's son, Kent T. Taylor.

Fredric and Evelyn have been walking in the garden, but as the camera has to be pulled back from the action, the dialogue can only be photographed. The dialogue is recorded later. They have just started recording.

"Do you always rise so early?" Freddie asks.

"No," Evelyn returns, smiling. The doc-
tor makes an early call on my old nurse. This morning I want you to see how Dr. Stansfield looks at speculatively. "She is ill—your old nurse?"

"She is dying," Evelyn answers gravely. "Oh, perhaps you have not thought of it, but I think you might spare yourself this evening. You might be needed to make a more pleasant evening.""I hope not," the girl retorts quickly. As Freddie stares at her in amazement she goes on, "I pray that Death was merciful and brought her in the first person of the day.""Fredric lifts an uncomfortable eyebrow. He feels nervous. "Well—you know, your attitude is slightly unusual. You make Death sound so formidable."

"For an old woman of eighty-three," Evelyn laughs lightly, "yes!" Frederic gives her a crystalline look. So consummate and heartless, I can almost imagine that only the dialogue is being recorded and the camera are not being led, he cannot help but act. Every word he utters is accom-

panied by an expression so expressively his, that he cannot help but act. He comes over to me for a moment when the scene is finished. "I hear you're going to New York? Why don't you go out and ride in Florence (his wife) before you leave?" She's working with Bartholomew in "A Mod-

dern Hero."

I explain that I'm leaving tonight and I've already covered that set. Thank heavens he didn't ask if I'm excited.

There are still a couple of sets left over here. One of them is "Good Dane," which I just mentioned as starring Freddie and Sylvia Sidney. You remember I told you a few months ago how Universal had Levin Aye under contract for years without getting excited about it, and then how, the moment he signed with Fox, they just had to have him. A picture for a great increase in salary? Well, so it is with Para-

mount and Freddie. They let his option expire, now at the time of making "Twenty-First Century" than they discover there is no one who can play this part in "Good Dane" but Freddie. They hire him back for this one picture at an advance of $50,000 for two week's work and a guaran-

tee of $5,000 a day for every day they keep him overtime. Whoopee, my dear!

Sylvia has gone home with a stomach ache and, as Freddie is working in "Death," the company is shooting around them. They're using the old carnival set from "I'm No Angel." A scene is being shot behind the tents.

Dirt has been piled up to make a small hill and the ground has been covered with snow. Light shines brightly on top of the mound. We see a woman bus-

Hooray, then," LaRue murmurs. Then he turns to the two men who are holding Russ. "Dust him off," he orders tersely.

A moment later there are offstage screams from Russ, who is being beaten up.

Suddenly a horse in the dingy has whinies and the one tethered to the wagon answers. They have to re-shoot the scene.

"Going to New York?" Jack asks when the scene is finished, but I flee without answering.

The other set working is "The Search for Beauty." This is the picture for which Paramount conducted its search in all Eng-

lish speaking countries of the earth. The wife of Mrs. Mark Davis (Hedy Lamarr) has little to do except look well—and they sure do that!—and, thank God! the plot is more clever and logical than one usually finds these plots. It really gives Larry "Buster" Crabbe a chance to act and prove that he can be something besides Tarzan. Larry is more than sufficiently dashing, less in his efforts to fit himself for screen work. He has a likable personality and I only hope he clicks again in this Ida Lupino, which is the girl-fresh from Merrie England.

They're shooting the last scene in the picture—when storm clouds have blown away and Love has triumphed. Larry and Ida have been left in sole and complete charge of their Health Resort and they are conducting their morning's setting-up exer-

cis. It is a beautiful physical culture drill with all the beauty-winners going full tili, and it has a "different" ending, too.

At this time Edmund Love and Vic McEagan, is on location, so I drop over on the R-K-O lot, where I run into another bit of good luck. All their publicity is going to be done by the exception of "Hips, Hips, Hooray." and I told you about that one last month. So I can pass them up, too, until next month.
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Sweetened Condensed Milk

\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup whipping cream} \]

\[ 2 \text{ tablespoons confectioners' sugar} \]

\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon} \text{ cream of tartar} \]

\[ 1/2 \text{ teaspoon lemon extract} \]

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind, (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glossy cream smoothness.) Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Chill before serving.

**UNBAKED CRUMB CRUST** Roll enough vanilla wafers to make 34 cup crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling between wafers.

*Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again!*

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**Silver Screen for March 1934**

painting over the mantel there is a white net curtain, shirred at the top and bottom. Opposite the mantel is a clock, countersunk in the wall, with an opaque glass dial, and behind the dial is a light to illuminate it. There is a white oak coffee table, white anodized in the fireplace (and how could anybody keep them clean, I'd like to know!), and tremendously long green drapes over the windows and in the doorways.

La Tobin is stunning in a navy crepe evening dress, with a bodice of gold sequins on it, and red satin slippers. Helen Flint, is striking looking red-head in a green evening gown shot with gold.

All right, props," the director yells to the prop boy, "call the last scene, get some dialogue." Off goes the prop boy, yelling, "Pose mounted inside!" And, lo and behold, presently the artists come struggling in.

"Men of Tomorrow," one of Columbia's successes. Emotion is right down their street.

"Miss Tobin," the director calls, noticing she is missing.

"In about two minutes," comes Toby's reply.

"Hurry up," says the director good-naturedly, "the posed mounted is here and the horses won't hold still much longer."

Originally there were eight guests, but one of them has already been found dead. The seven survivors are seated and standing about the room. Tobin and, Red are sitting on the divan by the fireplace. Over the scene is the steady tick-tick of the clock. There is a tensity in their attitude which indicates the strain of—just waiting.

Tobin shows signs of going to pieces. There is a hint of hysteria in her voice as she says, "I can't stand it. I can't stand it any longer."

Miss Walker gets suddenly to her feet and starts towards the clock: "That's my clock! I'm going to stop it! Don't cool steps forward and catches her arm: "You can't stand the ticking," Nella goes on quickly, "He said another of us would be dead by twelve."

The whole group turns and stares at the clock with renewed interest. Cook leads Nella back to her chair and she sinks into it. Then he faces the others: "Listen! We've been told we're going to die—the next one in (glancing at the clock) fifteen minutes. Osgood tried to double-cross us. He's dead. That should teach the rest of us not to play tricks. All we've got to do is keep our heads. Then nothing can happen to us."

"There must be a hiding place—he's here somewhere." Hardie Albright observes.

Suddenly a voice is heard again coming from the radio: "search the apartment. This is not a game of laughter! It's a game of skill!"

As far as I'm concerned you can call it anything you want. One man is already dead and six others die before the thing.
is finished. Thank heaven I wasn’t invited to the party.

There is one other picture in production at this studio—“Night Bus,” starring Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert—but it’s on location. So I jog away again.

On the Fox Lot

At Fox, too, things have picked up this month. “Carolina,” starring la petite Gaynor, is still in production. Next, there is “Coming Out Party.” This is the Lasky production which engages the attention of a lot of real, honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool debutantes. I just want to mention in passing that they don’t wear clothes a bit better than hundreds of extras, to say nothing of scores of stars and leading ladies, AND they chew gum in true Ruth Chatterton fashion.

Innyhoon, this picture shows in loathsome detail all the workings of the machinery required to “properly” launch a debutante. In this instance Frances Dee is the deb and I’m quite sure a lovelier one was never launched. Everything is handled by mercenary old Alison Skipworth. Frances is in love with an aspiring musician, Gene Raymond, but her mother favors Clifford Jones—a dissipated but eligible New Yorker.

Gene and Frances have ignored the conventions—if you know what I mean—and then Gene is ordered to Chicago on an engagement. Upon his return he tells Frances of the great opportunity that has come to him to make a concert tour of Europe. Frances has no opportunity to tell him of her urgent need for marriage.

Gene breaks the news of his impending and immediate departure on the night of her coming out party.

But for the nonce the action doesn’t concern itself with either Gene, Frances or Clifford. One of the rooms upstairs in Frances’ home has been turned into a ladies’ room. There is a dressing table with powder, perfume, brushes, etc. The chairs and divan are upholstered in white brocaded moiré and salmon colored moiré. The dressing table has a flounce around it reaching to the floor. Suzanne Kaaren, a striking looking brunette under contract to Fox, is in this picture. At night she is working with Victor Jory and Howard Lally in “The Spider” over at the Pasadena Community Theatre.

“Action, girls,” calls the director.

Immediately they take their places. Gwen Phillips sits herself on a chair and starts reading a book. Jane Barnes stands at the dressing table powdering. Another girl (whose name I forget, damn it) stands behind her and keeps getting in her way Suzanne Kaaren sits on a love-seat, smoking Pat Farr stands in front of a mirror, having a maid repair the hem of her dress. The others are just loafting around.

“What’s Ann Waring doing?” Jane asks the girl behind her, indicating Gwen Phillips, who is reading.

“Poor kid,” says the Girl Behind, “she always reads through parties. That’s how she keeps her family from knowing she’s a flop.”

“At that,” Jane opines, “she probably has less wear and tear on her nerves than the rest of us. I often wonder if it’s worth all the agony—the fear of being stuck. I go into every ballroom with my teeth chattering.”

“Do you really believe that all it takes is nerve?” Gwen asks quietly, putting down her book and joining them. Talk about embarrassing moments! I can feel my own face reddening and I hadn’t even said a word.

I was glad to get off that set, but I live for it.

Next comes “Every Girl for Herself” with Claire Trevor and James Dunn. For one Jimmy isn’t working, so I don’t get a call.
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a console table against the wall with a bowl of flowers on it and a mirror above it. The lighting fixtures are unique. They look like old-fashioned oil lamps which have been hung up on the wall. Through the open archway can be seen a fireplace (Mr. Powell! The sets are full of them this month!) and to one side of it a divan upholstered in dark brown, checked in white.

Rosemary Ames sits at the table, clad simply in a black dress with a white starched collar and yoke such as nuns wear. Victor Jory is leaning over her. Jory's shirt is all torn; there is dried blood on his chest and a cut over his right eye, but he doesn't seem tired or depressed as a result of the fight he's obviously had.

"Listen," he says, "there's a big world out there. You ought to see it. Say! I'd like to show it to you. Maybe we can do it some good—" and then he shrugs. "There's fights to be fought and fun to be had—" He pauses at the look on her face. "You haven't got the nerve," he taunts her, but she doesn't answer. Then, slowly, the realization that she isn't going with him sinks in. "You—haven't—got—the—nerve," he repeats slowly. "Oh, well—" philosophically. "Cut!" calls Director Irving Cummings.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" says Mary, coming over, "or is it Dick Mook?"

"In the flesh." I admit.

"I won't forget you again, you so-and-so," he announces. "We chat for a moment and then he sober. "Say! Before she does anything else—before this picture is finished or released—I would like to predict, just from her work so far in this film, that Rosemary Ames is going to be the next screen sensation. She's marvelous!"

I glance casually at Miss Ames. She reminds me of Tallula Bankhead. Her hair is a tawny color. And I remembered the play of constantly changing expression on her face as she had listened to Jory talking. It didn't seem unlikely. Watch him when this picture comes out. And Jory isn't doing such a bad job, either, if you ask me. John Bales is also in this picture but he isn't working today.

I try to bear up under the blow and drag myself over to the set of "The Heir to the Hoopah.

This is George O'Brien's last picture for Fox and follows hard on his announcement that he is through making Westerns. In this opus he has a mere fourteen changes of costume. And, boy, howdy! Can George wear clothes when he wants to! Esk me! But George isn't working in this scene. He's only visiting on the set. But my luck is good. Mary Brian is working. And does she look ducky in a navy crepe wool dress with collar and cuffs of pressed red broadtail.

"I hear you're going—" Mary begins when I interrupt her.

"Yes," I lie, "for old times' sake, PLEASE. I can't stand it."

"Florence (Florence Lake) just got in," Mary informs me. "I just spoke to her on the phone. Have you seen her?"

"No," I reply. "She's married now so I'm not needed any more. What's all this about you and Donald Cook? I query.

"He's a good friend," Mary goes into her routine.

"Say!" I ejaculate. "How do you manage to keep all these 'good friends' straight? I'd think you'd get them mixed up and mention something to Don you'd said to Dick Powell?"

"Well," says Mary modestly, "I've never got into trouble through giving the wrong answer yet."

And then the director, of course, has to interrupt us. Mary tells herself to stay away from this mug for a few minutes, Miss Brian, and helping us out with these scenes.

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The scene is the living room of a lodge in a mining camp. It is a huge room with a rough stone fireplace. Mary takes her place on the divan and Herbert asks him looking like Punch's idea of a miner in his plaid flannel shirt and ridging breeches stuffed into hunting boots, and Russell Simpson stand looking down at her. Those two and Roger Imhoff are the owners of the mine, and George's guardian. George and Mary are married but they've had a row (George thinks she married him for his money) and he's left home.

It's all my fault," Mary wails, making a feeble attempt to smile through her tears.

"Now, now," Simpson consoles her, running his hand feelingly over his luxurious Smith Brothers beard.

"I've driven him away—even from you," Mary sniffles.

"Now you didn't," Simpson says. "You couldn't do anything wrong. He gives her a comforting hug. "We'll get a hold of him and have him back here in jigtime."

"Will you?" Mary asks, her face brightening.

I forgot to tell you the plot: Mary's going to have a baby, too. Of course, the difference between Mary and other girls is that she got married first.

Over at M-G-M

HERE things are pretty quiet. "Tarran and His Mate," featuring Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller, is on location. This picture has already eclipsed the records hung up by "Rasputin" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" for length of production. It's been in production since July and won't finish before the first of the year. Imagine!

"The Mystery of the French Police"—another murder mystery thriller—is shooting out on the back lot. I start out there but it's a long walk and besides I've just learned that the director and cast have stumbled on to a clue and they don't want any outside interference when they're running it down.

I encounter Ramon Novarro all wrapped up in an Indian blanket, with a long black wig on, and looking every inch an Indian, on his way to his dressing room. "We just got back from location on this picture, 'Laughing Boy,'" he volunteers, "and I'm telling you in all my experience that's the worst location trip I've ever made. We slept in tents and the weather was close to zero. I'd ask you down to.

Claire Trevor and Alan Edwards in "Every Girl for Herself," a gang picture with a girl involved.

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the set but we've just called off work for today. Lupe has the flu and I've got a cold. The director thinks if we lay off this afternoon I'll be better tomorrow and Lupe should be well enough to work by Wednesday.

"How did 'The Cat and the Fiddle' turn out?" I inquire.

"I'm very hopeful," Ramon answers. "They think so well of it around here they're going to spend a hundred thousand dollars more on it just to make a new cutting."

"Swell," I reply. "Good luck."

"Thanks," says Ramon. As I start away I hear something that sounds suspiciously like "I hear you're going," but by that time I'm going at a dead run.

I finally track down a picture in production out there. It's "Viva Villa"—the picture that created such a racket when Howard Hawkes and Leo Tracy went to Mexico to make it. Stuart Erwin has replaced Lee. It's one of those rubber parts that can be stretched to fit anyone.

This is the story of the bandit, Pancho Villa, who sacked and pillaged Mexico in a belief that he was leading her out of the morass of anarchy at the time. Whatever he did, as set forth in the picture, was done with the best intentions, although it's been rumored that at the time his thoughts toward his fatherland would be reflected from the executions.

Stu is an American newspaperman whom Villa, who could grow, is trying to have a strange friendship sprung up between them. Just now, Stu, a little the worse for wear and drink, is marrying Wally and Katherine Miller. The part is set in a cabin. Rough platter walls, a washstand, with the eternal pitcher and bowl, stands on one side of the room, a table on another. It is a room hang- ing on the wall, and a huge candle (lighted and dripping tallow) is fastened to the wall beside a door. A fancy red and blue scarf covers the washstand. Above the stand is a set of shelves decorated with various Chinese ornaments. In still another corner of the room is the bed.

Stu in a brown suit with the coat collar turned up and the neck of a quart bottle sticking out of his pocket, is facing Wally and Katherine. Wally looks just too cute. His hair is combed in bang-style, hanging down into his eyes. He has on a sloppy brown khaki suit and a pistol in his holster is slung carelessly around his hips. Katherine has on a white wedding veil with flowers in her hair, a red skirt trimmed in black velvet ribbons and a white waist with red flowers worked in the material.

"Silence, please," Stu begs. "Do you, Rostia, promise to cherish this case of walking cholera known as Pancho Villa for the rest of your days?"

"Yes, sir," Katherine murmurs. Wally pats her rear and leaves his hand there still. "We're going to promenade on your sacred oath as a gentleman and a scholar, that you will henceforth feed out of the hand; shave twice a day; remove shoes before going to bed; dress like a lady and never eat anything raw."

"I can't stand this," Wally objects unhappily. "What about when I'm busy? Sometimes I don't come home for maybe three weeks."

"Oho, you stay away three weeks, eh?" Katherine rages. "Well, I'm not marrying you." And with that parting sally she flounces out of the room.

It's all over to me whether she does not. Try as I will I can't work up any great interest in the proceedings in one way or the other.

But when I reach the set of the "Rip Tide," starring Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall...
Silver Screen for March 1934

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"Not at all," rejoins Marshall imperturbably as he escorts Bob to the door. "Goodbye."

I make the train by the skin of my teeth and there are Dick and Jovy Arlen, Bing and Dixie Crosby waiting to see me off.

We heard you were going to New York, they chortle.

But there is a wild, despairing shriek from the locomotive as we pull out into the night, across the desert, where no one knows me—or cares if I'm excited! Thank God!

---

**She Thought Her Figure was Hopelessly Flabby**

She was positively ashamed of herself! She thought there were no more curves. She was more unsightly than a heavy, sagging bust. It would be almost impossible to have any more of those bulky masses, utterly ruining her charm! Imagine her joy when she received the wonderful FORMULA-X treatment at home! She found the action of FORMULA-X so easy, simple and obvious that she reduced the flabby fat, until the bust was trim and shapely! She is left small, firm, arched and lovely. No sag or wrinkles.

**BARGAIN OFFER!**

Take advantage of the best bargain offer now. Send only $1.00 for treatment, including FREE and complete form of FORMULA-X and instructions. See your druggist for easy, simple and obvious method of a chest and bust. Offer may be taken at any time—send us $1.00 at once.

**BETTY DREW** (Dept. SC-3)

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**"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"**

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women knew themselves. He knew that they could and should use their own power to shape their own lives. Now the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood"—a daring book which shows how women affect men by the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only $1.00 and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an Inter- assumption of the questions in Fascinating Womanhood.**

---

**Before...GOITRE...After...GONE**

"My daughter's goitre is gone, thanks to you. Our doctor says she is now normal as a dollar," says the Rev. S. C. Armitage, Washington, N. D.

"I am a mother of seven, and the removal of a great El- tage Creek Specialist. This treatment, which has al- ready been used by 200,000 others who wished to avoid operation, is described in this Specialist's book on 'Essential Thyroiditis.' (Yes. Anyone suffering with Goitre will receive this book FREE by sending their name and address to President's Treatment & Advisory Otu, Suite 316-L, Samsen Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich."

---

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**FREE SAMPLE**

A sample package sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will be sent free of charge to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 30-H, Mar- shall, Mich.

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**STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS**

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**STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS**

**FREE SAMPLE OFFER**

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To those who think Learning Music is hard—

Perhaps you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer! As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical times now.

For through a method that removes the boredom and extraneous factors from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Easy As Can Be

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You're never in hot water. First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

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Instruments

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It is so easy the Nancy Lee way! Let me send you my simple instructions, with large cut-outs of Miracle 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.

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"My bust has developed too much."

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 Miracle Cream. Your Book included. Your money back if not satisfied. Mail coupon or write, enclosing only $1.00.

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185 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your developing treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream, with free book, to plain wrapper. I enclose $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

1. Chuck Connors in "The Bowery"
2. He played with Clara Bow in "Hoopla"
3. She was recently married to Bruce Cabot
4. An Arctic diving bird
5. The star of "The World Changes"
6. We shall see him soon in "Joe Palooka"
7. Steve Brodie himself!
8. Her next picture will be "Sadie McKee"
9. She has written several novels (initials)
10. Bestow in consideration of merit
11. "Queen Christina"
12. A point of compass
13. A metal fence
14. Remembered for her work in "Beauty for Sale"
15. The first great crooner of radio fame
16. A degree
17. An African antelope
18. Beloved by all movie fans (initials)
19. First name of only woman director in Hollywood
20. She is returning to the screen in "Rip Tide"
21. Part of the Bible (abbr.)
22. You can see her in "Gallant Lady"
23. Denial
24. Printers' measures
25. One of Mary Brian's boy friends
26. A reindeer
27. A mode of transportation (abbr.)
28. A tree
29. River (Sp.)
30. Railway (abbr.)
31. Part of "to have"
32. Our continent (abbr.)
33. Born
34. Star of "Ann Vickers"
35. The most famous baby in Hollywood
36. A lever for the foot, used in light machinery
37. Hare
38. Soon to be seen in "Trigger"
39. Her first stage rôle was in "Cradle Song"
40. A cossack of Texas and Mexico
41. We see him now in "Havana Widows"
42. In Mrs. Merian C. Cooper
43. One of the lovely younger screen actresses
44. A well-known character actor (initials)
45. American money (abbr.)
46. An alcoholic liquid
47. A well-known entertainer
48. Now enjoying success in the stage play "Mary of Scotland"
49. Appeared with Constance Bennett in "After Tonight"
50. She was Grace in "Wild Boys of the Road"
51. He played with Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
52. A radio baritone now in Hollywood
53. She gives a fine performance in "The World Changes"
54. On the ocean
55. Before
56. To look up
57. A desert dweller
58. Score
59. Period of time
60. A college student in his final year (abbr.)
61. A verb

Across
12. "The Cat and the Fiddle" (initials)
13. The creator of "The Three Little Pigs"
14. Like
15. German coin (abbr.)
16. She is Mrs. Charles Vidor
17. Who's skill made Charlie Chan famous?

Down
1. He had his troubles in "Goodbye Again"
2. Morning
3. Part of a book
4. An actor-director (initials)
5. A vehicle
6. She wants to direct pictures
7. A tavern
8. An English actor in "Four Frightened People" (initials)
9. A motor vehicle
10. He's in "The Cat and the Fiddle" (initials)
11. The crooner of "The Three Little Pigs"
12. Like
13. German coin (abbr.)
14. She is Mrs. Charles Vidor
15. Who's skill made Charlie Chan famous?

The Editors

Summing up 1933, we find that the greatest male stars are the Barrymores, here, and Leslie Howard and Charles Laughton from England. We appreciate that tremendous interest has been aroused over Myrna Loy, and it is our private belief that Fred Astaire, with his charming personality and dancing feet, has the greatest latent possibilities for the screen.

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

KAY CHARLOTTE LET
KAY CHARLOTTE LET
KAY CHARLOTTE LET

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RNS RAI N S IN S F E A R
RNS RAI N S IN S F E A R

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P WHEELER IN
P WHEELER IN

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R N LOWE ALL UR CHAN

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Q AD DELES MATH
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Q AD DELES MATH

FARINA ELM CRABBE
FARINA ELM CRABBE
FARINA ELM CRABBE

TI TANIC E CARNEBA
TI TANIC E CARNEBA
TI TANIC E CARNEBA

The scene changes. Now it is Garbo at the top again, by reason of "Queen Christina," and Hepburn a doubtful second because her Broadway theatrical appearance in "The Lake" is disappointing. However, with the impressive box office standing of "Little Women," Hepburn's present predicament has aroused greater interest than ever in her new picture "Trigger."

There is one appeal which both "Queen Christina" and "Little Women" have in common—they both offer us evenings far removed from the atmosphere of the present. This desire to get away from it all was very much in evidence in the yearly lists of the Best Pictures. "Berkeley Square" was centuries back. "Cavalcade" generations back. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" also gathered its picturesqueness from a background far away and long ago. "She Done Him Wrong" tattled on the Gay Nineties—and there are, in addition, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Roman Scandals."

When so many productions avoid the present day dresses and homes, we may infer that it is difficult to make modern settings appealing. Therefore, great credit should go to "Mama Loves Papa" and "Three Cornered Moon," both of which were modern. Perhaps, greatest of all should be the praise to Mary Boland, who was so charming in both these great pictures. Whether she supports stars or whether she stars herself—she is always delightful.
They
Fight
for their
RIGHTS

In Hollywood battles are always raging. April Silver Screen announces a brilliant article from our own war correspondent. Read of the struggles of the stars to protect their precious talents.

Not long ago, I watched a small battle but one which might he duplicated a hundred times a day. Katharine Hepburn was supervising in the R.K.O. commissary. The guardians of the Exchequer spoke to her: "I do not believe we can show the rushes (scenes just taken), tonight, Kay."

"Why not?"

"The theatre is not ready. Katharine's lips tightened. "I want those rushes shown tonight. All of them. I'm not sure about this picture. I want the rushes to see where we're going. I don't like the feel of the thing."

"But, Kay."

"We will see those rushes tonight."

They did. Katharine had staked on her arm and opened battle with her Monarch.

Excerpt from story
"They Fight For Their Rights" in
April Silver Screen

Silver Screen sells on the newsstands for 10c a copy, but if you mail the coupon at once, you will get the next 15 issues of Silver Screen for one dollar—saving you 50c. Pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it NOW!

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Katharine Hepburn

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NAME

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CITY STATE
Kenneth B. Logan, Scarsdale, N. Y., says:

"The selling game calls for healthy nerves just as much as being a wonderful marksman. Meeting people all day long...trying to turn prospects into customers...the life of a salesman certainly tells on the nerves! I smoke most of the time—but I smoke only Camels, and I'll tell you why I say only Camels! Camels don't upset my nerves—and no cigarette can match Camels on flavor, either."

Virgil Richard, Champion Sharpshooter, says:

"I've been smoking for years and had no trouble in keeping my nerves in shape for making record scores. That's because I have long been a Camel smoker. Camels are much milder, and never interfere with my nerves."

How Are Your Nerves?

Does your job sometimes get you down? Do you feel tired? Irritable? Ready to "blow up" any minute...because of raw nerves? Try to get enough sleep. Eat sensibly. And get a fresh slant on your smoking by turning to Camels. Much has been said on the subject of tobacco quality. But—

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

That statement is conclusive. And it represents an important benefit that nervous people should not overlook!

So change to Camels. Taste those finer tobaccos. Notice their mildness. You will be delighted to find that Camels do not upset your nerves...or tire your taste.
I'm that way—Jean Harlow

Silver Screen
April

Member

THIS ISSUE

They Fight for Their Rights
"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.
The lies a mirror can tell!

Last night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that he would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn’t. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you weren’t altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don’t trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it impossible.

Mum! That’s what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you’re safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it’s soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does not prevent the perspiration itself.


TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Another way Mum serves women. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.
WHENEVER you hear a loud noise in Hollywood now, you know that Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are having another one of their little battles. One of their recent arguments started after they had been seen "Flying Down to Rio." Lupe said it was much too improbable, even in musicals, to have girls dancing on top of airplanes, to which Johnny replied that it wasn't improbable at all as he had once seen men do acrobatic stunts on the tops of racing planes.

"You're just dumb, Lupe," Johnny finished off.

"You're stupid, too," shrieked Lupe, and that night, for the stenth time, Johnny moved out.

BUT this cheers us up. Mary Boland and Alison Skipworth have been chosen to do Peter Arno's famous "Whoops Sisters." We can't wait for that one.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and John Farrow have publicly announced their engagement and will be married some time in the near future. No one could doubt Johnny's sincere love for Maureen after seeing the intense suffering in his face when Maureen lay seriously ill in the hospital last winter, after an acute appendicitis operation.

FRANCIS LEDERER, the new screen sensation, claims that he is not married, girls, so there's your chance. But be careful, now, for Francis has very definite ideas about the type of wife he wants. He told the Hollywood press, "I want marriage, but some way it must be kept free from domesticity. Domesticity would kill me." So don't expect too much from the curly headed Czech.

RONNIE COLMAN escorts Virginia Peine Lehman, Chicago social registreee with a fox contract, around to parties these days.

The OPENING CHORUS

Lupe Velez feeds her tiny chihuahua with a dropper. Lupe carries the dog in her coat pocket.
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

APRIL 1934
ALL OF ME—(Par) A zany adaptation of Frederic Mihik & Miriam Hopkins versus Gea Raff & Helen Mack can't go wrong, especially when the story has to do with the intense power of love.

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Excellent. (RKO) Last year's best seller turned into one of this year's better films. It gives you an idea of just how much of life on a farm actually means. (Dorothy Peterson, Daily Landau, etc.)

BLOWING—Charming. (R) Even if you think you’re hardened, this romance with its haunting, symphonic motif will stir your emotions. John Boles and Teresa Wright play the leads.

BIG SHAKEDOWN—(Par). (R) A saga of the corner drugstore, a reminder of large glass jars filled with pickles. Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis, Chas. Farley in cast.

BIG TIME OR RUST—(Tober) After this you might not envy the gay looking couples who play vaudeville. They sure have their problems. (Regis Toomey, Gloria Shear.

BOMBA MAIL—Good. (U) From Calcutta to Buenos Aires, this takes for this second cousin of the mysterious “Rome Express.” The cast is headed by Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ralph Forbes.

BY CALLED LITTLE—(Par). (R) One of those gos- pellike developments of the gayest and charming servants masquerading as nobility—possibly vice versa! Nathaniel, Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi play the leads.

CONSTANT SYMPHONY, THE—Excellent. (British Gaumont) A splendid film fashioned from Margaret Kennedy’s celebrated novel of several years ago, Brian Aherne (one-time leading man for Katharine Cornell) is curtained.

jamin—Say what?—(Majestic) A mystery yarn, written by Octavia Roy Cohen and featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Paul Cavanagh.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—(Par) The episode that immortalized You Street's money's worth of adventures if you hop along on this trip. Allan White, Les Ayres, June Knight & Alan Dinehart.

DARK HAZARD—Good. (WB) Eddie G. Robin- son in a “Son of a Gambler” and dog story. In fact the title refers to Eddie's pet dog, for love of which he even neglects the beautiful Genevieve Toban.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Unusual. (Par) Tragedy in a girl's boarding-school in Switzerland. The theme is handled in novel fashion, and the ac- tion is splendid. (Dorothy Wilson, Douglas Montgomery)

ESKIMO—Unusual. (JMG) Director Van Dyke takes the bow for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native life. Mack (the lead) is certainly destined for “matinee-idol” raves.

FASHIONS OF 1936—Excellent. (WB) Don't be deceived by the title—this is not only a fashion show, it is also a clever comedy that will hold you entranced. (Vera Teasdale, Bill Powell, Bette Davis.)

FIGHTING COWBOY—(Fine) A swell western—mystery, romance, action—with Beulah Jones and Diane Simon in captivating the applause.

FLAMING GOLD—Par. (RKO) The oil fields of Latin America are the backdrop for this realistic love story. (Mae Clarke, Pat O'Brien, Wm. Boyd.)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Good. (Par) Cecil De Mille, the masterbuilder, takes us to a tropical jungle where an oddly assorted group of refugees discover romance, adventure and death (Mae Clark and Jean Arthur, etc.).

FUGITIVE LOVERS—Par. (MGM) Contemplating an overhaul bus trip? See this first. It'll give you an idea of how little scenery you'll see & how much

Imagine how Dorothy Dell felt when, after working in a bit role for two days, the producer withdrew her and, instead, made her the leading lady in “The Man Who Broke His Heart.”

excitement you'll get! (Bob Montgomery, Madge Evans)

GOING HOLLYWOOD—Swell. (MGM) Bing Crosby crosses hauntingly, Marion Davies mimics cutely, andFinish Dormoy so-oh-his endlessly in this diverting musical. You can't go wrong if you like this trio!

HIP, HIP, HOORAY!—Good: (RKO) Even ralph and Wheeler-Woodylies may get some laughs out of this goofy farce. Thelma Todd as heart in- tense!

HIRED WIFE—Par. (Paramount) One of those trial marriage affairs that ends up by being the real McCoy. (Weldon Heyburn, Greta Nissen.)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Interesting. (Par) A screen romance of great light! Here she plays in a unique yarn from the pen of Arnold Bennett, with Roland Young as her team-mate.

I AM SUZANNE—Excellent. (Fox) Lilian Harvey as the little dancer who finds romance with the owner (Gene Raymond) of a puppet show. Imag- nitive in its conception and artistically produced.


KEEP EM' ROLLING—Par. (RKO) An Army base is the setting, with Walter Huston an amusing artillery sergeant crazy about horses. Maia Cohn- bell and Frances Dee contribute plenty of heart in- tense.

LATE PATROL, THE—Good. (RKO) A slight story, beautifully photographed and acted, concerning a British patrol lost in the desert during the World War. (Remigial Denny, Virginia McKaiger, Wallace Ford.)

LOVE BIRDS—Amusing. (U) Slim Sarnivare and Zaza Pate make the desert their staging ground in this rollicking farce, which has Mickey Rooney playing an unforgettable lad.

LUCKY TEXAN—Fine. (MGM) One of those hard-drinkin' hawg hang westers, with John Wayne in the title role.

MADAME SPY—Fine. (U) A beautiful spy “doing her stuff” during the stirring war days can always be relied upon for scene popularity. In this version Fay Wray is the enchantress and Nils Asther her handsome victim.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—Par. (RKO) Francis Lederer asked to throw his magnetism and glamour into the thankless role of an Eskimo who is white only for the white men's goods of living. Elissa Landi as the English girl he loves.

MANDALAY—Fair. (WB) Melodrama for Lilian in the roles of white women and men who make the Greenbriar home. Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot & Ricardo Cortez enter into the usual sensational situations.

MENACE IN TOWN, THE—Only Fair. (RKO) If these concern your activities—even if the story doesn't sell—see this with Southern Belle Pits, Fort Kelton, Jimmy Gleason, Shucks Gallagher.

MISS FAYE'S BABY IS STOLEN—(Par) A timely topic which, in spite of excellent enter- tainment values, will mean many acts against kidnapping. (Dorothya Wieck, Baby LeRoy, Alice Brady.)

MR. SKITCH—Amusing. (Par) The loriy grand cop in coméd does with peaks of laughter when the Jip family (Will Rogers, Zelda Pitts) utilize the Wide Open Spaces and the open air in general.

MOULIN ROUGE—Fine. (20th Cent.) A spicy French musical farce with Connie Bennett captivate- ting the French of Fanny and Tullio Campanini. And Russ Coo- len plays a part just for good measure.

ONE TO EVERY WOMAN—Great. (Col) The leads and greenesses. Each picture is going merrily along its way. One day in any hospital, accord- ingly, this is one of them with many dramatic events. (Walter Connolly, Fay Wray, Ralph Bel- lamy.)

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER—Excellent. (Marx) A rich man's wife story—love, de- cision, unhappiness, and, yes you guessed it, happy end. (Laota Lane, William Collier, Jr.)


ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Edith Head is busy. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyful tunes, gorgeous girls. (Olivia Sturzi, Verree Teasdale.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—(Par) Young America, whether attractive or unattractive will be riveted by this account about this yarn which is as exhilarating as a diploma at graduation. (James Cagney, Buster Crabbe, Toby Wing.)

SENSATION HUNTERS—Good. (Monogram) A trip to a sanitarium in Panama is as good as an excuse as any to delve the type of film that is so often acted by Cleavon Isbale, Jean Hanssen, Marion Bunda.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE—Fine. (MGM) Sophisticated farce with Alice Brady in a fluffy role, backed up sturdily by Lionel Barrymore & Con- way Tearle. Mary Carlisle good as an ingénue.

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Good. (Monogram) A romance of the sponge fisheries, with Sally O'Neil, Creighton Chaney and Russell Simpson.

SIXTH FATHOMS DEEP—Good. (Monogram) A romance of the sponge fisheries, with Sally O'Neil, Creighton Chaney and Russell Simpson.

STRAIGHTWAY—(Col) A race track yarn that has its fill of breath-taking thrills. (Tim McVey, Wm. Bakewell, Sue Carol.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—Par. (MGM) Lord, spectacularly made, Otto Kruger performing brilliantly as the criminal lawyer whose love life is all tangled up. (Ben Lyon, Una Merik, Isabel Jewett.)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Good. (Goldwyn) Lucille Gleason as a policeman who betrays unfortunate girl who comes to her rescue. (Loisa André, Sisemore Gallagher.

WOMAN'S MAN—A. (MGM) Again we go to Hollywood and the setting for this realistic account of one of these entertaining yarn. In cast Margaret Le de Motte, John Halliday, Kitty Kelly, Wallace Ford.

YES, MR. BROWN—Fine. (UA) A breezy, suave, British-managing by Faith, with zooming Jack Buchanan playing the hero.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Fine. (MGM) May Robson creates an eccentric, thoroughly roman- tic character reminiscent of the famous Henny Penny. Supporting her are Lewis Stone, Jane Parker.
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

for April 1934
What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, and $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me!" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

**First Prize**

*THE* author is the most important, because, if a story is weak, it does not matter how much ability the star or the director have," writes George Chapman of Wood Street, Oakland, Calif. "For example, 'Emma' was Marie Dressler's greatest picture. Compare it with her latest picture 'Her Sweetheart,' which McPherson might have done better. We have the same beloved stars and a marvellous cast, but it is not a great picture because the story is weak."

O.K. George. No more weak stories even if we have to write them ourselves.

**Second Prize**

"WHY doesn't some producer get to work on American Indian mythology? Having done considerable research work on Creek Indians, I know that these tales have unusual features in them which would entertain the public, always ready and desirous for something new," writes Mrs. C. A. Block of Berkeley, Calif.

Publish your myths in a book. If the public likes it, the screen will buy it.

**Third Prize**

"YOU forget your cares and troubles when you see a revue show! They're different, colorful, tuneful and entertaining," writes Henry Morgach of W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "You can see the sexy pictures, the dramatic pictures, and horror pictures, but keep all the musical pictures and shows for me!"

"Wonder Bar" coming right up.

"MANY actors who have become stars are given a role in a poor play, and thereby lose their prestige. Many are unable to stage a comeback. Why isn't more care exercised in the selection of plays and supporting casts when the future of a young star is at stake?" asks Pearl Ellerman of W. Jay Street, Saint Marys, Ohio.

Gene Reymond told us that he read and refused many stories just for that reason.

**Margie Grossman** of McPherson St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Let's have more men like Spencer Tracy on the screen, although I doubt very, very much if he can ever be equalled. 'A Man's Castle' starring him, was too wonderful for words. It all the males were real men, there would be more box-office receipts. I'm for a regular man who can take it."

Did you notice he talked about being Loretta, but didn't? That's some advance.

"NOW why don't the studios get together and make a picture starring Marie Dressler, Mac West, Janet Gaynor and Katharine Hepburn?" asks Patricia J. Rieger of N. Fairfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "I'm willing to wager a picture like this would go over with a bang."

And Mussolini for the romantic lead!

"PLEASE do not let us see any more such horrible, gruesome productions as "The Invisible Man,"" writes Mrs. Lloyd C. Gilchrist of Wooster Avenue, Springfield, Vt. "In our way of thinking its entirely out of the question for the youth of today to see such a picture. No one likes to go to the movies and come out with the shivers and have horrors all night."

A great compliment to your imagination.

"THE same sweetness, loveliness and humanness, with or without the curls, with or without a Douglas, she's still our Mary. Maybe you could tell her this from us folks in Boston," writes Anna Pike Benman of Orkney Road, Brighton, Mass.

We asked her to do a picture using her cute brogue—she's half Irish, you know. Perhaps we Boston folks can convince her.

"AS a child I read the book 'Little Women' many, many times and Jo, of course, was my favorite. I don't know of any star that could play the immortal Jo as well as Miss Hepburn," writes Frances Sullivan of Brentwood Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. "So, three cheers, Katherine Hepburn! I'm impatiently waiting your next picture, 'Trigger.'"

The new title is "Spitta"—you're welcome.

"MR. SKITCH" played to a full house for three days and nights and you had to wait your turn to get in or out," writes Nina B. Osborn of E. Main, Neosho, Mo. "Couldn't get out, hey? That's packing them in—you were on the bottom layer!"

Mary Boland was at work in a bed scene when barged James Cagney, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery, selling tickets for the Actors' Guild Benefit. So they climbed right in, too.

"EVERY movie magazine that I read seems to have something about the mysterious Garbo," writes Camilla Sharp of W. Oak Avenue, Jonesboro, Ark. "I want to know if Greta Garbo really said 'I tank I go home now.'"

She never said it to us.

**Violet Barnhart** of Briarwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "Joan Crawford has been my favorite actress ever since I saw her in 'Montana Moon.' The last picture I saw her in was 'Dancing Lady.' I think her acting is marvellous, and she has a wonderful personality. I am taking tap and acrobatic dancing and hope she will give me some advice about it. I hope that some day I can dance like her."

She's already given you inspiration, that's better than advice.

"WE ARE tired," writes Mrs. Muriel A. Burress of E. Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Calif., "of seeing pictures that insult the intelligence of twelve year olds, not to say anything about the off-color dialogue and innuendoes."

The wallop of an innuendo depends upon the imagination of the listener.

"GIVE us more pictures like 'Little Women,'" writes Mrs. H. Kell of Garvan Avenue, Cedarhurst, L.I. "I am only one mother in thousands, but I believe I speak their thoughts. We want simple stories, sweetly told, mixed in with those worldly pictures. Remember, you cater to the younger generation as well as to the sophisticated older people."

Do you think age brings the sophisticated viewpoint, Mrs. Kell? Is it a devil left by the kick of living or a bump representing knowledge?
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"

Presented by
LONDON FILMS
for April 1934

with
GERALD DU MAURIER
and FLORA ROBSON

Directed by
Paul Czinner

Produced by
ALEXANDER KORDA

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS
Do You Have These Complexion Faults?

Clogged Pores Dryness Pimples Roughness

Does your skin reddened and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults. They know that all the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial—that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother and finer.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

Free sample Resinol Ointment and Soap sent on request. Write Resinol, Dept. B-4, Baltimore, Md.

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Cocktails of Chatter

When a Pin Drops in Hollywood, a Curious World Wonders What's Coming Loose.

CONNIE CUMMINGS has a confession to make—and it's most amusing. Connie, as you recall, crashed the front pages in all the English newspapers because she was the first movie star to arrive in England from Hollywood in a quiet Tweed suit, instead of being swathed in fans. One of the reasons her English playwright husband, Benn Levy, fell in love with her was this unaffected simplicity. There was much to do about it in England, and Connie and her inexpensive little Tweed suit became quite the rage of the town. But now Connie breaks down and confesses that when she arrived in England for her picture contract, the Tweed suit was her one and only suit, and she most probably would have worn fans if she had owned any fans. Well, we won't tell the English.

JEANETTE MACDONALD receives quite a lot of foreign fan mail. For several years has been tearing off the pretty stamps without any idea of what she would do with them. The other day she had the bright inspiration to make a lamp shade of them. It's quite effective—try it yourself sometime.

STUDIO sets are just death to those diets—and almost death to the stars some time. Sylvia Sidney is on a strict strained soup reducing diet, but when she was making "Good Dame" she had to spend an entire day eating chop suey. And Claudette Colbert had to eat doughnuts dunked in cold coffee for hours while the director shot that riotous dunking scene in "It Happened One Night," and Claudette hates doughnuts. But the worst was when Miriam Hopkins, fresh from a siege of flu and doctors, had to come down of hot dogs for a scene in "Design for Living." She'll never be able to face another hot dog.

ALICE WHITE rushed down to the post-office when notice of a registered letter came to her home. "I always like to think that I have been unexpectedly left a million dollars," she said. Imagine her surprise when the letter turned out to be a deed for a cemetery lot which relatives in the East had sent her for safekeeping.

DRIVING away from the Paramount studio with only one headlight burning the other evening, Carole Lombard passed a pedestrian who motioned and called out, "Light!" over the roar of her motor. Carole waved back and said, "Goodnight to you," and sped on.

WHEN asked whether or not Mrs. Rudolph had ever been "in the business" on the stage or screen, Herbert Mundin, that swell English comedian on the Fox lot, replied, "She sang a song in 'Cavalcade.'" "Is that all?" the interviewer asked. "Yes," said Mundin. "Well, that doesn't matter, that doesn't make her a professional," was the reply. "You'd better not let her hear you say that," Mundin warned the interviewer.

LILIAN HARVEY collects monogrammed handkerchiefs from her friends, as remembrances. In return she gives a very fine handkerchief with her name done in petit point in one corner.

OTTÖ KRUGER is the kind of a guy who smokes a big pipe—everywhere.

THE lunch hour for W. C. Fields is a sort of ritual. Each day his chauffeur brings him a menu from the Paramount commissary. Each day Bill sits up in his dressing room with his legs on the table and reads it carefully from cover to cover. Each day he orders: "Bring me a salad, two bottles of milk and a plate of graham crackers."

ALTHOUGH he receives an average of one hundred unsolicited original songs each month, Bing Crosby never reads any of them—so you ambitious song-writers, just save your postage. And Bing has three perfectly grand reasons why he doesn't read them.

[Continued on page 12]
And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"WONDER BAR"

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!
Gossipy Paragraphs From the Inner Circle of Hollywood.

these songs; few can ever hear it, he might be accused of pirating if he later sang a similar song, and he can't read music anyway.

Bing's choice of the ten most popular songs introduced during 1933 are: Three Little Pigs, The Last Round-up, The Day You Came Along, Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?, Night and Day, Talk of the Town, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Lazy Bones, and Stormy Weather. So now you know what your favorite crooner likes.

LAWRENCE STONE is quite the man of mystery in Hollywood, for you don't see him playing around in the gay night spots any more than you see Myrna Loy. It's all because he has two passions, experimenting in growing tropical plants at his San Fernando ranch, and yachting—and as soon as work on his pictures is over you can't find him because he'll be riding one hobby or the other.

When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of Murine. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just like a Good Housekeeping Bureau approves Murine, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

"MEXICAN ORIBARA" To introduce our New MEXICAN ORIBARA Drop Forest by Marbella, we announced the first MEXICAN ORIBARA Drop Forest by Marbella in the world! 'MEXICAN ORIBARA' Drop Forest by Marbella are a new, attractive, highly economical, and scientific beauty products. They are rich in vitamins, minerals, and essential oils. They are sold in jars and bottles. MEXICAN ORIBARA Drop Forest by Marbella are approved by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. MEXICAN ORIBARA Drop Forest by Marbella is a great improvement over other products, which are sold in the United States today.


KLEERPLEX (One-Third) 1 W. 54th St., New York City, N.Y. © Here is a tip: Please send us 2 oz. supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or KLEERPLEX GEL instead of COFFEE. captain., (2 oz., 50 cts.) Please send us 2 oz. supply of KLEERPLEX WASH GO. Co. will pay postage plus 50 cts. P.O. charge. Outside U.S. 5 25 cts. add. WHITE NAME ADDRESS in MARGIN.

Congratulations, Jay Loyd! Jay went to M-G-M to sell tires. His magnetic personality so charmed the buyer that he put Loyd in the movies. In a minute he would have been stuck with the tires. That's Irene Hervey and Oliver Hindsell with Jay.

REMEMBER, last month, Ginger Rogers decided to change her name for something more dignified than Ginger, now that she is going in for serious and dramatic roles in pictures? Ginger might be just dandy for a song-and-dance girl, but not so hot for a tragedienne. However, Ginger's plan to change her name has met with unexpected results. Instead of receiving suggestions for new names she has been deluged with hundreds of letters protesting against any change. So she'll very likely remain Ginger. See how influential you are?

So when you see that scene in "Men in White" where Myrna meets Doctor Jean Hersholt in the funny little restaurant, and tells him in a choked voice and with her eyes full of tears that she hasn't slept all night, you can know darned well that Myrna wasn't acting.

THE biggest laugh at the Screen Actors Guild ball came when Bing Crosby, Dick Powell and Frank McHugh did an impersonation of the Boswell Sisters—in costume. What fun!

MACK GRAY, the Killer, who serves as George Raft's bodyguard, stogue, mas- ter and trainer, furnishes the Paramount lot with its daily laugh. When Carole...
wanted to give Georgie a present after playing with him in "Bolero," she sought the counsel of his Man Friday.

"A friend shipped me some rare Chateau Yquem. Do you think Georgie would like some of that?" she asked Mack.

"Naw," answered the killer, "Georgie never eats cheese."

GEORGE RAFT has been chosen by Mae West to appear opposite her in "It Ain't No Sin," which gets started soon. Georgie will play the part of a boxer, and there'll be no "doubles" for him, says Georgie. He'll do all the fighting himself. Georgie has set up a regular training camp at Lake Arrowhead and expects to drop ten pounds before the picture starts. That will make him a good 145 pounds.

Remember, Georgie was the first "tall, dark, and handsome man" to appear with Mae on the screen. She had a mere "bit" in his first starring picture, "Night After Night." Well, Mae's traveled a long way since her first and last picture "bit"—but for that matter Georgie hasn't done so badly himself.

THE recently married Andy Divine is seriously considering buying Director Bill Wellman's home, which is now for sale. "It's a good idea to buy a director's home," Andy says in his funny gravel-voice, "because if you can't meet the payments he'll have to give you a job."

FRANCHOT TONE has a cook named Clementine who hails from the Old South, and is one of the swellest cooks in Hollywood when it comes to fried chicken, turnip greens and upside down cake. And Clementine certainly has a sense of humor all her own. The other day she lost her key to the Tone homestead in Brentwood.

"Oh, that's all right," Franchot told her, "I'll have another made for you."

"I'm sho' the one I lost will be returned," Clementine assured him, "because I had your name on it, the address, and the door it fits."

And now Franchot is expecting a burglar any night!

WELL, now we can stop worrying and go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Lee Tracy is returning to the screen immediately in a Universal picture called, "Till Tell the World," wherein Lee again plays a newspaper rôle, and it's gonna be swell. Paul Kelly and Gloria Stuart are going to be right there with him helping him tell the world.

Ann Dvorak is fascinated by microbes. Her heart warms to cultures and she can't take her eyes off of streptococcus. Sounds like a chance for some people we know.
FEET HURT?

CORNS
SORE TOES
CALLOUS
BUNIONS
SORE HEELS
SORE INSTERS

Aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, sores on any part of the feet or toes from new or tight shoes—all are relieved at once by Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, protective pads stop the cause; prevent sore toes and blisters and quickly, easily remove corns and callouses. Try them! Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for a free copy of FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl, Dept. 69, W. Schiller St., Chicago.

IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE...
then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European experience, I compiled my Color Improver for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for new and grayed; it can't love stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and booklet, All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. S. LOWELL, MASS.

Mercerized Wax
Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, ulcers and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and free of the lugging younger. Mercerized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one of my Wond-Eerial in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

WANT TO BROADCAST?

If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Film Studios method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," send for your copy today. Give age. Film Studios Studio of Broadcasting, 30-4th St., N. W., Dept. 4 D 16, Washington, D. C.

SONGS FOR THE LIVING PICTURES

Big Royalties

Sold by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Every Screen Jingle and complete film service ever offered. Hit surgeons with envy, complete music to sing, dance, sing and act for the screen, the stage, the radio, for public entertainment in showplaces and elsewhere. Money Rocks, White, Forget the Free Radio!

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 404 Meyer Bide, Western Avenue and
Serrano Vista, Hollywood, California

If You're Pretty—

Beauty Tricks of the Picture Studios.

"Little Women" has done more than move the women of the country to tears. It has moved their hair back off their ears, and piled it up in the head in tiny curls—a la Kate Hepburn. Some of us, who never dreamed of doing so, are even trying bangs. If you want to be really smart about bangs, have them cut so you can brush them back and make them disappear when you want to appear bangless. I think bangs should be worn only when you want to look especially quaint and effective . . . they grow tiresome when worn all the time. And if you want to look a lot like "Jo"—keep your bangs full and fluffy, and don't part them down on your forehead.

"Little Women" has also brought smart little ribbon hair bows into prominence again, to rival the glittering tiara. Not the large, crisp hair ribbon bows of our childhood of course—but dainty narrow ribbon bows in dainty black or brown or blue.

And since we are going back to our childhood for modern beauty inspirations, have you seen the new "Alice in Wonderland" soap? Figures from this intriguing story are sculptured against a plaque-like background of the soap. Just like the story of Alice itself, this soap will appeal to children and grown-ups alike. There is only one drawback. The soap is so attractive and amusing to look at, you will probably hate to use it!

There's a new idea in perfume packaging . . . little sphere-like bottles that sit upside-down on tiny pedestals which serve as stoppers. Pick up the tiny globe, and there is a drop of perfume trembling at the opening, just waiting to be dropped on your face or hand. Jeurelle is making them, and they are filled with gardenia, momosa, camellia, cyclamen, freesia, or Le Secret. If these fragrances don't give you Spring fever, nothing ever will. (They're very inexpensive in the small sizes and would make lovely Easter gifts.)

Speaking of Easter gifts, here's something that's made to order. It's Bourjois' "Eve ning in Paris" or "Springtime in Paris" perfume (whichever time you prefer), put up in Easter egg containers. The bottle is small, of course, but so is the price. The Easter egg is either red, blue, green or orchid, with the "Evening in Paris" perfume— and pink or pale blue for the "Springtime in Paris." Incidentally, the Easter egg won't roll off the dressing table and break, for it stands securely on a dainty pedestal.

Prince Matchabelli's "Abano" is perfume for the bath, which isn't a particularly new idea—but here's one that is! With the "Abano," he sells a perfume ball, known as the "Oromoo Perfume Ball." It has a string tied to it (a chain, strictly speaking), and you dip it in your bath tub just as you would dip a tea-ball in a cup. Darn clever, these Georgians.

Who can resist buying a new shade of powder once in a while. As a man gets tired of always wearing the same tie, so do we women get bored with the same powder. Marie Earle has a new shade called "Soleil" which will give your face a fresh Spring-like look. It is "peachy" in tone—but quite alive with a healthy, tuddy caste. It is a happy medium between a light winter powder, and a sun-tan summer powder. Incidentally, Marie Earle powders are shown in a new box. It's square, with a tiny "knob" on the lid which enables you to lift it off with two fingers. The box is ivory and green, with a touch of gold and red—very smart.

All this talk about oily and dry skins the past few years, and different treatments and preparations for each, has encouraged Dorothy Gray to introduce two Salon Facial Packages—one for dry skins and the other for normal and oily skins. The treatment is a simple one, employing only three preparations. In the box for dry skins you'll find Cleansing Cream, Orange Flower Skin Lotion, and Special Mixture Cream. The one for normal and oily skins contains Cleansing Cream, Texture Lotion, and Suppling Cream. The complete set costs no more than the average box of face powder, and it contains enough of the...
preparations to last for several weeks.

What with hats creeping back further and further from our hairline, we've got to pay special attention to our foreheads . . . we've got to keep them smooth and unwrinkled, and clear and satiny in texture. If you've got a "widow's peak" then this season's hats are your "big moment," for nothing was ever more becoming to this type of hairline.

But something other than spring bonnets is on our minds during these after-winter months. Our color-eye looks up, and we begin to look for fresh life in our clothes. We discard the browns and black and hanker for something in green or blue or yellow or red. Did you know that there is a tremendous organization known as the National Dry Goods Association which, each year, picks out its official spring colors . . . and then by the middle of April, we're wearing them en masse, all the way from Maine to Malibu Beach? This year, the N. R. D. G. A., (short for that long name which I just told you) has selected these shades: first, a rich, bright blue, (similar to Royal Blue), which will be known as *Cinco Blue,* second, a luscious orangeish red which is known as *Caviar Rose,* third, a warm tan, known as *Repeal Beige,* and fourth, a light Springish green, called *Falla Green.* So—if your eye alights on a dress in any of these colors, you'll know it's quite the latest thing!

When I visited Arlene Judge the other day, I noticed that her dressing table was simply covered with intriguing bottles of all the "best" perfumes, and when I commented that it must be a passion of hers, she told me this little trick of using it in one unique manner. Arlene thinks that you shouldn't stop at using perfume just on yourself, or on your clothes. A perfume can also express to your friends through other mediums—the telephone, for example. You know that sticky, stale odor that hovers around the mouthpiece of a phone? Well, Arlene fixes that, by always keeping a few drops of perfume in the mouthpiece. (A few drops last for weeks!) Then, when your friends ask to use your phone, they'll be reminded so fragrantly of you, that they'll very probably keep their calls "strictly local."

Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant

Over in London, England, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill felt so urge to joining the better half, and here's wishing them all happiness.

A Beautiful Girl Can Show That She Is Also An Intelligent One By The Manner In Which She Does Her Make-Up.

**REDUCE**

**WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS OR IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!**

### TEST...the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**...

*at our expense!*

We want you to try:

**THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**

*at our expense!*

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches. . . . writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . write Mrs. McSorley.

• So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

**Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!**

• This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

**Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh**

• The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of saturated cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

**Don't Wait any Longer . . . Act Today**

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days 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 . . . and your money will be immediately refunded.

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brasiers.

**SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, INC.**
**DEPT. 444, 41 EAST 42ND STREET**
**NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Without obligation on your part, please send me the FREE BOOKLET featuring and illustrating the new Perfolastic Uplift Girdle and Uplift Brasiers, also samples of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

**Name**

**Address**

**City**

**State**

Use Coupon on Back Side and Address on Penny Post Card
Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!

"All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay — my complexion has improved — and I'm having a wonderful time!"

"In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

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 everyday 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.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women
Topics for Gossips

SILVER SCREEN

Richard Bennett and Anna Sten, the new, glamorous star from Soviet Russia. This scene (all about a necklace) is one of the best incidents in "Nana." She lies so beautifully!

And, by the way, Jean and Metro have patched up their little salary misunderstanding, which was greatly exaggerated in the newspapers, with Jean being quite the gallant lady about it. When Metro explained that if they gave her a raise they would have to give all the other stars a raise too, to keep them from walking out, Jean said okay and reported for work the next day. You'd be surprised how much less Jean is getting than Metro's pampered darlings, whose pictures are not near the box office successes that Jean's are.

Some dames never know when they have it soft. Eh, what, Mable? Evelyn Venable has written into her contract that she is not to be kissed by any Hollywood actor—not even Frederic March or Gary Cooper or Clark Gable. Now ain't she the queer one? Evelyn and Freddie played all the way through "Death Takes a Holiday" together without a single lip salute. Huh.

The fad in Hollywood, right now, among the men, is big plaid coats—so loud that you can hear them miles away. Johnny Mack Brown sort of started this fad when he appeared at Frank Borzage's cocktail party in a little number that fairly shrieked—and since then all the boys have been taking it up. To date, Leslie Howard takes the cake for having the loudest.

And speaking of shrieking, Gary Cooper's familiar bright yellow Duesenberg has been painted a light gray, very subdued and very proper. It must be the Little Woman's influence.

Jack Oakie nearly had a stroke when he returned from his trip to Honolulu and found his favorite clarinet being banged about by the LeRoi's. They say that Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, neighbors of Jack in Star Lane, know just how young LeRoi got hold of the clarinet. But Jack swears he'll buy another. You can't win, Charlie.

Ted Healy, the ray of sunshine in many a dreary picture, asked his stooges if they had seen the new twenty dollar bill. "I haven't seen the old one yet," the stooges answered in unison.

Joan Crawford and her hair-dresser are busy these days looking over styles for a new hair-dress for Joan for her new picture, which is going to get underway any week now. Joan tries a new hair-dress, one or more, in every picture, and this time she says it's going to be something to knock your eye out.

Marie Dressler's idea of "some fun kid, some fun" is an evening before an open fire, with several old friends from the footlights, and a game or two of backgammon.

Janet Gaynor is going in more and more for athletics these days. She has become quite a devotee of tennis (this time last year she was taking lessons, but you just ought to see her swat the ball now) and swimming. She keeps herself trim by taking a plunge in the ocean practically every day, when she is not working. But Janet doesn't go for that sun tan that most of the other Hollywood stars take such glee in. Ye olde peaches-and-cream complexion is good enough for her—and quite a relief to the optics, say we.

They do say that the stork is flying close to Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown. And is playing a return engagement already at the Bing Crosby's.

Mae West got a present the other day—her first pair of pajamas. Mae (ssh!) fancies only nighties, so they are of no use to her. W. C. Fields suggested that Mae use them in the daytime.

May Robson is nothing if not ingenious. Her door-bell had been out of order for several days, and the electric shop was slow in fixing it—and after three calls, too—so May got all set up and said peremptorily: "There's a hole in the door casing, threaded a rawhide cord through it and hung a cow-bell on the node. So now folks get me just as they did my grandmother," she informed her friends.

A Shimmering evening cape of silver mesh, with a tiny evening beret to match, is the newest and loveliest evening accessory ensemble introduced by little blonde Mary Carlisle. And that beret for evening is quite a nifty idea, girls. When Mary introduced this new fad at the swanky Mayfair recently the entire ballroom practically sat up and took notice. With the silver mesh cape and beret Mary wore a black velvet dinner frock, but it was the beret atop her blonde curls that gave Mary that devastating effect.

Winne Gibson and Randolph Scott are now going places together. And what an attractive couple they made at the welcome-to-Earl-Carroll-and-his-beauties party at the Roosevelt the other night. Hand-packed beauties or no, Randi hadn't eyes for anyone but Wynne.

One of the most excited people in Hollywood these days is Jean Harlow, the young author. Her first long story, "Today is Tonight," has been accepted by the Cosmopolitan, and will run in it serially, starting soon. Then it will appear in book form. And then—Jean has a pretty good idea that it will be bought by the producers and made into a picture. She'd like to play the heroine on the screen herself, she admits. The story is laid in New York and has nothing to do with Hollywood. Jean is crazy about writing and spends several hours every day at her typewriter. But what with that book, and fan letters and personal letters, she finally decided it was all getting too, too much for her so she now dictates to her secretary.

For April 1934
That Funny Divorce

Carole Lombard and her divorced husband in amusing costume at the Kay Francis Barn Dance.

TSCCH! tsch! I always say when I'm baffled. What do you always say? I've been baffled by that Lombard person ever since a foggy afternoon last summer when she breezed into town from Reno, with the divorce papers in her bag and the loveliest tan. Not a tear to her lashes, not a quiver to her chin, not a husk to her throat. Carole was as fresh as Mother's Little Precious making a test for that Great Big Director Muns to play Claudette's little girl.

"Hello, Bill," said Carole over her mother's phone. "Baby's back."

"Darling," exclaimed Mr. Powell, looking right smart in a snappy dressing robe. "Darling, I've missed you so. Not a good laugh in weeks. Come right on over, I'll start icing the champagne."

And such goings-on followed that. Mrs. Mike Farmer (Gloria Swanson) and the hi-de-ho Farmer himself, who'd returned from the dell, threw a dinner for Carole and Bill that night and then all of them loped over to the Chinese to attend the very la-de-da premiere of "Dinner at Eight." The fans and the public in general and en masse were so busy ogling Bill and Carole, who were holding hands and giggling and whispering like Tom Brown and Anita Louise, that Gloria's new hairdress (a "trailer" of the Hepburn frizzle, which would soon descend upon an unsuspecting people in "Little Women") and Lee Tracy's new tails and Jean Harlow's new husband weren't near the sensations they should have been. I bet if Gloria had known that Carole and Bill were going to sit up there pawing at each other, like the final laudet of a movie, she wouldn't have wasted her fringe but would have worn a diamond tiara. But of course there was Lil Tashman over there glittering with diamond clips helter skelter. Oh, you can't win.

And then the Barthelmesses had to entertain for them, and the Clive Brooks, and everyone practically was baking a cake or whipping up a little something for Bill and Carole. They were seen at the Clover

Do Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, Now Divorced, Love One Another—
More?—Less?—Differently?—or What?

Club, the Colony Club, the Brown Derby, the Coconut Grove, the Gold Room, and the drive-in place on Vine Street—and so wrapped up in each other's company that they might have been Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone except that there were no gardenias. Then, to add to this amazing condition, every time that Carole was in the midst of her dance with George Raft in "Bolero" on a Paramount stage, the phone would ring frantically and Sally Rand would drop her fans and Wesley Ruggles his arches and the entire company simply relaxed while Mr.
Powell urged the ex-Mrs. Powell to sell her "American Woolens" at once and load up on "Grade A Milk." A little thing like a divorce wasn’t going to keep Bill from helping Carole snatch a few pretty pennies from the stock market.

And then Bill and Carole both caught the flu about the same time, but Bill was the sickest, so Carole helped her brother get dressed and dragged her frail body over to Bill’s house and waited on him and entertained him by the hour with Hollywood folklore.

And then Carole bought a new house in Beverly Hills and had Bill Haines decorate it, and then threw a Christmas Eve brawl with about five hundred guests all told—though what they were all told I wouldn’t know. But it was Bill who acted as host and was the life of the party.

And then came the most startling party that has ever been given in Hollywood, since Tallulah Bankhead told off a lot of celebrities at her "Why I Like You and Why I Don’t Like You" party—and will you ever forget what she said Lupe and Johnny—oh, my! Carole decided to give Bill a "Hangover Party" and she borrowed his house to give it in. All of Bill’s closest friends were invited—including Ronnie Coleman, who has been doing a bit of globe trotting the last couple of years. Shall I give you the details? Can you take it? Well, Carole converted the house into a perfect replica of a hospital—everything except the smell of ether.

The servants were dressed as nurses and interns, and they very seriously put a hospital apron on you and took your "case" history when you entered and assigned you to a cot in the Powell living room which, utterly devoid of rugs and knickknacks, looked like Bellevue on the morning after New Year’s Eve. The treatments prescribed for the patients were printed on regular hospital bulletin sheets, and wouldn’t grandmother be shocked if she could read some of those treatments. The food was dished up on ye olde operating table (and guests suddenly recalled, with that far away look in their eyes, those long lost appendix and tonsils and gall stones) and the Diet Kitchen provided anchovies and pate de fois gras. In Hollywood it costs an actor twenty-five hundred for an appendix cut, and what a lot of fun it is to brag and boast about it.

Yes, the drinks were poured from you-know-what and the canapes were passed around in you-know-whattoo. There were a lot of gags and everybody roared and nicked and had a right nifty time of it.

Now, says I, who am a worldly gal and have lived in Hollywood too long to clap for Tinker Bell, now tell me, if you please, do Carole and Bill go in for this amazing divorce business for the publicity in it? Does Carole think she will get her name in the newspapers more often if she makes a habit of being seen and photographed with her ex-husband? Now that’s what baffled me. That’s why I went tisch! There’s a pretty brunette in town who makes it a point to be seen with a different man every time she has a date—and dating her has become just as much a publicity racket as marrying Peggy Joyce. She wants to be called the most popular girl in Hollywood. It’s her publicity. (She can have it.) And there’s a male who strips out a different dame (must be well known and pretty) every time he goes to a party—even if it is every night in the week. Not that he’s particularly fond of any of these bawdy, but because the newspapers and the magazines all comment on it. It’s his publicity. And, believe me, he suffers for his publicity. (There, there now, my old cynics are creeping up on you again—quick, a shot of the milk of human kindness.)

So I sought out Carole in her dressing room on the Paramount lot to put an end forever to my ballyhoo. It took me exactly five minutes, a half a chicken sandwich on wholewheat bread without any mayonnaise, and three sips of orange juice, undefined, to learn [Continued on page 66]
"What Happens Then?"

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

T
HE rain was beating down in torrents, so that, looking out the windows, even the street was veiled. The pavements were hidden by rushing streams of muddy water. The oldest living inhabitant never remembered such a cloudburst.

It was New Year's Eve in Pasadena.

In the lobby of the beautiful little Vista del Arroyo Hotel, perched high on the cliff above the famous Rose Bowl, the excitement grew by leaps and bounds. The conversation almost drowned out the roar of the storm. Football coaches, famous sports writers, up-agers, leading citizens, rushed hither and thither, worry and suspense writ large upon their faces.

Would there or would there not be a game of football in the Rose Bowl on the morrow? Would the New Year's Day classic between East and West, rated as one of the five most important games of the year, be played upon New Year's Day or not? Would Stanford and Columbia take the field before 80,000 people or would the game have to be called on account of rain?

Never have I seen such excitement. Telegraph wires rang every second. Telephone booths in Hollywood and New York both wanted answers—would the game go on?

The Rose Bowl at that moment was some feet deep under rushing water. The grandstand looked like an imitation of Niagara Falls as the rain cascaded down its sides. Seven fire engines were pumping some 11,000,000,000 gallons of water a minute, but the California cloudburst kept ahead of them.

Sports editors were trying to figure what to print the next morning. Hollywood picture stars were frantic with disappointment on the might that the usual spectacle, even Ex-President Herbert Hoover, who had driven down from Palo Alto to see his Alma Mater defend the West against Columbia, was in a state of suspense.

As we stood about, watching the rain and talking—Lou Little, the Columbia coach, Paul Gallico, Mark Kelly, Bill Comor, Harry Grayson and a lot of other important sports authorities—a slim, good-looking, dark-haired boy joined us for a moment.

He said, "Guess I'll go to bed now, chief."

We were introduced to Mr. Cliff Montgomery, star back, captain, field general and chief scouring threat of Columbia.

If you are a football fan—and who isn't—you may suppose that the night before the most important football game of the season, especially when nobody knows whether it's to be played at all, or, if played, the boys will have to wear diving suits, is not the best time to be the world to meet a football captain. He might reasonably be expected to be in a bad humor, or, at least, slightly nervous. And if nobody expects that his team has the slightest chance to win—and most people didn't give Columbia a prayer—it might be even worse.

But Mr. Montgomery wasn't nervous and he wasn't in a bad humor. He was, perhaps, a little shy. He looked, in his street clothes, much too slight to have done so much damage to eastern teams. His eyes were steady and he had a clean-cut, well-bred young face. The best type of American youth. He smiled shyly and said something about the weather—which at that moment was no idle topic but the chief concern of a good many people. He said he hoped they would be able to play because the boys were pretty anxious about it, as they'd come 4000 miles to play that game and it was going to be a lot of fun, even if the field was muddy. I remarked that the field would certainly be muddy as Dink Templeton, the Stanford track coach, had just brought back word that the players' benches were floating about like little boats.

Mr. Montgomery looked a trifle down-hearted, but in a moment he perked up and said, "Well, it's as fair for one as the other and I sure hope we play."

Then he excused himself very politely and went to bed and, we all hoped, to a night of well-earned repose.

(You may wonder at this point when Hollywood is coming into the story. But please be patient. It will come in. And it will have a great deal to do with young Mr. Montgomery and the Rose Bowl game between Stanford and Columbia. Because the worst football bug in the whole United States are in Hollywood and in spite of the rain they were in the Rose Bowl, believe me.)

When we went to bed the consensus of opinion was that there wasn't going to be any game. And if there hadn't been, it might have changed the life of the slim, good-looking football hero from Columbia. Upon such things do the fate of men depend.

New Year's Day dawned in Pasadena. It dawned behind a thick curtain of rain, it dawned black and gray. The sound of trumpets and bands awakened me. From my window I beheld the most famous parade in the world—the Tournament of Roses—going by in a sort of "under water slow motion" effect that was very upsetting on an empty stomach. The flowers were pelting flat and the girls were running rivulets on their bare arms and gauzy skirts.

The telephone rang. No game. It rang again. They were going to play. This went on until we were all in such jitters as you have seldom beheld. At one o'clock we put on our galoshes and rain coats and started swimming to the Bowl. Where, to our amazement, we found about 30,000 people gathered, huddled in the downpour.

And most of those 30,000—at least those who weren't Stanford or Columbia alumni—came from Hollywood.

You see, the Hollywood motion picture colony is football mad. On Saturday afternoons during football season, there is an unwritten agreement that nobody works. The studios are deserted. If a picture is in production and must go on, the cast comes back and works all night on Saturdays.

Wide World
Johnny Weissmuller, Olympic Champion, swims into a picture job and is a "natural" as Tarzan.

20 SILVER SCREEN
Some Advice for Cliff Montgomery, Captain of the Columbia Football Team, If He Accepts Hollywood’s Offers—Given by the Wife of an All-American Who Did.

Right there was where Hollywood and Mr. Cliff Montgomery met.

We need not go into what to me are the very painful details of that afternoon. My husband used to play at left half for Stanford, and I had twice seen him score touchdowns in the Rose Bowl against eastern teams. I was naturally rooting for Stanford—even, if the truth must be known, waging a few pennies with some of the eastern sports writers who were loyal to Columbia. And it was very sad.

Hollywood, individually and collectively, sat and watched Columbia, under the able and oft-times inspired leadership of a young gent named Montgomery, play rings around Stanford. They watched Mr. Montgomery shoot the forward pass that led to the score. They watched him on defense smear the brilliant Stanford backfield. At first they didn’t believe it. It couldn’t be happening. Where, behemoth was this Montgomery anyhow? And what did he mean by these unheard-of carryings-on in our own Rose Bowl?

There could be no question that Cliff Montgomery was, that day, the best football player on the gridiron. And at the end of the rain-sodden, muddy, disastrous afternoon, Hollywood knew darn well who he was and what he could do.

Well, they’re good losers.

They offered Mr. Cliff Montgomery a motion picture contract.

They had seen him only upon the field, with his face plastered with mud and his hair soaked with rain. They had seen him only in a football suit that was wet and filthy. But they said to themselves, “This guy has got something.”

And now, Cliff Montgomery goes to Hollywood.

I don’t know. Remembering the boy I met that night in the lobby, knowing a little something about football players on account of my husband was one and is now a sports writer, and knowing my Hollywood, I wonder.

Will this young football hero, who conquered Hollywood by his magnificent exhibition on the football field, in what was supposed to be a losing fight, will he become a motion picture star—or will he have his heart broken and his dreams grow cold?

Was that now historic battle between Stanford and Columbia a great break for this boy, or was it a disaster?

Mr. Max Baer, almost heavyweight champion, would probably tell him it was a great break.

So would Johnny Weissmuller, greatest of swimmers.

But I wonder what Johnny Mack Brown, once All-American from Alabama, would say? And Buster Crabbe, Olympic swimmer?

My husband, who is supposed to know [Continued on page 71]

Ginger Rogers explains a camera to Cliff Montgomery at the Warner Studio, where Cliff was asked to make a test.

You can page every big star, every important director, every powerful producer in the Coliseum and they will all be there. And the Rose Bowl Game is their favorite.

Also, they go down very heavily upon the western team to defeat the eastern team. They are very loyal rooters.

On this particular New Year’s Day they had braved the elements, they had driven through mud up to their hub caps, they were sitting in constant showers, to see Stanford defeat Columbia. Because there wasn’t anybody in Hollywood who had a moment’s doubt that Stanford would defeat Columbia. The betting was something like 3/2 to 1 and some Hollywood celebrities had even given 14 points. It was, they opined, having seen Stanford defeat their favorite U.S.C. team, a lead pipe cinch.

For April 1934
“IN HOLLYWOOD

WOMEN MAINTAIN EQUALITY WITH MEN” — Constance Bennett

“Our Most Intelligent Star” — a new title for Connie.

By S. R. Mook

Perhaps you've had inklings before this that Hollywood is a hotbed of gossip and rumor. I have. But until this morning I never paid much attention to it. Most of what I read I believed.

Accordingly, this morning when I picked up the paper and read that Constance Bennett is planning to retire from the screen, it never occurred to me that the paragraph might be founded on nothing more substantial than gossip or rumor.

The screen's most glamorous blonde leaving the screen! My heart started turning somersaults and, what with my asthma and all, I put in a very bad half hour before I bowed into Constance's dressing room.

She had just got up from a sick bed to start work in "The Firebrand." It was the first day's shooting on the picture and everything was in a turmoil. Yet, when I told Constance that Silver Screen's readers would want to know about this rumored retirement of hers, she smiled. "You know how it is the first day of a picture. You're due to put in a pretty hard day in order to get a story out of me."

"In the first place, I can't imagine where such a ridiculous rumor could have started. It is true I have said at various times that I never intended remaining in pictures long enough for the public to tire of me. I don't intend to become one of these outmoded stars who persist in remaining on the screen long, long after they have worn out their welcome.

"I have just signed a contract with Twentieth Century that still has two years to run. I couldn't retire just now if I wanted to. Eventually, of course, I will live permanently in Europe. So, there's no story in that."

I have often wondered exactly what Constance Bennett really thinks of pictures. A girl as intelligent as Constance doesn't kid herself. Anything that affects her life as vitally as pictures do would not be taken for granted. She would want to know what makes the wheels go round. I asked her what she made of it all, and got my story:—"I think," she said enthusiastically, "that acting in pictures is the most fascinating career in the world for women. It's the only one where they are on an absolute equality with men.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, warming to her subject, "that this is supposed to be the fifth largest industry in the world, and it is the only one where the workmen (the actors), the executives (the producers) and the consumers (the public), share equally in the business' success? I mean by that the actors and producers can turn out a picture, and if the public doesn't care for it, it just doesn't go."

"But," I protested, "that's true of any business, isn't it?"

"No."

"I answered promptly, "I mean, for instance, take the stock market."

"You take it, I returned. "All right," she grinned. "I will take it. I've no grudge against the stock market.

[Continued on page 61]
Eddie Cantor Is Everywhere—In Pictures, In Person, In Books and In Broadcasting—and Always Welcome.

By Jack Jamison

“It’s That Man Again!”

You have probably heard Eddie tell how, after a road tour of forty weeks, he returned and was coldly received by his youngest daughter. Turning away from the eager father, she called: “Mother, it’s that man again!”

Eddie Cantor stands in the very topmost movie ranks, and he is the top man in radio. His salary you wouldn’t believe if I gave you the figures. His popularity is second only to that of President Roosevelt. His friends call him Public Nuisance No. 1.

Did you ever wonder why?


Eddie is the typical American success story, from Rags to Riches—And Back Again—and Back Up Again! There is the first reason why we all like and admire him so much. Not once, but twice, and both times under impossibly tough conditions, he has made his million. He makes us feel, if he did it, we can do it too. He is the symbol of Hope. He stands for bravery, faith, and success. Success that lies within the reach of all of us. But it isn’t so easy as all that! Sure, we can all make millions. All we have to do is be Eddie.

There’s the rub.

Because Eddie has what so few of the rest of us have. The most precious gift of all. Personality! Personality! There are all kinds of personality. Clara Bow has personality. Mae West has personality. Clark Gable has personality. What is Eddie’s particular brand? If we can discover that, we’ll have the biggest reason for his smashing success, for his universal appeal, which touches all of us.

I sat in a Hollywood night-club late one night. The club was smash on the edge of bankruptcy, but none of the swankily dressed movie-star guests knew that. Only two men knew it. One was the man who owned the place. The other was Eddie Cantor. Midnight came, and the floor show started. Badly trained girls came out and did awkward high-kicking. The people at the tables were bored, and yawned. And then the drummer rolled a flourish, the manager stepped out and called for silence. “Folks,” he said, “I have a surprise for you. Eddie Cantor!” Eddie came out on the floor “cold” and faced that bored, defiant audience. In five minutes he had them giggling. In ten he had them roaring. In fifteen he had them shouting and calling for more. He did a little dance. He cracked jokes, mostly bad puns. He even cued the orchestra, which had never played with him before, and sang a couple of songs. The crowd loved it. That’s personality. To pick up a dead show and lift it, single-handed, until the audience thought they were at the first night of the Ziegfeld Follies!

And that little story tells you something about more than one side of Eddie’s personality! Somehow or other he had found that that night club was going broke. On his own hook, without being asked, he volunteered to do his little skit and give the place a boost (He paid to get in, incidentally). He was, at the time, earning about five hundred dollars for a performance. He donated his services free. He knew the man who owned the place, but they were not intimate friends. He just wanted to help, where help was needed. That, too, is Eddie! When anybody needs a lift, Eddie doesn’t wait to be asked to help. He steps in and gives it. He doesn’t ask for any thanks, either. I think, if I tried, I could draw up a list of five hundred people in the theatrical business alone that Eddie has helped out at one time or another. You know, without being told, of all the free performances he gives to charity. In addition, he maintains a free camp in the country, to which city kids may go for the summer. Once, when he himself was a sickly Ghetto Kid, Eddie was sent to a free summer camp. He never has forgotten what it meant to him.

And that’s another reason why Eddie [Continued on page 65]

for April 1934
Jean Harlow Is Recognized as One of the Finest Actresses of the Screen. "I Try To Be Honest," says Jean.

By Helen Louise Walker

Jean Harlow was certainly an unexpected choice. For Jean's chief claim to fame, until then, had been her platinum hair, and this luscious hair which was incredibly red. Besides, the role required an actress... and Hollywood had never thought of Jean.

The dominant characteristic of the girl in the story was determination. The grim conviction that she would have whatever she wanted. Jean had demonstrated pretty thoroughly that she, too, had the will to come what might. The picture was a smash hit and established Jean in the front rank of successful young screen actresses.

"Well, maybe I don't like that," Jean admits. "I think that any role in which you do particularly well, even any scene in which you register with unusual conviction, has something in it, some element, which is truly you. I do go after what I want. Anyone does if he wants it enough. That is what is important... wanting it enough. If you do, then you aren't afraid of anything... you don't think about fear. How can you think about fear or consider obstacles if you are filled with wanting a thing? The girl in the picture was like that... I guess I am a little like that, too!"

Then came Jean's marriage to Paul Bern. That brief marriage with its tragic ending. A week later she was on the set, working, "to try to forget." She gave interviews to anyone who wanted to see her. That took courage. It took courage just to go to the studio which was so linked in her mind with Paul. It took courage to take up her job where she had left off when she and Paul were planning and discussing it together. It took courage amid all the gossip and speculation about Paul's death, to meet the world, to smile a little and to say, "What is it you want to know? I shall try to tell you!" She was working in "Red Dust" at the time.

Jean told me the other day, sitting in her new, gay, white and brown sun room, "My favorite role of all time, up to now, was the one in 'Red Dust.' The woman had courage... and honesty. I liked that woman!"

"Was there something of you in that role?" I asked her.

Her answer was a little slow. "I don't know. Maybe... I like courage. I hope I have it. I want and I try to be honest. Perhaps I don't always succeed. But I try... I am like that..."

I told her that numbers of readers of Silver Screen had written to the Magazine, commenting on the brief shot of her in "Bombo-shell" when she was holding the baby at the orphanage. That shot showed a new Jean Harlow, they thought... and they wondered why she was not given the type of role which would show more of that womanly person, her sweetness..."

"Was there something of you in that sequence?" I wanted to know.

"Why, it was such a darling baby!" she said, almost in a voice of protest, as if I had denied that important fact. "He was so cute! You couldn't look at that little thing and not show that you thought it was sweet. It was only a tiny sequence in a picture which was pure farce."

I didn't ask her any more about it. I knew, already, that Jean loved children. Goodness! She positively gets you down, quoting the extraordinarily bright things that have been said by the young.
Jean Proved Herself Something More Than Just a Girl With Unusual Hair. When Wearing a Wig, She Made “Red Headed Woman” a Hit.

The pair which is condemned to live always on front pages—Hal Rosson and his wife. Jean has made her peace with M-G-M.

sters of some particular friends of hers. Things which wouldn’t sound extra-bright to you, perhaps. But Jean thinks that they are phenomenal. She had just come from packing dolls into Christmas baskets at the Assistance League. She was a little limp, a little ruffled, from her efforts. But she glowed. “They were such lovely dolls!”

“The woman in ‘Bombshell,’ superficial as she was, wanted children . . . as any woman does,” she said. “It’s a natural thing, isn’t it?”

From which you and I may draw our own conclusions about how much of the real Jean appeared in that little sequence.

There was another important thing about the woman in ‘Bombshell,’” Jean was saying. “Her sense of humor. Without that, she would never have reached any goal at all. No one can. At least, no one can with any sort of comfort!”

And there you have something important about Jean. She could never have survived the gossip which follows her even now, she could never have kept her perspective when she was misjudged, misquoted, misunderstood, if she had not had a sane, amused viewpoint on the entire situation. Jean can laugh—not only at the absurd things which are said of her, but wholesome and heartily at herself. Which is important.

I asked her about her next picture. She became serious, at once. [Continued on page 60]

Before Jean was twenty, she had experienced an elopement, a divorce, had been disinherited, and had made the “platinum blonde” famous.
We think often of Hollywood as a Fairyland. We seldom think of it as a Feudal Empire—an imposing, militaristic, thrilling, medieval stronghold.

Of course, all of modern life has feudal traces. We are all overlords or under-dogs. The bell boy in an hotel is bossed by the porter; the porter must submit to the orders of the floor clerk, the floor clerk to the room clerk and so on up to the top. It is always a problem in any office to give each person the proper amount of authority. In the army or navy authority is definitely and clearly defined.

Yet there is no place in the modern world where the fight to maintain individual rights is as enthusiastic and as bitter—as thrilling and as fearful—as in Hollywood.

Naturally these battles are more akin to those of our colorful ancestors, because the rewards are more similar. Castles and lands were the compensations for victory then; money to buy the most glorious castles and the largest pieces of lands are the results of success for our modern knights and ladies. Hollywood pays the most money and grants the greatest fame in the world. It must, therefore, wage the deadliest battles.

I shall never forget the first dinner party of Hollywood professional folk which I attended. The hostess drew me aside to apologize for the fact that I was seated at the foot of the long table. "It's our feudal seating system," Producers first; then directors; Stars; feature players, writers and guests. You are a guest, so you are one of those privileged to watch the nobles eat. You are a serf!"

Her explanation sounded fantastic to a stranger. I have discovered that it was absolutely correct—both socially and professionally. For, of course, all social life in Hollywood is professional and the conquerors never forget, even in their play, that they have conquered. So the distinctions in rank, that prevail upon the set while pictures are being made, continue when the knights and the ladies gather around the long board to eat and to drink. Here is a chart of Hollywood titles:

One day Reginald Denny came on the set with only the back of his neck made up—a protest against the star's invasion of his rights.
The Stars Zealously Guard Their Positions, and Neither Directors Nor Players May Impose Upon Their Preserves.

Director.............The Monarch Star.............The Crown Prince or Princess Lead opposite the star—

The Grand Duke or Duchess 
Cameraman...........Master of The Lights 
Featured Players...My Lords and My Ladies 
Laborers.............Members of the Guilds
Extras...............Serfs

A director is supposed to be monarch-supreme over each subject. He, himself, confers only with his Guardians of The Exchequer. He must govern his subjects according the contents of the Treasury.

But no Monarch's authority was ever more questioned. The name of a Monarch does not make a picture successful. The name of a Crown Prince or Princess (stat) does!

Not long ago, I watched a small battle, one which might be duplicated a hundred times a day. Katharine Hepburn was lunching in the R.K.O. commissary. The Supervisor for her picture (one of the guardians of the Exchequer) spoke to her.

"I do not believe we can show the rushes, tonight, Katy."

Robert Montgomery made a protest against kicking a man on crutches.

When Alice Brady wanted certain dressing-rooms her wish was law.

"Why not?"

"The director is not ready."

Katharine's lips tightened. "I want those rushes shown tonight. All of them. I'm not sure about this picture. I want to see the rushes in order to know where we're going. I don't like the feel of the thing—"

"But, Katy—"

"We will see those rushes, tonight!"

They did. Katharine had girded on her armor and opened battle with her Monarch. She felt justified. The public would forget that a director might ruin a Hepburn picture. It would blame the star. The entire production period on that picture was a nightmare for both the Monarch and the Crown Princess. Again and again she interrupted scenes to scream at him.

"I can't do it that way. I won't. You can't tell me how I feel a thing—"

"Temperamental!" they call her. "Difficult. Hard to manage."

Those are the adjectives that are always used to describe an actress who steps out of rank. And yet, here is what Katharine Hepburn told me about "Little Women," on the day after it was previewed.

"It is a great picture. A very great picture. I shall probably never make another like it. But it is all due to George Cukor. He is a director's picture. Joan Bennett and I had cried for two days for that one scene when Beth is dying. It just didn't seem as though we could cry anymore. Real tears. Of course, he wouldn't have anything else. He said, 'You wouldn't go back on me now, girls? in such a way that we cried again. That was the last shot. Then we went into hysterics.

Pretty Mary Carlisle in white fox skins (and some of her own). She is rapidly moving up the scale and is already a featured player.

Scene from "Laughing Boy"—Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez. Lupe can give orders which no one can over-rule.

But he could have kept us crying—"

A Crown Princess in perfect accord with her Monarch! Katharine Hepburn knows that George Cukor is right and does not try to usurp his authority which is absolute, according to law. Yet she, as an intelligent woman (very intelligent), who earns much more money than her Monarch, cannot but question his control when she feels he is hurting her future. She recently expressed a wish that Director Cukor might govern all of her future productions as Joseph Von Sternberg does Marlene Dietrich's.

It is well known that Marlene did not want to make "Song of Songs" with Monarch Mamoulian. She believes absolutely in Von Sternberg. Although they are co-workers—because Von Sternberg retains his authority. I have watched them work again and again. He will even go through the gestures as he sees them, explaining in detail (in German!) exactly the shade of emotional reaction he desires from each single sentence and gesture. Marlene Dietrich has never been known to "blow up" on a set—no matter what may have been said to the contrary. Off the set, they argue. Talk it all over like two intelligent people comparing notes. But on the set, she is completely obedient because she respects and admires his ability.

She did not "blow up" on "Song of Songs," although she did not feel much that was ordered. "What would be the use?" she asked with a shrug. "Why should I trouble? It is up to me to do as I am told."

[Continued on next page]
But Marlene Dietrich knew it would be only for one picture. She had already said— and meant what she said—that she would never make another picture unless von Sternberg directed. To battle on one production would be useless. It is still true that there are not more Hepburn-Cukor and Dietrich-Von Sternberg combinations. Wise and kindly monarchs who were respected by women and kindly suited, made for peace even in mediaval times!

We shall never forget Robert Montgomery while he was making "Hell Below." He said the title was most appropriate! He and director Jack Conway simply did not see alike upon that picture.

Jack Conway's authority and Bob's name and box-office following feared against each other. Each felt sincerely that he was right, with neither one being petty or personal about it. Remember the scene where Bob kicks the crutch from beneath the one-legged man on the hospital lawn? How subject-Bob fought against making it! "No one in any circumstances would do such a thing! He couldn't. What will they think of me if I do it? It will take every bit of my sympathy away from me! Sympathy on the screen is something each actor fights for, unless he is playing the absolute "villain." Besides, I have a personal revulsion against doing it," he insisted. A real one-legged man, who depended upon a crutch, was playing the role.

The scene remained in the picture. Remember the scene where Bob was sitting in the boat bemoaning the death of his buddy, Robert Young? The script called for a luminous flash of Schmauzo Durante over his shoulder. Comedy relief in the midst of intense sorrow. Again Bob objected. He believed it spoiled the spirit of the scene.

In fact, that entire picture was a matter of Robert Montgomery's fighting for his rights in what he considered justifiable circumstances. Director Jack Conway fought to maintain the authority that any Monarch must have to prevent loss of prestige, money and time, if he is to govern for the best interests of all. But out of this unseen but nevertheless deadly battle came a splendid picture.

Each featured player—ranking next to the star—feels he can become a star only if he is proved to him already established, which means the one with whom he is playing! We do not need to cite cases to remember how many pretenders to thrones have felt they must usurp powers of Monarchs. Ambition is not considered a detriment to human nature. "A girl in distress" is our oldest and most natural emotion.

When Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier began playing together, she was receiving $5,000 for a picture and he, $15,000. He was the star. But Jeanette is a lovely creature with a lovely voice. It was only natural that she should do her best even though she were of lesser rank. And it was only natural that there should be a little resentment on his part when the notices flooded the newspapers giving her praise equal to his; when Europe, his own home-land, made her a popular heroine because of his picture. A silent battle for rights began immediately after their first picture. In loyal days, they would have donned armor, perhaps—but with civilization's modern influence, they donned smiles and sharpened their wits rather than their swords. Chevalier had the upper hand because of his rank; his "class" was the one in authority.

Into this battle crept a third element— Ernst Lubitsch, the Monarch over both, had been able to make his personality felt through his expert direction. Only a few directors have been able to do this. The Chevalier pictures were billed "A Lubitsch production with—" The director's name came, you see, even before that of the star. So here we had the unique and complicated situation of the Monarch, the Crown Prince and the Grand Duchess each feeling indispensable. The climax came in planning for "The Merry Widow." Chevalier refused to make it with the other two. Chevalier felt that he must prove that his rank of Crown Prince is due to himself rather than his Monarch and a lesser subject. The Monarch said, "Ungrateful" and the Grand Duchess wept a few tears as a Duchess should. The matter is not settled. In all probability, they will make the picture according to the lines of rank— for getting themselves for the sake of the mases of the people to whom it is their duty, because of their class, to bring happiness and pleasure.

Titled folk of feudal days guarded their positions with every possible precaution. In modern language we call it "protecting ourselves from too much competition."

Lupe Velez was the star in "Joe Palooka," Mary Carlyle, the one of lesser rank. Have not My Lords and My Ladies always been a big interest to him? Pryor vs. Grand Duchesses? Wouldn't we all like to earn the incomes and favors granted to those above us? And if we are the ones of greater rank, wouldn't we want to take the privileges to those who are less fortunate?

There was one hairdresser for Lupe and Mary. Naturally, Lupe came first. An absolute law of the Monarch precedes all other women in England. Lupe's hair was done in her dressing room; Mary's upon the set, so that the hairdresser could be "handy" if Lupe should need her while working.

One day an emissary walked upon the set and asked the hairdresser to leave and go to Mary's dressing room. She protested that it was impossible, as she could not, according to rule, leave the Grand Duchesses. The emissary insisted that his superior approached Lupe. The Grand Duchesses must protect her rights. She appealed to the Monarch. Speaking to the director, she said, sweetly, "I want to take the risk of my hair getting out of place for a scene, it is perfectly all right for her to go to Miss Carlyle.

Mary to come on the set, as usual," snapped the Monarch, keeping the class distinctions of his Empire clearly defined, as is the habit of shrewd Monarchs.

We have been told of Europe about the "new titles." During a recent trip to England I was amused at how an "old title" would speak of "Lady so and so. You know, hers is a new title."

All Empires make the same distinction. We all know the difference between an Admiral, who has been in the Navy for a quarter of a generation, and the one who has just received the commission. The old are naturally wary of the new.

Alice Brady was an old title on Broadway, but a new title now. One day she pranced along the long corridor edging the second-floor dressing rooms of the movie set with that air of Dian fell a little grandeur. A minor official hurried along in her wake. She poked her head into one door after another. Seeing no one in an outer room of a particularly luxurious suite she bobbled in "Now, why can't I have one like this? It is lovely! I want—"

The head of a young star, peeped from the door to the other room, and voiced a protest. But—Alice Brady got the rooms.

The "Lead Opposite A Star" is really a higher title than "Featured Player" or "Duchess." It is called "Duchess" because she was really raised from rank of featured player to "Lead Opposite A Star" when she first played with Chevalier. I have already referred in this column to Miss MacDonald, whose position in this "lesser" position is for camera space. The classic story of Reginald Denny playing opposite Laura La Plante in a production directed by Ernst Lubitsch is fittingly saved in this "lesser" position for camera space. The story of Reginald Denny playing opposite Laura La Plante in a production directed by Ernst Lubitsch is fittingly saved in this "lesser" position for camera space...

Continued on page 72
AT SIXTEEN Una Merkel was the Ophelia of the Subway. She lived with her mother and father up-town on Riverside Drive, New York, and she went to dramatic school way downtown in the West Forties, and she had already decided to be the world's greatest Ophelia (and second greatest Lady Macbeth), so every day she'd rehearse Hamlet's crazy girl friend from the 12th subway station down to Times Square—much to the amusement and distress of her fellow passengers. For Una would always start out reading the lines quietly to herself, but so wrapped up in her Art would she become, that soon her little voice would be singing Ophelia's batty songs above the roar of the subway.

There was one day in particular, Una's father had an office in the Earl Carroll theatre building and he and Earl were buddies. Through the theatrical "grape-vine" Earl learned that somebody was about to revive "Hamlet" for a limited engagement on Broadway, so he tipped off Arno Merkel and Arno hurriedly phoned to Una, Una grabbed her new hat and her "Tragedies of Shakespeare" and beat it for the subway. At last her big moment—at last she could play Ophelia—but goosh, did she really know the lines? "And I, of ladies most deject and wretched. That suck'd the honey of his music vows," said Una right out loud. Six Italian laborers put down their tabloids and stared. Two fussy old ladies, muttering "Indecent," moved to the next car.

"Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me," exclaimed Una entirely unconscious of the commotion she was creating. "To have seen what I have seen, see what I see." The man next to her tapped his forehead and smiled at the men across the aisle. One of the fussy ladies had found a cop in the next car and when Una got up to have the train a sad looking man in a blue uniform took her by the arm. "It's all right, lady," he said, "it's all right. Just you come with me." Una took one look at the law and ran like Rintintin. No cop was going to keep her from playing Ophelia. "Here I am," cried Una dashing into her father's office. "Where do I go? Who's producing it? Who's going to play Hamlet?"

There was a funereal silence. Earl Carroll looked moodily out of the window. Arno Merkel swallowed hastily; "John Barrymore," he said, just like you'd say, "This is the end, Bang." "Oh," said Una, and wept. When she thinks about it now Una is sorry she didn't try out for the part anyway—Mr. Barrymore wouldn't have bitten her head off—but in those days on Broadway the Barrymore name was something to strike awe and terror to the heart of a young actress.

Except for the bewildered subway passengers, New York never had an opportunity to enjoy Una's performance of the goofy Ophelia. She was "discovered" soon afterwards by John Golden and appeared in a number of plays he produced, culminating with her famous portrayal of the little southern girl in Jed Harris' "Coquette," starring Helen Hayes. This play brought about the famous Helen Hayes-Una Merkel friendship, and also a movie contract. John Comdline brought Una to Hollywood under his banner and she appeared in "Abraham Lincoln" and "Eyes of the World," playing sweet, sympathetic parts—and then all of a sudden, just like that, she became a comedienne and it was farewell forever to Ophelia and Lady Macbeth. Her first comedy role was in "Don't Bet on Women," and she was such a sensation in the picture when it was previewed that ever since then Una has been more in demand for comedy roles than any young actress in Hollywood. All the critics will tell you that the Merkel gal has certainly done her part towards saving dull and dreary pictures from utter boredom. Though two-thirds asleep, and snoring peacefully after hearing the leading man tell the leading woman for fully thirty minutes that he has no right to love her because her husband is his best pal and

[Continued on page 60]
WHEN you see a movie actor
Who's behaving rather cracked, or
Doing things that hint he's off his nut,
It's no sign that he's gone batty,
Off his nut, nor yet high-hatty;
It's his way of crashing headlines—
JUST ACT LOGO!

—and so, now that you've caught the general idea, let's snoop into the quixotically-called-private lives of movieland's great and would-be-great, and see how nutty they can be just to get themselves talked about.

Look, for instance, at what Jack Oakie did just a few nights ago. He was one of those present at a party Producer Darryl Zanuck gave. Oakie, as usual, made wisecracks at everybody. But for some reason, they didn't laugh enough at his japes and jests to satisfy Jack. "All right, frozen-faces," he muttered, "all right. I'll show youse guys!" And to the telephone he went, calling up Central Casting Bureau.

"Send me at once," he ordered, "four male extra men, in evening clothes." Central Casting functions swiftly, and before an hour was up, four immaculate, evening-clothed actors appeared at the Zanuck party and reported to Oakie. "All right, you guys. Now you follow me around, wherever I go. And every time I wisecrack or tell a joke, you laugh, see? I'll snap my fingers as a signal, in case you don't see the joke."

And so, for the rest of the evening, Jack's four extras followed him, laughed uproariously at every innuendo Oakie pulled. And when the party was over, Jack gravity paid them each their $7.50.

That stunt, as you can arithmetize, cost Jack thirty dollars. It was worth it in publicity and "be-talked-about" returns. That's why they do stunts at the big premieres—such as W. C. Fields' arrival at the Chinese theater at the opening night of Mae West's "I'm No Angel."

While the thousands of sidewalk-standers jammed every inch of space about the theater, craning their necks for the expected arrival of Mae herself, there arose a great clatter. Horses' hooves beat a tattoo—then came a heavy tumbling of wheels. And into the blaze of arc lights and studio spotlights dashed an old-fashioned four-horse brewery truck, laden with kegs and kegs of beer. And atop them, in solitary magnificence, rode W. C. Fields. It was easy to distinguish him from the rest of the load. He wore evening clothes, and the kegs didn't. Gravely he dismounted, and strode into the theater. And the next day he got plenty of publicity and talk for stealing the show from Mae with his brewery truck.

Premieres are favorite spots for gags. Buster Keaton, the same night, drove up on a battered motorcycle, and in the sidecar rode his new wife. Just as grave as his frozen face, Keaton got off, helped his wife out, stalked into the show as gravely as though he'd arrived in a $14,000 Rolls Royce. And at the "King Kong" premiere, Lowell Sherman, the nattiest dresser in Hollywood, appeared in the most ancient Model-T Ford that could be bought on a second-hand-auto lot. He stepped out, gave the car to the doorman who was at the curb, and forgot it. The car probably had cost him $498—it was that sort of car. But he got $498 worth of publicity out of it.

Fifi D'Orsay is one of movieland's most avid publicity-chasers. Her whole screen career is a nightmare of stunts. It was she who originated the gag of having a miniature parachute made, which she strapped onto her

(Below) Tom Mix rode Tony up the liner's passenger gang plank.

George Raft, in center, with Sammy Finn and Mack Grey (The Killer). Bodyguards—guarding him against being forgotten by the papers.
pet dog every time she went travelling via air. Today, the parachute-on-pet stunt is a favorite among others: Fifi has discarded it. Fifi drops a gag as soon as others imitate it.

Another time, Fifi got in wrong with her studio by a fake “shanghaiing.” She’d gone to the Los Angeles harbor, during production of a picture, to see a friend off to South America. She failed to return to the studio. Instead, there came a radio gram from the boat the next day: “WAS TRAPPED IN CABIN AND COULD NOT GET OFF BOAT STOP AM I WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA STOP FIFI.” The studio big shots tore hair; tried to get the navy to send a boat to take Fifi off, bring her back. Two days later, Fifi appeared at the studio, insisted she knew nothing about the radio, said she’d been at Arrowhead with a cold, and blamed her press-agent for the fake radio and boat report. To make it stand up, the press-agent was fired, but Fifi hired another one—a girl, this time, named Kathryn White.

Then Fifi went on a national vodevil tour. In Indianapolis, she decided she needed front-page space. That afternoon there was a near-riot at the civic center Fifi, in a one-piece bathing suit (a very little piece, by the way), had gone swimming in Indianapolis’ municipal fountain. Cops, policemen, came police cars with sirens howling. Fifi was arrested, arraigned on charges running the gamut from indecent exposure to giving a public show without a license. But, after it was all over, Fifi wired Press-Agent K. White: “DEAR KATHRYN I DO NOT WANT TO JUMP IN ANY MORE FOUNTAINS BECAUSE IT NEARLY GAVE ME PEP MONIA LOVE FIFI.”

Animals—outlandish animals—are another means to publicity and notoriety. The story of Gary Cooper’s baby chimpanzee, which he brought back from his African trip is old stuff. But even before Gary did that trick, John Barrymore had achieved much, much talk with “Clementine.” It was before John’s marriage, when he was living in one of the bungalows at the swank Ambassador Hotel. Clementine was a monkey. A jealous monkey. Clementine loved Barrymore, and whenever lady visitors were present, Clementine raised hell. In fact, if Clementine wasn’t locked in her own room at such times, Clementine bit pieces out of the lady guests’ ankles. Now and then Clementine would get out, and there’d be a merry time and endless publicity before she was corralled and brought back. John and Clementine lived happily together for a while, until it got to be an old story, and wasn’t worth much publicity value anymore. Then Clementine faded out of the picture, and now John’s married and has some lovely children instead.

Probably the goofiest animal stunt of recent months involves Gary Cooper again—albeit innocently. Gary had just taken over that ranch on which he is now honey-mooning with Mrs Gary Sandra Shaw Cooper. He took the ranch, they say, to get away from the social whirl, but the social whirl, in the person of the Countess Dorothy Frasso, then much linked-in-gossip with Gary, pursued him. One night Gary was paid a surprise visit by the Countess and other people she had organized. And, at the head of the visiting caravan, rode the Countess herself—astride a camel!!! It was a good gag, and got reams of publicity for the Countess and, incidentally, Gary. But, afterward, the Countess didn’t sit so comfortably for a while, and admitted that camels didn’t ride as easily as horses, and vowed she’d not do it again.

Even such a reuse as Nils Asther sometimes goes in for a bizarre trick that’s sure to get him plenty of printed words. There was the time a pretty girl fan magazine writer went to his home for an interview. During the conversation, as they sat before a log fire on one of those cool California evenings, the talk ran to “What I Like” and somehow, they got to talking about rain. The girl, a rabid sun-loather, said what she missed most in California was the noise of rain beating on roof and window panes. Nils agreed that rain on the roof and the windows, when you’re sitting before a nice fireplace full of logs was lovely, and excused himself for a moment. Minutes after he’d returned and resumed the interview came the sound of a heavy rainstorm, thundering on the roof of the one-story bungalow he occupied, and washing in drumming torrents down a great window that took up much of one side of the living room.

“What a coincidence,” squealed the girl intervener. “We just talked. (Continued on page 62)
There was a time when our spoiled beauties and our handsome wayward laddies gave way to tantrums. Bang went the hand mirror. Zowie went the property vase—Bam! Bam! Today a higher degree of artistic talent is required in pictures, and it has gradually eliminated the temperamental lady and gentleman. John Barrymore and Con- nie Bennett are supposed to be the outstanding examples of the present time, but, in reality, they do not compare with the old-timers.

Pola Negri was enraged when Paramount called upon her to play a role in "Hollywood," one of the first of the so-called all-star productions. She was even more incensed when Gloria Swanson got out of the cast, because a clause in her contract called for four pictures a year and "Hollywood" would have been the fifth.

So Pola made things hot for the staff. Finally she chose the proper moment to quit. The stage was set for a large banquet scene and hundreds of extras were on hand. A delay would cost thousands of dollars. Jimmie Cruze, the director, whose nerves were on edge through her constant razzing, decided he would fix her.

He got a quart of ice water and threw it into her face. It ruined her makeup and ran all over her dress. Pola came to instantly, and for five minutes she hurled epithets in five languages at Cruze and individual Paramount executives.

House Peters used to drive to and from the studio and location in lonely grandeur. That is, with the exception of a uniformed driver, to whom he never spoke except to give orders.

One day Peters sent an assistant director to his limousine to fetch some parcels. While gathering them into his arms the man bent forward. His cap fell off onto the floor of the car. He delivered the parcels, but forgot to return for his headpiece. It was afterward learned from the driver that Peters discovered the offending cap on the trip homeward, asked whose it was, and then with a motion of disgust threw it out on the roadside.

Louise Huff and Jack Pickford were on location in the Santa Cruz mountains. They were in the middle of an intense scene, when Louise stopped.

"If I cannot have music, I will not be able to go on," she declared. Mickey Nolan, the director, tried to mollify her. He explained that for economical reasons the firm had not sent the musicians on location. But she was adamant and refused to continue the scene.

Finally he offered to whistle any tune she requested. He whistled for

Get out!

Margaret Sullavan made a great success in "Only Yesterday," in spite of being goaded to frenzy. When she was ordered to make one scene over for the fifty-fourth time she quit.

John Barrymore is the master of every nuance, every shading of his art, and he WILL NOT be disturbed when he is "getting the feel" of a character.
Temperaments!

The Good Old Days of Tantrums Are Gone Forever.

By Bert Allen

the rest of the day and she was satisfied.

Mae Murray had a front office complex. She would arrive at the studio bright and early, send for her director and go over the scenes to be shot that day. They were never right. Often her reason was that someone else was getting too much of a break. She demanded changes, or else she would go to the front office immediately. Christy Cabanne, who directed her in many pictures, generally jollied Mae out of that intention, but it was a constant strain nevertheless.

During the making of "The Merry Widow," Mae and the equally temperamental Eric Von Stroheim often fell out. Then the sparks would fly! Von Stroheim was strong for atmosphere, even to the point of absorbing a character at times. Mae was strictly an individualist.

A ball scene was being filmed. Hundreds of extras in gay uniforms and beautiful gowns danced before the cameras. Stroheim was giving all a play to create Viennese color. But Mae flew into a tantrum and demanded that the camera follow her and her partner, so that all the other couples form only background.

An [Continued on page 67]
"That's My Business"

"An Artist Deals in Illusions,"

Says Paul Muni.

By Lenore Samuels

I SUPPOSE you will think I am exaggerating when I say that I dread interviews. When I first came to Hollywood I dreaded none, material or personal. They frighten me. I would pick up a fan magazine and read about the love life or divorce or intimate thoughts and hobbies of our favorite movie stars, and say to myself now what would these readers find interesting about me? There wasn't much to write about. I have been married thirteen years and am still very much in love with my wife. Consequently my domestic life is all that it should be.

While he talked, Paul Muni walked up and down the spacious living-room of his suite at the Hotel Belmondo, his brow wrinkled, his eyes as deeply puzzled as a schoolboy's. I smiled and said nothing. One does not interrupt Mr. Muni when he is thus poring over his soul. And he thinks much. In fact, always before he speaks, he is not one of those nimble-tongued, wise-cracking people whom we have come to expect and accept from Hollywood's golden strand. He takes the art of living seriously. He cannot help it. He was reared in that day thirty odd years ago in Lemberg, Austria, when he was born "between stops" to a couple whose only home was the one-night stands of a travelling theatrical troupe.

"For my career," he continued along the same vein, "it is purely a matter of business to me. I am simply one of those who have chosen acting as a profession—just as a man chooses architecture, engineering or writing—and have tried to make it pay. I consider myself a business man who has stuck to one trade, built up a firm as a foundation as it was possible, and am still working hard not only to maintain that stronghold, but to surpass it impossibly. And I haven't any hobbies to speak of, save my work. Now," continuing to me with a whimsical smile, "there's nothing particularly glamorous about that. Is there? And you insist upon glamour, do you not?

Before I could summon an answer, Mrs. Muni emerged from an adjoining room of the suite and was heading quickly for the outside door. Mr. Muni spied her and called her back to be introduced. "She's broad-minded," he informed me smilingly, "she's going to leave us alone."

Mrs. Muni and I, being sisters under the skin, bowed to each other in quick and complete understanding. We both knew that it would be easier for a man as shy as Paul to be alone with the person "interviewing" him, if we might be so bold as to use that term in connection with a conversation with Paul Muni. One really has only to suggest the vaguest of thoughts in order to lead him into the most fascinating of discourses on almost any subject—intelectual, material or spiritual.

With Mrs. Muni gone, the telephones in both rooms started to ring simultaneously. Muni smiled deprecatingly, as he begged the operator not to disturb him for at least an hour. He was inwardly amused at his obvious popularity.

"When an actor plays on the legitimate stage in New York," he theorized as we lighted cigarettes and settled down to a quiet talk, "there is work every night and two matinees. But, when a performance is finished he goes home and the public proceeds to forget all about him. If he happens to go to a restaurant or a nightclub for supper, his presence there is hardly noticed. And what he does during his leisure on the following day is not a matter of either conjecture or excitement. "But, when the heights of Hollywood are dared, it is quite different. There are constant conferences with the producers about future stories. And there are constant conferences with the publicity department. It isn't enough that you acquire yourself as well as you know how in a given role. Before the picture is released the public, according to the press department, wants to know your most intimate reactions to the character you created, what you are doing now that you are at leisure for the moment, and anecdotes of incidents that occurred when the picture was in the process of construction. In fact, they want to know anything and everything that you might care to tell about yourself and your domestic arrangements."

He paused for a second. "Is that why you agreed to give interviews?" I broke in. "After all, Garbo will have nothing to do with us . . ."

"Ah, Garbo! She doesn't have to. She has attained the heights and no longer has to look down to see what the people below are saying and thinking about her. Garbo has genius. And genius does not need to exploit itself."

"Do you agree that genius is simply an infinite capacity for taking pains? I think it was Shaw who said that."

"No, I disagree thoroughly. Once, several years ago, I heard Yehudi Menuhin play the violin. He was about ten or eleven then. While I listened I was conscious of being transported to another, an unknown world. All the practice of a lifetime could not have produced that magnificent outpouring of a child's soul. Yet practice is necessary to perfect oneself technically. But a technically perfect performance is not genius. Superb talent, yes. But not genius. And so it is with Garbo. She has, perhaps, taken infinite pains to perfect her art, but without that intangible life-force that is so intrinsically hers, she would not have held her public as she has. It is what I call genius."

His analysis seemed to be wrung out of him, just as his best work is wrung out of him, with an effort, as I listened spellbound in the quiet room with not a disturbing sound to break the stillness. Then I asked him if Garbo was a favorite of his, knowing that one can recognize certain forms of genius without exactly admiring them.

[Continued on page 70]
The very great charm of Elizabeth Bergner gives the character of "Catherine the Great" a plaintive, gentle, appealing quality—and all done with her voice. Young Doug. is the Czar whose throne Catherine usurps all the while she's supposed to love him. Hm-m! This is an English picture about Russia, with Fairbanks, Jr., (American) and Miss Bergner (German).
THESE bus pictures are reviving the old ideals of motion in pictures. "It Happened One Night" is Claudette's adventure in love. Clark Gable plays opposite her for the first time, and gives her an idea of how they make love at M-G-M. Claudette, herself, was borrowed by Columbia, from Paramount, of course.
VILLA never looked as real as Wally does in this story of the famous Mexican bandit. "Viva Villa" is unpronounceable and probably will be changed, but that doesn’t matter, for millions of Beery’s friends are waiting to see the Champ, whatever they name the picture. The rôle suits him exactly, but then, what rôle does not?
FRANCES DEE

ABOVE is a picture taken of the new little Dee girl when, in "Rich Man's Folly," she supported George Bancroft and fascinated everyone who saw her. At the left is Mrs. Joel McCrea, the finished actress, in "Coming Out Party," her latest Fox picture, opposite Gene Raymond. Frances' life has bloomed beautifully in these few years. Her great hit was in "The Silver Cord." Los Angeles never turned out a finer girl.
THESE Youngs are no relation, but in "The House of Rothschild" they show that love-making is more beautiful when silks and satins, broadcloth and swords are in the picture. George Arliss will make the money kings believable and powerful. It is a Twentieth Century Picture. And what a way to learn history!
"The Love Life of a Crooner" is Russ Columbo's Universal picture. June Knight, in shorts, is all set to start a love life at a moment's notice. Careful, June, you know those colds on the chest, this weather! Mary Carlisle is the girl you always think of in connection with such words as "exuberant youth" and "bursting bud of adolescence." Mary was born to be, shall we say, plump. But she lives on romance and dreams and keeps within her M-G-M contract weight while filling out the new bathing suit nicely.
HER next picture is "Success Story" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (that boy is everywhere) and R-K-O believes Colleen will be as surprising as she was in "The Power and the Glory," which firmly re-established her on the screen.
Al Jolson as he is screened in the film from his successful stage play. His career has reached great heights. "Mammy" has been kind. "Rainbows" have been "Round his Shoulder," but, on the other hand, there have been depressing moments.
Directed by
LLOYD BACON

Kay Francis brings her "big name" to "Wonder Bar," and that means a lot at ANY box office.

Bert Longworth

DOLORES DEL RIO  RICARDO CORTEZ  DICK POWELL  KAY FRANCIS

and some will say, the best of all. Nelson to sing, and Dick Powell, too. Some girl numbers (one in which he great dance of Dolores Del Rio

and Ricardo Cortez is supposed to place Cortez' name above Valentino's. The scenes are laid in a cabaret and the chorines are right there. Many tales of strife have emanated from the set, so it is sure to be a good picture.
T'S pussywillow time and Elissa, our most poetic star, feels the urge of Springtime. "Sisters Under the Skin" is her next for Columbia.

ANOTHER literary light of Hollywood is Lew Ayres—or is that a bachelor's laundry list? Lew, after moving over to Fox, was borrowed back by Universal.
**My Make-Up Secret**

To Enhance the Charm of Beauty

As Told to Florence Fontelle by

BETTE DAVIS

Starring in Warner Bros.

"FASHIONS OF 1934"

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"The color tone of face powder is most important, for it should harmonize with and ennoble the beauty of the skin. For my coloring...blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin...I use Max Factor’s Rachelle Powder. Clinging in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that I know will appear faultless under any close-up test."

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"Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone...and then soften the edges by blending with the fingertips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor’s Blondene Rouge...its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft, natural, lifelike coloring."

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"The charm of beauty lies in the appeal of color...for color is the exciting thing about beauty. Color is the brilliance that attracts...that creates unforgettable charm."

This is how Bette Davis describes that elusive something called charm...and here is her secret for capturing it.

"Make-up holds the secret. And in Hollywood, this means color harmony make-up...powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones...created by Max Factor to enhance the colorful appeal of youthful beauty."

Like Hollywood’s stars, you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Film-land’s genius of make-up. Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

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**NOW FREE... Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart**

Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

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Mail this coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood 17-4-75
Constance Cummings and Ralph Bellamy in one of those moments that are great for the furniture stores. However, the picture is "Transient Love," so perhaps the romance goes flat—flat unfurnished.

Robert W. Coburn

John has become an actor who is always seen in success. "I Believed In You" the title of his next film. The young lady is a new player, Rosemary Ames, and she is already considered, by Fox, as sure-fire money in the bank.
Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair must be in wave. Straight hair is conspicuously out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave now. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does genuine Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—a genuine Eugene permanent wave, preferred the world over.


Eugene will gladly send you a free copy of his style bulletin "Hair Views." It shows the latest coiffure styles sponsored by Harper's Bazar and reproduced by Eugene, and it contains important advice on permanent waving. Send the coupon at once.

Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L.I., says: "Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."

FREE...Eugene offers "Hair Views"—
KATHERINE DEMILLE
She is the adopted daughter of the great director. Her big break is with Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa."

RICHARD ARLEN
Dick is in "She Made Her Bed," which was called "Baby in the Ice Box." Dick's youngster is the baby.

WALTER CONNELLY
The movies love the Irish and Walter is one of the reasons. His next is "Once to Every Woman."

GRACE MOORE
Grace is a real Metropolitan Opera Prima Donna, but you'll see and hear her in "Don't Fall in Love."
Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. 

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream . . . by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E.S.T. WEAF, N.B.C. network.
Fashionable!

ETHEL MERMAN

When it is hostess hour a classic frock of green satin, girdled with braid, is selected by Ethel Merman, famous blues singer and Paramount player.

ARLENE JUDGE (at right)

This evening dress, designed for Arlene Judge by Hattie Carnegie, illustrates the close affinity between frocks and accessories. The dress is black crêpe, trimmed with pleated ruffles of red and white organdie. The gloves, too, are white organdy, with trimming of the red.
Announcing SILVER SCREEN'S NEW CONTEST

An Opportunity For Every Reader of Silver Screen to Compete For a Cash Prize.

In the May issue of Silver Screen, we will publish the exact dimensions of Joan Crawford. These dimensions will enable you to form an opinion as to how much Joan Weighs.

Silver Screen is offering a cash prize to anyone who will estimate Joan Crawford's correct weight. You must comply with the conditions that will be printed in the May issue, which will be on the newsstands the sixth of April.

You have enjoyed watching Joan Crawford, with her lithe, lovely dancer’s figure, go through the graceful movements of "Dancing Lady." Silver Screen is offering you an opportunity to capitalize your powers of observation.

No estimates will be accepted for this contest until the May issue is on the newsstands on April sixth. So do not send in any replies until you have secured the May issue, and then, without cost, you will be able to enter this fascinating contest.

As Joan Crawford's weight has often been printed, perhaps you wonder how it is that Silver Screen can offer a prize for this correct figure. The explanation will be found in the May issue of Silver Screen.

The prizes will be awarded for Joan Crawford's net weight, if certain conditions are fulfilled.

Take Advantage of This Opportunity to Win a Money Prize. Be Sure to Secure the May Number for the Details of This Unusual but Not Difficult Contest.

DO NOT MISS THE MAY SILVER SCREEN
Fan Mail Department

Each month the best fan letters received will be forwarded to the stars to be answered.

Address: (Your Favorite Star)
c/o Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Fan Letter to Joan Blondell
Miss Joan Blondell,
c/o Silver Screen.

Dear Miss Blondell:

This is my first fan letter, although I have been a devoted movie follower for several years. I am very much interested in your desire to change your name to "Barnes" and wish to commend you for it. Never fear, you will not lose your identity by doing so. You will merely set a very praiseworthy precedent for other Hollywood married couples to follow. I sincerely hope that your wise and unselfish wish will be granted, and may this year be one of happiness and success for you.

Yours truly,
Florence L. MacKinnon
Montreal, Canada

Joan Blondell's Answer—

Dear Mrs. MacKinnon—

I've just finished reading your charming letter, and I deeply appreciate the interest you've shown in my desire to change my name.

Such letters many times influence the studio and may help me win my point after all—who knows?

Again may I thank you, and please accept my wishes for your health and happiness.

Sincerely,
Joan Blondell

The Fan Letter to Clark Gable
Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Editor—

I hope that Clark Gable is entirely recovered from his illness. In his photograph that was in Silver Screen he seemed to be thinner.

Are you getting your weight back, Clark?

Sincerely,
Isabel Wallke
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clark Gable's Answer—

Dear Isabel Wallke—

I greatly appreciate your interest in me and I am glad to say that I have completely regained my normal weight of one hundred and ninety pounds. Today we finished "Men in White" and I am leaving tomorrow for my first vacation in New York. With many thanks and best wishes always,

Sincerely,
Clark Gable

The Fan Letter to Helen Hayes
Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Helen Hayes—

Let's have Helen Hayes in a comedy! She was superb in her many tragic roles, but she has triumphed as a comedienne on the stage and I am convinced that she would be equally successful on the screen. Wouldn't she be delightful as Alice in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire"?

Elaine Osterlund
Deerwood, Minn.

Helen Hayes' Answer—

Dear Elaine Osterlund—

Your letter makes us unanimous on the subject of my playing comedy. I have been trying for three years to persuade Hollywood that I am funny. Thank you for joining forces with me! Good luck to us!

Helen Hayes

The Fan Letter to Colleen Moore
Miss Colleen Moore,
c/o Silver Screen.

Dear Colleen Moore—

I have a big baby girl, who is five and one-half months old, weighs sixteen pounds, has light hair and big brown eyes, whom I have named after you. She is a rather spunky baby for her age and sucks her two right fingers, which make an impression on her face as if she were whistling. She sits alone and is sitting right beside me as I am writing this letter to you, so if this writing seems impossible to you please excuse me. I would have written lots sooner to tell you about her, but she has had a constant cold since she was born, which was August 9, 1933, and I have had my hands full. Once her cold got so bad it almost turned into pneumonia and believe me I was plenty scared. Her full name is Colleen Cathryn Schultz.

Helen Hayes—from Broadway, where "Mary of Scotland" reigns supreme—writes to Elaine Osterlund.

Osterlund's answer—

Dear Colleen Moore—

Your letter makes us unanimous on the subject of my playing comedy. I have been trying for three years to persuade Hollywood that I am funny. Thank you for joining forces with me! Good luck to us!

Helen Hayes
The reason I named her after you is this: Before I was married, I used to watch and I were regular movie fans, especially whenever you played. So one night we went to see you, or rather the picture you were playing in, and my husband made the remark that whenever we were married and a baby girl he surely was going to name it after you, because he liked your pictures and most of all your acting.

He said he thought you so spunky and had such a sweet look in your eyes. I also agreed only I said that I thought you were one of the best actresses because you were more daring than spunky when you played in Irish pictures. Only please play in more pictures so I can go to see you more often.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Anthony Schultz
Cumberland, Md.

Colleen Moore's Answer—

Dear Mrs. Schultz—

Thank you for your letter about Baby Colleen. I do appreciate the kind thoughts that inspired your naming your dear little girl for me. Frankly, I believe it is the sincerest compliment that can be offered any woman whether in public or private life.

May little Colleen Cathryn Schultz grow up to be a charming healthy girl.

Sincerely,
Colleen Moore

The Fan Letter to Richard Cromwell

Mr. Richard Cromwell,
c/o Silver Screen.

Pal Dick Cromwell—

Just what kind of a fellow are you anyhow? The more interviews I read, the more puzzling the situation becomes. I'm positively dizzy!

Are you a shy guy with a tender heart and a bawling tendency? As from interview number one: "Blushes mount to Dick's PINK cheeks... tears flood his blue eyes... bewildered with the wonder of his sudden rise to fame..."

Or are you a man of the world... frank... startling? As from interview number two: "He gets into more bizarre affairs than any of the much touted men-about-town of our village..."

Interview number three and four differ slightly. Number three states: "A wholesome, somewhat bewildered, little boy look on his face—grave and very young..." While number four follows: "Never let anybody tell you again that he is a shy, bewildered country lad who goes around with the home town girls and is terrified of sophisticated, glamorous women..."

Please, straighten me out Mr. Cromwell. You've been a favorite for several years and I'd really like to know about your character!

Once again... are you a shrinking violet or a cave man?

Good luck to you anyhow from a sincere fan—

Dick Cromwell clears up a doubt or two of Miss Downs'.

Richard Cromwell's Answer—

Dear Virginia Downs—

I am afraid that I am as guilty of a leer as a blush (or their equivalent) and vice versa—I am both sophisticated and naive. There are times when I must seem very young, dull, stupid, and bewildered. I am. The same persons, however, have thought me alarmingly frank, poised, intelligent. I am. A great deal depends on the time, the person, and the place.

I act as I feel except for social functions which leave me completely "fit-tery" and consequently am likely to act almost any way.

Thanks for your good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Dick Cromwell

The Fan Letter to Bing Crosby

Editor: Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

I know Bing Crosby is a busy man and has a lovely home in California that he'd hate to leave. But isn't he ever coming to New York? For the sake of his New York fans I think he can lose his home and California sunshine for awhile.

What do you say, Bing?

Your New York Admirer,
Anne Melidonis
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Colleen Moore writes to Mrs. Schultz.

Bing Crosby dates up Miss Melidonis.

Bing Crosby's Answer—

Dear Miss Melidonis—

I've been trying to get to New York for a vacation for more than a year, but they have kept me at the grindstone here in Hollywood.

However, it's great to know that there is someone in the east who would like to see me back again. I hope to make the Cross Country jump before very long.

I'll be seeing you all soon on Broadway.

Sincerely,
Bing Crosby
WELL, well, well. The little boy had to see New York. He had to get some cold weather. He had to—oh, what’s the use. I saw New York all right, all right. I saw it at its worst and New York’s worst is pretty bad. Rain, sleet and snow. I arrived in the midst of a blizzard and the coldest snap they’ve had in twenty-some-odd years. I caught a cold. I caught the flu. I caught hell from an editor. I caught—well, let me tell you. California looked pretty good as I stepped off the the train. This morning as I start out to cover the studios with my hair slicked down and my face and neck all nice and shiny where my nurse washed it, I find myself looking forward to the day’s work as a pleasure instead of an Herculean task.

At Paramount

AFTER being on salary for six weeks with- out doing even a boo-boo-boo to earn it, Bing Crosby has finally started work in “We’re Not Dressing,” and in the cast with him is Carole Lombard. I thought from the title it was going to be a mudsel picture and as I notice a “Positively No Visitors” sign on the stage door I’m sure of it. But alas and alack, that title is a snare and a delusion.

I sneak on to the set expecting to be thrown off bodily but, no! Norman Taurog, who is directing, apparently didn’t even know the sign was out and everybody is strictly decent—at least as far as attire goes.

The set is the deck of the yacht, “Doris D,” and very cleverly it’s done, too. The deck is shantied so people walking will get that old sea-going gait. Only the fore part of the yacht is shown, but from the size of the crew it must be a whopper. There are about a dozen sailors in “whites” and maybe a half dozen more in dungarees and sweaters, and that, my friends (in case you don’t know) is quite a crew for any man’s yacht.

“Hi, Dick?” says Norman coming up. “How’s it?”

“Well,” I think, “he doesn’t know I’m not supposed to be here it isn’t up to me to tell him.” “Hi, Norm,” I reply. “Everything’s under control.”

“Ick! tch!” says Norm. “When I was your age nothing was under control.”

“Lucky you,” see me, “to be able to remember that far back.”

Norm, who is about my own age, gives me a withering glance and then decides to let by-gones be forgotten. “If you want to go crawfishing,” he volunteers, “I’ll send this yacht down to you for a week or so.”

“Whose yacht is it?” I parry scintillatingly.

“Doris Duke’s,” he says, and turns his back on me. “Come on, gang, let’s get this over with.”

“This” is a song Bing is singing. I dunno the name of it but, as nearly as I remember, it goes something like this —— ——
"I'll sing about the birds and trees. The pretty flowers, the little bees
But I positively, flatly refuse to sing about
Stormy weather, since my man and I ain't together.
I'll sing about a shady nook,
A quiet spot, a babbling brook,
But I absolutely, finally refuse to sing about
Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf," etc., etc.

One sailor has an accordion and another has a banjo on which they're supposed to be accompanying Bing, but the noise actually comes from a twenty-piece orchestra off to one side. If it really was Miss Duke's yacht it would be sitting on top of the ocean, but as the yacht is only a figment of the Paramount prop department's imagination, the orchestra is sitting on the floor of Stage 8.

"Say, Bing," Norm suggests,
"This song is nothing to write home about the way it stands. Let's kid it."

"You mean, make it a little 'swishy!'" Bing asks doubtfully.

"Make it anything," Norm answers agreeably, "Just kid it."

And kid it he does. Wait'll you hear and see this number. Norman is the man who really discovered Bing when he was singing in the Coconut Grove, and kept after him until he went to New York to go on the air. They ought to turn out a swell picture together.

Suddenly, in the distance, I hear a woman shrieking. There is something vaguely familiar about the tones as she screams, "It's a lie. I don't believe a word of it!"

I look for some heavy drama as I know this line is not in the script. It turns out to be only a Lombard arriving on the set and, as she's working in the picture, that's the only way she has of making an "entrance."

"Hello, you—," she says, and what she called me! "Did you see any shows in New York that would be any good for me?"

"Yeah," I retort. "Mary of Scotland would be swell for you. She's guillotined in the last act."

Over on what is known as the "Assembly Stage," the Ildenhorn Railway Station has been faithfully reproduced. That is, I guess it's been faithfully reproduced. I've never been to Ildenhorn, myself. Ildenhorn, I gather, is somewhere in the Swiss Alps. The Ildenhorn-to-Paris train punted on the track. Maybe you've seen a dream walking, but I'll bet you've never seen a train pont. This one does. The script says so. The colorful Swiss natives are lolling about the station or scurrying to and fro about their business. They are in sharp contrast to the three Blodgetts (Americans, all!), known to cinema addicts as Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Ann Sothern. They stand beside their compartment while numerous pieces of luggage are being unpacked. Charlie has on his pince nez (hot diggity dog! Do I know my pince nez or do I not?) and is methodically checking off each item in a little book.

Miss Boland is in a black coat suit trimmed, my dears, in silver fox and Miss Sothern is traveling in a black and white checked suit. Over her arm she carries a mink coat.

"Look," she says, pointing to the snow-covered mountains. "Isn't that lovely?"

Mary, following her glance, takes in some fleecy white clouds overhead. She looks at them a moment. "Oh, that reminds me," turning to Charlie, "don't let's forget my little green case. It's got my cold cream in it." Clouds remind her of cold cream. They're both white. But that's Mary. A card if there ever was one.

"I won't forget it," Charlie assures her. "You two go off and get a cab while I look after the baggage."

"Very well," Mary agrees. Off she trots with Ann, the camera following them and Charlie acting away for dear life, just out of sheer love of acting.

But, dear me, you're probably wondering what this is all about. If you must know, Charlie (married to Mary, father of Ann) is a wealthy manufacturer of dog biscuits. He owns the most prominent (that's what the synopsis calls it—"I'd call it the most popular") radio hour in America. He also has a penchant for collecting trifles, including knobs from bed posts that have been owned by famous people.

Lanny Ross wants to get on that radio hour, but Charlie will have none of him. Lanny is a persistent lad, so he follows him and is just about to meet them again in this Swiss railroad station.

Relations are still a little strained between Director Norman McLeod and me since I burst on to the closed set of "Alice," and then failed to take him to dinner, but he did consensually ask if I'd seen any good shows in New York. [Continued on page 71]
Gene Raymond Plans Out His Life—Particularly, When Not to Fall in Love.

"When I was twelve I began to go in for athletics systematically, figuring an actor must be able to do all sorts of stunts. I trained at a regular German turnverein (gymnasium to you) and I learned every acrobatic and physical development exercise I could. My teacher, incidentally, was a sixty-five-year-old man!"

That his forethought is evidenced by "Zoo in Budapest." His fans were astonished at his agile leaping around in Fairbanks' fashion, little suspecting that he could. You're in for a further surprise when he gets a chance to fence on the screen.

"I revel in Sabatini's stories and I believe they'd be as popular now as they were in the silents. I'd like to portray a dashing young adventurer of romantic times, as Novarro used to do. And I'll be able to cross swords with the villain, too!"

When he was seventeen he took up fencing because he planned on needing it in pictures some day. He practiced so diligently during a Chicago play run that he became the champion of a prominent athletic club there, and gave exhibition matches with his instructor.

Gene's crazy over horses, horses, horses. He's not been cast in any Zane Greys yet, but if he should—well, he'd be off in a cloud of dust!

His first real Broadway hit came at fourteen. He and Margaret Churchill were awarded the boy and girl parts in "Why Not?" It ran two years. (Most of his plays did.) At sixteen he made a great splash in "The Potters," and that, too, managed a two-year run. Actually Gene hasn't had the struggles of the average actor. He's never been broke. Perhaps because he isn't the garden-variety juvenile. He has invariably tended to business, and concentration plus talent have rewarded him.

Gene's progress has been sensational. He appeared with Genevieve Tobin and Frank Morgan in "Take My Advice," and practically stole their honors. A good part in a revival of "Sherlock Holmes," and next he landed the two-year engagement in "Cradle Snatchers." After it, he co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in "Mirrors." Top billing on Broadway, while still under twenty-one, is achievement! Four more plays, then "Young Sinners." Two years in it—and you foresee the sequel? Correct—Hollywood!

Gene had never been abroad because he worked too steadily. But for the past two months he has sook Hollywood for a deserved vacation. He visited his mother in her lovely home on Long Island, and squeezed in a short trip to London.

And that brings us to the question of his love-life. What's he done about women? Avoided them! Deliberately and with finesse. Oh, I don't mean that he doesn't date ever. He's a remarkably fine dancer and grand company. But when they begin to want to talk the future over, Gene suddenly is reminded of an early call the following morning. You get it? They don't get him!

"Of course I intend to fall in love," he said to me over dessert and coffee. "I've even planned that! I don't see any hope for a happy marriage while I'm working in pictures, though. And I'm not shying just because most other actors fall at it."

"Take my own case. When I'm [Continued on page 6]"
Here's CLAUDETTE COLBERT talking to YOU!

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...

WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.

GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION. IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS 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! Start today to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!

YOU can have the Charm men can't resist.
Opinions, Frankly Expressed, of Pictures Actually Seen.

MEN IN WHITE
Rating: Here's Something Really Fine—M-G-M

This picture will thrill you—not by its speed and breath-taking stunts—but by its simplicity and sincerity, and by three of the greatest performances you have seen in the screen in many a month. As you’ve already guessed, it’s a hospital story, but not “just another hospital story.” It’s different, it does something to your heart and your mind. And when you have seen Jean Hersholt play a gruff, humanity-loving scientist, and Clark Gable play a young interne, torn between his desire for wealth and a soft life, and his ambition to work and strive with a leading scientist, and when you have seen Elizabeth Allen play a fragile young nurse who dies from an illegal operation—you have seen three performances so exquisitely beautiful that they will haunt your memory for a long time.

Myrna Loy has a thankless part, but does it very well. She is the rich society girl, in love with Gable, who does her best to lure him away from his hospital duties. Otto Kruger and Henry B. Walthall stand out effectively in “his.” Life has its sober moments, and this is one of them, but it won’t bore you.

NANA
Rating: The Star Is Good, Anyhow—United Artists

Anna Sten brought her beauty to America—Sam Goldwyn opened up the safety deposit vault—the press agent put on the greatest publicity drive ever known—Radio City Music Hall furnished six thousand people—and “Nana” was launched! The picture is enjoyable principally because of the star. She is ably supported, and there is not a flaw to be found with the artistry of the picture. Not so much can be said, however, for the theme of Zola’s famous story. If Anna Sten had been given a sympathetic rôle, in a story that was appealing and plausible, she would today be one of the greatest stars on the screen. As it is, through some one’s doubtful judgment, voluptuous Anna Sten is still among the unknown quantities. Whether the movie public will accept her, rave over her, pack theatres to see her as they do for Garbo, another importation, is still a matter to be decided, but as far as this reviewer is concerned, nothing shall prevent him from seeing this absolutely lovely creature in her next picture.

The character of Nana is familiar to many, and although this play differs from the book, somewhat, the whole idea is that here we have a girl, very beautiful but incapable of feeling the slightest loyalty for the man who rescued her from the streets of Paris. Nana is faithless to her true love also, and, at the last moment, shoots herself in order that Lionel Atwill and Phil Holmes may regain their brotherly love. It is one of those dull climaxes without action, and certainly not a happy ending. The part of the theatre manager is played by Richard Bennett—one of his finest characterizations. Phil Holmes is excellent and Mae Clarke is almost as good as the star.

Go to see Anna Sten by all means. You have never seen such perfection of the peasant type of beauty.

LET’S FALL IN LOVE
Rating: It’s Okay With Me—Columbia

LITTLING tunes, songs you’ll remember—and a girl you’ll never forget. Boy, boy, that’s “Let’s Fall in Love.” The girl is Ann Sothern (who used to be Harriet Lake on Broadway) and she was “discovered” by the Columbia producers after they had tested nearly every available girl in Hollywood for the rôle. You’ll go nuts about Ann Sothern.

The story centers around Hollywood. A temperamental movie star (excellently played by Talia Birell), walks off the set and the harassed director and producer are left high and dry. (When I tell you that Eddie Lowe plays the director, and Gregory Ratoff the producer, you’ll know it’s going to be some fun.)

The vacated rôle calls for a Swedish star—and there isn’t a Swede in Hollywood who’ll do. Eddie meets a girl in a circus concession and, struck by her beauty and charm, decides to give her a Swedish accent and foist her upon the producer and Hollywood as a famous Swedish society girl. It all works out swell until Miriam Jordan, Eddie’s jezebel fiancée, exposes the girl as a cheat and an impostor. But Eddie’s head over heels in love with her—so nothing matters. Everything’s excellent, even the song numbers.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
Rating: And Finding Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie—Twentieth Century Fox, meet the newest and most sensational team of 1934, Messieurs Tracy and Oakie. They work so swell together, and are so naturally funny, that we’ll just have to order more of that team for future pictures. They certainly walk off with a high score in this picture—which is all about the adventures of one of the telephone company’s “trouble shooters”—the poor dope who has to go out in rain, sleet, winds and storms and fix the phone wires so you can talk to Hazel out in Flatbush.

Spencer Tracy is the head trouble shooter, who has been everywhere and seen everything and is ready to settle down, and Constance Cummings is his girl friend who hasn’t been anywhere and isn’t ready to settle down. In order to avoid settling down she goes out with Morgan Conway (something new and intriguing in men’s) and gets into so much trouble that it takes Spencer, his pal Oakie, the entire Los Angeles police force, the Long Beach earthquake, and the death of Judith Wood to clear her. Whee-ew.

This is one of the best comedies of the month, with all concerned turning in grand performances—but especially Arline Judge (as Oakie’s girl friend) and the team of Tracy and Oakie.

[Continued on page 60]
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 shringling 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" to 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 pains.

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Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN.

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it in hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient sizes 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".

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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.
CAT AND THE FIDDLE
Rating: "Music Hath Charm"—M-G-M

And here we go discovering Jeanette MacDonald all over again. She's been away in Europe so long that we had almost forgotten how beautiful she is—and how she can sing. In fact we can even go so far as to say that she is the only woman on the screen who can sing and look beautiful in a close-up at the same time.

Jeanette plays a young American songwriter, who is just about to lose her last sou over in Brussels when she meets Ramon Novarro, a striving young Bolivian composer. They starve and sing together and have a grand time until Frank Morgan, a sophisticated publisher, with an eye for a shapely leg, enters the picture. He publishes Jeanette's song. "The Night Was Made for Love," and persuades poor Ramon that he is ruining her career and to take the nearest exit. Jeanette pours and Ramon suffers—but there's a very amusing and happy ending with Jeanette appearing suddenly to play the heroine in Ramon's operetta.

Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro in "Cat and the Fiddle."

Charlie Butterworth, with a penchant for the harp, is very funny as Ramon's friend. Sterling Holloway has one brief scene which is the funniest thing you've ever seen. Ramon sings several lovely songs—but, after all, it is Jeanette's picture.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
Rating: But It Doesn't Happen Often.
Good—Columbia

Whoever had the bright idea to team Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in a comedy directed by Frank Capra ought to get a new contract with another naught at the end of the salary. So much natural, wholesome, side-splitting fun hasn't come out of a Hollywood workshop since sex was discovered. Claudette and Clark just romp all over the place, as natural and gay as two kids with a jar of blackberry jam, and at the end of each sequence you're sure you've had your money's worth. But no—it gets funnier and funnier, and Claudette and Clark get more hayseed scarmo, and by the time of the final fade-out you're too weak from laughing to go home, and have to see it all over again. There's a scene in which Clark instructs Claudette in the gentle art of hitch hiking, which takes the prize for comedy at its best.

The story's about a pampered, spoiled society girl who falls in love with a New York dilettante and fortune-hunter. She escapes from her father's yacht and takes a bus at Miami, headed for New York and her lover. But on the bus she meets a recently fired newspaper reporter—and things begin to happen. At first she's only a "scoop" to the reporter, who appoints himself to see that she cludes her father's detectives and gets to New York, and he is only an annoying young man who gets "in her hair" to her—but hardly have they left their first auto camp before they're hopelessly in love. Walter Connolly, as the banker father, is grand, and so is Roscoe Karns in a small part. But it's Clark and Claudette's picture, and how they seem to enjoy it! For an all-around perfect comedy don't miss this.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN
Rating: A Laugh and a Tear, and Very Well Done—M-G-M

With the ever-popular Lionel Barrymore as the star, this picture takes an average American family and shows their comedies, tragedies and reactions for forty-eight hours. Fay Bainter, famous Broadway stage star for years, plays the very charming mother of four children, whom she hesitates to leave alone for dinner while she signs a screen contract on her first novel.

The camera jumps from one member of the family to another—each with his or her own engrossing problem. Lionel is worried to the point of suicide over an engagement in which he is innocently involved. Mae Clarke, the older daughter, is making up her mind to marry the wrong man. Mary Carlisle, the younger daughter, is playing with fire because she longs for love in theatrical phrases. Tom Brown, the son, feels that his whole life depends upon his getting into a ritty fraternity.

Of course a picture like this has to be episodic but, thanks to the direction and the smooth performances of all the play-

Fay Bainter and Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven."

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER
Rating: Rings the Bell—Warner's

It seems that Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins are repair men for the telephone company and Joan Blondell, more beautiful than ever before, is a switchboard operator. The persistent Pat is in love with Joan, and when trouble comes and she is accused of being a member of a gang of crooks, the trouble shooter, Pat O'Brien, by means of his knowledge of the telephone system, is able to listen in and locate the address of the crooks. Eugene Palette, his boss, routs the emergency crew and the excitement is so great that the audience fairly yelled when these avengers swept down around the hideout. It is not a gangster picture, but a very funny comedy.

Lupe Velez and Stuart Erwin in "Joe Palooka."

Pat O'Brien, Renee Whitney and Joan Blondell in "I've Got Your Number."

JOE PALOOKA
Rating: Another Cagney Wins His Spurs—and Socks—Twentieth Century

Joe Palooka (Robert Armstrong) wins the championship and loses his wife and son in the same evening. Years later his wife, Marjorie Rambeau, has raised the son (who turns out to be Stu Erwin) to be anything but a prizefighter—but the lad's got it in his blood. In the course of his rise to the championship Stu manages to lose his girl friend, Mary Carlisle, acquire a swell bud and Lupe Velez, who flits from champ to champ and back again with a facility that must surprise even Johnny Weissmuller.

In the end Stu loses the championship and Lupe, but recovers his father, Mary Carlisle, his mother's love, and a normal headache. Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother and almost his spitting image) plays Stu's rival in the ring and turns in a swell performance. At least Bill confines his socks to men. Jimm Durante is here, there, and everywhere. There are some good robust laughs in this. It's all done to music.
"HI, NELLIE"

Rating: Not So High—Warner's

YOU can't shoot a man for trying. Paul Muni, in "Scarface," was magnificent, in "I'm A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" he brought to life the screen's finest protest and did a most constructive service for the public, but when he went in for comedy in "Hi, Nellie"—well, they just didn't laugh. However, the picture gives up the idea of comedy, after a while, and becomes quite a dramatic story of a newspaper managing editor denoted to write a column of advice to lovers. This leads him to a clew concerning a murder, and the old newspaper instinct carries him back into his chair of authority. These scenes also carried Muni back to his high position as a dramatic actor. Glenda Farrell has a real screen personality that is winning her a large following. Ned Sparks, the dolorous, stole the picture.

GOOD DAME

Rating: "If the Good Were Only Clever"—Paramount

HERE's a story of a virginal chorine (Good Dame to you, and perhaps, Good Night!) who remains virginal despite Jack La Rue, carnivals, cops and whatnots until she gets her man (Freddie March). In the course of binding him she pulls buttons off his vest in order to sew them on again (sweet), scorches one shirt and rips another just to keep him from going out with Noel Francis, and acts as his "shill" to keep him from being dishonest alone. Whimsies run riot all over the place just like mosquitoes in Jersey. And just as annoying: Sylvia Sidney and Freddie March would have been a lot better off without those whimsies.

SIX OF A KIND

Rating: Good. What Fun!—Paramount

SIX of the highest salaried, most famous comedians in the world—just count 'em: W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles—all turned loose in one picture. Little man, what now? Either the most dismal flop of all times, or else one of the funniest pictures. Whoops, it's the latter, and what fun. It's sheer insanity from the opening scene on.

Don't dare miss seeing W. C. Fields do the famous pool table act, which he used to do nightly for a select New Yorkers in the Ziegfeld "Follies"—not to mention his famous story of how he was named "Honest John." And you'll never forgive yourself if you miss seeing George Burns and Gracie Allen join a honeymoon couple touring across the continent "to save expenses." Poor honeymooners. What Gracie does to them.

1-2-3-4

4 RULES for keeping foundation garments shapely

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 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 it contains nothing strong or harsh 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 fluffy... melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slush it gently up and down in the suds, or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.
4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

99 44/100 % PURE

For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ 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!
sated him from deathly during the war, an audience will suddenly perk up and start laughing the minute Una comes on the screen. Though the lines given her are often rather flat or a little too illogical, Una manages by some trick or other to put them over so that the audience will chortle just as if they'd heard the same crackpot stuff in the curious part about Una—people usually laugh. Zasu Pitts, Alene MacMahon and Alice Brady are all superb comedians too—but I defy them to get away with the triple that Una gets away with. "The Day of Reckoning," about the dullest scrip in ten years, actually became an alive, interest-inspiring picture all because of Una's sense of comedy.

Harold Lloyd, who knows comedy when he meets it out, and has several million dollars in the bank to prove that he knows comedy when he meets it out, told me, "Una Merkel is the best of the young comedians in Hollywood. The minute I decided upon "The Catspaw" for my next picture I knew I was going to turn heaven and earth to get her to play the part of my heroine. It was 20-20 for her. The author must have had her in mind. Everytime I see Una going through her scenes I burst out laughing—and so will the audiences. She's all kid to work with, and a well-nigh perfect actress."

It's a mutual admiration society, for Una is crazy about Harold Lloyd and was without any hesitation turned down three other pictures so she could be with him in "The Catspaw." Incidentally, Lloyd's press agent told me that Mr. Lloyd has had his script writers give Una a bigger part in this picture than any girl who has played with him. Una is even in the Pulitzer Pratt is going to be a gal to reckon with.

And how about Una off the screen? Is she just as funny off as she is on? Well, practically, yes. With that very charming habit of running off her lines right out loud in the midst of traffic on Hollywood Boulevard. And just last week one of the local inhabitants received quite a thrill when Una's car drove up beside him, as he was standing on the corner of Vine Street waiting for the lights to change.

"Lady, come in here hurriedly, "The Herald-Examiner, please."

She thrust three cents at the astounded youth and reached for the paper under his arm.

"Lady," said the man, coming to with a start, "I'm not a newsboy. I'm a bank clerk. But you can have a newspaper off of me anytime."

Una apologized profusely and drove off in a cloud of blushes while the young man muttered, "Well, sir, she's just as dizzzy off the screen as she is on the stage."

Although the most polite, unperturbed person in the world for weeks and months, all of a sudden Una will break down and get as mad as hoppers. One day, recently, when she was trying to get to the studio in a hurry, a large, loud Auburn got in front of her on a narrow road and refused to go more than twenty. Una boxed petulantly, but the driver would not move over nor increase his speed. This went on for five or six blocks and Una was raging. Suddenly after a violent hook on Una's part the car suddenly swerved into a cross street (with Una narrowly missing the left ender) and the driver stuck his head out and laughed at Una. Miss Merkel, tut tut, was guilty both of sticking out her tongue at him and also of making a gesture that involves both the nose and thumb. As soon as she cooled down she was very ashamed of her temperamental outburst and now she is hoping to high heaven that the driver didn't turn out to be David Selznick, Irving Thalberg, or Will Hays. There are very few really loyal people left in this world—and Una is one of them.

When rumors of her separation from Hubby Harmon Nelson annoyed her, heaped coals of fire on Hollywood's head by attending a pre-screen test as a crank man. Hollywood would have had a lot of co-commentators to chatter about; how Vince Barnett, inspector-in-chief to the film stars, tried to drive into the probationer once; how famous bicycle fan Hollywood, even taking a 400-mile trip via hick to San Francisco, to get his pictures and name into the papers; how Lillian Lashman upset the whole routine and discipline of Hollywood's most ritzy hospital by having lace bed-sprays, lace pillows and a dozen other boudoir gadgets brought in so she could have new photographers shoot pictures of her; what she thought the hospital ought to be: of how Wheeler and Woolsey, feeling the need of publicity, hired an airplane and went fishing from it, rather than hire "The Covered Wagon" at the old $2,000 weekly rate; of how Pete Decker painted a caricature of Crews, Crew, ostensibly refused to pay Decker the thousand-dollar fee, claiming the picture was not a good

Anything for a Laugh

After finishing "Nana," Anna Sten and her companion, Anna Filder, went to the dogs—Ha, Ha! Dog races at Palm Springs. The costume is Anna's own idea.
TRY THESE

Hollywood Hair Styles

But don't let wispy DRY hair or stringy OILY hair spoil the effect

Expensive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.

One Hollywood star famous for her “allure” wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

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 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.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

After all the hounding by newspaper reporters, following her little automobile trip into Arizona with her director, Greta Garbo decided once more to try to throw annoying people off the scent. So she's back in Brentwood again, in a very yellow house, and only a Mack, away from Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone and Clark Gable, and three blocks from Claudette Colbert and Zasu Pitts. Not that Greta ever expects to borrow a cup of sugar.
Constance Bennett [Continued from page 22]

But what I was trying to point out is this: the public might invest money in stocks but they do not control the market. There are a few men, some of whom constitute themselves "bulls" and some "bears," and they are the ones who send stocks up or down. All the public can do is to follow like sheep, and hope they guess right. But, in this business, it's altogether different. The public holds the whip hand.

"Producers can try until they are blue in the face to foil their pretty little doll-faced ingenues, their sophisticated and their sincere--their Arrow collar men and jungle lovers on John Public, but if John Public doesn't like those ingenues, sophisticated, sincere and jungle lovers, all the producers in Holly-wood can't make stars of them. All they can do is to develop the people in whom the public does do evolve an interest.

That was pretty strong, but Constance never hedges. She is as definite in her ideas and her expression of them as she is in her business dealings. She was by no means through with the subject yet.

"I used to think in the days of silent pictures that films really constituted a form of art. Of course, some of the pictures were pretty bad--but they were useful. So many people can never get away from the place where they were born, and those pic-tures enabled them to see what foreign lands were like. They had pretty definite ideas of how courts were conducted, and I mean royal courts, not civil ones. I'm sure they got ideas of the customs and how people dressed in foreign lands.

"To be sure, they could have read books and got the same knowledge but we never do things the way we mean to and, sometimes, something you have actually seen makes much more of an impression on you than something you have merely read. You see it as it actually is, and your imagination doesn't run away with you the way it does when you try to picture a place to your-self. Besides, if you read about those things it's like learning a lesson, whereas if you go to see a story filmed, and the scenery merely forms the background, what you're really learning isn't happening to someone in whom you are in-terested.

"Then, now, with sound, the value of the newsreels and travelogues is augmented. You not only see a football game, you hear it. You not only see pictures of foreign places, you have them explained at the same time.

"I must confess, since talking pictures arrived I can't quite look on them as art to the same degree, but I think the reason for that is because we have had so many more crises than we used to have.

"When the novels of talking pictures had worn off, and audiences were scurrying around like frightened rabbits trying to find something with which to intrigue the public's interest. When one of them made a good picture, instead of the other com-panies trying to find something different that could be made equally well, they all tried to outdo the first company in making more and better pictures of the same type. "The press, I think, they're fickle. I think they are intensely loyal. Look at the way fans stick by their favorites despite poor pictures occasionally. I think they've stayed away from the theaters not only because of the depression, but because they were sati-sfied with too many films of the same quality.

"Look at all the cycles we've had in the last twenty years--Westerns, barn dance operas, tita-nic dramas like 'This Thing Called Love,' 'Holiday' and 'Paris Bound.' Then there was the cycle of plays dealing with backstage matters, another dealing with the inner workings of studios like 'What Price Hollywood,' another in which newspaper columnists were exploited and still another in which the entire ac-tion took place in one locale. Most people credit 'Grand Hotel' with starting the last named, but it wasn't--it was 'Transatlant-ic.'"}

"You were speaking," I interrupted, "of all actresses making bad pictures occasionally. "What excuse is there for that?" "Ah," she murmured gloomily, "I was hoping you would ask that. So many times the blame is laid on an actress for appearing in poor plays! Well, in the great majority of cases the actress has absolutely nothing to say about the vehicles in which she ap-pears. She is under contract to a studio and all she can do is play the parts they assign her. If she balks, stories imme-diately go the rounds that she is becoming temperamental.

"Women actresses, of which number I am fortunate enough to be one, have some say about their stories but even we do not have unlimited power to select our scen-aries. I am permitted to select the unit with which I want to work and I select men in whose judgment I have confidence. When we are ready to go into production, I'm given certain ideas for a certain story and if I don't like it we can change it. But if the majority of them feel it is not a good story for me I would be satisfied with it. I ask to have them assigned to my unit because I respect their opinions. When I find myself in the mi-nority, it is simply a matter of common sense for me to defer to their judgment.

"Sometimes it would have been better had I stuck to my own judgment, but equally as often I've avoided mistakes by giving in to my judgment.

"The telephone interrupted us to call her back to the set and I left with a greater feeling of admiration than ever for Con-stance's sense of fairness and level-headed-ness. But, greater than these, was a feeling of relief at hearing from her own lips that she won't be leaving the screen. Not for a long time, anyhow.

All Figured Out [Continued from page 56]

then settle down to domesticity. I run fast in Constance's reviews. He plans them, too! "I go only to those shows that I think are worth-while. One can pick up pointers by observing our best actors. And, the other day, I was talking about the Gene to return for the final sequence on his latest film, and I to hasten home to record this im-portant event. Holt's young hero, I heard the nettie cashier discreetly burst into song. When Gene passed her, she scanned him appraisingly. And I cannot imagine the song."

"Love got me, it might get you."
It's That Man Again
[Continued from page 29]

is so beloved—he has never been forgotten. Whether he is rich at the moment or poor, he never forgets that, for most of us, life is not a matter of caviar and Rolls-Royces. You can no more imagine him acting highhanded than you can imagine him spouting wings. So far as Eddie is concerned, he has just been lucky. He works hard, yes—and gets a lot of money for it. But he never forgets that there are lots of men who work just as hard and get nothing for it, or next to nothing. That is why, even when he is being funny, he is so humble. He never says, "I'm better than you." His attitude says, "You're better than I. All I'm good for, all I hope for, is to make you laugh, make you happier for a precious minute of your life. I'm just your down.

He never asks you to laugh at anybody else. He asks you to laugh at him. And when he isn't downing, those big eyes of his are sad. Always, he has not forgotten.

He has not forgotten Grandma Esther. The only mother he ever knew, a bent little old Jewish woman with her worn-out shawl over her head. What could a little old woman like that do to earn a living for her boy? Sometimes she earned a dollar commission for placing an immigrant girl in some rich family as a servant. Often there was no food in the house. How easy it would have been for the ragged little Eddie, with his stomach crawling from hunger, to swipe fruit from the corner push-cart. But Grandma Esther taught him to admire hard, honest work. To despise crooks and loafers. Grandma Esther, denying herself food so that he could eat, taught him kindness, unselfishness, gentleness, idealism; taught him to have faith in his fellows, to believe in goodness and justice and righteousness.

Eddie has never forgotten Grandma. Her gentle spirit has walked with him all his life, guiding him. No living man can say that Eddie has ever done anything cruel, or mean, or crooked. No living man can say that he has ever cracked a nasty joke . . . That, too, is why we like Eddie Cantor. We know that he is honest, that he is square and clean and decent . . . I heard Eddie talk about his grandmother once on the radio. Before he was half way through with what he had to say he was crying.

Nope—even when we see Eddie in one of the undressed girl shows like "Roman Scandals," where he does a lot of eye-rolling and whooping, as the pretty girls come marching past him in their filmy draperies, he sort of takes the naughtiness out of it. He makes the naughtiness innocent. Because we know he's really thinking of Momma at home—the grey-haired, comfortably-stout wife who means everything in the world to him. And we know that, when Eddie himself looks at those pretty movie girls, he is thinking that they're a lot of sweet, cute kids like his own big family of daughters at home. Somehow Eddie's wicked leer doesn't ring true. He doesn't fool us. We know he's a family man. And so we chuckle all the more.

And that's why we like Eddie, perhaps, most of all. Because he's the man who lives in the house right next door to us. Because he's like us. One of us. And knows it. And is glad of it. And never wants to be anything better.

Eddie loves us. And so we love him.

Much comment has been occasioned by Marlene Dietrich's passion for white flowers. Her home and dressing room are always filled with them.
Vigorous!... Robust!... Jubilant!
All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.

Beeman's helps keep digestion honey-sweet. It is smooth, mellow—especially made to gently stimulate digestion.

Beeman's is so pleasantly healthful! Its beneficial qualities are matched by a flavor that's cool, fresh, and exhilarating. A flavor that tempts your taste—a flavor kept unfailingly fresh by the amazing new Triple Guard Pack.

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Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

ESPECIALLY MADE TO AID DIGESTION

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young and their beautiful daughter, Carol Anne.

That Funny Divorce
[Continued from page 16]

that Carole Lombard is about the sincerest, sweetest, all-around grand person I have met in Hollywood—and I meet very easily. She continues to go with Bill Powell because he has the best sense of humor of any man she knows, and is the most entertaining—and it's probably a case of vice versa, for Carole, herself, has a divine sense of humor, which even includes laughing at herself. I always say to her a movie star who can laugh at herself and I'll—I'll—well, I'll drop in to see her every chance I get. It's such a relief to find a down to earth person like Carole, who doesn't go into an act for you when you come to interview her but gives you credit for being a normal, sane person. One does become a bit bored and wearied with these intense, dramatic stars who speak in sacred whispers of their Art, of their supreme renunciations for their Career (the only pater of little feet they hear is Fido tracking up Billy Haines' white rug again), of their purity of Idealism, and of their emotional love for Beauty and Simplicity. Nuts!

Carole has the right slant on a career. She's just as ambitious and eager to succeed as the intense ones—but she sees no reason to get all worked up over it. Unlike most movie stars she knows darned well if she retired on Wednesday, there'd be a new star in her dressing room by Saturday and she'd be completely forgotten by Monday. She's not the least bit conceited, praises be, and her grand philosophy of life is, enjoy it while you can, and as much as you can, so long as you don't hurt anyone else. This having moods, and acts, and temperaments, and jealousies just isn't in her line. Too bad—but she can't be bothered.

That famous sense of humor—which both Bill and Carole possess to such a startling degree—was really the cause of their divorce. In a comedy team there's got to be a straight man who feeds the guy who pulls the gags—but alas, neither Bill nor Carole could play straight. So when Carole saw she was interfering with Bill's sense of humor, she knew it was time to do one thing about it to save both herself and him. They'd be bickering soon, and snapping at each other maybe, and, worst of all, they'd probably stop laughing at each other's jokes. So, to save his sense of humor, Carole went to Reno. And now they're very happy because they only see each other at their best.

Carole is just about to have one of her ambitions fulfilled. For a long time she has wanted to play the temperamental movie star in "Twentieth Century" when Columbia starts filming it soon—so when she gets through the Bing Crosby picture she's working on now, she's going in for histories in a big way, and be just the kind of movie star on the screen that she isn't in real life, Carole's idea of a swell laugh is to look at old pictures of herself, when she was careening around with the Mack Sennett bathing beauties in famous pie-throwing comedies, or when she was the little gal that got chased by the Bad Men in the old Westerns. Her favorite Western was "Hearts and Spurs." Carole has been in Hollywood ever since she was a kid, and when some of the stars start being grand around her, she simply says, "Pipe down, Ella, I knew you when—" Carole's pride and joy, when it comes to being wealthy is her secretary, Madeleine Fields. Carole claims that her house is so crowded with Madeleine's friends these days that she doesn't have any room for her own. But the height of something or other was reached recently when Carole said, "Madeleine, take a letter please." "Aw nuts," said her secretary, "I'm too tired." Can't you just see some of the Glamorous Ones having a stroke if their poor frightened secretaries ever answered them like that? But the chances are Carole raised Madeleine's salary. So, dear fan, if you're waiting for Miss Lombard to answer that nice letter you wrote her, don't get too impatient. Miss Madeleine Fields may be in the mood to take a letter any day now.
argument ensued and it was a notable verbal battle. Mae went to the front office.

So did Von Stroheim. A compromise was finally effected.

Elsie Ferguson revealed in temperamental. She always insisted on take after take until the whole staff was on the verge of nervous prostration.

On one historic occasion, she cried out:
"My spark, I have lost my spark!"

With one motion, as if by a given signal, the electricians turned out all the lights in tribute to that spark.

As Marie Dressler says: "Temperament was often used to express a little brief authority."

As an instance of this sort of thing, we recall that when Theda Bara was famous as a vampire, she employed a man to walk in front of her as she serpended from set to set. He pounded a distaff on the floor, and called out in stentorian tones: "Make way for BARA, make way for BARA." As we stated in the opening paragraph, temperament is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, but it still crops out now and again.

One day last year, Talia Birell looked over some rushes. Certain of her favorite scenes were cut out. As it happened, reasonably so. Tearfully she rushed from the projection room to her bungalow. She went on a crying spree and no one was admitted for the rest of the day.

She would only deal with one member of the publicity department, to the exclusion of all others. It is said that when members of the press came to interview her, she would exclaim:
"Who is that person?" and then demand that they leave.

While working on the Universal lot, Helen Twelvetrees refused to report to the gallery for portrait poses. Finally the company had to send her a legal notice. It recalled a clause in her contract to the effect that she agreed to pose for stills. And so she reported.

Universal brought Margaret Sullivan, a Broadway leading woman, to Hollywood to play the lead in "Only Yesterday." Tales of her temperamental outbursts leaked out. Finally she packed her clothes and drove to the station to return to New York. A committee from Universal intercepted her. She agreed, after much argument, to be a good girl and resume work on the picture, but her explanation for leaving was: "I made fifty-four takes for one scene and no one can work that hard." We do not know who was to blame, the star or the studio heads, but be that as it may, to shoot scenes over and over again fifty-four times is enough to drive anyone into a fit of temperamental.

Elissa Landi walked off the Fox lot and took a trip to Europe. So they released her. They say that the regal Elissa was of the fainting variety, and would pass out at crucial moments of production. However, on her return to the film capital, she was immediately engaged by Universal on a picture by picture contract, and the members of that organization cannot sing her praises too highly. They declare her to be absolutely untemperamental and a fine trouper. Who can tell but what she was absolutely right in her differences with the Fox company, and is very smart in seeking new fields to conquer.

Miriam Hopkins, a fine artist, has her moments, but always her great sense of humor wins the day. Her tempests are
Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up n' see me sometime" lure

NOW YOU can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up n' see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. • Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum Mae West—exquisite bottles at 65¢—$1.00 to $25.00.

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PARFUMS MAE WEST

Muriel Evans and her knee muffles, which prevent the winds from reaching the Evans above.

tured," he declares. "She always listens to reason, but if she is sure of herself, she stands by her guns. She loves to argue, but it irks her when people tell her and then go off and do exactly opposite to what they have promised. Furthermore, she has never held up production. She only blows up when there is a reason, just as anyone else would."

An advertising man asked Connie to give him a testimonial for a certain make of silk stockings. Very sweetly she told him that she did not go in for that sort of thing. He departed. The next day he came back and made the same request. Kindly, she regretted that her decision was final. But when he came around again two days later and argued with her, she blew up.

She has given orders that she will not see interviewers while working or rehearsing on the stage. But despite that order a newspaper man demanded an interview. He had to meet a certain deadline. As he was a powerful member of the press, it was finally decided to take him to Miss Bennett.
World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened 1/3 cup (1 can) Eagle Brand chocolate
1 tablespoon water
Condensed Milk
Sweetened Condensed Milk

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water
5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5
minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake
before spreading frosting.

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I'm That Way" says Jean Harlow

"I'm That Way" says Jean Harlow

I'm That Way" says Jean Harlow

I'm That Way" says Jean Harlow
“What shade is your hair?”

Tell me and I will tell you an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a single, simple shampooing.

Golden Glen Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. Simple directions tell you how. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. 25¢ at your dealers’ — or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

FREE J. W. Kobi Co., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. D Seattle, Wash. . . . Please send a free sample.

Name
Address
City ___________________ State ___________________

What color of your hair?

“That’s My Business”—Paul Muni

[Continued from page 34]

“I do admire her. I feel that she is a person to be reckoned with. But I cannot truthfully say that I love her. He haunt- ed me a moment as if groping in the dark for the best explanation. Perhaps it is because I like her, am introspective, what psychoanalysts call neurotic. Our kip in this respect would forbid us from ever being what might be called friendly, in the true sense of the word.”

So much for our conversation touched upon the screen version of “Coun- cillor at Law,” and I expressed my dis- appointment at not seeing him in the part he had radically changed.

Muni smiled. “I thought you’d get to that. Everybody does eventually. And everybody seems to be sorry for me because the role was assigned to John Barrymore. Well, they needn’t be. When I decided not to play the role for Universal several producers played the play from Mr. Laemmle if I would play the part for them.

“But that was not the point at all. It didn’t matter whether I took it or not.”

It was simply that I was tired of the role—I had played it for almost two years on the stage in New York—and I felt that it had worn me out emotionally and that there was nothing further that I could give to it. My interpretation on the screen might have been wooden, uninspired be- cause of too long a run of it. I felt that if I played the part—that of an East Side lawyer on the screen it would type me for all times, inasmuch as it was the role of my legitimate career that stood out above all others.

“There was another reason, too. A more personal one. I was in the middle of a determination of Elmire Rice, the playwright, to take it for granted that I could be sold down the river to the movies along with his play. The old slave idea, you see, just didn’t click with me. Thank heavens the picture is made and released and a success. Now I can breathe freely once more. I assure you, it gave me many a sleepless night.”

“I have a perfect horror of being ‘typed,’ ” he continued. “When I was not to do that or that, I felt I was being ‘type- tive’ I felt that I had actually skirted a dangerous abyss. In ‘The World Changes’ I was called upon to play four of the principal periods in the life of a man—and yet that didn’t satisfy me. I feel that acting is more than just stripping grey from the hair or wearing a white wig to denote the change in the man’s character during the passage of time. That’s why I was so eager to do ‘Hi, Nellie’ after ‘The World Changes.’ The role is a complete right-about-face. As the wise-cracking, newspaper editor, who gets demoted to an advice to the lovelorn column, I was supposed to be something else all the time. None of my other roles resembled it even remotely. Tragedy has been my forte always. That is why I jumped at the chance of doing a comedy. I want to be known as an actor, not a type. My next role must be something else again.”

“I have heard that you have helped many a Hollywood actress with whom you have been cast, over the hurdles. Anna Dvorak, for instance . . .”

Mr. Muni looked embarrassed. “You mean in ‘Scarface’? I did help her a little, for she was so eager to learn. And my picture was being held up here as an example as to the correct timing and playing of certain sequences. She was very apt, and needed little coaching. Film players, you see, do not have the wider, more thorough training that the legitimate stage affords. They have sometimes been allowed to work automatically, like puppets. Of course the latter have learned as they went along all that, but it takes time. Sometimes I marvel, considering the jumbled way in which a film is produced, backwards and forwards—the cast coming in and out of the scene last, how a smooth and often perfect story emerges at the end. It is a miracle.”

“When I did ‘The World Changes,’ Mary Astor, who was costar’s wife, came to me very humbly and asked if I would help her play her scenes with the correct shading of emotion. I told her straight that the character was notmia, and her great desire to bring out the best that was in her.”

I remembered that I had seen “The World Changes” and had thought, without knowing this incident, that Mary Astor’s performance had gained forth as a rare acting performance. When I tried to compli- ment him because of it, he brushed the matter aside shyly. “Miss Astor had all the requisites for a fine, dramatic actress, all that she needed to learn was how to put them to the best usage. And I could aid her there, because of my years of hard training.”

Several manuscripts were lying on a table close at hand. As I glanced at them, Mr. Muni remarked: “I was contemplating doing a play here this winter, but there was nothing suitable in that pile over there. So Mrs. Muni and I decided to slip away for a little vacation abroad instead. We’re both tremendously interested in the new Russian theatre and cinema. It will be nice to see at close range how they are progressing, and what they promise for the future.”

This brought us eventually, as it brings everybody these days, to Katharine Hepburn and “The Lake.” I mentioned that some of the critics had viewed her performance as something of a catastrophe. Mr. Muni disagreed. He felt that the poor criticisms of her stage work would help, not hinder her. Complete success might have done her more harm than good. It is easier, he murmured, “to climb above one’s waver- ing footing.” He did not franklin in a perfectly balanced footing on the same level of perfection time after time.”

The telephone rang. All too soon my hour was up. Mr. Muni handed his card to a new customer. Paul Rieger, a tall, athletic-looking young man, had joined the ranks of interviewers was announced. I had to assure the shy Mr. Muni, before I left, that she was a simple and charming person to talk with. When I emerged on Park Avenue the jangle of automobiles and hury burly of traffic completely escaped me. For an hour’s tete-a- tete with a beautiful Russian lady who had joined the ranks of interviewers was announced. I had to assure the shy Mr. Muni, before I left, that she was a simple and charming person to talk with. When I emerged on Park Avenue the jangle of automobiles and hury burly of traffic completely escaped me. For an hour’s tete-a- tete with a beautiful Russian lady who had joined the ranks of interviewers was announced. I had to assure the shy Mr. Muni, before I left, that she was a simple and charming person to talk with. When I emerged on Park Avenue the jangle of automobiles and hury burly of traffic completely escaped me. For an hour’s tete-
about these things, claims that all champions, from Edwin Baer to Cliff Monteith, are as good-looking as the most leading men, and he probably has acting ability. He is used to crowds, he knows drama. He has every chance to make good.

If Hollywood will let him. But Hollywood is a very funny place and it's hard to tell.

If I knew Mr. Montgomery a lot better than I do, I'd say something like this to him: I'd say, "Look here, my boy. There are three or four things you've got to watch out for in Hollywood. Three or four things that happen to handsome young lads who make the front page and then get invited in pictures.

"In the first place, don't let 'em rush you. You didn't become a football star in five minutes. You played out in the backyard and on the sandlots when you were a kid. Then you played in high school for four years and then you played four more years in college—and it was in your last game for Columbia that you shone biggest. You had natural ability, but you had to learn the game, you had to learn to block and tackle and pass and kick.

"Well, it's the same in pictures. Even if you have the looks and a lot of acting ability, you can't be a star in five minutes. There are a lot of things to learn about cameras and make-up and set and dramatic effects and speaking lines—things that it has taken good actors years to learn. Don't let them rush you up there too fast, even if it's very tempting to see your name on the 24 sheets. Even if they want to "cash in" on that name while it's still fresh in the public memory, because you know as well as I do that next year there will be more All-Americans.

They rushed Johnny Mack Brown. He got his chance out of a Rose Bowl game with Washington. And the first thing you know he was playing leads. Now Johnny was very handsome. And he had a lot of fire. But he didn't know one thing about the art and the technique of acting, so he wasn't very good. Everybody adored him in Hollywood. But—we know out there that the greatest names won't put you over permanently with the public. The chance at great parts won't put you over. You've got to know how to look, and you've got to know how on the football field. Natural ability alone isn't enough.

"So, in time, Johnny sort of faded out."

Like Johnny Weismuller. Of course he was a natural for "Tarzan." It just was Johnny. But unless they keep on writing Tarzan for him, it won't be so good. And Max Baer is the same. He couldn't play anything but a fighter of some kind.

"So if you're wise, you'll take it easy and be glad to do some smaller parts and learn your new game as you learned the older ones."

"Of course, having been a gridiron hero, you're used to flattery and adulation—and girls.

"But you will find a different brand in Hollywood.

"I've course you don't think you'll 'go Hollywood.' I never met anyone who did. Yet it happens to some of the very nicest boys and girls who come out here. It happens very unexpectedly.

"Probably the girls won't thank me for this, but it's the truth. There are a lot of awfully nice girls in Hollywood. As nice as you'd want an girl to be. Then again, there are some who aren't so nice. But the point is, there are too many girls—and there are never enough good-looking, unattached young men to go round. And you can't work hard all day in front of the
The newlyweds of Hollywood, still radiating triumphant bliss. It is Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who recently married, and Sandra Shaw with the head of the family, Gary Cooper.

**Fighting for Their Rights** [Continued from page 28]

"It's the only part of me that the camera ever caught," Denny answered, smiling directly at Crown Princess La Plante.

In our list, the cameraman is mentioned ahead of the Featured Player. This is the one place where social ratings differ from professional. The cameraman, as Master of the Lights, is of extremely high rank in that the entire Empire falls when he fails. Although he cannot hold the kingdom together alone, the kingdom can never stand without him.

Naturally, he is an absolute subject of the Monarch. But his battles are numerous, too. Not only must he remember to light the better side of John Barrymore's profile and fatten slightly, by shadows, the slender neck of Constance Bennett, etc., but he must protect his work from injuring a production, at all costs.

Hollywood faces a financial crisis. Facts are not to be denied. Expenses are being limited in each department. On a current picture, a cameraman told a director, "There is no use in finishing this picture unless I can have the lights." "No," said the Monarch. The cameraman did not shrink and declare "well, it's his funeral as well as mine; he broke the laws of rank and went to the production manager. "Can't you help us out. We've used up every penny of the budget," he was told. He went to the business manager. "Sorry. No more money." In desperation—knowing full well that he was overstepping all lines of authority—he reached the head-man. The owner, realizing that the returns on his investment depended upon this man, listened carefully. As this is written, that studio is paying $2,000 per day to rent lights to photograph the picture correctly. To those of us on the outside, that man is a hero because he dared to fight for his rights. To the three men whose authority he questioned, he is not even popular. But heroes always make enemies—along with admirers.

Naturally, an entire volume could be written on this subject. During a recent, intensive study of Europeans in Europe, I found no class distinctions more sharply drawn than right here, at home, in Hollywood. I found, in fact, that Europeans inherit their ranks while Hollywoodians earn theirs, which makes our little Empire more comparable to the true Feudal system—where man actually battled in armor for rank and position. And yet there was one strange, modern analogy. I discovered that the members of the Guilds, the laborers, were as proud of their positions as the titled folk were of theirs. And that the peasants were joyously, impulsively happy and contented. One peasant told me, in his native language, "I would not change. I am happy now. I do not see many of them as happy."

I have never heard one of our well paid grips or mechanical men or electricians en-
ving a star. A few would like to become directors, but most of them are gloriously content with themselves. They fill many of the cunning, five-room bungalows in Southern California. They go on day by day, singing as they carry their lights and their parallels; their furniture and their ‘fake’ walls from one set to another. Those songs are dimmed only when production is low and work is scarce—as peasants of yore forgot to sing when famine or pesti-

rence overcame them. Laborers in the Motion Picture Empire are the highest paid in the world.

Serfs. The extras. They are like the Members of The Guilds, whom we are working. Walk onto any ‘big set’ in Hollywood and watch them playing cards and laughing and singing between scenes. However, there are many ambitious young-

sters who hope for a ‘break’ into one of the ‘upper classes’. Taken as a whole, they are a contended lot. And, like the happy peasants of Europe—always excepting the times when food is not plentiful—they spurn those few who try to climb from their own rank through political trickery.

An extra went around boasting that he had written notes to Lupe Velez; that he was a favorite of hers; that she was being kind to him. His story grew until he was saying that he had been to the fights with her. The tale reached her ears. He was pointed out to her on the set. She called him to her and motioning all the others to come closer, she flayed him with her tongue for the falsehoods he had been telling. "I will not have you fired, now. You probably need this money. But the next time that one word comes from you about being with me or writing to me or hearing from me—" A Queen dealing imperiously but fairly with a lesser subject.

And the other serfs cheered the Queen. How they cheered her. They jeered at a fellow member because he had let his ‘class’ down by trying to climb into another.

The other day, a publicity man brought a ‘story’ to Katharine Hepburn for her to okay for publication. It was about her new stand-in girl, the sister of Adalyn Doyle, whom Katharine has just helped to become a feature player at Twentieth Century.

"Don’t print it!" Katharine’s tones were sharp. "It might hurt her in getting a better job. It was twice as hard to help Adalyn because she had been known as my stand-in. I won’t put anything out that might hurt the girl to get a break, just for a little publicity for myself."

I talked with Adalyn Doyle, the girl who has climbed from peasant to lady with the help of Crown Princess Hepburn. She was hanging around the Hepburn set. Her eyes were wistful. "I was so happy here—"

We wondered if she would be as happy with the responsibilities which come with rank and fame and money. And we thought, too, of how true it is that those who act generously and wisely when they have titles—retain those the longest. No one can fight more viciously for her rights than Katharine Hepburn. Yet she had not failed to help one of lesser rank upwards when she saw the girl’s worth. Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Bob Montgomery, Joan Crawford—these girls are those whom we have called stand-ins. She was steady and true in her friendships. The girl who often unsheathed their swords and yet all leaders kind to the underdog, each one of them had stories that compared to Katharine’s and her stand-in girl. Each one had stories that compared to Katharine’s battles with the Monarchs. Perhaps if Pola Negri and Olive Borden had been a little more careful when they battled and with whom they battled, they might still reign. Not even the serfs resent an Empire and class distinction when they are wisely han-


dled by the feudal lords—of any generation.

How to make the most of your

GOOD POINTS

STUDY your features! You may wish to play up the color of your eyes, to accent lovely lips, to highlight an interesting profile.

Watch your figure. Modern fashions are built around youthful curves. If you reduce, be sure your diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Too often, women permit this condition to dull their beauty and charm. Yet it can be corrected so easily—with a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show Kellogg’s ALL-BRAN provides “bulk” and vitamin B to aid proper elimination. Also iron for the blood.

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May Be Yours

If your skin is unsightly and external treatment fails to help you, all may not be well inside. What you probably need is Calci- um — the most common and most common troubles are the result of faulty elimination and improper growth. The Calci- um Wafer is the answer to the skin, for it contains a large amount of Vital Calcium and a host of other elements designed to aid the body in its daily fight against decay. The Calci- um Wafer is a special food that stimulates the body Nature intended they should have always.

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Studio News [Continued from page 55]

ON ANOTHER stage, Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell (a newcomer) are making "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

This little epic is about a sailor (Foster) who kills a cop (accidentally) and who stagers into Alphon Skippor's saloon on the Barbary Coast seeking shelter. Victor Jorgensen is paired with Foster's straightforwardness and he is about to be captured, Vic orders Skippor to hide him. She shoves him through a secret passage, and in the darkness Prestons stumbles into the room of Dorothy Dell, whom the Synopsis hopefully describes as a beautiful, blonde street walker. As my guide describes her, there's plenty of Dot and not too well put together. At any rate, she hides him, seeks the police away from him and then falls in love with him.

Preston Foster stumbles into a room and—Jesu!—Dorothy Dell, the new girl! "The Man Who Broke His Heart" is what Paramount calls it.

Rather than involve her in his difficulties, Preston departs while she's sleeping, leaving a note saying he'll return—some sunny day.

He ships with Mcalgun on a tramp steamer, becomes fast friends with Vic and through difficulties, never dreaming they're in love with the same girl.

Dell has no time for Vic and, when the steamer docks, she hides from him but sees Preston and eventually meets him, taking him back to her room again.

We pick them up in the love nest. It is a tidy attic little room with a built-in cot at one end, over it a combination gas and electric light fixture. In a corner is a cushioned davenport with a few cheap trinkets on it and a floppy gray hat. Over a chair is thrown the coat to Dell's gray suit. Opposite the dresser is a window and on the floor below is a window, and a little two-burner gas stove.

Preston, in dirty blue shirt and trousers and a blue denim shirt is lying on the cot with Dorothy. She has on his gray shirt and a white shiftwaist.

"We've got to get there first," he says "Mexico's a long way—" "The longer the better, darling," she murmurs. "We've got your ship money. That's forty-five. And I've saved seven, that's fifty-two, counting on her fingers" Preston laughs and talks like a man, kissing her fingers-"It'll take more—about a hundred. But don't worry. I'll get it. "You'll get it," she says, scurrying out of bed. "If I don't go out and get us something to eat, we'll both of us starve to death."

She stands in the centre of the room, yawning a little and stretches both hands over her head. Then she glances down at Pres- ton, smiling, happy, thankful he's there.

With another little turn she goes to the window to see if the shade be fore she dresses. She pauses there, startled and staring for an instant. Below, in the street stands a couple of cops.

It just goes to prove, the past always catches up with you. You can't kill cops with impunity and get away with it even though it's all done with the best intentions in the world.

PARAMOUNT having finally found a story acceptable to the particular George Raft, and having located a director and super- visor with whom he'll work in harmony, is losing no time in shooting "The Trumpet Blows."

It's a bedroom again—with bare plaster walls. The bed is a four poster affair with a red damask back and a blue afghan thrown over the foot as a coverlet. There are a couple of archways leading to a sort of bay window. Next to that is a door with blue velvet drapes over it. It looks as though the room might have a door ceil- ing—if it had a ceiling. But the way the action is photographed the ceiling won't show, so it would just be useless extravagance to put on a ceiling when you don't need one.

Adolph Menjou, in what looks like a tuxedo or over-collared black velvet, lace and buttons, is sitting by the door molding Raft in a blue suit with a bright, red-striped tie, steals warily into the room, smiling triumphantly. He starts to undress when Menjou rises.

"Out kind of late, aren't you youngsters?" Menjou grins.

"Say!" demands George indignantly. "Have I got to be waited up for all my life?" With a slight show of resentment, "Are you still nursing me along, Fancho?"

"No-o-o," Menjou laughs merrily through another yawn as he claps George on the back. "I walked alone many nights after I first saw my lovely one."

"Oh, yeh?" George flips, relaxing and laughing relievedly. He crosses the room and resumes his undressing.


"The first time I saw Chulita (Frances Drake), Adolph nosed in tender reminis- cence, "I walked for hours. Raft misses this at first, so that Menjou has the next couple of words out before what his brother said, strikes him. Now that I've settled.
things with Senor Ramirez,” Menjou continues with a change of mood and in hearty satisfaction—

“Wh-what?” George stammers dully.

“The conditions for your marriage,” Adolphé says, a bit startled at Roit’s expression.

“No—no!” George interrupts in a sudden frenzy. “Stick to one thing at a time, will you? Wh-what’d you say about Chulita?

“Oh! That’s it!” Menjou laughs. “I suppose I shouldn’t have let it out so suddenly but she so fills my heart and my head, my brother—” shaking his head at his own foolishness over the girl. “That is my other surprise for you, Chulita,” he goes on caressingly. “Maybe we’ll have a double wedding, eh?

Do you suppose it could be possible that Raft and Menjou love this same girl in this picture, just as Foster and Vic McLaglen do in the other one?

At R-K-O

Only one picture shooting on this lot—

“The Crime Doctor.” This picture features Otto Kruger and was to have marked Corinne Griffith’s comeback, but something happened and Miss G. retired from the cast. Karen Morley took her place. Miss M. may not have the looks of her predecessor but she’s a better actress, so things even themselves up.

Otto is the kingpin of the detective force of a great city. He is so obsessed with detecting that he even becomes suspicious of his wife and puts people to shadowing her. Naturally she resents it and you can’t blame her. There are certain places a girl goes where she wants a little privacy.

She falls in love with someone else and asks Otto for a divorce. He’s none too pleased about that and they jaw back and forth for what seems like hours.

They’re in her bedroom and a very elaborate bedroom it is. White walls with cornices over the bed, doors and windows. A yellow satin quilt is exposed to the public gaze. A French period dressing table with crystal candleabra, perfume bottles, etc., stands beside it. Above the dressing table hangs an oil painting of a bird. In one corner of the room is a fireplace with a marble masterpiece and, facing it, a couple of easy chairs. Over one of them a silver fox is carelessly thrown. A couple of small tables stand on either side of the fireplace with lamps on them. On the opposite side of the bed from the dressing table is a curio cabinet.

Otto is roaming around in pajamas with a brown checkered dressing gown tied in a deep shade of brown, over them. La Morley is striking in an evening dress.

“I’m sorry,” Kruger confesses as he walks towards her. “I am suspicious and jealous. I suppose I always will be. It’s only because I love you so much and for a long time now—I don’t know what’s wrong between us?

“You know as well as I do,” Karen says in a low voice.

“I don’t” Kruger persists. “I know we’ve had a lot of quarrels, but that was in the first years of our marriage. We haven’t even had any words lately.

“Did you ever realize that it was I who always started the quarrels, Dan?” Karen demands suddenly. “I was always being hurt by your neglect—and crying myself to sleep.” She smiles bitterly at the memory. “You used to say, ‘So the slob squad’s out again’.

“I haven’t been a prize husband, I know,” Kruger admits. “I have neglected you. I get so absorbed in my business I forget everything. I never blamed you for being hurt. As a matter of fact, I was always a little pleased when my staying away from home made you angry. You were jealous once, too—a few years ago.”

“Yes,” Karen agrees as she moves away

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from him, smiling bitterly, enigmatically.

I was—a few years ago.

On the Columbia Lot

I never get through marveling how pictures run in cycles. More and more, since I've been doing this department, I've come to realize the similarity in the basic plots of pictures that are coming from the various studios. The funny part of it is that the plots are different one month from the next.

Leaving R-K-O, where I found a domestic brawl and husband and wife estranged, the wife interested in another man, I arrive at Columbia only to find the same situation under another title—"Sisters Under the Skin" this time.

Frank Morgan is the president of one of the largest corporations in the world. He has been so busy accumulating money, so wrapped up in his business he has had no time to play. On his forty-ninth birthday his music teacher gives him up in despair as hopeless. He begins to realize he has missed much of the fun of life. When the banks try to hijack him on a loan, he resigns from the presidency of his corporation.

We pick him up in the directors' room. The walls, as usual, are a dead white. Three large windows which side are covered with Venetian blinds. At one end is another window, likewise with a blind over it. There is no furniture in the room except the desk. Morgan begins to talk about his business and his club friends.

Morgan is standing at the head, addressing the men who help him guide the corporation's fortunes.

Frank Morgan trying to explain why his picture is called "Sisters Under the Skin."

"Those three hundred and sixty-five days," Morgan begins, "connecting my last birthday and this, are the connecting links between a man in his prime and a man in his forties—and an old man in his dotage—an old man who has reached the half century mark where begins that dreadful, downhill clump—"

"Surely, Mr. Yates," one of the directors interrupts, "you're not serious—"

"I was never more serious in my life," Morgan replies. "I might have ignored the memorandum from Miss Gower (Clara Blandick, his lifelong secretary), but this morning I learned something else which disconcerted me tremendously. I was informed by a gentleman named Zukowski (Joseph Schildkraut)—my piano teacher—that I am no longer capable of playing a Beethoven sonata."

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Fancy going through life without being able to play a Beethoven sonata? The camera shots around the table catching the horrid expressions on the faces of the other men.

"I can read your thoughts, gentlemen," Morgan continues. "You're saying to yourselves, 'This man Yates has suddenly gone softening as his arteries harden. He's a fit subject for an assassin.' Maybe I am, but I've made up my mind. For thirty years I've been a slave to this company. I've been a prisoner in this tower for a long time. I believe I deserve a pardon. I'm resigning as President of the Yates Corporation and Chairman of the Board of Directors."

And now, gentlemen, you must excuse me. I have a most important engagement." With which pronouncement he walks quickly from the room leaving all of the directors in a state of shock. They feel like a drunkard under the shock of this blow. I stagger from the studio. There is no sense of my remaining there because it has been a long time before I recover enough to take in anything else.

Over At Fox

By the time I reach the Fox studio, I've at least got a little under control to walk without staggering and to breathe without gasping. My friend, Frank Perrett, one of the ablest, most agreeable and most disturbing publicity men in the business, views me with alarm.

"What the hell's the matter with you?"

"I've just had a horrible shock," I mutter, my teeth beginning to chatter again.

Frank Morgan resigned as president of the Studio Corporation. He can't play a Beethoven sonata."

"You're crazy," Frank announces as though he had just made an important discovery. "What's going on?"

"Nothing. It's just easy loan, the little subject of medicine."

"I don't know. Spencer Tracy and John Boles have the leads in this picture—"Bottoms Up"—but nothing of them seems to be coming out."

They're shooting a little number called "We're Looking for Prosperity." The set is simply the front of a stucco house with a leafless bush on either side of the door. The door is a bright blue with big silver letters, informing all and sundry that this is "Prosperity." Underneath is a name—Munier, a portly gentleman reminiscent of John Bunny, is sitting on the steps. Apparently he is too far gone to realize where he is because he keeps weaving as he sits. Pat is off to one side, apparently waiting for a cue to dash on with her chorus but the cue doesn't come even when she's here. Mr. Yates keeps just weaving and weaving and then he waves some more.

"Let's go somewhere else," I suggest to Frank. "Anything else light around?"

"Not a thing," he replies. "The only way we find ourselves on the set of "Three On a Honeymoon."

Oh, how swell. It's the swimming pool of a huge ocean liner. The floor looks to be marble, there are a couple of marble benches along the sides for swimmers to sit on and against the sidewalls are some ornate topped tables and chairs where passengers may order refreshments. In the background is the gymnasium and some can be seen tossing a heavy ball about. In the foreground are a lot of girls—and such girls!—in bathing suits—mostly with floaties on. The most novel thing about this set are the lighting fixtures. Against the wall is a square of black Bakelite glass. Fastened to this is an inverted silver bowl held in place.
with black brackets. Account of the bowl being inverted, it gives indirect lighting. I'd like some of them in my own home.

"Ready," the director yelps and my choler subsides.

Sally Eilers in a hug-me-tight swim suit takes her place in the pool, and Sally in anything is enough to give anyone high blood pressure, but in a swim suit she's enough to give old men young ideas. Ziegfeld once proclaimed her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood and if my indolent means anything, she has it.

John Mack Brown is standing on a diving board, and all the other boys and girls are grouped around the edge of the pool watching. Sally starts floating towards the far end of the pool. As she touches it she turns over, laughs, stands up and yells, "Teacher! I did it!"

Mush laughter from the crowd, although I must confess I didn't see anything so funny about that remark. Suddenly John dives off the board and comes up right where Sally's standing.

"Chuck!" she screams. "Gee, I'm glad to see you!" In her joy she tries to grab him around the neck and they both go under.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Hi, Dick!" says John shaking hands.

What you up for?

"No good," I grinn.

"Stick around and I'll join you."

advises. I glance hopefully at Sally to see if she, too, is in the mood for "no good" but Sally is busy catching the flu. She'll be home in bed with fever tomorrow.

Howard Lally disengages himself from a bunch of the gals and comes over. "If you're busy," he volunteers to Frank, "I'll show Dick around."

"Never mind," says Frank. "I want these sets covered. If I leave with you you'll both be here tomorrow or some of the girls will be missing—or something."

Just as we're leaving the set I spy Irene Hervey. Remember me telling you about her a couple of months ago in that picture she made with Otto Kruger called "The Women in His Life? Well, she's still doing all right.

"That was a cute squib you gave me," she smiles.

Nigel Bruce in "Murder in Trinidad."

COME on," says Frank. "It's getting late."

So we ooe over to another stage and find a dainty little morsel yclept "Murder in Trinidad" in progress.

"This has Vee or Jee who, these days, never even has to blink an eyelash to "place" me, "lo, Dick," he grins without a moment's hesitation.

"Fun, hell," he echoes and goes into a long dissertation about the difference in technique between American actors and British actors and it's a scream. Lack of ability on my part and lack of space on the magazine's prevent my giving it to you in detail, but he could go on a personal

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Bielert is FREE—WRITE TODAY.

1925 Western Pacific Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
CROSSWORD PUZZLE DEFINITIONS

ACROSS

1 Her last picture was "Hoopla".
2 They are principally responsible for film successes.
3 The era of a crook.
4 James Dunn's secretary in "Jumping and Sally".
5 She was fine in "The Pitzinger and the Lady".
6 The rich husband in "Wall of Gold" (initials).
7 A South American quadruped allied to the hog.
8 British India (abbr.)
9 Toward.
10 English money.
11 A male descendant.
12 Philadelphia is her birthplace.
13 Comparable to.
14 A petite blonde star.
15 Her latest picture is "Let's Fall in Love".
16 Before.
17 A short essay on a given subject.
18 Vigorous.
19 To bounce.
20 One of the most loveable little girls on the screen.
21 The owner of those expressive hands.
22 The most famous lover in Shakespeare's plays.
23 She has golden hair and green eyes.
24 A well known radio and stage comedian.
25 Depress.
26 Beloved.
27 A possessive pronoun.
28 A player in "The Right to Romance" (initials).
29 An excentric state (abbr.).
30 He was born on St. Valentine's Day.
31 Our Continent (abbr.).
32 Myself.
33 A film producer.
34 The Sun God.
35 To be afflicted with pain.
36 One of the "Four Frieden Lines" (initials).
37 A possessive pronoun.
38 River (Sp.).
39 His latest characterization is Pancho Villa.
40 He played in "College Coach".
41 Slightly indisposed.
42 The king in "My Lips Betray".
43 A charming Englishman.
44 Combatants between two persons with weapons.
45 Placed inside of shoes for warmth.
46 She is Mrs. Stuart Erwin.
47 DOWN

1 His newest picture is "Massacre".
2 Gravity (abbr.).
3 Her next picture will be "Green Mansions".
4 Four (Roman).
5 Decoy.
6 Periods of time.
7 Slender.
8 Possessive pronoun.
9 Gary Grant's pal (initials).
10 She was the Princess Sylva in "Roman Scandals".
11 He is appearing on the stage in New York (initials).
12 Lop's husband.
13 The little crippled boy in "A Man's Castle".
14 You'll be seeing him next in "Hot Air".
15 Foundation.
16 A long expression of approval.
17 Indicative article.
18 The 37th letter of the Greek alphabet.
19 Printed measure.
20 "Boron Munchausen".
21 Tube radio comedian has one.
22 He plans to go to Vienna to study bacteriology.
23 She was in "Fugitive Lovers".
24 A comedian who will soon return to the screen (initials).
25 The third note of the scale.
26 Lacking in quality.
27 Ukulele (Hebraic, initials).
28 Ed Wynn's favorite expression.
29 The wire in "The Mat Who Dared".
30 She made her film debut in "The World Changes".
31 He crooned to Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood".
32 Spoken.
33 She was once the wife of James Kirkwood.
34 An M-G-M star.
35 The unhappy girl in "Eight Girls in a Boat".
36 Constitutional code of spirit.
37 Machines used for grinding grain.
38 Reverential fear.
39 Sarcasm.
40 He made a bit in "Singing Pretty".
41 Prefix meaning only.
42 She is the professor in "Little Women".
43 British India (abbr.).
44 The crying comedian now in "Sons of the Desert" (initials).
45 The lovely wife of Frank Fay (initials).
46 King's College (abbr.).
47 She's in "Hip Hop Hooray".
48 Elder (abbr.).

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
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 cheeks, 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 toVelvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

Each with the other harmonized. How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably harmonize. 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.

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.
There are 6 types of home-grown tobaccos that are best for cigarettes

**Bright tobaccos**
U. S. Types 11, 12, 13, 14—produced in Virginia, North and South Carolina, and parts of Georgia, Florida and Alabama.

**Burley tobacco**
U. S. Type 31—produced in Kentucky.

**Maryland tobacco**
U. S. Type 32—produced in Southern Maryland.

These are the kinds of home-grown tobaccos used for making Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Then Chesterfield adds aromatic Turkish tobacco to give just the right seasoning or spice.

*Chesterfield ages these tobaccos for 30 months—2½ years—to make sure that they are milder and taste better.*

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