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ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .
to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

BASED on a marvelous color principle, TANGEE changes as you put it on—and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For TANGEE gives a natural glow without thickness or substance—permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much TANGEE you apply and upon your own natural coloring!

Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a solidified cream base—it not only beautifies, but actually soothes, heals and lasts twice as long!

NEW! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact for professional and evening use.

Tangee Lipstick, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c.
Creme Rouge—Most natural and permanent of all rouges, $1.
Tangee Face Powder, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1.
Night Cream, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. Day Cream, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1.
Tangee Cossettee, a new “mascara,” does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and “The Art of Make-up”
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., Dept. SS7★
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name. 
Address.
He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in him! Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, Bad Girl.

THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by FOX.
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Art

REFLECTING THE MAGIC
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COVER PORTRAIT
OF JANET GAYNOR
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE
THESE GOOD TIMES
LAST ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND!

What if vacation days are over? There are plenty of good times to be had! And you don't have to leave town for them either! They're at the nearest theatre to you that plays Paramount Pictures regularly and often. You get great entertainment—change, adventure, rest, relaxation—what we all of us need, all the time!

So don't lose that holiday feeling! Have your good times all the year 'round. And when you go, make it a family affair! There are Paramount Pictures for all—young and old alike—and they were never better than now! Watch for your theatre announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR
PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK
NOW that romance is having a renaissance—a rebirth in Empress Eugenie styles for the winter—beauty to accompany it becomes not a luxury, but a necessity! Quickly!

Would that we could invoke some magic that would instantly serve us on a mystic platter, a soft voice, a gentle manner, and a petal-like skin to go with the new dresses and hats. Imagine ostrich feathers and sunburn! Mutton-leg sleeves on a beld-cyed girl who stands with her feet apart! Coarse pores and too much make-up under those darling little hats that dip over one eye! Help! Help!

The most powerful enemy of beauty is dirt—plain old-fashioned everyday DIRT! (It is also the most common enemy.) A soiled neck-line and black hands have wrecked more golden opportunities for women both in marriage and in business than any other one thing.

Beauty is an illusion of loveliness all too easily shattered by a dark line under a finger-nail.

Your skin needs a deep-pore cleansing every single day. No one method agrees with every skin. There are creams, light and liqueifying, dissolving lotions to loosen imbedded soil, a fluffy cream that disappears into the skin mysteriously only to appear again (after gentle rubbing) as tiny soiled particles easily brushed away leaving the skin quite moist and soft (something new). There are gentle, pure soaps for those who can use them to advantage.

Any complexion disturbance indicates a wrong method of cleansing. If you have not been able to find just the right cleanser for your own skin write me a full description of complexion and the result of what you have been using and I will gladly advise you as to the best way to proceed.

A clean skin is a healthy skin. It can breathe, the pores can expand and contract making your skin finer-grained and more satiny. A pore discouraged by a load of soil it is unable to throw off becomes relaxed and enlarged and becomes the logical resting place of more dirt. Never use harsh methods in squeezing out such a deposit. You may injure the tissues around the pore so that it cannot contract even after the cleansing.

To refine enlarged pores is entirely possible but it can be accomplished by persistent effort. There are good pore creams and astringents to be had that are a wonderful help in that direction.

But cleanliness is the best preventive and also the best corrective. Bathe every day. Most of us do bathe every day and some of us only think we do. To jump in and out of a shower is called a bath by a lot of thoughtless people. They refuse to recognize that the pores not only breathe in oxygen but that they are also tiny organs of elimination. After they have done their work of depositing systemic poisons and refuse on the surface of the skin we should frequently relieve them of their burden and stimulate them to more activity by thorough soap and brush bathing.

And what is so lovely as a head of clean, silky hair?

Plenty of soap and water will put to rout this first and greatest enemy of beauty. But right on his heels is a second scavenger that not only threatens your looks at the moment but undermines the future. If I were an artist I would draw a picture of a many headed dragon and name it—FATIGUE!

Just because we have a lot of youthful energy is no reason we should drain it out as we do so needlessly. It is much easier to hold youth by guarding it than it is to regain it. But how in the world can we impress the youngsters with this fact?

Listen to me, you gorgeous, young things! It takes a reserve of strength to combat shadows, lines, skin dryness, dull eyes, drooping posture and the physical inefficiency that destroys beauty.

Young women should rest [Continued on page 81]
WARNER BROS. present

WILLIAM POWELL

as

The man men remembered and women couldn't forget in

The ROAD to SINGAPORE

DORIS KENYON
MARIAN MARSH

Based on a play by Roland Pertwee from a story by Denise Robins

Directed by
ALFRED E. GREEN

A greater William Powell—more intriguing than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman! Debonair lover! . . . See him at the glamorous height of his dramatic power, in a story of tropic nights; of love under a languorous moon; and of a key given but not used . . . See him experiment with love in The Road to Singapore—the finest screen play of his career—a great Warner Bros. production worthy of William Powell's talents . . .

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

for November 1931
FIRST PRIZE

Minneapolis, Minn.

I HAVE just enjoyed seeing Constance Bennett in ‘The Common Law’ and she is marvelous again. It is sufficient just to look at Miss Bennett. She is exquisite.

But what I would like to know is why admirable and influential stars are given roles so horribly modern. What younger girls, who literally worship them, are given the impression that the Free Soul and Free Love idea is the accepted thing. Of course, no one wants the movies to turn missionary, that is the other extreme. Miss Bennett is charming and captivating in every role, but can’t we have ‘smart’ pictures that don’t go ‘just too far’?

Myrna Clark

SECOND PRIZE

Cleveland, Ohio

BEING born in the slums of this city I don’t think there is anyone in the U. S. who loves the man who invented talkies more than I do.

I am the oldest of eight children (I am nineteen now). When I was thirteen years old I had to go to work so we could have enough to eat. I didn’t know much and couldn’t speak English correctly.

Like most girls born in poverty, I was always wishing for the better things of life. One day I decided to keep a few dollars of my pay and go to night school. I wore funny looking dresses and I was snubbed by everyone in my class. Of course, this hurt. I didn’t give up though, and when I was seventeen I went to my first talkie. To my surprise I found the answer to my problems.

I go to see every Joan Crawford picture and I try to talk the way she does. I sew rather well and when I have time I copy her dresses. I am proud to say that now I am popular, have pretty clothes, and am private secretary to one of the wealthiest men in town. No one will believe that I have educated myself through the talks. I had to tell someone of my happiness, that is why I am writing to you.

Margaret Dennis

(Margaret—Please send us your street address.)

THIRD PRIZE

Henderson, Tenn.

I HAVE just witnessed the showing of Joan Crawford in ‘Laughing Sinners’. I don’t blame the producers for not allowing Joan a vacation and calling her back to the studio to start immediately on another picture. They need to do something to cover up the hideous blot they’ve put on Joan by giving her such a picture.

Frankly, I’ve been an admirer of Joan’s for many years. When I think of her, I like to think of luxurious clothes, refinement, poise, aristocratic environment, intelligent thinking and not of the low bred night club dancer met while traveling men in cheap hotels, asking nothing but his time for a few hours. Give us Joan in something which has refinement—she’ll do the rest.

J. Howard Swain

AUNTIE-IN-WONDERLAND

St. Paul, Minn.

During the hot summer months my spinster aunt was shopping and was nearly overcome by the heat. She was a queer old soul who always declared the movies a menace to the world. On this particular afternoon the heat had made her very ill, and when she saw a sign, “It’s Cool Inside”, she was only too glad to go inside to get away from the sweltering streets. A courteous usher showed her to a luxurious seat where it was most delightfully cool, and she sank into its depth with a sigh of relief. As she rested with her eyes closed she heard a song, a pleasing song. She opened her eyes and saw a man smiling, singing and laughing. It was Maurice Chevalier in “The Smiling Lieutenant”. She was crazy about him. She liked Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert and thought they were both mighty fine.

As the picture ended she left the theatre in a daze. She had been transported into a new world—a world she had never known existed. On the way home she bought a SILVER SCREEN to read the reviews on the pictures and the gossip about the stars. Now it’s a problem to keep her home as she races off to see Garbo, Novarro, Shearer, and others nearly every day.

Alice Britling

TO ARMS!

New York City

IT THEODORE DREISER felt sore when he saw how his masterpiece, “An American Tragedy”, had been maltreated by the cinema people who had reproduced his novel as a film, just think how Mark Twain would have felt if he had been alive today to see what happened to his immortal “Huckleberry Finn” in motion picture form.

What cared the sponsors of the picture if, in the original story, Tom Sawyer appeared on the scene only in the opening and closing chapters? What cared they if the famous vagabond journey down the Mississippi on a raft was made by Huck Finn and the “runaway nigger”, Jim, with Tom Sawyer not in evidence at all? The picture folks wanted Tom on that raft, and so they simply put him on it and remodeled a classic to suit themselves!

To the readers of Mark Twain the film is impossible and an insult to their intelligence.

Elsa Westyn

SEZ YOU?

Conway, Ark.

CLARK GABLE has gone over big with every role assigned him. He is wonderful, and there’s no question about it—he’s destined for a big future. He is going to be M-G-M’s next star, and it won’t be long now.

I’ll never forget the first time I ever saw him—he was the very fascinating Luke Leuwa in “Dance, Fools, Dance”. He impressed me greatly—and I remarked about him to the door boy as I left the theatre. From that day on, I became a genuine Clark Gable fan, and I’m going to stay one too.

Marion Morris

SEZ YOU?

Grand Island, Nebraska.

CLARK GABLE—take him away! The only ones who like him are silly young girls who fall for anyone with grease in his hair.

Down with Gable and that goes for that Joel McCrea boy too. Bob Montgomery shall and always will lead in devotion of the fans.

Rex Nath

(Continued on page 64)
THE ONE AND ONLY
GRETA GARBO IN THE
ARMS OF FASCINATING
CLARK GABLE! WHAT
A PAIR OF SCREEN
LOVERS THEY MAKE!

GRETA
GARBO

magnificently thrilling in
David Graham Phillips classic love story—
SUSAN LENOX
(HER FALL AND RISE)
with an all-star cast including
CLARK GABLE
Jean HERSHOLT
John MILJAN

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going
days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that
will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and
be thrilled!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
ME ANOTHER!

SALLY FORTH

By

THE chatter of Hollywood, Sally Firth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's stumped if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

MRS. MAC OF CANADA: Where in the world did you hear that awful gossip about Chevalier? It ain't so, ma'am, it ain't so! I saw Chevalier and his missus just a few months ago when they were sailing for France and a vacation, and Maurice didn't even have a pimple on his face much less a carter. One year to live? How perfectly absurd. Maurice never looked healthier than he does now, and I have been seeing him to these six years. So put your fears to rest and squelch that gossip the next time it comes floating your way. Monsieur will be back in America just any day now, and will leave immediately for Hollywood where he will make his next picture. Vicki Baum, the famous author whose "Grand Hotel" was the dramatic sensation of New York last winter, has been imported from Berlin by Paramount to write a scenario for Chevalier.

DOROTHY S.: Dorothy Stanwyck is your favorite star. I like Barbara, too, and never miss any of her pictures. She's so natural, isn't she? Not a bit actressy or high and mighty—why she's just like the kind of girl you'd like to have for your best friend. And Barbara is as natural and friendly off the screen as she is on. Her real name is Ruby Stevens and she was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 16th, 1907. She has grey eyes and dark blue eyes and she is five feet five inches and weighs 120 pounds. She is married to Frank Fay. Barbara's next picture is "Safe in Hell" (of all places to be cute at!). By the way, did you see Clark Gable give Barbara a sock on the chin in "Night Nurse"? Clark certainly bangs those girls around, doesn't he? What a man!

PHILLIS: Yes, Miriam Hopkins really plays the piano awfully well, but it was only "make-believe" in "The Smiling Lieutenant." You see Paramount has ideas on the subject and so they have their own official piano player. And can that boy rattle the keys! He's Johnnie Green and he has composed a lot of popular songs, among them the famous "Body and Soul".

ARTHUR: Margaret Livingston recently married Paul Whiteman and at present they are on their honeymoon. Nancy Carroll is still with Paramount, and if she doesn't walk off the set again (which is getting to be a Carroll habit) she'll soon complete "The Man I Killed" with Phillips Holmes. Betty Bronson's last picture to date was "Lover Come Back," Thanks for those kind words about my department, Arthur, and "ask me another" sometime.

ALENA: Gloria Swanson's next is "Tonight or Never" which is all about the private life of an opera singer—and Gloria has a chance to sing again, thank goodness. "Tonight or Never" is the famous Belasco's last play and was running on Broadway when he died. Gloria saw it on one of her visits to New York, liked it, and persuaded Louis Goldwyn to buy it for her. Louise Fazenda hangs up her hat at the First National studio.

JAY: Walter Huston plays the role of district attorney in "The Star Witness" and gives his usual wonderful performance. I thought he was marvelous in "The Criminal Code" and I'm glad you share my opinion.

BILLY, THE RED-HEAD: At present Alice White is on a vaudeville tour. Irene Delroy played the lead in "Follow That Thrill" several years ago when it was one of the season's best musical comedies on Broadway, but Nancy Carroll played the lead when it became a talking picture. Buddy Rogers was the hero and it was all done quite grandly in technicolor. Joan Crawford's real name is Billie Cassin and she was born in San Antonio, Texas. When she became a dancer at the Winter Garden and then when she was signed up for pictures she changed her name again. Here's betting that she won't change it again—though, of course, in private life she is Mrs. Doug, Jr.

GEORGE H.: Wasn't Leslie Howard simply grand in "Five and Ten"? Of course the picture was rather poor but he certainly succeeded in making it entertaining. So he's your favorite now, and you want to know something about him? Well, Leslie was born in London, April 24, 1893 and he has been interested in the stage ever since he can remember. Whenever he opens in a play in London they have to call out the police to keep his fans from mobbing him, and the New York theatre-going public is wild about him too. He has been in movies for a year now, his first picture being "Outward Bound"; and his next picture will be "Devotion" with Ann Harding. That ought to be a honey, for no two people know more about the art of acting than Ann and Leslie. He's five feet ten inches, weighs 155 pounds, has blond curly hair and blue eyes. And—alas—there is a Mrs. Leslie Howard.

GERALDINE: Gary Cooper is not married. Lupe Velez has been his girl for a long time, but recently they quarreled.

STELLA: Ralph Graves played opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure." Did you see him in "Dirigible"? Yes, Clara Bow really had red hair when she first became a screen celebrity—but it has gone through several shades of red in the last few years. Karen Morley was in her sophomore year at the University of Los Angeles when the urge overcame her to quit college and go on the stage. She joined a repertory company in Los Angeles and being an ambitious girl decided to hunt for film work to fill in-between-theatre engagements. M-G-M gave her a small but important part in Greta Garbo's "Innocation," and her performance was so perfect they immediately signed her on a long-term contract.
SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents

EDDIE CANTOR

in

Palmy Days

with CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

GREATEST laugh show on earth . . .
see Eddie Cantor making love to the daughter of the American Doughnut King . . .
see Eddie Cantor's lesson in dunking . . .
see Eddie Cantor as an efficiency expert . . .
see Eddie Cantor exposing the fake fortune telling racket. But there's even more than comedy to Palmy Days . . . it's the successor to "Whoopie" . . . from Samuel Goldwyn . . . with more comedy songs . . .
more glorious girls, costumes, settings . . .
and more of those Eddie Cantor laughs.

AN EDWARD SUTHERLAND PRODUCTION.

A UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

OUT-WHOOPES 'WHOOPEE'

for November 1931
A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE
By Priscilla Bryant

1 A fox player; her last name is Alcaniz
5 Sequel to "Beau Geste"
12 Her husband is Nick Stuart
16 Upon
17 To win affection
19 Pertaining to Arabia
21 Part of "to be"
22 A rodent
24 Rendered vocally
25 Producer of "Our Gang" comedies
27 Plays with Hardy in Hal Roach comedies
28 Sister (abbr.)
29 An exclamation
30 Before
33 A high priest or judge (Biblical)
34 A small depression made by striking or pressing
36 One of Hal Roach's stars
39 She is in a sanitarium in Arizona on the road to complete recovery
41 Jenny Lind in "A Lady's Morals"
43 A star of western pictures
45 Incorporated (abbr.)
46 A vegetable
51 And not
56 He stutters
58 She is going to have a really good part again in "Boarding School"
59 A diphthong of Latin origin
60 Worship
61 John Barrymore's leading lady in his last two pictures
62 A dirigible
63 The name of studios in New York and Hollywood

ACROSS
1 Mrs Irving Thalberg
6 An article
10 Toward
11 An article: direction (Scot.)
12 A disinfectant
13 Early English (abbr.)
61 A beverage made from the juice of apples
65 A seam-stitch in knitting
68 Behold
69 A man's name
70 Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres are in this picture
71 Mother of all mankind
72 Mist (abbr.)
73 To fail to hit the mark
74 Went swiftly
75 He is in Radio Pictures
76 Auctions
77 Tine
78 Fish-hooks
79 God of war
80 The MGM lion
81 To steep or soak
82 An enthusiastic movie devotee
83 Rip
84 Naked
85 Suffer
86 Sicky in "Skippy"
87 To hurry
88 A term of affection
89 Nonna Shearer's aunt in "Strangers May Kiss"
90 She is in "Fifty Million Frenchmen"
91 "Abraham Lincoln"
92 Not (French)
93 Amoyer (abbr.)
94 Bebe's husband
95 Fervent
97 A suffix
98 Julie Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway"
99 Each (abbr.)
100 A compound of arsenicated hydrogen and an organic radical
101 Latitude (abbr.)
102 A motion picture show
103 A prefix
104 A sash worn by Japanese women
105 He played with Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance"
106 A small hoofed mammal with rhinoceros-like molar teeth
107 Naughty
108 A topic
109 A domestic fowl
110 Her name is Dorothy, and her latest picture is "Laugh And Get Rich"
111 Graham in "Always Goodbye"
112 "Mammy's" boy
113 The girl in "Tabu"
114 Negative
115 Yeomen
116 Note of the scale
117 An epoch
118 An international language proposed by E. P. Foster
119 A fresh-water food-fish
120 A comedienne; her last name is Kelton
121 He has an important part in "The Miracle Woman"

DOWN
1 Noreen in "Three Girls Lost"
2 She first appeared in talks as Ann Rutledge in
3 "Beau Geste"
4 A river in N. E. Asia
5 To yawn (Scot.)
6 A prefix
7 Dorothy Peterson (initials)
8 Wife of Harry Bannister
9 He's in "Rebound"
10 Her husband is Phil Berg
11 Lawsuit
12 The star of "Sally"
13 Lubricate
14 One who reasons
15 One who comes or arrives
16 The author of "Schoolgirl"
17 One of Will Rogers' sons in "Young as You Feel"
18 What an interrogative
19 A jungle picture
20 She Caro's real name
21 Where the Austrians defeated Napoleon in 1809
22 Manuscript (abbr.)
23 A mischievous person
24 A pointed rod on which meat is turned and roasted before a fire
25 A Swedish comedian
26 Near
27 South
28 Adjusted to a musical standard
29 To be in want of
30 A body of water
31 A flap
32 Prefix meaning three times
33 Enerv
34 A short-winged, web-footed bird of the northern seas
35 On a higher place
36 A college degree (abbr.)
37 Senior (abbr.)
38 Royal Navy (abbr.)
39 Concerning
40 Thalium (abbr.)

(The answers to last month's puzzle is on page 76. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.)
Every Good Boy Deserves Fun

Look!

Easy as A·B·C
to learn music this way

Just see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, “Every Good Boy Deserves Fun”—and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is E. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is G.

And the spaces—just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells “face”—simple enough to remember, isn’t it? Thus whenever a note appears in the first space, it is F. Whenever a note appears in the second space, it is A.

You have learned something already! Isn’t it fun? You’ll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No dull and uninteresting scales. No “tricks” or “secrets”—no theories—you learn to play real music from real notes.

You don’t need a private teacher this pleasant way. In your own home, alone, without interruption or embarrassment, you study this fascinating, easy method of playing. Practice as much or as little as you like, to suit your own convenience, and enjoy every minute of it.

You learn from the start—previous training unnecessary

So clear and simple are these fascinating “music lessons” that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. Clear, concise, interesting and attractive—that is how each lesson is presented to you. And at only a few pennies a day!

You’ll be amazed at your progress! You “get on” so quick-ly, so easily, to everything that almost before you realize it you are playing tunes and melodies from notes.

The surest way to popularity

Don’t be just “another one of the guests” at the next party you go to. Be the center of attraction! The most popular one at a party is always the person who can entertain—and there is no finer and more enjoyable kind of entertainment than music.

Learn music this simple way and amaze your friends. Once you can play you will be surprised how popular you become. In amateur bands and at parties you’ll find new pleasure and popularity.

Never before have you had such a chance to become a good player quickly without a teacher. And this method does not mean that you will be able merely to read notes and play a simple tune or two—but it means you will become a capable, efficient player. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

No alibi now for not learning to play your favorite instrument

Like having a phantom teacher at your side every minute, encouraging you, teaching you, smoothing the way so that it becomes so much easier, so much quicker for you to master your favorite musical instrument.

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are told how a thing is done, then by graphic illustrations and diagrams you are shown how, and when you play—you hear it.

Don’t be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special “talent”. Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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TABLOID

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as signposts; to point your way to the pictures that you will want to see—or stay away from.)

ALEXANDER HAMILTON Excellent

(Warner's)

George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances. He plays the role of Alexander Hamilton, the great American statesman of the nineteenth century. Hounded by jealous politicians, Hamilton goes noble to protect his country. It's even more thrilling than "Disraeli"; Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Great

(Paramount)

This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BAD GIRL

Splendid

(Fox)

Here's something new in feminine appeal, girls! Talking about James Dunn, the bad-boy-husband of "Bad Girl". You'll be curious about him—and the picture too! It's the film version of Vina Delmar's best seller of the same name, and it's all about a young couple who are trying to make a go of marriage. Underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers makes a good "Bad Girl".

BOUGHT

Splendid

(Warner's)

Connie Bennett is still a sophisticated sinner, and if you are a Connie Bennett fan you will be wild about this picture. Connie again plays the role of a young girl who wants nice things—and all that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Millard help her get them.

BRAT, THE

Good

(Loew's)

A refreshing and appealing picture about a little street waif (Nelly O'Neil) who is shoved into a night court because she is unable to pay for a meal. She meets a rich, handsome author there—and you know the rest. Frank Albertson is the heart throb.

CAUGHT

Good

(Paramount)

Louise Dresser brings that grand character of Calamity Jane, a tough gal of the Wild West, to the screen in magnificent fashion. Louise and her bad bandits are pursued by a noble youth (Richard Arlen) who turns out to be Louise's long lost son. Here's a heart-breaking situation for you. But Louise emotes without spilling over so it isn't the least bit silly. Frances Dee is Dick's girl.

COMMON LAW

A frankly sophisticated picture with Connie Bennett playing an artist's model who falls in love with an artist. His folks oppose their marriage so that's where the old common law enters. Connie again glories sin, making it most attractive. Joel McCrea is the artist.

PICTURES YOU REALLY MUST SEE

"This Modern Age"

—because of Joan Crawford.

(Hat tips for lovers)

"An American Tragedy"

—to see Sylvia Sydney's expressive little face, and to see Irving Pichel, an actor"

"Bad Girl"

—One of the great pictures with just enough hokum. Meet Mr. James Dunn

"Street Scene"

—because it is the new idea in pictures done perfectly

DADDY LONG LEGS

Great

(Fox)

Bring the whole family to see this. Janet Gaynor has a wistful, haunting appeal as the orphan who falls in love with Daddy Long Legs, her benefactor. The picture has pathos; it has humor; it has everything. Warner Baxter makes an interesting leading man, but it's Janet's picture.

FIVE AND TEN

Fair

(M-G-M)

This picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth and make you glad you aren't burdened with a lot of stocks and bonds. Marion Davies, an daughter of a millionaire, gets involved in a scandal with Leslie Howard, her mother runs with a gambler, and her brother commits suicide. But there's a happy ending.

FULL OF NOCKS

Fair

(Paramount)

Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of vaudeville actors out of work get hold of a drug store and run it in a rather hysterical manner. Dorothy Lee enters into the fun and it's all quite crazy with plenty of laughs. There are some new vise-cracks—and some old favorites.

GIRL HABIT, THE

Fair

(Paramount)

It isn't Charley Ruggles' fault that this picture isn't particularly funny for he is given no support at all. And the plot is as thin as a ham sandwich in an automatic. All kinds of goofy things happen and Charley has his moments of delicious comedy, but on the whole it's only mildly amusing.

GREAT LOVER, THE

Excellent

(M-G-M)

The magnificent Menjou is a gay, adventurous opera singer in this picture, and he takes his love where he finds it. Along comes an American girl (Irene Dunne). Menjou can offer the ambitious girl a glamorous career on the operatic stage and Neil Hamilton can offer her home and the love of an honest man. Who wins the fair Irene? Ernest Torrence and fascinating Baclonova are in the cast.

It is All-Saints' Eve and Saint Joan Crawford has cast a spell of witchery over Monroe Owsley.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
New Ventilated girdle reduces waist and hips
~two to four inches in TEN DAYS

FASHIONABLE women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hips and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

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PUT IT IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR CURRENT MOVIE LIST

Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today’s young moderns...

The growing boy and girl...lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals...are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART...and assuredly not a gang picture.

Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linden, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberto Canhe, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Silver Screen
Silver Screen's Movietown Topics

AFTER six years on the Paramount lot, Buddy Rogers and his bosses have decided to part company. Everything friendly, of course, no fights or hair-pulling. Buddy's contract reaches an optional stage on December 1 and due to Buddy's insistence on certain monetary considerations it will not be taken up. Buddy will immediately become a "New Yorker" and direct his own orchestra in the New Yorker Hotel. A stage, band and radio tie-up will net him about $10,000 per week—which isn't bad for these depressing times. I could live on that—couldn't you?

Buddy began his film career in 1925 at the Paramount School, established at that time to develop new screen talent. Since then he has made countless Paramount pictures, and only one away from his home studio—that was when Mary Pickford borrowed him to play her hero in "My Best Girl". Before he leaves Paramount he still has to make "Mary Makes a Call" and "Working Girl". So there are two more chances to see Mrs. Rogers handsome son Charles. Wonder who'll take Buddy's place? It was sort of nice having him around, wasn't it? Well, see you in television, Buddy!

JACKIE "SKIPPY" COOPER has sent Tallulah Bankhead his autographed photograph. Tallulah is one of Jackie's most ardent fans and when "Skippy" was being shown in New York she went so many times she lost count.

THAT strong silent man, Gary Cooper, whom so many women have "loved" and lost has been seen in a lot of New York's sit-up-late places since he began "Blind Cargo" out at the Paramount Long Island studios. His companion-in-mirth has sometimes been Tallulah Bankhead, and sometimes Marjorie Wilson, but never that little gal they call Lupe. Of course, all the sob sisters and chatterers descended upon Gary at the studio and made it very clear that they would like to know just what happened between him and the Mexican hot tamale. But Gary is a perfect gentleman. "I only know what I read in the papers," he says with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Gary has been giving New Yorkers an extra thrill by appearing at most of the premieres, both cinematic and otherwise. Lil Dagover met him at the first night of the "Vanities" and was as delighted as a movie fan. And at "Street Scene" they had to call out the blue-coats to guard our Gary from love-lorn ladies who wanted just a lock of his hair or a handful of his tuxedo.

LIL DAGOVER has come over from Germany to do some acting for First National in Hollywood. The name of the first one is "I Spy". While the exquisite Lil stopped off in New York she was taken by a boastful friend to view the world from the top of the Empire State Building, which after all is the same height as the Eiffel Tower in Paris with which Lil is familiar. The New Yorker was going strong broadcasting the local points when Lil demurely asked, "When it rains in New York, does it snow up here?" It's hard to put anything over on a Dagover.

THE latest report from Cupid is that Russell Gleason has beat the time of Jack Oakie and other suitors for the lovely hand of Mary Brian. They're seen together almost nightly.

THE latest news concerning Clara Bow that has reached these big ears of mine is that she will make "Impatient Virgin" for Universal and will receive $50,000. Dear me, just a mere trifle like that! If I ever saw that much money I'd probably die of heart failure—but I guess it's all in the day's work for Clara. REX Bell is still head man among the boy friends, and it's beginning to look like the real thing this time.

[More Movietown Topics on page 48]
There is a different Sally behind those eyes for they have looked upon the grim spectre of failure.

JUST one more chance . . . just one more chance. . . . " Haunting, plaintive words whispered in the twilight of a Hollywood dawn when frail thoughts flit through the gray shadows of the mind. Sad words, that infinitely echo—"just one more chance." Little lost words, like frightened moths caught in the web of the years that pass. They are the cry of the Failures!

To fail is a miserable thing. It does something to the soul. At first you laugh and toss your head and gaily say it doesn't matter. But as week follows week and the "breaks" do not come you avoid the boulevards with their gay, chattering people and take to the back-streets of life which eventually lead to the abyss of sorrow. Beyond that—nothing. Oblivion. "Just one more chance . . . please, Oh, God. . . . just one more chance," you plead standing on the brink with white face and clenched hands.

In "The Magnificent Lie" Ruth Chatterton sings a blues song "Just One More Chance—To Prove I Love You." And the combination of the subdued sadness of the Chatterton voice and those mockingly haunting words haunted my dreams for many nights. Perhaps you've never known the pitiless shame of failure; perhaps you've never had to smother your sobs at night in a pillow to keep the world from hearing; perhaps you've never felt the hurt of silence—the letter that does not come, the phone that does not ring. Endless, tortuous days of waiting, waiting, waiting—for one more chance. If you've missed all this you're lucky—but you really haven't lived. I know. And so does Sally O'Neil.

There was a time, and it was only a few years ago, that Sally O'Neil was at the top of the ladder of Fame. One success, Marshal Neilan's "Mike," put her there, and "Sally, Irene and Mary" made her position more secure. Sally was sitting pretty. Her friends were legion, her home was a show place, her parties were expensive, her clothes and her cars were costly, her laughter was the gayest, and her escapades were the talk...
of filmdom. Her name was in lights! And then something happened. No one—and least of all Sally—knew just what. But the lights went out. Sally tried to laugh it off, pretend that it was only a delusion. And then suddenly a bare, unadorned, cruel fact stared her in the face—no one wanted her. She was a Failure. "Just one more chance," she begged, "just one more chance—please . . . ."

And Fate gave Sally another chance. But it was not presented to her on a silver tray with love and kisses. Oh, no. Sally had to fight for it. Little Irish Sally, fresh and wholesome as a morning breeze, took it on the chin again and again but she put up a good fight. She had made good once, and she knew she could make good again—if they'd just give her another chance.

I lunches with Sally recently at the Ritz Carlton (symbolical of success) and she told me her story. Tears came to her eyes as she talked and I knew she was thinking of slights, disappointments, and heartaches still too fresh to be aired in public.

"I never thought anything like that could happen to me," she said with a catch in her voice. "I had everything and I thought it would last forever. I simply couldn't believe I was on the skids at first. I knew I wasn't getting many calls from the studios, but I just supposed it was one of those things—and would soon pass. But when month followed month and no one offered me a part I began to wonder what was wrong with me. My voice recorded perfectly for talking pictures, I was young, I could act, I was the same Sally once in such great demand.

"Other girls with less than I had to offer were going right ahead. Why did they pick on me? Why? Why? Why? Was the public sick of seeing me? That was the impression I gathered from the different casting directors, and you can just imagine how that hurt. But I refused to believe it. I'd show them the public wasn't sick of me if they'd just give me one more chance, one more picture. But not a director in Hollywood could see it my way. Sally O'Neil was through.

"The first time I heard that I think I cried for a week. I thought I'd never be able to hold my head up again. I couldn't bear to be with those people who had shared in my success. I fancied that they were whispering to one another 'Poor Sally O'Neil—she's through.' I wanted to get away, to start life all over again. I knew that if I stayed on the outside of things in Hollywood I would soon lose confidence in myself. So Mollie and I went on a vaudeville tour—but our heart wasn't in it, and it wasn't much of a success. Back in Hollywood again—and broke—I found out a lot of sad truths about friends, and life, and myself. The mad, merry movie world whirled gaily past me, and never once stopped and invited me to dance. I was an outcast. 'Wonder what's become of Sally?' I'd read in the fan magazines, and see red. I'd show them what's become of Sally—if I only had the chance.

"Well, I thought I knew all about bad breaks by that time, but I was doomed to learn a whole lot more. The skids were under me all right and I was headed for the bottom with no stop-overs. Every day I would cheerfully say, 'Well, at least things can't be any worse,' and so help me, before sundown something more terrible than ever had happened. I can't talk about some of those things—but you know I guess about my brother Jackie—my favorite brother—and all that horrible publicity. I did everything I could for the poor kid—the trial took my last cent—but I couldn't save him from prison.

"There were a lot of other heartaches too. But I was determined to fight my way back. Without friends and money it wasn't easy. Besides I had the stamp of Failure on me—and that's worse than leprosy in Hollywood. But to make a long story short, my agent told me that it was rumored that Fox would re-make 'The Brat.' The rôle of the little street waif in that would be perfect for me. I thought that if I learned the part carefully and begged them to give me a test I might be able to convince them that I could do it. My last hope was 'The Brat'. I had reached the end. All I asked of life was just a chance to do 'The Brat.' I sat up all night memorizing the lines, and acted them over and over again, throwing my whole soul into the part. I knew I could do it.

"And would you believe it the next morning I read in the paper where Fox would produce 'The Brat' with Maureen O'Sullivan in the leading rôle. Talk about life's darkest moment. I just sat down and cried. A priest happened to be visiting [Continued on page 78]
Some Call Him a GENIUS

Kent Douglass is sufficiently erratic, talented and fascinating to qualify

By Charles Grayson

He is called "Dubs" by his friends. He does not like his screen name of Kent Douglass. In New York he is known as Douglass Montgomery. But when he was signed by M-G-M it was thought wrong to have two Montegomeries in the studio publicity. And Bob was there first.

He is six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. Without ever having taken any exercise, he has a magnificent physique.

He was born in Los Angeles twenty-two years ago. He looks older than that because, as he says, of his habit of staying up late at night. He will not call it a day as long as there is anyone left up to whom he may talk.

He wears brocaded pajamas, the coats of which are fashioned like Russian blouses. The necks of these are never buttoned. He drives a grey old-fashioned Pierce-Arrow roadster, which may be heard coming for miles. His dog, Gaelic King, an Irish wolf hound, is the biggest dog in town. A combination of Dubs, the car and Gaelic King is about as calm and soothing as the fourth day of a major artillery bombardment.

He made his professional début at fourteen as Lionel Barrymore's son in a Los Angeles revival of "The Copperhead". In the cast there was an obscure young actor named Clark Gable. The run was short and Dubs went back to school plays.

He wears rough-neck sweaters and black-birds make dives at his bright blonde hair, searching for nest material. Extraordinarily healthy, he is most susceptible to colds. He takes one on the slightest provocation.

From Los Angeles High School dramatics he graduated to the Pasadena Community Theatre, where he made the greatest personal success yet scored in that splendid organization. At nineteen he was assistant director to the celebrated Gilmor Brown. He has a photograph of Brown inscribed "to the playboy of our western world".

His family is one of the oldest and best known in Southern California. His father is one of the Montgomery Brothers, of the famous jewelry concern. His mother is Leona Montgomery, prominent in social and musical circles. His uncle is F. H. Kellog, the financier.

From Pasadena he went to Los Angeles to play with Bert Lytell in "Silence", and to be featured in "Desire Under the Elms" and "Kempy". Then New York called.

He continually threatens to diet; but to a luncheon of tomato juice and chef's salad he will add pastry, ice cream and perhaps a lamb chop or two.

He made his New York début in "God Loves Us". Then "Daisies Won't Tell", with Pauline Lord. Then "Crime", with Sylvia Sidney, James Rennie, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Chester Morris. This play "made" both him and Sylvia Sidney.

Between pictures he lives at "Edgecliff", the family home in Pasadena. He has his own bungalow on the grounds. The floors of this cottage are painted a bright yellow, the walls are red, and so is the fireplace, the phonograph, the picture frames and the spreads on the beds. A few steps away is the swimming pool, with close by a barbecue pit and a bar. His parties are invariably held out of doors, with the magnificent vista of surrounding hills as background.

He left "Crime" abruptly in the middle of its successful run. He has a prejudice [Continued on page 70]
Anecdotes of Janet Gaynor

There is no novice in any ecclesiastical order who has surrendered her life to service more completely than has Janet Gaynor. A potentially great actress she has offered her talents in sacrifice to continue the fanciful, unreal, maiden rôles which the public so delights to believe in.

JANET GAYNOR, bowing to public will, has accepted a career of fragile fantasy. She has agreed to go on playing “Seventh Heaven” rôles with variations of humor. Her poignant, silhouette voice even is raised again in a birdlike song.

Realizing that the cinema was chattering along without her elfin syllables and that her success so fiercely desired and so earnestly worked for was slipping into the past, she gave up a doomed idea. Drama was not for the “likes of her.”

Janet has been the victim of much misrepresentation. Press agents “plugged” her pathos too insistently making her out an old-fashioned, obedient child. Interviewers—whom she won’t see—take a kernel of pique and exaggerate it into a mountain of surmise.

The screen Janet recalls to us such archaic things as quaintness and sentiment and feminine frailty. She is a fragile figurine in a worn dress. A nimbus of pathos hangs around her.

The real Janet is a staccato personality, vibrant with an inherent joie de vivre and full of a smoldering fire. Piquancy ripples alive, into impishness; that ethereal poignancy melts into a glad spontaneity. Her very spirit is springy.

About her small person conflicting rumors eddy, due partially to her disinclination to grant interviews. She objects to the speculation about her domestic affairs. Yet, when questioned, she evades direct answers with such appealing persuasion that you can only smile indulgently.

Instead of weeping over Charlie Farrell’s marriage, she is buoyant. Hurt, she wonders “why they write such things.”

They never were in love, those two. Their simultaneous discovery and their shared isolation at first, fearful and awkward in the complex machinery of a spotlighted life where careers are shaped among webs of strange, new influences, welded them together in a charming friendship that has lasted many years. Babes in the Woods of Hokum and Hypocrisy they relied upon each other for strength in those moments of panic during adjustment to the levels of success. That was all. A publicity campaign sought to establish a romance, from the echoes of which neither has been able to escape.

Though united again in their work, each has found a real life elsewhere and politely asks to be allowed to pursue it.

When things go awry, Janet sits quietly alone, reading Trine’s “In Tune with the Infinite” until she regains her balance. Only by a strain does she achieve a contemplative tranquility, schooling her impetuosity. A course in self-discipline has been going on back of her ingenious childishness. These periods when she must commune with her deeper self are growing more infrequent.

Mostly, she is the comedienne, her days laced with laughter. It puzzles me that this facet of her personality has not been exploited. For no one is more fun. On the set she strums her uke and hums plaintive Hawaiian melodies to which she adds a sauciness. It is in her merry eyes, in the way her lips quirk and her shoulders arch; it threads her voice—so like a fawn’s silvery whistle—with a gay banter.

Janet is one of those born flirts. When they lived in a small bungalow, it was the kid next door or the paper boy, and at the studio whichever worker chanced to be in radius, who was charmed into slavery by that coquetish playfulness.

Janet, at twenty-four, is firmly established. At the studio all is sweetness and light once more, the past forgiven. Proof of her prestige is the bestowed upon her of the Irish cottage dressing-room erected for John McCormack. It is being done [Continued on page 74]
Joan Crawford has one of the most expressive figures on the screen.

An early Garbo picture. She had the quality from the beginning.

WILLOWY

This is the Hollywood touch—this is the noticeable characteristic of every picture girl. They bend, sway and give. All are lovely creatures because they are Lissom Ladies.

THEY are making Marian Marsh into a star, and all the secrets of Warner Brothers are being whispered into her little ears. She has the beauty, the exquisite beauty of the Constance Bennett type, and she responds to the Hollywood wisdom so naturally that you wonder if perhaps it isn’t her own idea. In any event, she has the secret, the secret that has made Garbo the symbol of love, and Joan Crawford the most imitated girl in pictures.

Marian Marsh did not tell me—she showed me the secret.

The big lamps formed a dividing wall between us. Their light poured about her with an exciting blaze. The camera man moved about on my side of the lamps, with quick and accurate movements. The dusk of unimportance enveloped us. Marian was posing for stills and as she swayed into position the Hollywood training revealed itself. To see a girl pose for a publicity still or a fashion portrait is no novelty to us, but here was something new; something so essentially a part of pictures that it is to be found again and again in the stills from great screen productions.

The Hollywood figure in itself is no longer the pass-
Garbo in "Susan Lenox", her latest picture, still yields with exquisite grace

WOMEN

By Eliot Keen

There is no one with a "dancing" body than Joan Crawford and yet she does not dance in her latest "This Modern Age"; that is, not to music. She dances in her heart but it requires the dancer's body to express the abandon and surrender of her love.

Once we were in the Metropolitan Opera House when a great lady of the nobility of a foreign land sat in state, or at least in stately dignity, in the "Diamond Horseshoe". She was the Baroness Hollweig-Blen-something-or-other. All gazed in awe upon her. But dynasties have fallen since then, and now the lady wouldn't do. Then, she had regal mien and she held it. Nowadays, if the princess of our dreams wants to make good with us she must be as supple as our beloved Connie Bennett.

Speaking of Connie, let us give her credit for the perfect and final development of this Hollywood demand for sensuous expression. It is Connie's snuggling and the sweet responsiveness of her cuddling that makes her pay check $30,000 weekly, and she doesn't have to snuggle to the paymaster either.

Ben Lyon and Constance Bennett in "Bought". Note Connie's clinging-vine suppleness.

At the left, Marian Marsh the Trilby girl, Warner's new find.
I can't sit still, and I can't stand still. I want to be moving all the time. Life never has bored me. I like to meet people and find out what they think about—what makes their particular wheels go 'round, you might say.

I like to read books and I have my favorite authors. I once wanted to be an author myself, and I have all kinds of manuscripts about, to say nothing of a priceless collection of rejection slips. I sold two or three things while I was in school and didn't need the money. When I really needed it, I couldn't give my stuff away. Personally (and privately) I still don't think it's so bad.

I always burn whenever anyone says "my, you've had a sensationally rapid rise in pictures". I've been in Hollywood for quite a long time, and I've made an awful lot of pictures. There was a time when I was positive that I would be fired. I'm still not sure about it when it comes down to actual cases. Nobody can be.

The personal pronoun seems to figure considerably in this story even in the beginning, but how can a life story be told without a lot of "I's" and "My's" and "Me's"? Anyway, no actor could do it, or, at least, that is the prevalent opinion.

As a youngster I had no yearning for the stage. As a matter of fact I don't know why I ever became an actor.

The call of the footlights was never a lure in my family, although grandfather was considered a trifle eccentric.

However, I think I may have an explanation for it. When I was just a little more than a year old, my mother, my nurse and myself were riding in a sleigh. One of the runners caught in a car-track, and I was pitched out head first into a snowdrift. Maybe I haven't been just right ever since.

Somehow I don't have any strong impressions of early childhood. Some people say they do, but my most vivid memories are of things that happened in later life. The first thing that registered strongly in my mind was my first automobile ride. It was in a Thomas car, and you got into it from the rear. For years my home town had an ordinance forbidding electric horns. Everyone had to use those old, rubber "honk-honk" things.

There is a slight theatrical touch to my birth. I was born in a little hotel in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. But mother and father were not members of some theatrical troupe, taking time off between "Camille" and "East Lynne" for me to join.
His Life Story

to

Marquis Busby

It took all of father’s attention to hold the horses in check, for Grandmother Wead drove at a snail’s pace. Father couldn’t say a word, or even look at the girl by his side.

I said Grandfather Montgomery was rather eccentric. He had a big brick house in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, and a long row of stables in back. He has always seemed very picturesque to me. At Christmas time his favorite horses were led into the dining room and fed from his hands. It used to fascinate me. I don’t know what the guests must have thought.

The Montgomerys are English, although many centuries ago they came from France. There is a family legend that a Montgomery killed a prince of the blood in a tournament on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The family crest is a mailed fist holding a broken lance. “The Montgomerys lost no time in getting out of France after that.

That is enough of the family background. Naturally, I don’t remember much about the little hotel where I made my first appearance.

I do remember a lot about our own home in Beacon. It was a big stone house in the hills back of town. From the front of the house we could see the magnificent sweep of the Hudson. Out here in California people boast of a view of Catalina Island “on a clear day”. Well, we boasted that we could see West Point.

I have always loved that Hudson country. It is heart-breaking that anything so lovely could change so much in the past twenty years. Railroads have made huge gashes in the hills above the river banks. Tourists have poured in. But it was quaint and charming, almost unbelievably unchanged from Revolutionary days, when I was a child.

Originally Beacon had been called Fishkill Landing. Not far away was Fishkill Village. The towns grew together, and today it is called Beacon. Some of the older residents still object to the change in title, I believe.

As I have said it was almost like living in a picturesque and forgotten past. The old Dutch families still owned enormous tracts of land. I used to have a friend who lived in one of those great houses on a vast estate. They had dozens and dozens of negro servants. They were never paid, and worked for the family, generation after generation. It was virtual slavery, and yet those servants were completely happy and carefree.

After a preliminary experience of a sort in kindergarten, I entered the Overfield Academy when I was eight. The school was held in the private home of the Misses DuBois—which meant “of the wood”, as they always explained carefully. [Continued on page 66]
BREEZY? She gives you pneumonia when she passes you by. Tough? Well, sir, she cuts out silhouettes and frames them in her parlor. Shangy? Vernacular to her is something you look through at the horse races.

That's Joan Blondell, of the five jumpin' Blondells. The kid sister hoofs it, the brother gets married and has a nice baby, and papa Blondell plans a new act for him and the misus, both of whom have retired from the stage a long time ago.

Joan is the older of the two feminine offspring and because of this priority thinks it her due to get something like six tickets from unsympathetic traffic officers in a period of two months.

Only the other day on Hollywood's Cahuenga Pass, Joan was shooting along at a good clip, the wind whistling "Yankee Doodle" past her ears. Suddenly she heard a siren. There's no mistaking a siren.

Sirens, the blonde Joan thought to herself, are either ladies with fish tails instead of legs or those noisy things attached to ambulances. While Hollywood is filled with ladies, they all have legs, so she concluded it was an ambulance behind her.

Joan serenely waved her arm for the ambulance, that is she thought it was an ambulance, to pass her by. But she didn't do a thing about taking her foot off of her own gas pedal. The siren seemed to grow louder until one of those very bad guardians of the law motioned her to stop at the curb.

"What's the idea?" the badged one demanded.

"What idea?" Joan wanted to know.

"Dya expect my siren to spell out your name in order for you to stop?"

There's no telling what Joan will answer next. Even she can't tell.

"That's a great thought, officer. See if it can spell Joan Blondell."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

It was beginning to sound like one of our better grade talking pictures so Joan pocketed the ticket and pedalled her way out.

That's Joan. Always moving—getting in bad and getting out. Joan is the piquant type. She likes fun. And when she feels in the mood she's as fresh as an assistant director who's saved his company ten dollars.

She's had her share of education. More than her share, if the truth be known.

"I'll bet I've been seen and heard in more schools over the world than the First Reader," Joan explained. "You see, my father was Ed. Blondell & Company, touring in variety, and I was the juve interest in the company for many years.

"We jumped all over the world, and daddy got a special permit allowing me to go along providing I attended school in each place for a week. I've been in almost every schoolhouse in the world. They call me recess, for short."

It's true. Joan has attended institutions of learning in Brooklyn (Erasmus Hall High), Honolulu, Texas, and almost any other place you can name. She went to the Santa Monica High for a year and while there did a lot of swimming. The swimming brought her medals and things—the things being a pair of large shoulders which were beginning to get over-developed from the athletics. So she stopped swimming and let the rest of her body catch up with the shoulders.

Then came the dawn. Joan swept Eastwards and planned to take New York by its ears. At first she was nearest the other extremities and went bumpy-bump down Father Knickerbocker's front porch to land in a Bronx stock company and also a class of Harland Dixon's (the off-to-Boston lad) where she learned the intricacies of the clog and the technique of the soft shoe.

From that time on everything was natural history with Joan evolving from stage to stage. She was in "The Famous Mrs. Fair", "Farnish", "The Trial of Mary Dugan" (eighteen months as a lipping chorus girl), "My Girl Friday" (which closed on a Saturday), "Maggy the Magnificent", "Sporting Blood" and "Penny Arcade" (with Jimmy Cagney, the chin-socking youngster).

[Continued on page 79]
Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood

Loretta Young

This is Loretta's beautiful mirror and there is magic in it and beauty. Well, perhaps Loretta herself has something to do with that since she is holding it. "The Blind Spot" which she is making on the First National lot with James Cagney will reflect Loretta too—and charmingly.
MISS SAYERS was born in the lap of luxury and Westchester. After her "coming-out" party at Pierre's the beautiful débutante mysteriously disappeared. Southampton and Newport knew her no more, but Loretta knew where she was and so did Columbia Pictures. She's in "Fifty Fathoms Deep"
SALLY BLANE at her looking-glass on the Columbia lot where she is at work on “A Dangerous Affair”. Looking-glasses, even field glasses, are kind to Sally, and her whole five feet four inches is glowing with self-confidence and the symphony of her voice. Lorette Young
DOROTHY JORDAN

DOROTHY JORDAN first attracted notice in a picture with Ramon Novarro. Although but twenty years old she is one of the recognized younger leading ladies. "Hell Divers" is her next picture. Did you ever see a more beautiful mouth than her mirror boasts? Perhaps that is one of the reasons why M-G-M has cast her next with Clark Gable.
A specially posed portrait of Leila Hyams and her mirror in her new Malibu beach house. Leila is fond of swimming but fondest of working in M-G-M pictures. The next time you see her will be with William Haines. Leila is dressing for a party—she is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood.
IN "Rich Man's Folly" a girl from the Southland speaks with the most charming of English accents. She is Juliette Compton. Juliette ran away from Columbus, Georgia, to try the thrills of the Broadway footlights. And she ran away from them at the invitation of Diana Wharton.
ANNA MAY WONG

ANNA MAY WONG has everything wrapped up in a Paramount contract. She is lithe, exotic, and experienced. She speaks five languages. In these gay and superficial days she is the only living evidence of the beauty that theaters are trying to force out of the shadows.
In THE Bennett family there is one Constance and in the family pier-glass Connie has grown bigger and bigger. Her "Bought" is playing to full houses, and now that she is back from Europe R.K.O.-Pathé are making plans for her worthy of a marquise.
IT IS THANKSGIVING once again. Turkeys suddenly make their appearance in shop windows to tease yet delight the children. Cranberries, plum puddings and mince pies come into their own and take their important part in the occasion. Happy faces rush merrily along, to and fro, hither and yon—all heralding the day.

One naturally associates the Thanksgiving Day festivities with old New England and New Englanders. In the film colony, Charles Farrell is New England’s favorite son. Charlie comes from Cape Cod. He was born in Walpole, Massachusetts. He was educated at Boston University. He is native to and the manner born. History records that the first Thanksgiving was consecrated at Plymouth in 1621, when the small company of Pilgrims gathered in gratitude to return thanks for their harvest the first autumn after their landing. That Thanksgiving Day was a notable one. It was a benediction of the New World on the first golden autumn at Plymouth.

Charlie Farrell’s ancestry dates way back to these same Pilgrim fathers and mothers. To him, Thanksgiving means everything—it is in his blood. Since the day mostly centers around the Thanksgiving dinner and since Charlie is well versed in ancestral lore, we asked him if he knew what the menu of that first Thanksgiving

Day was. And he eagerly told us: “They had wild turkey which they captured in the nearby woods. They had oysters and game, venison and partridge—broiled on the skewer. There was the barley loaf and cakes of Indian meal, and quite a variety of vegetables. And the table service was mostly pewter.”

“What about the pumpkin pie?” we asked.

“Let’s hope they had pumpkin pie at that first feast,” laughed Charlie. “History records the indigenous pumpkin vines had climbed the cornstalks; there must have been pumpkin pies! They liked molasses, too,” he continued. “I remember reading in the early Connecticut records that in 1705 the town of Colchester voted to put off Thanksgiving from the first to the second Thursday in November because of a delay in receiving a supply of molasses!”

This November marks the popular star’s first Thanksgiving as a married man. The question, therefore, naturally presented itself:

“What do you plan to do? Will you and Virginia celebrate with a real, old-fashioned Thanksgiving such as New England knows and has observed down through the centuries?”

“For one thing, the day will be spent rather quietly,” mused Charlie. “As for the dinner—I’ll tell you a secret—Virginia is actually planning on cooking [Cont. on page 76]
THE box office appeal is the gauge of popularity.
And what it is that creates the rush of dollars to the little ticket booth in the front of the theatre is a subject on which professors and film producers may argue and draw little charts, only to have their calculations all upset by a boy with tousled hair and a lazy pair of eyes.

Just what is it that makes you and me and all the rest of us girls (and the boys, too) stand in line for a chance to see our very special screen hero whisper sweet nothings into the shell-pink car of his momentary girl friend?

Yet this popularity is a very definite quantity and the producers have learned that Bob's girls are loyal and will be there in the theatre when Mr. Montgomery's picture is shown.

What quality must a star have? Perhaps it is the quality which can make us live and breathe, suffer and rejoice with those flickering personalities before us—it is of such stuff that heroes are made.

All of which accounts for the meteoric rise to fame of Clark Gable, whose fan mail at present exceeds that of any other actor in Hollywood.

Less than a year ago Clark made his screen debut in "Dance, Fools, Dance," opposite Joan Crawford. His rôle—that of a racketeering cabaret-owner who meant anything but right by our little Joan—was not a sympathetic one.

Yet it established Clark as a definite personality—one with which to be reckoned. In his next film, "A Free Soul," opposite Norma Shearer, his characterization was again despicable, yet on release of that picture, feminine hearts began to palpitate, fan mail began to pour into the studio and ladis all over the country began to alter their technique to conform to the Gable standards.

For regardless of his rôle, Clark manages to imbue it with a feeling of realness. You are so aware of him—and you cannot forget for a moment that if you were to meet such a person as he is portraying, you too would feel his fatal fascination.

And for a moment—oh, just a fleeting moment—you ever wish that you might meet such an individual—lawless, immoral, untamed by convention—yet rather gallant, withal.

That was the way John Gilbert used to make us feel, back in the days of "The Big Parade" and his other early films.

But something of John's spontaneity left him—he lost the early "joie de vivre" which had so distinguished him. And as his buoyant, vivacious spirits ebbed, so did his fan public.

Old Man Microphone has come in for the major share of blame for John's diminished popularity. But if the truth be told, the sun had set on John's best days even before sound roared its advent into cinemaland.

For John had lost his power to make us feel—we got so we didn't really care what happened to him. And what is even more important—to us girls, anyway—we didn't yearn to have him hold us in his arms and tell us how much we meant to him.

For it is by their power over our emotions that stars really win us. The players we love are those who make us feel the most. And in that fact lies the greatness of both Chaplin and Emil Jannings, both of whom can touch the innermost depths of our hearts.

It has been ever thus—and I suppose it always will be. When actors lose their ability to make us believe in them, when they cease making their characterization flesh-and-blood and alive—then do they lose their power to hold our hearts.

And we must turn to other, newer faces, to find our brief moments of illusion and forgetfulness.

For just as last as old-time favorites slip from the pinnacles on which they have stood, there are newcomers to take their places. Newcomers who have not been through the long and arduous picture-mill and so still have their enthusiasm and eagerness and youth to pour with prodigal, spendthrift hands into the grinding mechanisms of the cameras.
The new screen heroes are all rivals for your heart. They are in Hollywood acting their heads off but the battle is won or lost in your local theatre.

Here's how they rate in your affection.

At present Robert Montgomery is riding the high wave of success—and giving Clark Gable a run for first screen honors.

He has wooed and won a public (not so fickle as has been alleged) with gay insouciance and modern sophistication.

We all know boys like Bob—they're usually the most sought-after in any crowd—and there's not a girl among us who doesn't thrill a little over prospects of a date with one of the scapegraces.

For we're sure that Bob—or a boy like him—will know just what kind of flowers to send us, how to order the most epicurean of meals, when to make love to us—and when not to!

We once felt that way about William Powell.

But Bill became bored with his work—and it showed.

Instead of remaining the personification of the blase man-about-town—the type that every girl adores—Bill has become only the technically perfect actor, going through his paces like a thoroughbred—but like a thoroughbred whose heart is no longer in the race.

So though we still like Bill, we find ourselves passing by the theatre in which his pictures are appearing, and going instead to see that young run-running racketeer, James Cagney.

Not so long ago Cagney left the New York stage and arrived in Hollywood unheralded and unsung. He had a nice optional contract with Warner Brothers—but most of the promising young actors who arrive in the cinema capital have nice contracts with one of the big companies.

In Cagney's case, though, it meant something!

He lost no time in proving that he had that certain something—we call it "IT" in a girl—that leads to bigger and better killings—at the box-office, of course.

He almost stole his first picture, "The Doorway to Hell", from Lew Ayres, at a time when that young man was at the peak of his popularity. And further, to prove he wasn't a flash in the pan, Cagney repeated his success with knock-out (and how!) characterizations in "The Public Enemy" and "Smart Money".

For Cagney, perhaps more than any other actor, has scratched through our superficial veneer of civilization and made us feel the primitive, elemental struggle of man to exist. He has made the gunman, while no more admirable, at least more understandable.

And while we do not actually condone the characters he has portrayed, we are conscious of a very slight twinge of envy of them; of them and of their power to be laws unto themselves—for wouldn't we all like to be that, at least once in a while?

As if to balance the meteor-like rise of Gable, Montgomery and Cagney, has been the equally rapid fall of Lew Ayres.

Immediately "All Quiet on the Western Front" was released, Lew became the sensation of the hour. Companies fought over him and he was borrowed from Universal, his home-lot, by every studio that could obtain him.

Fox got him first for "Common Clay" and then Warner Brothers used him in "The Doorway to Hell". Both of these films were tremendous successes—and so was Lew.

But alas, as the size of his fan-mail increased, so did his self-esteem. And the quality of his work fell off in like ratio. After all, we can't really blame Lew. Such adulation and sudden popularity have turned older heads than his. But it was unfortunate that his very success should be the weapon that put him on the to-boggan which has only broken hopes and wrecked careers at its foundation.

In Lew's case, maybe he can regain the ground that he has lost. Careful handling and a clear perspective on himself and his work will do much to counteract the mistakes he has made. And his fans are still loyal to him.

[Continued on page 68]
James Dunn as the soft-hearted, hard-boiled guy in “Bad Girl” gives the greatest performance in months

"O. K. JIMMIE"

By S. R. MOOK

Outside, trucks rumbled by, taxis careened past, automobile horns honked, street cars rattled past with gongs clanging, newsboys screamed and an occasional airplane droned overhead. Bedlam. Inside, in my one room, kitchenette and bath apartment, the cacophony was stilled. James Dunn sat wide-eyed and grinning. Alice—or Jimmie, if you’re one of those sticklers for sex—in Wonderland: Hollywood.

He’s twenty-six years old and he still believes in Santa Claus.

“I keep pinching myself to see if it’s true,” he observed, digging his fingers into his arm and giving a twist. “Yeah, I keep pinching myself.”

Asked why, he launched into what is destined to be the routine story of his life. This happened to be his first magazine interview and the novelty intrigued him. His naiveté intrigued me—which is unimportant.

“I left school when I was about fifteen or sixteen, and started to work in a stock broker’s office as an office boy. And what I mean, I did an office boy’s work; cleaned the desks, the cuspidors, the ash-trays, ran the errands, brought the boss ice-water, flirted with the elevator girls in the building and did all the other things that lift one out of the apprentice class in that profession.

Then I started on the road selling lunch-wagons. You know, the kind that are all fitted up with counter, stools, short-order ranges, ice box, coffee urns, etc., etc. And I don’t mind telling you—you can print this if you want to, it’s not in confidence that I did pretty well at it. Maybe it was because the wagons were pretty good and practically sold themselves.

“A year and a half of that and they began to give me bum prospects. I’d saved up about ten thousand dollars and decided I was going to be a financial power so I went down into Wall Street and began dabbling in stocks. I lasted quick. I went into my father’s office but things just didn’t jell so I didn’t stay there long, either.”

I clucked my tongue in sympathy, Jimmie grinned and went on.

“After a time I got a job doing extra work at the Paramount Long Island studios and then, through one of those freaks of circumstance, I got a swell part in ‘Night Stick’. When it was put on the screen it was called ‘Alibi’ and Chester Morris made a hit in it.

“Well, after ‘Night Stick’ was worn out, I joined a stock company at Englewood, New Jersey, and played there for thirty-seven weeks and then joined another one in Winnipeg, Canada. And then I got the male lead in ‘Sweet Adeline’ opposite Helen Morgan.”

He paused for breath and I seized the opportunity to consult the biography of him which the studio had furnished me.

“Hmm,” I wheezed asthmatically, “there doesn’t seem to be much color in your background.”

Jimmie looked vaguely alarmed. “What do you mean ‘color’?”

“Hardships, adventure, romance. You don’t appear to have suffered for your art.”

Relief, with a capital R, flooded Jimmie’s countenance. “The hell I haven’t,” said he. “Why, do you know, sir, when I was playing in ‘Sweet Adeline’ we were doing such swell business that I thought it would go on forever, so, instead of saving money, I paid off all my debts and when the show closed very suddenly I hit New York with only about a hundred and seventy-five dollars in the world. And what’s a hundred and seventy-five dollars in New York?” he finished triumphantly.

To me, a century note with six bits in [Continued on page 80]
The Trans-Continental Wife

Claudette Colbert is here, Norman Foster is on the Coast; the whole U. S. is in the Way but Claudette Defies Anyone to Come Between Them

"YOO HOO! Claudette!" I stumbled over the gangplank of the good ship Christine which was sprawled all over the "Blind Cargo" set at the Paramount Long Island studio, and chased after my favorite movie star. "Wait a minute," I shouted. "I got questions."

"Keep away from me then," Claudette shouted back with warm cordiality, "I might catch them. I'm vulnerable."

I started to bid three hearts and finish up the rubber but I remembered just in time that I had sworn off bridge for Equinox. Besides—there were those questions. I must ask Claudette if the rumors were true. I must . . . I really must . . . no running away this time. Maybe that I'd better dash out for another coco-cola and celery to help steady my nerves. It's awful to be a moral coward. Even after all these years of interviewing film stars I still lack the courage to step right up to one and say with a bit of savoir faire, "Mam'selle, is it true that you are divorcing your husband?" I just can't do it. I'm funny that way.

I followed the lovely Claudette into her dressing room and dropped miserably into a chair. Outside the birds were singing, and the dear little children were playing, and the nice old sky was blue—and here I was utterly miserable. Would she just look pains the way Gloria Swanson had done, or would she have thrown out, the way Connie Bennett had done.

"Well?" said Claudette. "What about the questions? Did you want to ask about my sinuses? It's much better, thank you."

"No," I said mournfully. "I want to ask about you—and—er—I mean your—er—Oh, it's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Oh, I know. You want to ask about my love life." Claudette is an intelligent girl and puts to lie that old fossil about beautiful and dumb. "Why is it that all you interviewers write the same kind of stories about me? My ideas on love, and marriage—and all that. I can speak coherently on several subjects—you'd be surprised. Just for a change why don't you write a neat little article on 'Claudette and the Elizabethan Poets', or 'A Musical Interlude with Claudette,' or—"

"You're not the type," I interrupted. "When a person looks at you he doesn't think of iambic pentameters and scales—he thinks of love and of—er—love."

"I see." It seems that I had unwittingly made it clear. "It's too bad. I could really say some very clever things about the Five Year Plan, but of course if you'd rather have my ten don'ts for lovers—"

"The newspapers say," I swallowed hard and blurted without further ado, "that you and Norman are 'On the Verge.' Is it true?" Thank God, that was over. I hastily mopped away the perspiration from my forehead.

"Of course, it isn't true," Claudette laughed. "You know better than to believe everything you read in the papers, don't you?" She threw her legs across the arm of her chair. "Beautiful legs. Famous in the New York theatrical newspapers long before Dietrich was imported. The smile slowly faded from her face and an ever-so-slight frown gathered there.

"Who started those stupid rumors anyway? I've been meeting them in the papers and fan magazines for a couple of months now. At first I laughed them off but I'm beginning to get sore. Is there any reason in the world why two happily married people should not be allowed to remain happily married? Everybody is trying to separate us. It isn't fair. Just because Norman lives in Hollywood and I in New York doesn't mean that we love each other any the less. We have our careers and we have to live [Continued on page 70]
Do WOMEN love cave-men? Well, they did once upon a time according to the latest fossil disclosures and Fannie Ward's memories. But women have changed and well, anyway—what brought the question up was Clark Gable who seems to carry a prehistoric club in his eyes at any rate.

We were walking together down past the dressing-room on the M-G-M lot, an actress (I won't tell you her name because she is separating from her husband, and this isn't her story anyway) and I mentioned Mr. Gable, as who doesn't these days.

"I don't know what it is, but he certainly gets under my skin," she told me. And then whom should we meet face-to-face but Clark himself. He hailed us cheerily. The actress was aflutter like a sixteen-year-old. Her hands flew to her throat and then to her hair. And Clark, seemingly unmindful of the inner commotion he was causing, smiled and passed on. My curiosity got out of bounds.

"What is it about him that gets you so—that way?" I demanded.
She pondered the question.

"It's not his dimples. And it certainly isn't his good looks. I've seen more handsome men. I think it is the suggestion of brutality about his eyes and mouth. And that cave-mannish way he has of looking you up and down and tossing you aside. He makes you feel instinctively that no woman would ever be too-important to him."

And that is that.

Ivan Lebedeff says:
"A woman loves the man she loves, whatever he is. Love to a woman is something, the reason for which can never be explained. The most beautiful women often give themselves to ugly and sometimes even invalid men. And women of fine intellectual and spiritual development sometimes give themselves to absolute dumbbells.

"But there is a physical side to all women. They are all thrilled or attracted more or less by cave-men or he- men. Not so much on account of their obvious brutality and roughness, but because of something primitive and unconquerable, suggestive of a fine animal inside. Such men, even though they win the woman in a mildest manner, after they have conquered her physically, display a peculiar mixture of indifference and ownership. This type of man is always popular with females. The best example of a strong, virile male, who has been able to remain very close to the nature of a cave-man without becoming affected with a complicated psychological twist is Clark Gable. I would commend him to anyone as a sweetheart or a comrade, although I have never met him personally.

"A more refined specimen of the same group was Valentino. Unfortunately, he loved women with his mind and soul also. Which made him weaker from the standpoint of a lover than Clark Gable is."

From which, I inferred that Ivan doesn't think Clark loves women with his mind and soul. And perhaps he doesn't. Who cares? It certainly doesn't lower him in the estimation of the ladies to be considered a cave-man.

In fact, he established himself originally in a menace rôle.

Women like to be made to do things they don't want to do. Or prevented from doing things they do want to do. It's a little hang-over from centuries of being ordered around, I suppose. I remember when I was a very young girl, that I enjoyed being bossed around by a big, handsome cave-man, who had been junior champion boxer of the navy. And who used to make me hike miles and miles with him through snow-storms when I particularly wanted to sit by the fire and read. And who used to make me sit in-doors and listen to reams of poetry when I really wanted to swim in the surf. I shudder now, when I think how nearly I came to marrying that man. He was something like Clark Gable, only not so much so.

Personally, I've usually preferred boys like Robert Montgomery to the lads with sex-appeal. But Clark Gable is different. I confess that the first time I met him with lunch, I got all jittery myself. And now I'm a rabid Gable fan. He's got what it takes. And he's go a long way yet. This has been said so many times now, that it is trite. But it is likewise true.

I tried for three weeks to see Clark to ask him what he thought of the status of cave-men where women were concerned. But unhappily for me, he went deer-hunting about fifteen minutes before I received my assignment. And when he returned from the mountains with his trophies, he took only enough time to change his clothes and collect his wife and baggage and then hied himself to Palm Springs. Days lengthened into days and he did not return. I made up my mind that he had taken up a permanent abode in Palm Springs and I drove down intent on getting the interview and getting it at once. Luck was against me. Clark passed me somewhere on the road. I suspect a big blue car that looked like nothing so much as a streak of lightning. By the time I returned to Hollywood I had assumed the psychological twist of an Evangeline. I could see myself going down the corridors of time, notebook in hand, hearing always that Clark had been here and there and had gone.

And then it happened. Out of a blue sky. Rather in the Brown Derby. I went inside for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. I was wearing an Empress Eugenie hat pulled low over my right eye and I would never have seen him, if he hadn't called to me. At the sound of his voice I whirled around and there he sat, inviting me to lunch with him. Just like that. And that is when I got all jittery, but can you blame me? It was upsetting enough to be lunching with Clark Gable, but twice so when you consider how I had been running all over the country trying to find him.

I was all primed for an interview and I wasted no time.

"Tell me, doesn't it set you up to know that all the women in the world are hot and bothered about you?" I demanded.

"This must be a case of mistaken identity," he countered. "You know me. Just a Hollywood ham, trying to get along." [Continued on page 62]
DOROTHY DIX is a gal with a mind of her own. There are few left these days. Uh-huh.

Her parents are well fixed when it comes to bonds and bank accounts and finger bowls, and they were very eager that Dorothy should follow in her father's footsteps and become a lawyer. Her early education was administered with the Law in mind and Dorothy was well on to becoming a child Portia, like it or not, when she up and discovered about that mind of her own. Deep down in her heart Dorothy had a secret passion—moving pictures. And her parents lived in Hollywood—and Hollywood is so convenient to the movies.

When the pater and mater discovered that Dotty was out gallivanting on a studio lot they went into a spasm and yanked their little darling right off the set. School again for three years, and Dorothy could no longer resist the call of the grease paint. Her parents sighed, and let it go at that. It had to be.

When Educational decided to revive C. C. Burr's series of "Torchy" comedies Dorothy was chosen for the role of "Vee," and placed under contract. "Vee" has been played at different times by Clara Bow, Norma Shearer and Dorothy Mackaill. Some more footsteps for Dorothy to follow in. And this time the shoe fits.

She's no relation to the syndicated love expert.

Gene Raymond
Now He's Hugging Nancy Carroll

JUST fancy meeting your father and mother on your first screen set! Of course you rather expect to meet Mom and Pop in your dining room sometimes and at funerals and weddings but never at the studio. To be sure Mary Boland and Donald Meek aren't Gene's real father and mother but they have played his parents on the stage so many times that they just all feel sort of family-like. And great was the rejoicing when they all met again on the set of "Personal Maid", which incidentally is Gene's first talking picture. He plays opposite Nancy Carroll.

His real name is Raymond Guion, but he changed it because no two persons pronounced it alike. How do you pronounce it? Wrong. For two years he played the rôle of Gene Gibson in the play "Young Sinners" and people started calling him Gene. So he became Gene Raymond. And now that's settled.

Gene was born in New York in 1908 and at the tender age of five became one of the leading men in stock productions. But his first real debut was made in 1925 in "The Potters" with Donald Meek as "father". From then on his rise to popularity as a stage juvenile was nothing short of meteoric.

When Raymond isn't working you can just bet your bottom dollar, if you still have one in these depressing times, that he is horseback riding in the country. He is a natural blonde and has blue eyes. You'll like Gene. Paramount does.
Four, Please!

Dorothy Appleby

As Goes Maine, So Goes the Nation

DOROTHY APPLEBY, was born in Portland, Maine, the town famous for its quick-setting cement. In justice to Dorothy, it must be said that she hasn't followed the example of the cement. She's here and there and all over the place, as cute and brunette as they are made.

Daddy Appleby, being a big business man and a leading citizen of Portland, naturally sent Dorothy to the public schools there—an old Rotarian custom. But the pride of the Applebys decided that she would like to be a great painter and do things with paint and crayons. Well, she did things with paint, all right, but it was grease paint. It came about in this manner: Rudolph Valentino (in 1924) was made a judge of pulchritude and his first official act was to name Dorothy Miss Maine.

As a result of this honor she was given a part in the Broadway musical comedy "Helen of Troy".

Good honest toil won for her leading parts in a succession of New York plays. Among them, "Mary Jane McKane", "Princess April", "When You Smile", "Square Crooks", and "Young Sinners". Now she is sitting pretty with an M-G-M contract.

Dorothy paints and golfs and fishes for amusement, reads for pleasure, and cooks for her husband, Morgan Galloway, only when necessary. And it isn't necessary often, screen salaries being what they are.

Allen Vincent

Dogs, Girls and Paramounts Like Him

ALLEN VINCENT is a great lover of dogs; dachshunds are his favorite breed and at his home in Spokane, Washington, he has four. Next to acting he likes horse-back riding and during the past spring he could be seen riding through Central Park nearly every day with Libby Holman as his companion. He has an uncontrollable passion for burnt toast—which will be a break for his wife when he gets one. If you want to make Allen blissfully happy, girls, just burn up a piece of toast for him.

At Dartmouth he began to be interested in school dramatics and after three years of college, and a six months' tour of Europe, he offered himself to the producers. The usual disappointments, promises and flops, and then the breaks. He played in "Starlight", "Grand Street Follies", "A Lady's Virtue", "Spread Eagle", "The Pelican" and a lot of others, and was quite a sensation in "The Vinegar Tree" last winter on Broadway. Paramount saw him in that and asked him to make a test along with Peggy Shannon. They both were given contracts and sent to the coast.

While playing in San Francisco Allen met Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and the two became inseparable friends. Doug gave Allen a big welcoming hand when he arrived in Hollywood.

Allen misses Broadway but is thoroughly sold on Hollywood. His favorite movie stars are Garbo, Doug Jr. and Gary Cooper.

for November 1931
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS  A great deal can happen in twenty-four hours . . . Take five people; for example, a night club hostess and her gangster husband . . . A society matron and her chiseling mate . . . And the matron’s lover. There is a killing; and within twenty-four hours justice is satisfied and the society couple reconciled. Miriam Hopkins is marvelous as the hostess, and is ably supported by Clive Brook, Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. You’ll like this one.

WEST OF BROADWAY  John Gilbert comes back like a million dollars’ worth of personality in this one. He plays the part of a lad who returns from France and is ordered to hit for Arizona at once—T.B., you know. The fact that his girl has given him the air sets him goopy, and he paints the old town scarlet. After the hang-over he finds himself married. He gives the girl the go-by and makes for the open spaces. Lois Moran and Madge Evans are the girls.

PALMY DAYS  Eddie “Depression Explainer” Cantor is a riot in his latest picture. There isn’t any story to speak of, but nobody cares. Eddie works in an ultra-modern bakery filled with doughnuts and hundreds of beautiful girls. His songs are pips and he is generally funny throughout. The picture’s a splendid blues-chaser. The inimitable Charlotte Greenwood is a big help to Eddie in the funny business. Barbara Weeks is also in the cast.

STREET SCENE  Life in a squalid New York tenement on two hot summer days is the theme of this compelling screen drama, written by Elmer Rice and directed by King Vidor. It will tug at your heart strings and turn on your tear ducts. Here are the types that you meet on the city streets; gin and taxi cabs, a tabloid murder and a little Irish girl who loves a Hebrew lad. You’ll never forget Sylvia Sidney’s expressive face. The entire cast is excellent, especially Estelle Taylor and Beulah Bondi.

LARCENY LANE  Here’s grand entertainment! James Cagney plays a small town bell-hop with ambitions for big town shake-down. He picks a girl and they start out for the city. After a highly successful season of gyping they split. The girl marries a society man and Cagney loses interest in his racket. There’s a surprise ending that’s swell. Don’t miss it. Joan Blondell is perfect as the girl and Louis Calhern, Guy Kibbee, Maude Eburne and Ray Millard give good performances.
Reviewing Stand

THE AGE FOR LOVE
Rating: GOOD
United Artists

Billie Dove comes back—and better than ever. She seems to have more poise and finesse. In short, she's grand. The picture raises the vital question: Should a girl seek love and a home, or love and glamour? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of womankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Comes divorce and re-marriage and the old love again. Edward Everett Horton, Adrian Morris and Lois Wilson are in the cast.

THE SPIDER
Rating: GOOD
Fox

How are your nerves? Well, anyway—chills and shivers are in order. In this mystery thriller Eddie Lowe portrays a stage magician who has a legitimate mind-reading act, using a boy suffering from loss of memory as the key to the trick. During the performance a man is murdered in the audience. Everyone is suspected and the police have a merry time trying to fasten the blame. Lois Moran, El Brendel and George Stone are good.

GUILTY HAND
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M

Mystery story lovers are in for plenty of "the stuff they like best" in this one. Lionel Barrymore as a retired district attorney commits a murder, fastens the blame on another, and then manages things the way he wants them. No fair telling you the plot. But it's a super-mystery done in a high class and baffling manner. Mr. Barrymore again crashes through with one of his best performances. Kay Francis and Madge Evans are in it.

TWENTY GRAND
Rating: GOOD
Universal

This is an underworld yarn done in a neat fashion and dressed with a brilliant cast. It's all about a chap who can't leave the horses alone and a gal who sticks by—through thick rolls and thin. There's a handsome mob chief after her to be sure, but it all turns out all right. Plenty of action and the kind of stuff that thrills you. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, Norman Foster and Marie Prevost help give the low-down on the race track and speakeasy rackets. Some fun, kid, some fun.

THE GAY DIPLOMAT
Rating: GOOD
Radio

Well, here's your newest heart-beat, girls, step up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing to the late Rudy Valentino we have on the menu. Ivan is a handsome spy commanded to make love to beautiful ladies for information. Of course he falls in love, but the lady of his heart doesn't understand his apparent fickleness. There's an exciting climax. Genevieve Tobin, Betty Compson, Ida Chase are lovely ladies in love with Ivan.
FANNY FOLEY
HERSELF
Rating: GOOD
Radio

This is the first starring picture of that rare comedienne, Edna May Oliver, and it's great entertainment. The story has something to do with a woman who has become a famous comedienne of the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two lovely daughters to a fashionable and snooty finishing school. When they learn their mother's an actress—well it's just too bad. Helen Chandler, Rochelle Hudson and John Darrow are good.

THE ROAD TO RENO
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

The first of the Reno-vised divorce pictures, and a good one because of Lilyan Tashman's performance of a muchly separated wife. The story is rather trite but the players make it intriguing. A modern mother (Miss Tashman) takes darling daughter along to Reno while securing her fourth divorce. The girl falls in love and a dastardly blackguard tries to marry Mama for her money. The swell cast includes Peggy Shannon and William Boyd.

THE DANGEROUS
AFFAIR
Rating: FAIR
Columbia

This is another one of those clutching hand, mysterious, will-must-be-read-by-midnight affairs. Spook drama, pure and simple. Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and Jack Holt appears as a police lieutenant, deadly rivals for the favors of lovely blonde Sally Blane. I can't let you in on the secret. But if you aren't too sophisticated you'll have shivers when you see it and think twice before going to bed with the lights out.

MERELY MARY ANN
Rating: FAIR
Fox

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, known as the screen's sweetest couple, get just a little too sugary in this one. It's an old-fashioned, semi-musical with little or no plot. A young composer, proud and poor, struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay his rent. The little house maid falls in love with him and they go to live by the sea. She inherits a million and he becomes a success. And that makes everything dandy.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE
Rating: FAIR
First National

Here's a romantic one for you. A young chap is asked to leave South America because he makes too much noise. On his way he sees a damsel in distress. Youthful Romeo whirls around, pursues the gal, climbs balconies, and does daring deeds à la Fairbanks Senior. Loretta Young assists young Doug and makes a charming heroine. Claude Allister, Henry Kolker and Boris Karloff help carry on the intrigue.

PERSONAL MAID
Rating: FAIR
Paramount

Again some wonderful stars are wasted on a mediocre picture. Nancy Carroll plays a little Irish girl who is eager to break away from her drab tenement existence. She becomes a personal maid in a rich woman's house and gets herself involved in a series of adventures. The cast is splendid and makes the most of the poor material. You'll like Nancy, Gene Raymond (new to you), Pat O'Brien, Mary Boland and Nancy's sister Terry.
PENROD AND SAM
Rating: GOOD
First National
This is not as good as "Skippy" and "Huckleberry Finn", but youngsters and a lot of grown-ups will get a laugh out of Booth Tarkington's noted boy story. No plot to speak of—just wandering around and fighting over a vacant lot, where they have a mysterious club, as kids will. Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are grand in the leading parts. Matt Moore, Dorothy Peterson, ZaSu Pitts and Charles S felon are all fine in minor parts.

EAST OF BORNEO
Rating: GOOD
Universal
This isn't another "Trader Horn", but it is very near it for excitement. If you care for wild animal stuff in a large way, then this is your meat, as they say at the lion's cage. The action takes place in Borneo. A young girl is seeking her husband who is now a reigning prince's physician. There is ample opportunity for wild animal thrills and blood-curdling escapes. Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford have leading roles.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
Rating: FAIR
Fox
I'm afraid that Will Rogers will lose a lot of votes for president when his fans see this one. This was originally Booth Tarkington's "The Phutcrat" but the author would never recognize it now. Rogers plays a sap safety razor king from the Middle West bound for Europe with his family. Other steel kings engage seductive Jutta Goudal to vamp him. Anyway Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab chiefs and things.

HONOR OF THE FAMILY
Rating: FAIR
First National
Poor Mr. Balzac would turn over in his grave if he saw the talkie version of his famous novel. Heigh ho. Bebe Daniels is again a lovely adventuress with designs on an old man's money. Young romance in the form of a handsome officer flies in the window and the plot gets complicated with deceptions and such. Another lover and a duel. Frederick Kerr is the old chappie, and Warren William and Alan Mowbray are the sweeties.

SHANGHAIED
Rating: FAIR
Columbia
This one's about a cruel sea captain sailing the briny deep with a shanghaied crew. There's a pretty gal on board, a mysterious man learns she is his daughter, and a youngster decides to save her from "worse than death"—and so it goes. Pretty cheap stuff and not well presented. In silent form it was "The Blood Ship" and much more exciting. Noah Beery, Richard Cromwell and Sally Blane struggle with the poor material.

GRAFT
Rating: FAIR
Universal
It's an old, old story—but still rather exciting. Another dumb newspaper reporter sets out to catch a murderer and clean up a big city. He's so dumb he involves his girl friend in the crime. But of course the dopey news hound wins out in the end by dumping all manner of crooks and murderers upon the city editor's desk with the biggest scoop the town has ever known. So what? Regis Toomey, Sue Carol and Dorothy Reiver are only fair.
**MORE MOVIE**

[Continued]

**D**id you know that Carl Laemmle, Junior, the Crown Prince of Universal, was one of the greatest athletes ever to grace the portals of the famous Clark School of New York? Didjer? Well it seems—and I have it on good authority from a former classmate of Carl's—that the opposing elevens considered him one of the most dangerous triple threat men whom they were called upon to face. And his amazing ability to run, punt and pass threw many a scare into his opponents' ranks. His field generality time and again saved the team from the throes of defeat, but probably his greatest assets were courage and grit—good old-fashioned grit (not the hominy kind).

In the third game of the football season, Clark School faced its strongest opponent, the All Hallows Institute of New York. Undoubtedly the factor which contributed most to the team's defeat was Laemmle's loss. Carl had been knocked out once in the first quarter but the team thought that he had completely recovered. However, at the second quarter with both teams in a scoreless tie, Carl was injured again and as he was carried from the gridiron he shouted, "Don't take me off the field, don't take me off the field. We've got to beat those fellows."

But despite his protests he was removed from the scene of the fray and upon examination by the doctor was found to have had three ribs smashed. For King, for Country, and for Clark. Rah-Rah-Rah, Laemmle!

**G**reat news for the kiddies! And the grown-ups too. Paramount is going to make "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with Junior Durkin and Charlotte Henry (remember Huck's girl in "Huckleberry Finn"). And more great news along the same line is that Fox wants to make "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Janet Gaynor. Wouldn't Janet make an adorable Rebecca? Mary Pickford owns the rights to this film—and may object. But here's hoping she won't.

**N**oah Beery has what sounds like a good racket to me. Noah owns the Paradise Trout Club up in the Arrowhead Mountains and not-too-ambitious anglers go up there and throw their lines into Noah's pool. The pool is full of trout trained by starvation to leap at the first signs of a fly. Old Man Noah lets you catch his fish and then sells them to you three for a dollar, which makes it just dandy for everybody—except the poor fish.

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**W**ell, there's another Daniels in the Lyon's den—as one reporter so quaintly put it. A five pound, fourteen ounce baby girl arrived in the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon manor on September 10. The baby will be named Barbara Bebe, and mother and child are doing nicely, thank you.

**B**illie Dove was chosen by the world-famous Hungarian artist, Rudolph Kiss, as the subject for a painting when he visited California recently. Billie was the only motion picture star selected by the noted artist, although scores of the screen's luminaries would have welcomed the invitation. Good for Billie. We alias thought she was a right purty gal.

**H**ere are a few pet aversions of your film stars:

- Ina Claire's is rhubarb.
- Lew Cody's is spotted shoes.
- Roland Young's is to talk about himself.
- Irene Purcell's is being photographed.
- Louise Fazenda's is parking stations.
- Helen Chandler's is meeting strangers.
- Nancy Carroll's is tabloid reporters.

**L**ili Damita arrived in Chicago looking lkr verce' bes' because her boy friend Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of Kaiser Bill, took time off from his work to meet her at the train. But Sydney Smith (of the Social Register Smiths) caught the same train out of New York with Lili and arrived in Chicago at the same time. Imagine Louis' surprise, or Sydney's surprise, or Lili's surprise. Naughty Lili—two-timing again.

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The big Do-X greeted by the big star Lil Dagover—both from the Rhineland, where the Dornier carried 160 people and Lil carried all before her.

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Eddie Cantor, the United Artist comic, in the midst of the doughnuts gets propositioned by the cooks in "Palmy Days"
DID you know that Sylvia Sidney's real name is Sophie Sidney; that Joan Crawford's real name is Billie Cassin; that Nancy Carroll's is Ann LaHiff; that Janet Gaynor's is Laura Gainer; that Jean Harlow's is Harlean Carpenter; that Marlan Marsh's is Violet Krauth; that Marlene Dietrich's is Mary Magdalene von Losch; that Barbara Stanwyck's is Ruby Stevens and that Tallulah Bankhead is Tallulah Bankhead. Or do you care?

Did you know that Greta Garbo's real name is Greta Gustafson? You didn't? You mean, you didn't? Well, young man, step right up on this rostrum and let us have a look at you. You are probably the only one of your kind in America. Did you know that? Or do you care?

FRIENDS of Sally O'Neil will be glad to learn that Sally is well enough to leave the hospital and is at home again. She had a heart attack caused by an airplane trip.

If all the screen mothers were like Mrs. Harlow there would be a lot more fun in stars' dressing rooms. She's an asset all right, not a liability. And she tells the grandest jokes. There's the one about—all right, but perhaps you're too young. Anyway, Mrs. Harlow is this department's candidate for Favorite Screen Mother. And don't page Mr. Whistler.

Marlene Dietrich is now painting her toenails black. I wonder why? I can't think of any good reason.

EDDIE LOWE is nervously exhausted after two years of steady work and his physician has ordered a long rest. So Eddie and Lilyan are looking up boat schedules and Paris addresses.

SILVER SCREEN can take a bow on the June Collyer and Stuart Erwin wedding. The happy event was predicted on these pages many weeks before it happened.

THE heavy romance between Howard Hughes, former sweetie of Billie Dove, and Lillian Bond, ousted Warner player, is still going strong, 'tis said.

Howard went in a big way for Marjorie King, but John Gilbert beat his time.

MRS. EDITH M. SHEARER, mother of Norma Shearer, created a lot of excitement in Hollywood by taking up a Reno residence and getting a divorce, charging non-support.

Why the local folks should get thrilled because a movie star's mother gets the marital knot severed, we haven't the slightest idea.

ESTHER RALSTON is a busy young lady these days—taking care of her new baby and her beauty shop. In a few weeks, she'll be taking some reducing treatments, too.

NEARLY every critic acclaimed the work of Duncan Renaldo who appeared in "Trader Horn", but now that Duncan has managed to straighten out his difficulties with immigration authorities on his entry into this country, he can't get a job.

The travel films aren't so popular.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, former wife of H. H. Van Loan, scenarist and playwright, loaned the financially embarrassed author money to pay back alimony to his first wife.

Now that is being a good sport.

Kat Francis and Joel McCall in Paramount's "Girls About Town" the Zoe Akins piece. Kay is racing for stardom and as you see is one lap ahead.

LUPE VELEZ is wearing a new diamond of several karats and it is said to be a present from the head man of a large studio.

HERE'S a sad story with a moral. All about a little girl who tried to buy her way into pictures. Dorothy Jarvis sued Richard Thomas, head of the independent company bearing his name, claiming that the picture, "Woman Forgiven", in which she appeared had not been released as he promised. It seems that Mama invested $15,000 so darling daughter Dot could have a featured part. Thomas claimed the picture had been released. Woman forgotten, all right, all right.

RALPH BELLAMY, newcomer to the screen, who scored a hit with Ruth Chatterton in her last picture, married Frances Willard, New York stage star.

THELMA TODD, pretty blonde, of two-reel Hal Roach comedies, who will be known as Alison Lloyd in dramatic pictures, is receiving a lot of attention from Ronald Colman these days. Thelma recently broke her engagement to Abe Lyman, famous orchestra leader.

Eddie Quillan seems to be very much "that way" about Joan Marsh.

NILS ASTHER, hubby of Vivien Duncan, forgot to pay for a car he rented for several weeks. The collectors got mad and insisted that Nils explain his forgetfulness to a judge. [More Movietown Topics on page 60]
He's the Prince of Juveniles

Joel McCrea Could Claim a Title Too

By Margaret Reid

Joel McCrea, currently in the ascendant toward cinematic popularity, is the perfect example of Hollywood anachronism. Disregarding, temporarily, his position in the film firmament, consider Joel McCrea himself—separate from cameras, fan adulation, studios and Constance Bennett.

Born in Pasadena, into a quiet, prosperous middle-class family, Joel was planted in the soil of conventional standards—honesty, respect for parents, wholesomeness of mind and sincerity of heart. His father was secretary of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation; his mother, the sort of mother who is inevitably and importantly a part of homes like these. For it was a home exactly like thousands of others the country over. It was pleasant and cheerful and pervaded with a comfortable aura of integrity and common sense.

In these surroundings, little Joel grew up. Even when he was nine and his family moved to Hollywood, the change wrought no change in the quiet family life of the McCreas. Hollywood, of course, was not yet Hollywood then. It was a pleasant, sleepy little town set among orange groves. And Joel progressed from boyhood, through adolescence, in an environment as prosaic as could be found in any small town throughout the country.

Of course, the movies were apparent even then. But they did not yet dominate the town. They were a civic curiosity, with none of the natives particularly curious about them. For Joel, they simply made tangible the dream of every little boy's heart. Joel read cowboy stories, he attended cowboy movies. He wanted to be a cowboy. And wear spurs and chaps.

Now, every little boy wants, at some time or other, to be a cowboy. But, when he reaches a certain age, he realizes that it is not a wholly practical idea. Joel reached that age—but Joel lived in a town where cowboys, complete with spurs and chaps, walked along the streets in broad daylight. They were actors, but that didn't matter. They were, to all intents and purposes, cowboys.

So the youthful Joel determined to be a cowboy-actor. It would probably, as a matter of fact, be more exciting than life on the range, anyway—with more varied opportunities for narrowing the eyes along the barrel of a gun and riding swiftly into the setting sun in pursuit of indescribably villainous villains.

That, then, was his ambition. As he grew older and schools occupied more and more of his time, he never swerved from this fixed intention. Graduated from the Hollywood High School and instated at Pomona College, Joel had attained a height well over six feet. Broad-shouldered, with the graceful strength of the athlete, a handsome, clean-cut face distinguished by honest blue eyes that seemed ever fixed on the blue horizon of some vast desert swept clean by the wind—he was an arresting figure.

He appeared in a college play—the leading role opposite a girl whose father came out from Hollywood especially to see the show. Afterwards, the father came backstage and asked to meet "the young man". He met the young man, and told him to come to see him when the term was over—told him to ask for Sam Woods, at M.G.M.

That was the beginning. Naturally, when he left college, he went to see the director. He was given extra work, signed as a sort of stock player—meaning a high-class extra available at all times. Joel didn't especially like the work—a great, strapping youth with a penchant for horses and prairies wouldn't. But it was a means to an end, and he wanted to learn his trade.

He worked earnestly, wholeheartedly. Simply because, perhaps, his six feet of modern Adonis made an inescapable view, he was grad- [Continued on page 68]
JACKIE COOPER
and
BOBBY COOGAN

THEY are trying to make out which is witch. "Sooky" is their latest picture and if it repeats the success of "Skippy" it will need more magic than Hal-loween.
CHESTER is making a rushing, action picture "Corsair" in which he turns pirate, but not one of the costume party kind. Before starting on this character part, he took a cruise in a freighter, MARRIS...
THE future looks bright indeed for William since his great rôle of Tommy Osgood in "Guilty Hands". M-G-M has interesting plans for him and in the meantime the Bakewell brand of tennis is always ready to be employed!
IT IS the sportsman's season when ducks can't resist decoys. The cameras have completed shooting Ruth Hall and David Manners for their next pictures; David in "Local Boy Makes Good" and Ruth in "Monkey Business" so now it is their turn.

DAVID MANNERS and RUTH HALL
DONALD COOK and MARIAN MARSH

DONALD COOK and pretty Marian Marsh, Warner Brothers players, in the giant redwood forest surrounding Lake Arrowhead. "Shall we try for the heights?" asks Donald. "Watch me," answers Marian. And we shall
She's the hot spot of Hollywood. Her name is synonymous with passion and her behavior under the lash of temperament makes headlines whirl in dizzy cataclysm. In other words, she's Lupe Velez.
BILLIE DOVE at last has a wonderful part in "The Age for Love", a United Artists picture. Billie uses her great beauty to make this rôle dramatic. Perhaps the theme, "There
DIANA, Goddess of Mythology, originated the chase picture but it remained for Garbo, Hollywood's own goddess, to look the part. Garbo goes on. "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" will be followed by "Mata Hari". No other star even challenges her position. She is the figurehead at the prow of the good ship "Cinema"
"I'm over 45!"

NANCE O'NEIL. Who would dream, looking at this photograph taken in 1930, that she is over 45!

"Stage and screen stars cherish complexion beauty," she says. "It's youth that wins hearts!"

SAYS NANCE O'NEIL

Famous Stage and Screen Star tells the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

"I'm over 45—you see I admit so much," says Nance O'Neil. "Perhaps I should admit more, but it is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels.

"For my part, I don't think anyone, especially women, should tag themselves with dates, and I believe the world in general would be happier and better if birthdays were never recorded.

"Constructive thought and care of the skin are two things that help one to escape the marks of time.

"Any woman who knows how to keep her complexion youthful can be charming at any age!

"Stage and screen stars know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has appeal. Several years ago, I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin, and now I am among the scores of stage and screen stars who use it regularly."

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 agree with this beautiful star! So regularly do they use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty, it has been made official in all the great film studios.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢
HOLLYWOOD got quite a shock when the news of Mary Duncan’s marriage to Louis Woods, Jr. was disclosed. For a long time cinemaland was intrigued by the supposed romance between Mary and Winfield R. Sheehan, the head man of the Fox Studios. It’s quite likely that Mary will give up her film career.

MONTÉ BLUE’S five-year-old daughter, Barbara Ann, suffered a severe attack of appendicitis. An emergency operation saved her life.

STEPIN FETCHIT, lackadaisical negro film comedian, isn’t so funny at home, so it seems. Stepin’s wife has filed suit for divorce, claiming that the comic of the cinema socked her around the house and committed various ungentlemanny tactics.

THEODORE (Much Publicity) Dreiser, author of “An American Tragedy”, is in Reno to write a new novel. Despite the fact that he didn’t like the way Paramount picturized his famous novel, he is willing to accept large figures from producers for film rights to his other stories.

SALLY BLANE, pretty blonde, is going around places with William Bakewell.

ESTHER RALSTON’S baby cost her just $100,000. The pretty blonde picture star figured up the other day that the rôle of motherhood had set her back that much in offers she was forced to turn down for film work. Well, babies come high in these times.

GLORIA SWANSON is back from Europe looking more chic than ever and is being escorted hither and yon by Michael Farmer, Irish, millionaire, and playboy of the whole cock-eyed world. Gloria gets her final decree from Marquis Hank the first of November. And then the question is: Will Connie Bennett do right by Hank?

TERRY CARROLL, Nancy’s sister, is Tallulah Bankhead’s “stand-in” at the Paramount, Long Island studio. And, believe it or not, she looks more like Tallulah than Tallulah does herself.

NOW that Alice White has signed up for a vaudeville tour she is getting all sorts of offers from the picture companies. What to do? What to do? Well, life is like that.

In “Street Scene” Greta Granstedt made them sit forward in their chairs when she came on. Watch her. Allan Fox plays opposite her with a fine intensity.

JEAN HARLOW is making “Blonde Baby” for Columbia, and is taking dramatic lessons and vocal lessons on the side. There’s a girl who doesn’t believe that she knows everything, and it’s right refreshing to know one in these do-as-I-say-or-I’ll-walk-off-the-set times.

PAT SOMERSET, former idol of the English stage, recently married Barbara Todd of Baltimore. Several days after his marriage he was found working as an extra in a new Ruth Chatterton picture. Such is fame.

NANCY CARROLL’S honeymoon was abruptly interrupted by the Paramount meanies who wanted her to play the lead in “The Man I Killed”, which is being made on the West Coast. Too bad for the luck of the Irish this time. Nancy has been making all her pictures in New York—up until the time she went on her honeymoon. It’s a conspiracy.

NORMAN FOSTER has been signed by Universal on a five-year contract so he had to pack his bag and kiss little wife Claudette Colbert good-bye at Grand Central Station. Claudette will spend the winter at her New York apartment on Central Park West with her mother. But the gods are good—occasionally—so she’ll have the chance of seeing Norman in October when she goes to the West Coast to make a picture.

CONNIE BENNETT caused a near riot in New York the evening she appeared at the Ziegfeld “Follies”. The glorified ones were so busy looking at her that they nearly forgot their lines. You could just hear them saying to themselves (an old “Follies” custom) “What has she got that I haven’t got?” The answer, dearie, is—$30,000 a week.
Give thought to Your Rouge
to have it Natural

ONLY IF THE COLOR "SEEMS TO COME FROM WITHIN THE SKIN," DOES ROUGE GIVE BEWITCHING BEAUTY

By Patricia Gordon

ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the one rouge of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is Princess Pat — because none other possesses the almost magical secret of the famous duo-tone blend.

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess naturally, shows through the skin, from beneath. It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing through the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood's days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

Give to Your Cheeks the Wondrous Beauty of Princess Pat Natural Color

If you've used only usual rouge, try Princess Pat. A small thing to do, surely... yet startling as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, paintey, artificial effect. Instead an adorable transparency of skin texture, enriched so magically that no matter how much color you use it will seem your very own.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret can give this "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that Princess Pat rouge is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an exclusive, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical underglow to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All

With usual rouge, you are restricted to just one shade — the one that "matches your skin." That must be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades match every skin. Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will — to harmonize with your gown — to be brilliant or demure — to be fashionably different.

Your Complete Make-up in Perfect Color Harmony

Remember that all Princess Pat make-up aids give the famous Princess Pat Color Harmony make-up automatically. This most beautiful of all effects is carried out in Princess Pat almond base face powder, eye make-up and lip rouge.

Today, Be More Beautiful Than Ever Before

Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You'll adore the effect that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give.

FREE Lip Rouge Free! That's enticing. But more than that, it is an entirely new kind — ABSOLUTELY INDELIBILE Princess Pat... with the already famous inner tint secret of coloring lips naturally. Actually the rich, glorious color imparted seems to come from within the lips themselves—not to be "painted on." Absence of waxy consistency permits this magical effect. This is the famous inner tint secret.

To receive your free box of lip rouge, do this: Just purchase a box of Princess Pat compact rouge. In every box, under the little puff, there is a printed paper slip. Send this slip, and the coupon below, to Princess Pat. Your free box of lip rouge will be sent at once.

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON

CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO
Do Women Love Cave Men?

[Continued from page 41]

I allowed him to struggle over his steak for a moment.

"Do women love cave-men?" I interrupted at last.

"They do and they don't," he elucidated. "A cave-man may be nice to have around where he has his own private jungle cave and run-way. That is the ideal condition, of course. He might be a great lover under those circumstances and get away with it."

"Is there an if to your answer?" I demanded.

"Sherlockian, aren't you?" he taunted.

I got all jittery again when he looked that way at me, and I busied myself with my salad to hide my confusion.

"Here's the point I was trying to make," he explained. "A cave-man may be all right in his natural habitat. He may be satisfactory and thrilling and exactly right for every woman given the right conditions. But take him under ordinary conditions. Does a woman love a man who occasionally takes chunks out of the grand piano to wreck the buffet with? I doubt it. A cave-man is about as useful and necessary to the modern woman as a bull in a china shop."

I acknowledged that I hadn't thought of that. Then, I saw the twinkle in his eye, and knew that he was deliberately and with malice aforethought getting my goat.

"But seriously, what is the status of the cave-man as a lover?" I persisted.

"Brutes always have been loved," he amended. "You can see this by the popularity of such pictures as Bancroft's and the philandering Sergeant played by Eddie Love in 'What Price Glory.' This characterization built Lowe into a box-office power because the brute in it appealed to the women fans. Women have everything so absolutely their own way that they crave being bullied now more than ever because of the novelty of the situation. This is a woman's world, run for, by and of women. They have advanced more in the last ten years than they have in the last thousand. And this very thing has caused them to yearn for the man who can dominate them, force them to do his bidding."

He suppressed a chuckle.

"Out with it," I ordered.

"I was about to say, let a man try and do it and see what happens."

"What happens?" I persisted.

"Plenty." "There were volumes in the word.

"So on the authority of a man of force and power, I'd advise you boys to refrain from the impulse to get forceful and brutal. Don't go too far with the little woman. Or else.

"What is one man's meat is another man's poison. You can't all of you be Clark Gables, you know.

And I think Clark is probably right about the answer to the question "Do women love cave-men?"

They do. And they don't.
How To Create Fascinating Beauty
WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MAGIC SECRET of MAKE-UP

ANY girl can be more attractive with this new make-up discovery...created originally for the screen stars, and now offered to you by Hollywood's make-up genius!

Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownet or redhead...discover how individualized color harmony in Society Make-Up doubles beauty. Be like a screen star and permit Max Factor to create your own color harmony in make-up.

Accept this priceless gift...mail coupon

In Hollywood, we have found that make-up's secret of attraction is correct color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow for each type...for each variation in blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

We proved that off-colors in powder or rouge or lipstick mar beauty; cause complexion colorings to appear splotchy, "loud" and even grotesque.

Under blazing motion picture lights the faults of haphazard make-up were quickly visible. Unseen clashes in color or faulty texture were picked up by the searching camera lens.

Thus, through this unique experience in such a trying testing laboratory, with beauty worth millions at stake, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, created a new kind of make-up, based on his discovery of cosmic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's, and in every picture released from Hollywood you see its magic beauty in the loveliness of the stars of the screen.

Now you may share this magic make-up secret which won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Like you were a screen star, Max Factor will create your individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...exactly according to your own complexion analysis. You'll discover the one way to create beauty with make-up that is actually fascinating. You'll discover the one color harmony in make-up, in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow for every day, that's perfect for you...that will emphasize the beauty appeal of your complexion colorings. Accept this priceless gift now...fill in and mail coupon.

How to overcome skin problems with make-up

You'll also receive copy of Max Factor's 48-page illustrated book..."The New Art of Society Make-up." It tells how to make-up a dry skin; how to make-up an oily skin. How to create a satin-smooth make-up that lasts for hours. Gives answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems. Mail coupon now.

Genevieve Tobin, Universal star in "Sedl" says: "One must be careful to avoid off-color make-up, and that is why I prefer my own color harmony in Society Make-Up exclusively."


Two Tests Prove the Beauty Magic of This Make-Up For You

Facing the Lights
You know that soft, subdued lighting always flatters...impart facing bluish motion picture lights, bright as the sun. Then how perfect Max Factor's make-up must be, for screen stars use it every day in beauty illuminations. Now you, too, may be sure of satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ♠ ♠ HOLLYWOOD
96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.

(Courtesy Photo Studios of Max Clarke, Universal Star.)

Facing the Camera
Do you know how uncomplimentary, how unbecoming a camera face? Think how perfect in texture; how satin-smooth Max Factor's make-up must be to appear flawless before the search ing camera lens. How perfect it must be to flatter, to be beautiful in the light of the small screen. Now you may discover what a difference there can be in make-up.

COURTESY COUPON
Miniature Powder Compact...FREE

Mr. Mrs. Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, California
Please send me a copy of your 48 page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-up," also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart (Enclose one coin or stamp) to cover the cost of postage and handling.

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Send:

Day

Evening

Day

Evening

Max Factor

(Courtesy Photo Studios of Max Clarke, Universal Star.)
More Love and Hisses [Continued from page 8]

THE FOREIGN VERSION

New York City

To those movie fans and critics who have not yet become acquainted with it—let me present the Foreign Version.

Every foreign version which it has been my privilege to see has made the English picturization decretive. I cannot understand German. Yet the Teutonic "Anna Christie" thrilled me, while the English version seemed mercurially adequate. Norma Shearer long has been a favorite of mine. Yet she is now superseded by Nora Gregor, who has made the German "Trial of Mary Dugan" made film history.

With French, I am acquainted only slightly. Yet the French version of "The Big Pond" topped the English one by a song—oh, quite a naughty, Chevalier song.

And to cap all this comes "Le Petit Cail," French version of the entertaining program pictures "The Joy of Paris." In English, we enjoyed it mostly because of the stunt Chevalier. In French, he was a jewel in a platinum setting.

In French, the picture was almost up to the standard of "The Love Parade." It had feeling, warmth, depth, inner direction, and better construction. I don't know what to make of it. Do directors imagine that Europeans are more "choosy" than Americans? If so, let the producers beware. Only poor movies can keep the public from the theaters!

Until tactics are changed, however, I shall have to satisfy myself with the all too infrequent foreign versions.

Pearl A. Kattman

RADIO STARS

New York, N. Y.

Why doesn't someone pass a law prohibiting screen stars from trying to become radio stars and radio stars from trying to become screen stars? For some unknown reason, when movie stars go on the air they are terrible. They disillusion their admirers and thus hurt their own pocketbooks. The same is untrue of radio stars. Chevalier, Rudy Vallee, and Amos 'n Andy were all flops when they left their own fields and tried to take in new territory. Chevalier loses his wonderful personality and acting ability over the radio. And Vallee never had any acting ability. The exception that proves the rule is Will Rogers. He is truly a star of both the screen and the radio.

Except for Will Rogers, the rest are pretty bad. It is a very bad situation, when we idolize and the star loses the fans, which is not a profitable arrangement from any side. Yes, a law should be passed.

Leo Zwieberg

A RAVE FOR KAY FRANCIS

Duluth, Minn.

Actresses may come and go. Cute little things like Alice White and "Ir" girls like Garbo, Marie Doro, Sophisticated women of the world with low voices like Ruth Chatterton. Dreamy-eyed goddesses who are permitted to live alone and spurn the "rabbles" like Greta Garbo. Alot-looking strangers like Marlene Dietrich.

But Kay Francis goes on forever. I saw her in "Street of Chance," in "Gentlemen of the Press," and in "Passion Flower." She was, in my estimation, perfect. She has it all over her rivals, and she is much better to look at.

All ye who worship at the shrine of the heavenly Chatterton and the mystical Garbo, turn your face towards the shine of Kay Francis, for before another dawn all will flock to her temple.

Ella Levine

THE SCRAPBOOK

Blytheville, Ark.

In keeping a scrapbook the motion picture fan is doing more than creating pleasure for himself; he is recording the history of the screen.

Turning over the leaves of our scrapbook history, we go back to the days when Mary Pickford was gaining fame in kid roles. In the flip of a page, the type changes from the fragile heroine to the vamp, with Theda Bara and Barbara La Marr ruling the roost.

Colleen Moore makes a hit in "Flaming Murder," and her names are written in permanent ink on the pages of film history.

Scrambled Stills! Scrambled Stills!

Thousands and thousands of contest answers have been received by the Scrambled Stills Editors and the careful examination is now going on.

When the editors scramble out from under, someone is going to be a winner in a big way and there will be thirty-one others in the money.

Have patience, puzzlers.

Lucille Laden Stroud

Sh! Detroit, Mich.

What is all the hooey over Constance Bennett? Who said that she was beautiful and that she outclasses Gloria Swanson in chutz? Look at her bony jaw and fawn-like eyes, so that looks anything of that mediocre complexion. As for dressing, she does not even know the meaning of chic. I dislike her; do you hear me?

Marie Lee Kromis

THE GARBO-DIETRICH CONTROVERSY AGAIN


Garbo and Dietrich. When is this odious comparing going to end? True, there is a slight physical resemblance between the stars, but as far as their artistic attributes are concerned, they are as far apart as the poles.

Even their physical resemblance is not very marked. Marie's beauty is sensual, Garbo's is spiritual. Dietrich is beautiful. Garbo is lovely. When we think of Dietrich we think of beautiful souls; when we think of Garbo we think of a beautiful soul.

Gabro is the one actress who has never had to undress on the screen to hold the interest of her audience. Unlike most actresses who appeal to the emotions, Garbo appeals to the mind and soul. That is why she does not appeal to persons of low intelligence. They are utterly unable to appreciate and comprehend her supreme artistry. Garbo and Dietrich. It is like comparing a goddess to a scrubwoman.

Alvild V. Holmes

MOVIES—A DEFINITION

Guthrie, Ky.

My definition of movies: first—salted; second—boon for the poor; third—a tonic for the restive; and last, an education for all.

Helen Evan Laffoon

SOPHISTICATED

Galveston, Texas

I am sick of those sophisticated movies that try to be so smart and end in being so boring. I am thinking about "Rebound" which I saw last evening. Ina Claire may be a great actress, and no doubt she is, but I am sure that the movie going public could select a picture to get excited over. "Tarnished Lady" is another of those pictures that try to be smart and New York, I felt so bad that my husband went to sleep during it. And the same might be said for Tallulah Bankhead that I said about Ina Claire. They may be good behind the footlights but I don't think they are very dashing as screen stars. I'd rather have Janet Gaynor and Norma Shearer for friends and I want pictures with action—not this drawing room drama with its everlasting teacups and cocktails.

Ellen Smith
I'll Give You Magnetic Power in 24 Hours—Or No Cost!

I'll give you the secret of magnetic power that attracts new friends—
I'll tell you how to attain greater popularity—
I'll lay before you secrets that influence the minds of men and women, enabling you to make them do what you want them to do—
I'll show you the magnetic secrets that make people dominant, forceful personalities—
I'll explain how successful men dominate situations—
I'll give you the magnetic secrets that have won quick and conspicuous success in every field of endeavor—
And I'll show you how to apply these secrets of magnetism in just 24 hours or I don't want a cent of your money.
That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless Shaftesbury's famous secrets of personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours—
you don't pay a cent!

Results in 24 Hours

Shaftesbury's secrets will show you how the minds of others may be swayed—how to appear always at your best—how to dominate situations through the force of personality.
You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure. You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness.
The moment you read Shaftesbury's secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. The letters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers vastly increased.
Shaftesbury's methods of personal magnetism should enable you to acquire individuality—show you how to acquire a vibrant charming voice, a more fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality—can give you.
Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentials to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

The Facts Are Free

Shaftesbury's famous secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."
"Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind" and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.
Originally published to sell for $5—this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark burgundy with the title gold embossed, is being offered at the special price of $3. Send no money with the coupon—pay no C.O.D. You get the book first.
Remember, if this book is not all it is claimed to be—simply return it within 5 days and pay us nothing! Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only $3.00 in full payment.
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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days, I will either remit the special low price of only $3 or return the book without cost or obligation.
Name ........................................
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Special price $2.00 if payment accompanies coupon. This saves heavy bookkeeping and clerical expense. Money refunded if dissatisfied and book is returned within five days.
How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does not interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

Life Story of Robert Montgomery

(Continued from page 25)

It was all very polite, and if we were good we were given Graham crackers and milk at recess.

There was a trip to Europe sandwiched in between Overfield and later schooling at Pawling, New York. Europe, or any other place, doesn't matter much to a boy of eleven, but I knew that I wanted to go back some time.

Pawling was an unpleasant experience to me. It's a good school, don't misunderstand me, but I disliked the routine, and I met my Waterloo every time the mathematics class got together. At 7:00 we had to get up and take our showers. At 7:30 we had to be at the breakfast table. If I was one minute late I did without my breakfast and served detention, too. At 8:00 there was chapel, and from 8:30 until 1:00 we had classes. If you had behaved yourself the rest of the afternoon was your own. If you had detention, and most of us did, you stayed indoors. Dinner was at 6:00. We studied until 9:00, and from 9:30 all lights were out. And I mean all lights were out. They were turned off by a master switch.

We had three chapel exercises on Sunday, grace before dinner, and prayers afterward. It was an Episcopal school.

My brother, Don, missed all of that. He is two years younger than I am, and he always had private tutors. The tutors didn't stay very long for Don was dawdling with charm, and had his instructors wound around his little finger.

Once, I remember, mother found Don and the current tutor playing golf at the country club when he should have been struggling with intransitive verbs. She was furious, and gave the poor man quite a talking to.

"But, Mrs. Montgomery," he said, spreading his hands helplessly, "Don smiled."

My smiles were never that effective at Pawling.

(Continued next month)
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The DYNAMIC NEW ENERGY . . . VIBRANT HEALTH . . . TRIM SLENDERNESS

VitaBoat*

will give you for only

$4.85 DEPOSIT

SUCCESS . . . business or social . . . favors the man or woman who keeps fit—and LOOKS it. Today . . . more than ever before! What more convincing Sign of Prosperity these days than a firm, jaunty step . . . a clear, lively eye . . . a trim, supple figure? The successful man . . . the sought-after woman . . . knows the dollar-value of keeping fit and looking it.

And here's the popular new way of gaining glowing health, tireless strength and attractive slenderness . . . ROW THE VITA BOAT!

START YOUR DAY KEEN!
Row on it for a few minutes every morning. Notice how you "hit your desk" then—not sluggish and peppy, but alert, clear-minded, tingly alive! You won't have to wait until 11 o'clock for your brain-tubes to light up after you start using your Vita Boat mornings.
Row every night, too, for a few minutes. Then know the joy of quick, deep, restful sleep!
You'll get NEW STRENGTH from your Vita Boat—strength that will carry you buoyantly from alarm clock to curfew without afternoon letdown or evening slump. You'll know the feel of the phrase "Bring on your wildcats!"

PUT AWAY THE PILL-BOX—NO MORE CONSTIPATION
You will not need pills any more after you begin regular Vita-rowing. Its vigorous exercise of the abdominal muscles provides the most healthful and effective laxative known. And safest! ASK YOUR DOCTOR. (Remember—when you have eliminated constipation, you have cured the cause of most illness.)

WOMEN!
If your husband's waistline is beginning to bulge a bit . . . induce him to get a VITA BOAT—and row on it regularly. The unwelcome roundness will soon recede—markedly! You, too, will find reducing pleasant and simple on your family VITA BOAT.

VITA-BOATING IS FUN
Nothing tedious or tiresome about it. It's exactly like rowing. You feel the thrill of the pull and exhilarating pride in your muscles fighting to bring all your tissues into a new, fresh state. Physical directors and physicians agree that rowing is the finest exercise because it brings into play every muscle in the body.

A few minutes each day on your Vita Boat will work miracles in reducing your waistline, hips, arms or legs. REDUCING the Vita Boat way is a lot more fun than diets or drugs—SURE, too, and SAFER!

LOOK FOR THE ROLLING-SEAT
Only a rowing machine with a rolling seat can give you the full, over-all exercise of rowing in the privacy of your bedroom. Ordinarily rolling-seat rowing machines cost from $60 to $100 or more. THE VITA BOAT gives you all the essential features of high-priced machines: (1) Rolling seat; (2) Adjustable tension; (3) Rocking foot-rests; (4) Toe straps.

The VITA BOAT is easy to use, comfortably adjustable to any sized adult or child. It takes less space than a suitcase—can be quickly put out of sight under bed or in small closet.

TRY THE VITA BOAT FOR TEN DAYS FREE
No risk. No obligation. SEND NO MONEY. Simply fill out COUPON and mail. We send you the VITA BOAT by express, C. O. D., $4.85 plus 85¢ west of the Mississippi. Use it for ten days at our risk in your own home. If it is not satisfactory, send it back and we will refund your money. If you keep it send $4.90 at end of 10 days and $4.90 at end of 30 days. No rolling-seat rowing machine was ever offered before at such low price on such convenient payments.

We want you to prove the amazing HEALTH-BUILDING ENERGY-PRODUCING benefits from the VITA BOAT for yourself. That's why we are making you the 10-day FREE TRIAL offer.

Don't put off feeling fit! MAIL THE COUPON TODAY . . . now . . . while you remember!

SPECIAL OFFER—Try it 10 days FREE at our risk. SEND COUPON NOW!

Please send C. O. D. $4.85 plus 85¢ west of the Mississippi and VITA BOAT with instructions for use. If it is understood my money will be refunded if I find VITA BOAT not exactly as described and if I return it within 10 days after receiving it. If satisfactory I agree to pay $4.90 at end of the 10 days and $4.90 within 30 days.

[Note: If there is a chance you will not be at home when the expressman calls, please enclose $4.85 with this coupon ($5.85 west of the Mississippi).]

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ROW TO HEALTH AND SLENDERNESS ON THE VITA BOAT!
Sh-h-h---------! (a secret!)

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful luster—such exquisite softness!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealer's, 25c, or send for free sample.

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoo that merely cleans. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a “lively-tide”—a little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!

—J. W. KOBI CO.

633 Rainier Ave., Dept. L, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name
Address
City
State
Color of my hair

LONG EYE LASHES

Lovely to see—Lovely to own—
Yours in a few minutes—any desired length.

The secret is Ey-Teb Lashes, which you simply intermingle with your own. Can not be detected. Unaffected by tears, rainy weather, etc. Harmless.

Ey-Teb Lashes, $3 at leading department and drug stores, also beauty shops, or send $1 for large trial size package (several applications) to Dept. P.

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Public Speaking—Has Its Rewards

If you are interested—

to develop the ability to speak effectively in public is an everyday conversation—of your audience twice as fast as you are now doing, read "How to Talk Wonderfully" if it's hard to buy, or for 25 cents send name and address and this valuable free booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

—JEANETTE LIPP—POPULAR STAR

North American Institute
3641 Michigan Ave., Dept. 448, Chicago, Illinois

For there’s no disputing the fact that Lew makes us feel, with him, the trials and tribulations that he is suffering. Which trials and tribulations are the ordinary, everyday kind that might beset any of us, or our boyfriends.

And Lew can well take heart for his struggle back to popularity in the courageous attitude of Charles, the erstwhile Buddy Rogers. For Charles has had the nerve and stamina to start all over again.

When it became quite obvious that he was not able to sustain stardom, he gritted his teeth and accepted subordinate roles. And as a result, is learning to troupe.

Not that Buddy ever was an actor. But after all, what girl expects her best beau to go to going around all the time. And Buddy was without a doubt the best boy-friend America ever had!

On the other hand, the prospect for William Haines to stage a comeback is not so good. For Billy, playboy and joker that he is, has almost worn out his popularity. The novelty has worn off of his comedy—and comedy is the one thing that requires novelty above all else.

So, unless a miracle happens and Billy finds another forte for himself, I’m afraid that his cinema days are numbered. At least, that’s what the box-office indicates. And the box-office is the decisive factor on motion picture careers.

At present the latest lad to skyrocket to fame is James Dunn, whose work in "Bad Girl", his first picture, augurs well for him. Dunn is a capable actor and he makes his characterization real. But whether he will be a one-picture-sensation star or not, only the future can tell.

And that’s just the way we felt about Phillips Holmes when he made his film début in "Varvity". The moment we saw him we liked Phil, and we were amazed at the depth and quality of his work. But, would it last, we wondered... after all, Phil was so young and so for a theatrical heritage, he had had no training. But Phil has more than justified the predictions shown in those early films and continues to play on both our heartstrings and our tear-ducts.

To such an extent, in fact, that his work in "An American Tragedy" almost places him on the exalted plane where dwell the favored few whose popularity seems to continue throughout the years.

Ramón Novarro, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Gary Cooper and recently Fredric March—all may be depended upon to give us adequate performances, with all the thrills, heartbreaks and heart-throbs that any girl can desire.

So the chances are that they, the chosen few, will retain their popularity for some time to come, while the others, the flashes in the pan, swirl about their feet in futile struggles to find for themselves permanent places on the slippery ladder of success. And still others who can prove their worth and their ability and their Genius—for that is what it really is that makes us like an actor—will climb still further toward the heights.

He’s the Prince of Juveniles

[Continued from page 50]

ually promoted to bits, small parts, and finally to leading roles. Between his first bit and his first lead stretched the inevitable period of hopes deferred, suspense, discouragement. He stuck it out sparsely, growing daily more dubious, however, about the possibility of success.

And then, all at once, he was a leading man. Opposite Evelyn Brent in "The Silver Horde".

And then, all at once, Hollywood became aware of him. Especially did the ladies of Hollywood become McCrean-conscious. In swift succession, his name was linked with this and that dazzling luminary—Dorothy Mackail, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies. At night-clubs, in hotel supper-rooms, at premieres and at parties, one would be fairly sure of seeing Joel McCrea. If he were there, you couldn’t miss him—he was so tall, so prepossessing, accompanied by so luminous and luxurious a beauty. And so obviously out of his niche.

That was what caught the eye. He didn’t belong. It was far easier to imagine him astride a pawing horse. Yet there he was, weaving expertise to the strains of a famous jazz band. It was far easier to imagine him in the free, rough raiment of a rider of the sage, a son of the soil. Yet there was his brawny height impeccably tailored and groomed. It was far easier to imagine him holding the hand of a shy, dewy girl in orchidie. Yet there he was, embracing to loud music a jewelled, sophisticated darling of a thousand screens. Then he made a picture with Constance Bennett—the most sophisticated, brilliantly, worldly, imperious and wholly glamorous of the women he had met. During the making of that picture, "Born To Love", he began to be seen with the beautiful Bennett along all the sparkling highways of Hollywood nightlife. In the months that followed, he was seldom seen with anyone else. They were pointed out everywhere; their possible relationship was the subject of much speculation. And dinner tables were rife with prophecies of "Hank"’s eventual place in the life-scheme of Richard Bennett’s capricious daughter.

"But, one know, is the Marquis Henri de Falaise de Courdary, formerly the husband of Gloria Swanson and occupied, since his resignation, in paying ar-
dent court to the lovely Constance. Here, during that period, is what Holly-
wood saw ... The scintillant blonde Con-
stance dividing her vivid attentions be-
tween the two men—Hank, the worldly
and charming sophisticate; and Joel, the
naive and slightly bewildered Californian.
Sometimes, the three of them appeared
more often, separately—but al-
ways it was in the brightest centre of social
Hollywood.

That was the definite establishment of the
anomaly—Joel McCrea, his simple
heart hungry for simplicity, embroiled
in the midst of Hollywood intrigue.

But anyone glancing at him as he squirmed
Constance to this or that gathering of the
cinema elite would momentarily overlook
this sub-conscious uneasiness. His blue
eyes, following the orchidaceous Ben-
ett's every move, surely evidenced a feel-
ing of something more than admiration
and fascination.

And Hollywood's first reaction to the
newspaper accounts of Connie's departure
for Europe with the Marquis and their
plans for an early marriage was sympathy
for Joel. Genuine sympathy. For even
called-out Hollywood was not immune
to the simple, straightforward naiveté of
the boy who wanted to play cowboy
more than anything else on earth. Holly-
wood's more discerning, aware of the real
Joel, knew that it was for the best that Con-
stance and the Marquis—who belong in
the same world—were fated to have asso-
ciation with Joel. But also, they felt sorry
for him—moving confusedly in an alien
world, finally deserted by his enchanted
princess.

They will always be friends, Joel says.

"That's what it was in the first place,
anyway—the finest friendship I've ever
known. She is a wonderful person and I
consider myself fortunate to know her."

Joel lives at home with his family. He is
still simple, honest and clean-minded. He
will prey to twinges of bewilderment at the
feverish world in which he finds himself.

"I still haven't played a western. I am
so darned sick of wearing boiled shirts and
holding teacups. Besides, I'm not a good
enough actor for parts like that. I'm not
different, like Phillips Holmes or brilli-
ant, like Bob Montgomery. Those fellows
have subtlety and experience.

"I ought to be doing parts where I'd
feel at home—like clothes, riding horses.
Then I could just walk through it and at
least give it the semblance of naturalness."

Instead, he goes from one drawing-room
drama to another and is, at present, being
groomed for stardom. He cringes at the
thought.

"I'm doing all right now as a leading-
man. If they star me, I'm sure it will
shorten my life as a player. And I don't
want that. I want," and his eyes grow
more gentle as he says it, "to make enough
money to buy a little ranch somewhere,
with good horses and dogs. And make a
few pictures a year—westerns—and always
have my ranch to go to. Because I like
fresh air, and wind, and miles and miles of
swinging land to ride across."

And in the meantime, Joel McCrea puts
on makeup and holds tea cups for silken
stars, and explains—a puzzled look on his
face—that he still considers Constance
Bennett one of the loveliest women in the
world, and waits for the escape to that
little ranch somewhere.

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**Written to end drudgery**

Women who have read this book are enthusiastic about it. (More than 250,000
of them!) One writes: "It cut my cleaning time to two hours every day"... Anoth-
er: "Taught me how to keep my home really clean"... And another: "Now
I have time for my flowers"... Here are a few of the ideas it contains:

**How to budget cleaning time**

Save time by planning your house-
work, by making out a written cleaning
schedule. This is known as "time bud-
geting,"—by budgeting time you make
every minute "buy" the greatest possi-
ble results! Our free book gives details.

**To wash dishes faster**

The basis of all good dishwashing,
whether you use sprays, dishwashing
machines, or whatnot, is: well-scraped
dishes, plenty of Suds, and good hot
water. Other time-saving methods sug-
gested save precious minutes each day.

**To make beds more "sleepable"**

Is there anything more inviting, more
luxurious, than clean, fresh sheets?
... and soft, fluffy blankets, and clean,
unwrinkled pillow-slips? Our free book
tells how to launder these the best way.

**To keep a refrigerator spotless**

Here's the easy way to keep refrig-
erators clean: wash up spills as they
occur—with warm, soapy water. Spills
attended to in time save elbow grease.

**To remove common stains**

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juice. They're sometimes classed as
difficult stains. But our free book tells
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Some Call Him a Genius

[Continued from page 20]

against staying in a play too long. He feels that he must move around, or become artistically crippled and stale. He loves to open in shows. He rarely closes in them.

He puts gilt on his toe-nails, but forgets to have his finger-nails manicured. He has a mania for baths, taking at least two a day, with a few showers in between.

After a number of indifferent pieces, he joined the Theatre Guild, to realize his ambition of playing with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. The three were a great hit in "Caprice", playing it a year in New York, in London, and a notably successful run on the road.

If there is liquor at a party, he will drink it. If not he does not miss it. He likes highballs best because he thinks people talk best when there are highballs around.

Replacing Lunt in "Volpone" he scored one of the season's hits as the engagingly despicable Gaddy. This is his favorite role. He likes "actory" things; to dress up in outlandish costumes and do everything but chew the scenery.

In London he was one of the most sought-after young Americans ever to visit England. A great social success, visitors were forced to enter his elegant quarters through the bathroom.

Returning to the commercial theatre, he again played with Sylvia Sidney in "Many A Slip", and then was featured in Edwin Knopf's stock company in Baltimore for a summer engagement. Then a trip home for a visit (he'd been away for four years), and the offer of a picture contract.

He does not think that pictures are the seventh heaven of an actor's dream. He has had success early and too long to be overwhelmingly thrilled by having people stare at him. He thinks the making of pictures that move is one of the hardest and most trying jobs in the world, and he is not making any more money at it than he was in far easier labor on the New York stage.

HE IS at his best in sports clothes and uniforms. He seems oddly out of place in the conventional dress of the young man of the period. He wears berets and his nose is usually peeling.

His great ambition is to play "Peer Gynt," and "The Playboy of the Western World." He does not think, however, that he will ever have the chance to do so. It would be a rare producer who would mount such a purely artistic endeavor.

He does not smoke. He likes to start on extended and fantastic journeys at a moment's notice. During these trips, he is the best of companions, witty, good-humored, never tired. During his frequent fits of depression, however, he is about as cheerful as a caterpillar with bunions.

He scored so definitively in his first picture, "Paid", and followed this with an even more pronounced hit in "Five and Ten", that he has achieved virtual stardom in his third, "Waterloo Bridge".

He has the eyelashes of a school-girl, and one of the most powerful Australian crawls in the theatrical world.

He knows the lyrics of more obscure songs than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of the piano player in Harry's Bar in Paris. These he will sing with practically no encouragement and with less melody.

Eccentric as a March hare, he is one of the most charming and talented of the silver screen's array of glad, bad, mad, sad young men... and one of the most promising.

The Trans-Continental Wife

[Continued from page 39]
that was. First thing we ran across was a horoscope some one had kindly made out for me, and Norman wouldn't stop and read it. It seems that I have the Sun in Aquarius and the Mercury in Capricorn, or something like that, and somehow Leo the Lion—No, he's for M-G-M stars—so it must have been Aries the Ram, or Virgo the Virgin got mixed up in it. It was all quite confusing and I wasn't exactly sure what I was—but one line caught Norman's attention, and how. It read, 'This means that Miss Colbert will marry three times (No, it couldn't have been Virgo the Virgin) and judging from all present indications she will marry for the second time this summer.'

'Well—how long has this been going on?' Norman demanded, simply blazing with fury. Of course, male-like he put all the blame on me immediately. It was well on its way to being a nice little family quarrel with perhaps a murder in the end when I luckily discovered that the horoscope said I was born in May. Now since I was actually born on September 13—everything was all wrong. Some other girl was destined to have three husbands—not me. I pointed out the gross mistake and Norman cooled down and regained his sense of humor. But he lost it again several days later when Walter Winchell's column broadcasted that the Colbert-Foster vehicle was creaking. Well, all I can say is that it positively is not true.

Norman and I are both counting the days until we can be together in California. I make my next picture for Paramount out there, you know."

"But that dark, handsome stranger that you went to the opening of 'An American Tragedy' with," I insisted. "The gossip is that he's the new heart-throb."

CLAUDETTE went into a junior form of hysterics.

"He's dark and handsome all right," she said, "but hardly a stranger. Just my brother, that's all. So I'm two-timing Norman with my brother. Good heavens, it's beginning to look like a Greek tragedy." She was off again.

"I always get blamed for things I don't do. I innocently go to an opening with my brother—and get talked about. Whereas some people get away with little less than murder and it's considered of no importance. But even as a child I always got the blame. I was a sweet, docile little girl in school but whenever anything happened in that classroom the teacher pounced on me right away and I got the blame—and the punishment. I guess I have 'that look' about me."

Claudette certainly had "that look" about her that day. For a long time now she has been wanting to play a "character" part on the screen and has declared that she is darn sick of being a lady. At last her wish has been granted. In "Blind Cargo" she plays the role of Sal, a gal from a hot spot in Singapore. Now Sal wouldn't know about the Empress Eugenie (lucky gal) so she'd feel all dressed up in a tight fitting skirt up to her knees and a crepe de chine blouse, boldly exposing pink ribbons and lace. A camisole, I believe, if memory serves me well. Said blouse was pinned across the front with a large safety pin—which is symbolical of reformation in Singapore—and Gary Cooper has something to do with that. Oh, see the picture for yourself.

I rose to go. But one thing was bothering me. It's awful to be suspicious.

"I once wrote a life story of a movie star," I said wearily. "She loved her husband and said so. I thought she ought to know. So I wrote a grand romance and had them in a beautiful clinic for a fade-out in the third instalment. I sat up nights thinking up glamorous and romantic words. Would you believe it—before I could get that third instalment on the news stands woman had divorced her husband and married another man. Heigh ho. I've been a long time living down that third instalment. And I've gotten wary and suspicious. Promise me, Claudette, that you won't divorce Norman before I get this story on the stands."

"I promise," Claudette said. "And my promise still holds good even if you delay publication for fifty years."

And that's that.

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MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER
Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 14]

HUSH MONEY
Good (Fox)

Here’s a pleasant picture with Joan Bennett doing nicely as the poor girl, who innocently becomes the tool of a crook. When she gets out of jail she marries a wealthy young man whom she adores and everything is all right until her old associates start blackmailing her. You’ll like Hardie Albright as the young husband.

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE
Fair (Universal)

Those who enjoyed “In Old Arizona” may like a similar yarn. If so, here it is. Dorothy Burgess is the local seductress, Leo Carrillo is the fascinating villain, and Johnny Mack Brown is the wholesome hero. A nice picture—if you haven’t anything else to do.

LAUGHING SINNERS
Fair (M-G-M)

This may draw fans on the strength of Joan Crawford’s acting, but it isn’t up to the standard of her recent pictures. She is a cabaret girl who joins the Salvation Army to blot out the memory of a great sin. But when she meets the man she loved, she falls again. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton are the men.

LULLABY
Poor (M-G-M)

Get out your handkerchief, girls, for this is an old-fashioned weeper. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. He disappears and Lewis Stone is left to console the girl (Helen Hayes) who has a baby and a lot of disillusions. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother—or something like that.

MAD GENIUS, THE
Good (Warner)

A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in a most impressive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a foundling whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE
Poor (Paramount)

This picture is Ruth Chatterton and not much else. When a Chatterton fan you’ll hug it to your heart, and if you’re not you’ll probably be bored. Ruth plays the role of a hard-boiled little cafe singer who impersonates a famous French actress to appease a blind boy (Ralph Bellamy). Stuart Erwin gives a splendid performance.

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE
Poor (M-G-M)

Robert Montgomery in his second starring picture. He’s a gay, irresponsible lad in “dear old Llumoon” who becomes a sheriff’s assistant when his father turns him out of his house. He takes possession of the home of a young society woman whom his brother is trying to marry, believing her to be rich. Lots of light, amusing comedy with Irene Purcell and Charlotte Greenwood helping out with the fun.

MIRACLE WOMAN, THE
Good (Warner)

A brilliantly directed study of modern evangelism that is bound to cause a lot of discussion if nothing else. Barbara Stanwyck plays the role of a young daughter of a good and pious old clergyman who is killed by the hypocrisy of his “locket.” Enraged by this, Barbara decides to make a “trade” of religion. David Manners gives an appealing performance as the blind boy who loves the miracle woman.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK
Good (Paramount)

A first-rate mystery thrill-er that will bring out all the shivers and shudders, and make you afraid to go home in the dark. There’s a graveyard, and a family vault, and sliding doors, and a half-wit, and a vampire, and one murder right after another. See it from the beginning so you won’t miss any of the thrills.

NIGHT ANGEL
Fair (M-G-M)

A hopelessly unbelievable story with Nancy Carroll going dramatic in a big way. It’s about a vice-prosecutor (Freddie March) who falls in love with the daughter of a woman who runs a vice den and commits murder to protect her. You probably won’t like Nancy’s new hair cut.

NIGHT NURSE
Good (Warner)

Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse in a big hospital gets involved in a series of strange adventures when she is sent to take care of two youngsters who are ill. The lovely Stanwyck even has to take a sack on the chin from Clark Gable. Ben Lyon gives a good performance.

PHANTOM OF PARIS, THE
Good (M-G-M)

No longer the great lover, John Gilbert proves himself a darn good actor. He plays a young musician convicted of the murder of his sweetheart’s father. How he escapes, finds the real murderer and wins back the girl makes an exciting story. Leila Hyams is the girl.

POLITICS
Good (M-G-M)

Marie Dressier and Polly Moran desert the stock market (and who hasn’t?) and the beauty “shoppes” and go in for politics—with screaming results. Marie, with Polly as her manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and household battles. William Bakewell and Karen Morley supply the romance.

REBOUND
Good (R.K.O.-Pathé)

If you like sophistication you’ll like this one. Ina Claire plays an ultra-modern girl in love. Not much action but lots of smart repartee. Robert Ames is the hero.

SECRET CALL
The Fair (Paramount)

Peggy Shannon’s first picture and she’s a knock-out, even though the picture is rather creaky old melodrama. That her Shannon gal has a future, no foolin’. Peggy’s father is ruined by a big politician, and seeking revenge she gets a job as telephone operator in the politician’s hotel. At last her moment of revenge arrives—she holds the key to a sensational scandal with a phone number. Richard Arlen is the hero.

SIDE SHOW
Good (Warner)

Winifred Dwight is up to her old rough-house antics again. And this time she has the proper locale of a circus so she can have lots of noisy fun imperson-
SMART MONEY. Edward G. Robinson gives a fascinating and highly powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes good—also as a gambler. But he's nuts about blondes and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for the Big House. This picture is almost as powerful as "Little Caesar." James Cagney is good in a minor role, but Robinson is just grand.

SMILING LIEUTENANT. Chevalier's best picture since "The Love Parade." Only Lubitsch could have directed it. It's sophisticated entertainment for that who loves an entertainer in a beer garden but is forced to marry a princess. Claudette Colbert is lovely as the lieutenant's real sweetheart; but Miriam Hopkins plays the part of the princess with both humor and pathos.

SON OF INDIA. Ramon Novarro is hopelessly handicapped by an involved and implausible story. Ramon plays the son of a jewel merchant of India who falls in love with an American girl whom he cannot marry on account of racial prejudices. Madge Evans is the girl.

SPORTING BLOOD. This race-track yarn will dash you to the core and you're probably not more genuine pleasure out of it than you've had in a month of Sundays. The story of a horse and a girl (Madge Evans) who meet up with a crooked gambler and sink to the depths of shame. But both are thoroughbreds and when given the chance both come through in flying colors. Clark Gable is the hero. What a man!

SOUL MAN. The Fair. Audiences have been crying over this tear-jerker for eighteen years, and it's still a touching story. This time it's Lupe Velez who plays the Indian girl who falls in love with the English nobleman who comes to America to forget. Warner Baxter is excellent.

SUSAN LENOX. Another Garbo hit that will live 'em up at the box office. Gables is more sinister against than singing Susan Lenox, runs away on her wedding day, joins a circus, falls in love again, falls in love again and marries. Sounds confusing—but it's all done in the grand Garbo manner. Clark Gable is the leading man. Gable-Garbo, what more can we ask?

SVENAGAL. One of John Barrymore's best bits, of acting. He makes the character of Svenagali truly frightening. There's excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilly describes her sweetheart to the fears of the people. Richard Dix is a bit immature but lovely as Trilly.

THIS MODERN AGE. Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocre story. In this one she lives with her not-so-nice mother in Paris and they go places and do things that are smart and shocking. Neil Hamilton and Monte Blue both fall for Joan and Neil wins. Poor Monroe. You'll like the new blonde Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.

TRANS-ATLANTIC. This is a better crook picture than you've seen in a long time. Edmund Lowe is a maze of shy deals who is professionally interested in a banker and his securities. Earle Foxe, as a tough general of the gang, is also interested in the banker. There is plenty of excitement on board the big boat bound for Europe. Lois Moran, Greta Nissen and Jean Hersholt are in the cast.

WATERLOO BRIDGE. Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. It's the story of an English music hall girl who is forced by poverty to ply "the oldest trade" on London Bridge. One night she meets a young idealistic soldier who falls in love with her. Does she reveal her past? Mac Clarke and Kent Douglass are grand and will bring tears of sympathy to the old eyes.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE. The Fair. (R.K.O.-Path). A feminine spy with a past falls madly in love with a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties lead her being shot, then they let the two marry because the spy has only six more months to live. Helen Twelvetrees does right by this yarn, but this yarn doesn't do right by Helen.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE. Good (Paramount) This one brings beautiful Eleanor Boardman back to the limelight in splendid fashion. She is the wife of a popular young artist who is given a chance to study in Paris by a rich society woman who designs upon him. Just as the wife is about to secure a divorce the death of her little girl brings them together again. Paul Muni is the artist.

WYOMING WONDER. The Fair. (Fox) If you like hard-riding, plenty of action, beautiful scenery and the average Western story, then don't miss this one. Galloping daredevil George O'Brien is at his best and his horsemanship leaps on horseback will send cold shivers down your spine. Sally Eilers, Rita LaRoy and James Kirkwood are in the cast.

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID. Good (RKO Pictures) Richard Dix is billed as the star of this picture. He gives a good performance but little "skippety" Cooper almost breaks your heart. He has eyes and car only for him. Jackie plays a youngster left in the care of a gangster. He robs him of the gangster and is broken when a judge sends him away. If this one doesn't make you cry, there's something wrong with your tear-ducts.

YOUNG SINNERS. Richard Meighan is great in a story that's just average. He plays a physical culture trainer who brings back to normal a young lad who has been disappointed in love and who has taken to drink as a result. Hardy Albright and Dorothy Jordan are supposed to be the young sinners, but they're too nice and clean-cut, you just don't believe it.
over in accordance with her tastes. The thatched roof will cover an eighteenth-century American living-room and a Frenchy dressing-room, dainty in pale blue and peach satins; a brass plate will bear her name in old English letters.

"I'm indulging my suppressed desires," Janet, thrilled over the acquisition, said, "I've always lived in rented, furnished houses. There is nothing in them that expresses me. I have waited to build until I could be quite sure of liking a locality. I get so restless."

She wants a Tudor house, being partial to English architecture. At present she and Mr. Peck, served by a cook and a chauffeur, are domiciled at Playa del Rey — a sequestered beach away from the seaside society of Malibu. Her mother lives in a cottage near-by. She has bought a bungalow for her aunt in a suburban town.

Her simplicity of nature remains unaltered since that day on the "Lucky Star" set when Lydell Peck, then courting her, was a visitor and she impulsively cried, "Come home with me for dinner tonight!" adding ruefully, "Only lamb chops, but they'll be good!"

Once when publicity pictures were being taken on a beautiful estate she was worried. "Suppose my friends in Florida think I live in a big house like this! They may say I've gone high-hat."

Idealistic and practical—that summarizes Janet. These two primary forces wage warfare in her spirit. Fighting for principles and aware of their cost, her stubborn absence from the screen, by which she forfeited forty-four thousand dollars, was an acutely miserable time.

Several people have been both credited and blamed, for her successes and mistakes. She believes that she should bear most of the responsibility for both.

Experience has cultivated a flexible emotional range along which she travels at her own will's command. Her art has been described as wholly impulsive. She has been reported as hysterical after her scenes had drained her frail strength and stimulated her nerves to a high, quivering pitch. Such statements make her seem a primitive child, incapable of intelligent use of her gifts. Her co-workers say that often she is worn out and wan after a strenuous day but that they never have seen her upset.

She is governed largely by a basic instinct to which, I think, she trusts more than mental wisdom. She just feels what is best for her, then enters whatever fray that necessitates, rather than thinking logically.

Her husband has been censured for having misadvised her. Those who have known her for years claim that her expensive insistence upon roles she considered suitable was more like Janet, always actuated by a driving ambition, than like Lydell Peck, who was new to the intricate machinery of stardom's maintenance.

Willing to admit her mistakes, when time has convinced her—and only time, not argument, can do so—she renounces the ideas which caused them. After reading ten thousand letters from her fan-mail, she finally agreed that such dramas as "Common Clay," which she once wanted to do, were not for her more delicate spirit.

Hyper-sensitive, she was hurt by the critics' panning of her first talkies. She declared that she knew her voice wasn't exceptional and that she never would sing again in a picture. Another decision thrown overboard. In "Delicious," for which George Gershwin wrote the music, her winged voice pipes its elfin melody, sprouting decorative arias in smallish, crystal trills. She has been studying singing.

"I liked 'Sunny Side Up,'" she said. "I don't mind a 'Daddy Long-Legs' or a 'Merely Mary Ann.' I do not want, now,
Otherwise, their sojourn was a happy one. They and the Dick Arlen took adjoining houses. The long days through, Janet lay on the beach, reveling in the burning sun that she loves so intensely. All that is elemental to it and the heat of a hot sun, in its soothing caress.

A native woman came each evening to teach the girls South Sea dances, the rhythms of which, with the mystic abstractions that surround them, intrigued Janet. All the rich and subtle coloring of the tropics had kindled a responsive flame in her. When the boat was leaving, and the natives gathered on shore to sing "Alohal" both Janet and Joby had to retire until they could control their sobs.

Such outbursts, however, are rare. Janet's poise has developed more rapidly than any other quality. Her shyness, that tense misery as such rendered her inarticulate when she met her idol, Gloria Swanson, has gone. On the equal footing of familiar rivalry, she meets the great with a serene assurance.

Her gain in womanly charm and presence makes one smile over those extra days when she confessed her fear, "Oh, if I should succeed, and anyone find out of place among them. I never would be able to carry it off properly."

At that time she had the typical fan's zeal, bringing to her class at business school pictures of the stars which she had clipped from magazines and whispering confidences about her "crushes". Gloria and Mary Pickford remain idols of her thespian and her romantic yearnings; Garbo occupies a pedestal of deep regard.

"I would like to have been different in those last years, he has cared more about anything. She takes people and situations equably, eager to get fun out of them but unimpressed by position, unfraid of circumstance. Yet her mind, despite its trend toward metaphysics, to which she attributes her cultivation of self-confidence, is not sophisticated.

Excepting Trine and Shelley, her reading is along lines that foster a reverie at once imaginative and active, rather than intellectual and subtle. She likes such magazines as the National Geographic; travel stories delight her and history's heroines interest her.

Her pleasures are simple: swimming and sunbathing, outings with her big dogs, "They're excising me!" she exclaims as they tug at the leash—the movies, the Bowl symphony concerts, and games at home with Virginia and Charlie Farrell, Lydell, and Tommy, the Englishwoman who was with her on the trip. She is not adaptable to large crowds, preferring the inspirational intimacy of congenial understanding.

There is a madcap, restless streak that some day may carry her off. One cannot safely grope her; speculation with such quicksilver qualities is futile. Medico she never will; the romanticist in her will not be snubbed; either she will sail gloriously unto the heights or she will disappear.

May we not liken her to that "scorn of the ground" in her favorite poem, Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"? "Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth deserve/ A home in heaven near the burning skies of God/be the poet, and the future, for ever:/ The purest joy is heaven, and devoid of sorrow.

To the ancient, the garden is a thing of beauty, in the hands of the modern man it is a thing of beauty.

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

T HE alien type—the woman who fascinates men or will. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is carved, hated—for other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are bewildered. For her allure is irresistible. "I don't understand what men see in her."

One who must know the secret with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is one that you desire to be the alien type. If you could fascinate men at will, you would use your power within reason. Well, then, you may; for last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, gives you the "dangerous power"—give it to you free.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by like methods is easily explained. Nature has never designed more women, all fascinating. Her plan for limitation shows. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate. But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination"...

You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more average looks—some that you may have considered ordinary. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of 'sex appeal', yet you know that thousands of women have reported to physical change as the main reliance with inevitable failure.

Excepting all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that you were willing to go to almost any length to follow her. But how could you? For, Nature, most cleverly, has made her Nature's alien type so...

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You

Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the only woman in all the world, by the knowledge of complete fascination. A certain woman's beauty is terrific; it can only be explained by Lucille Young you give through her methods—by the most effective way in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.

But more than beauty is absolutely necessary. Countless beautiful women are not fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows. So Lucille Young gives you also the very laziest of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly twenty years of study, by gleaming from countless patents the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and putting together.

The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—of the laws of nature. Women are thrilled as never before—because they know that what was once, is now, and only what is known is revealed—and that an amazing new life has been given to these ancient laws. Women are again using the type, she will meet her on her own way. It is a manner of life as irresistible as it is wonderful. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young's methods will give you the very beauty.

Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation

So marvelous are the promise of complete fascination, that there is not any risk in trying out Lucille Young's methods. The fee can be paid by Lucille Young.

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Street Address.
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LUCILLE YOUNG YOUNG WOMEN'S METHODS

Your book [ ] Life is a Revelation of Any Kind. Send enclosed free. I want to read and understand your book, and I am ready to discover the secret of fascination. The coupon must be prepared by Lucille Young.
Turkey and Stuffings & Charlie Farrell!

[Continued from page 35]

Enjoy Thrilling Satisfaction of a Figure Free from

FAT

Woman Loses 42 pounds in 3 months

Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home-reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa., writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

An 85c bottle of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists throughout the whole wide world.

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"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It!"

$ Photoplay Ideas$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, Copyright and submitted to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas is what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY

(Established 1917)
504 Meyer Bldg., Western and Sierra Vista
Hollywood, California

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Brownatone Co., 606 E. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
snow had fallen hard enough, the days following Thanksgiving were usually given up to this sport. We would get a crowd together—say perhaps ten or twelve—and set forth in a big old sleigh. Cuddling beneath heavy fur robes in the crisp night air, we would glide smoothly over hill and dale in the moonlight, singing and laughing in spite of the many bumps we usually received!

"Sometimes we would draw up at the home of one of the girls and all get out and go in and have hot chocolate, home made cakes. Then we'd play the piano or someone would start the victrola and all of us would dance. At ten or half past ten, all of us would be back in our own homes. In those days we would have dinner across the street."

On one of these occasions, Charlie in the audience would say at seven we'd all be ready for the evening's pleasure, whether it would be skating, coasting or sleighing or a party at a friend's house. And by eleven o'clock at the latest, all of us would be back. But some difference from Hollywood, where our pleasures begin at about the hour mine used to end in New England!" sighed Charlie and there was a far-away look in his eyes.

While he was thinking of his sweet little mother whom he lost so tragically, sudden last Christmas. It was her loving spirit and understanding heart which made her son's boyhood days so happy—we know because we had the pleasure of personally knowing and greatly admiring Mrs. Farrell.

"Those boyhood Thanksgivings were among the happiest I ever expect to have," broke in Charlie on our thoughts.

"California, of course, was delightful, but imagine New England under its Thanksgiving mantle of snow! The picturesque landscape! The white-clad trees! The mirror-like ponds! The icy streets and walks! The cool, refreshing breezes! You can say what you will, there is no more enchanting place in winter than old New England! I love the snow and ice, anyway, and I hope with all my heart that Virginia and I will be able to spend many future holiday seasons in the New England winter, the quaint, quaint everest that we have on the West Coast, tiring, tiring...

while Charlie was staring into space and thinking of the snows and snowdrifts, we studied him intently and came to the following conclusions:

He is a lover of good, clean fun, and particularly enjoys winter sports. Highballs, cocktails, wild orgies and such don't interest him the least bit.

He is no danger of ever "going Hollywood," to use a trite phrase—instead, he is remarkably youthful for all of his twenty-eight or nine years, and while he has a certain amount of New England reserve, he is, for all that, exceedingly democratic.

He is vitally interested in his film work and accordingly, as long as he is on the screen and as long as the studios are located in Hollywood, Hollywood will be his home.

He lover California and has many ties and friendships which bind him here, but his heart is really in the state of his birth. New England he loves and always will.

Scratch a Californian they say and you find a New Englander. Scratch Charlie Farrell and you'll find one that is proud of it.
my family that day and soon learned the cause of my woe. 'I know John Ford,' he said. 'I'll speak to him about you.' But I had had too many disappointments to attach any importance to his words. Hope was only a futile thing after all. But sure enough the next day John Ford (the director) called me over to the Fox lot for a try-out. And I got the part.

Sallie was a work as the whirlwind heroine of this picture bought me a contract with Fox. She has nothing to worry about now. She was looking most chic that day I junched with her. She wore a lovely little ensemble topped off by the Eugenie Cure. She was so happy. Why you could almost hear her humming "Happy Days Are Here Again." With childish delight she described the shopping she had done.

"But, Sally, don't throw your money around so lavishly this time," I said in my most ominous "there's one-gim-never-don't-watch-out" voice.

"Oh I've learned that lesson too," she laughed. "I have an arrangement with Fox whereas they are to keep a part of my salary in a trust fund for me. I'll see that it can't be spent. But it's so grand to have a little of this again (she indicated the beauty and luxury of the Japanese Garden) after those miserable months of cafeterias. And I'm flying back to Hollywood in the morning. Isn't it thrilling?"

Good luck, Sally. You're a swell kid.

"Give me—one more chance," Adolph Menjou asked of Hollywood. After some delay he got it. Today Menjou the magnum, efficient, the dandista, is more firmly entrenched in the hearts of his public—and his directors—than ever before. Yesterday he was a myth—unknown by a new generation of fans, almost forgotten by the old. Menjou was a "type" and it was that typing that quickly hoisted him to lofty heights, and then just as quickly let him fall. There was only one type of role that the suave Menjou was allowed to play—and that role got more and more with his most ardent admirers had to snicker.

The Big Moguls of Hollywood called a conference. The public had become apathetic. Menjou was through. About that time I noticed Menjou could talk as well as the best of them, but the sentence had been passed. "Menjou was through." Through, was he? Not by a long shot. He'd show them. In a huff he went to Europe—and to foreign pictures. But the old postalgia for Hollywood was there. "Just one more chance," he asked.

Levis Milestone was a genius. As Menjou entered the room where we were waiting to begin rehearsals we glared at his neatly creased pants, his fawn colored tie and his derby. ‘Well, there goes our picture all right, all right. It’ll be the biggest flop of the century,’ one of the boys muttered. To keep from trampling on Menjou we started a crap game.
The dice were mine and I was rolling naturals like a professional. Suddenly somebody dropped to the floor beside me and gave me a punch in the ribs. ‘Say, you mug, give me a chance at those babies. Papa needs new shoes.’ It was Menjou.

When the game was over Menjou’s collar was off and his shirt was open, and he had won all our dough—as well as our undying respect. There never was a more square-shooting guy. All the fellows were crazy about him before the picture was over—and I don’t have to tell you how I had a sailing success he was as Walter Burns.’

“Please, Hollywood—just one more chance.” Lovely, frail, exotic, moon-glate of a woman...Dolores Del Rio...her voice trembling and tears glistering on her long lashes. Too young to be forgotten, too lovely, too talented. A heedless world passes on. New faces, new favorites...it is so easy to forget...As Ramona Dolores Del Rio rose to the dizzy pinnacle of success, and the adoration of millions went to her head, dazzled her, and she lost her balance. She was Queen for a day—but when night came she was shivering in the corridors of decay.

Then she learned of the dance-halls was so loud, and there was another man whose voice she answered now. Jaime died, and that other man left her, and the world grew weary of her playing, and her contract was sold. Yes, it was through. She had burned her candle at both ends.

But suffering and humiliation have a way of burning up a soul, reducing to ashes that which is cheap and petty, and leaving only the gold. Today Dolores is a new woman and a finer woman. She has learned her lesson in the sad school of experience and it reflects in her acting, giving it a poignancy, a depth of character that was never there before. And Hollywood was wary of her. Dolores belonged to those silent days, long since forgotten though it was only a year or so ago...and she had had her chance and muffed it. Dolores learned from her mistake. "I can make good if you will only give me one more chance." Radio Pictures heard her plea, and listened. They gave her a test. It was marvelous—super—a Dolores better than before.

When the test was over "The Front Page" soon you will be glad that Dolores got that "one more chance". She knew what to do with it.
“Breezy Joan Blondell”  

(Continued from page 26)

It was in the last production that Warner was made Joan Blondell-conscious and they imported her to do fifteen pictures in two years.

In those fifteen productions Joan has played every variety of tough girl ranging from dame to moll and return via skirt and broad. She’s even been a bimbo and Jane not to mention frail and ball-and-chain.

But Joan wants to go straight! “I want to be a lady!” she complains in her best West End accent. “Because I’ve been so many hard types I’m beginning to stiffen.

“Now, however, I think I’ve been given a chance in the right direction for Samuel Goldwyn has chosen me to play the role of Schatze in ‘The Greeks Had a Word for It’.

“It isn’t part of a lady in the literal sense of the word—but there are ladies and Schatze is one of the ‘and ladies.’ I may be more interested in the security offered by men in stocks and bonds rather than that of their encircling arms, but at least I wear gorgeous clothes, the new Chanel models, by the way, live in sumptuous quarters and am not the half-starved choline I have appeared on the screen.

“If I succeed in ‘The Greeks Had a Word for It’ I’ll be on my road to what I consider ultimate success. This means that I’ll be working forever and ever and eventually do a little travelling. I want to go to the places that father took me to when I was a kid and see them all over again. There’s Germany, France, and Australia. You see I’ve been around the world three times and made the trip across the United States fifty-six times (but never had as many laughs as I did in the last year during my picture work).

Joan’s been worked so hard she once put on an old sweater, slouch hat and a pair of boots and, without telling a soul, sneaked off to Wheeler Springs for a four day West.

Joan got so many parts to study she had to move out of her parents’ home and take a lonesome place for herself.

“With the kid sister hooch” on the back porch and father trying out a new act with mother on the front porch, and the crickets and things rubbing their wings together under the house, I didn’t get a moment’s peace while trying to study lines.

“So I moved out in the hills. But the last time I got a ticket and my name and address appeared in the papers the people began flocking to my door as if I had invented a mouse trap. I suppose I’ll have to move again. After all I can’t be awakened at four in the morning to have the milkman ask me for my autograph. Yep, that’s what happened.

“Assumed names aren’t any good in Hollywood—you have to wear smoked glasses and a mustache or be the lady not that we don’t like it but when I take a bath I like to take a bath.”

New Beauty Discovery

RAE JUVEYAN now presents American women with a great new skin care discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cap moved over the face instantly evacuates the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

It brings a natural radiance into even the most hollow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvexy cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkles with faultless daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50, cream 50c, suction cup 80c. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question.

HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES, 544 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Talking Pictures


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Why wait for leap year?

Get your man this year! It’s easy the Blondex way. This special shampoo gives blonde hair radiant appeal no man can resist! It not only prevents darkening—but safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Adds new gloss and lustre, too. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Good for scalp. Let Blondex bring out the gleaming lights now hidden in your hair. At all drug and department stores.
"O. K. Jimmie"

[Continued from page 38]

change is the same in any language, but the Gifted speak only New Yorkese and it’s not so much in that lingo.

“When that was gone,” Jimmie confessed, “I hit the rocks. The manager of the hotel where I was staying had faith in me, though, and he let my bill go on the cuff. Usually they don’t let you run up a bill of over $50 but mine had gone to $250 when I left. The meals were the hard part. I had to manage them as best I could and when I could. Some days I et, no doubt, and some days I didn’t.”

Then M-G-M sent me out to the Fox New York studio to take a test and some chap at Fox saw me and liked me and told me if M-G-M didn’t take up the option to come back and see him, so I did and here I am.”

He reached for a cigarette and I returned to a perusal of his biography. “Wears good clothes and has an extensive wardrobe.” Mr. Dunn was attired in a pair of slacks and sweat shirt, à la Jack Oakie. I surveyed him disapprovingly. “Look how you’re dressed,” I reproved him.

“Gosh,” said Jimmie enthusiastically, “isn’t it swell the way you can go round out here? I only get dressed up for pictures and dates, if any.”

“It says here,” I insisted, “that you’re a swell dresser. Look at you.”

“You’re not so hot yourself,” he said. Jimmie grinned some more. “It’s sure swell out here. I don’t say I never want to see New York again but I’d certainly rather live out here. For the first time in three years, mother and I are living together and it’s great. Come up sometime and meet her and see our place,” he added.

I returned to the biography. “Pastimes include golf, swimming and tennis; likes to swim.” A little inquiry on the outside elicited the information that he swings a mean golf club, his score usually ranging from the upper seventies to the low eighties.

“My revues were interrupted. ‘How about going up with me now and having a squash at our place?’ he asked.

The shock caused by the invitation brought on another attack of asthma. These Hollywood invitations “come up sometime” are usually still-born.

We piled into Jimmie’s fiacre and off we went. En route, we stopped at a filling station. “Hi, Chuck—hi, Tom,” Jimmie greeted his attendants and then turned to me. “This is Mr. Mook, boys. Treat him with respect if he ever comes in alone.”

The journey was continued and presently we arrived at the Villa Dunn. It is a rambling structure that sprawls over the side of a hill. An enormous living room that would be the death of one of our prissy decorators but which has the saving grace of being homely, a couple of bedrooms almost as large, and beds, in comparison to which Heliogabalus’ community affair for his twelve wives would seem Lilliputian.

The butler (?) stuck his head in the door. He was attired in white flannels and sports shoes. “Got a cigarette?” he inquired.

“Sure,” said Jimmie, and turned to me. “This is Leonard.”

“A glad to meet you,” said Leonard and turned to Jimmie. “That man’s here again. He departed.”

“I, Leonard’s a nice guy,” Jimmie volunteered.

“His mug looks familiar. Who was he with before you got him?”

“Search me,” Jimmie answered. “He’s down on his luck so he had to do something until things get better. It’s nice for both of us. He gets a good home and something on the side and we get a much nicer boy around the house than we ordinarily could.”

We played a game of backgammon. Jimmie’s not so good.

“Lookit,” he said, pushing the board aside. “That guy in the filling station—he’s not doing so well. He’s a nice guy and I was wondering if it would be a good idea for me to buy a little hunk of his business? They’ve promised to do pretty well by me over at the studio. I just finished that swell part in ‘Bad Girl’ and now I’m starting ‘Rob Sister’ and after that I’m to do the part in ‘Over the Hill’ that made Johnnie Walker famous, so it looks as if I’ll be around awhile. I ought to be making some investments. They told me at the studio they’re going to star me after a few more pictures. What do you think?”

I wasn’t thinking so much as wondering.

Wondering what he will be like in a year from now when the thousand and one friends a boy with Jimmie’s temperament is sure to make, have all given him unsought advice—when he had learned that a studio’s promises to a newcomer on the lot are as glowing as a rainbow and about as concrete as the pot of gold at its end.

A boy might live twenty-six years in New Rochelle and New York and still believe in Santa Claus, but Hollywood is the dumping ground of dreams.

A year from now when that likable guy has hardened and he has learned it isn’t necessary to ask for advice (everybody gives it to you anyway out here)—James Dunn may be a bit more reserved. But Jimmie as he is today? He isn’t only informally yours, he’s at home—informally—to the wider, wider world and one of the grandest “guys” I’ve ever met!

CLARA BOW clicked as a red head—the Garbo bob helped Greta to fame—Look at “Platinum” Jean Harlow—Hair is important—Learn the styles that add allure.

See the December Silver Screen
Beautiful Complexion
In 15 DAYS
Clear your complexion of spots, blemishes, redness, and other blemishes. From
DOROTHY RAY
DEAFNESS IS MISERY
Many people with defective hearing and Head Nuts enjoy conversation, go to Throat and Church because they used Leonard's invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, none attached, no head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

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DEAFNESS IS MISERY
Many people with defective hearing and Head Nuts enjoy conversation, go to Throat and Church because they used Leonard's invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, none attached, no head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

Rupture No Longer Spoils My Fun
"Now that I am rid of my rupture and do not struggle, I enjoy dancing again. Many strenuous activities are pleasures, because I am not handicapped in any way. My work is no longer a task—I enjoy it. None would ever believe I was crippled by rupture.
This is the way people write up a charity. By bandaging themselves up with STUART-PADS or SIF-PLAPAO-PADS.
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Speaking of Mistletoe
You Must Not Miss
RAMON NOVARRO'S CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
in the December SILVER SCREEN

Beauty’s
First Law
(Continued from page 6)
at least fifteen minutes every afternoon (or two minutes flat on the floor if there is no other way) and older women should stay in bed half a day every week besides a daily relaxation. Don’t wait until you are exhausted.
It is much better to be tired and know it than to gain a false energy by stimulants. Sometimes fatigue is merely a matter of tense nerves. Then a hot bath followed by a cold shower will make you feel as good as new. The hot water evens your circulation and relaxes you—the cold water puts you back at ‘attention’ without tension. It makes you feel fresh for an evening’s pleasure after a day of work.
Certainly no woman can look beautiful if she is making an effort to pretend pep and gaiety. A woman’s vitality alone makes dignity convincing.
Fatigue is a staunch ally of the next and last against enemy of beauty. It opens the door, invites, and prepares the way for—IRRITABILITY!
This monster has so many different disguises that it is not always possible to recognize him at first sight. Sometimes he appears as “righteous indignation”. Remember the story of the justly (? angry woman who was telling a man of a quarrel she had had with another woman. Flashing eyes and tense jaws showed her ugly mood as she said, — “and I certainly gave her a piece of my mind!” The man replied, “But my dear, you were much too generous, you really haven’t any to spare.”
Let’s depop our good spirits by too close a view of the tragedies in living and the ravages in looks caused by irritability. For its expressions are as numberless as the deadly red African ants that devour men in the jungle. No one of them alone could destroy, but they multiply so rapidly that once they get started, well—it’s just too bad.
If we keep ourselves, excellently, beautifully, daintily clean and vitally rested, why, we feel so good that we wouldn’t know irritability if we met it face to face. We’d laugh it off and its power would be gone! Then it’s so much easier to have the sweet feminine face that matches the romantic style.
For a daintier appearance while you are bleaching your tan there are a number of good liquid powders. But be sure to use one that is just a trifle lighter than your skin else the skin will be too great.
A good plan is to have a bottle the color of your skin and a bottle of white. Then you can mix the desired shade and keep just a little ahead of your tan until you are really fair.
Be sure your liquid powder is not the drying kind, but get one that contains an oil to keep your skin soft. The best kinds do not rub off easily.
Make up sparingly. There must be nothing sharp or jarring in a romantic mood that is slowly possessing us.
Rout the three greatest enemies of beauty—give yourself over to the graces of the new mode—and you’ll make the hit of your life this winter!
Next month—Beauty To Give Away.
A TREMENDOUS upheaval is taking place in the picture business right now and the result will determine the kind of stories that will be selected for future pictures.

The producers do not know what type of story is wanted. They believe and are backing their beliefs strongly that a new day is at hand for the screen and that no story now is beyond the capabilities of the talking pictures. This situation developed after the success of "Disraeli", and then came the success of "Daddy Long Legs" to confuse the issue.

So the question could no longer be evaded and now it is being put up to you, the jury, by the producers. The success or failure of the present pictures will determine the sort of story you will get after this.

Do you want the drama of real life like "Street Scene", "Bad Girl" and "An American Tragedy", or do you want the old hokum, like every success of the past including "Daddy Long Legs"?

Do you want the believable human figures like those you know, that Life really shapes upon the anvil of our times, or do you want the improbable heroes in unlikely coincidences which heretofore have made up the stereotyped movie plots?

Some critics say that it is all a matter of intelligence, that realism reaches the educated and hokum delights the stupid. We do not agree. "An American Tragedy" is realism and it is also rather slow. The tears start when the mother reaches through the prison bars to her boy, but the picture as a whole is too exasperatingly log-ical. After all, pictures are entertainment. In "Bad Girl" there is realism and some hokum and it is very stirring. Maybe there never could be as unselfish a hero as Eddie, but James Dunn makes him seem real. In "Street Scene" we have the triumph of realism. Exciting as reality and with no lessons to teach. There is not one virtue to shine down upon us. It is a believable, thrilling, intelligent picture.

Well, there they are. What will be your verdict?

...*

The producers are afraid of hokum. They remember too clearly the Mary Pickford era when the sweet and pure heroines led the movies to the edge of the cliff where the producers staring down could see only a very dark future.

The hokum movies were flopping.

Men would not go to the picture theatres and bragged of it and women, too, began to doubt. The fourth greatest industry was becoming a cute thing for children. Talking pictures saved the screen. For what? The answer is being rendered this month by you of the Grand Jury in the case of Realism vs. Hokum.

...*

IN THE ancient days the story teller by the campfire told of the great doings of mighty warriors; the lowly shepherd could not break into a legend unless a princess reached down to him. And that all was hokum. Most people like to believe that there are wonderful souls and great loves.

While we hate to feel we are thwarting the onward march of culture, we hope some hokum will be left in pictures because there is some even in real life. Do you think that when a fireman goes into a burning tenement he does it only to earn his pay?

No, the belief in fundamental justice and love may not be intelligent, but it's a part of all of us, anyhow.

So shall we have a few princesses among the goat herds?

You tell us!

...*

THIS is Silver Screen's birthday—one year old. Our birthday cake is a big one (about 500,000 copies sold last month) and we take a great pride in it. Thank you for everything.

The Editor
A soothing blend of menthol, horehound and eucalyptus

The One Minute Cough Drop

TIME IT! PROVE IT!

Try these modern cough-breakers. They have the authority! They get results! They’ll check a bad coughing spell in one minute by your watch. It isn’t just their fascinating flavor alone that won the public to Cough Drop Life Savers. They have a lively, delightful medicating action fully as effective as spraying your throat.

You get some relief from the old-fashioned cough drops. But why not use the kind that brings instant ease to the sorest throat, and actually stops your coughing?

Delightful to take, handy to carry. Cough Drop Life Savers are rolled in foil; they don’t rattle or spill in your pocket. Only a nickel, at over 300,000 Life Saver stations.
The American girl developed today's standards of beauty: the rounded slimness of glowing health. And the new styles—from trim, revealing sports togs to clinging evening gowns—are a tribute to that beauty!

Yet even the most active girl of today must count calories at times to keep the slenderness so necessary to look well.

But unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, and even serious illness.

This danger may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's All-Bran in an adequate reducing diet. All-Bran isn't fattening. It provides the roughage your system must have to keep clean, regular and healthy. It also adds iron, which brings color to the cheeks.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original All-Bran. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
A Chat With
LEILA HYAMS

Have the STARS FOUND NEW LOVE IDEALS?
His disguise was perfect—did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.

Alfred Lunt
Lynn Fontanne

The Guardsman

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

Roland Young — Zasu Pitts
From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by Sidney Franklin

Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.
She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore...polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action...And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten “Bad Girl.” Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!
**Special Features**

**CHRISTMAS WISHES FOR THE STARS**
Greetings To The 769 Players of Hollywood

**HAVE THE STARS FOUND NEW LOVE IDEALS?**
The Problem Of A Man, A Maid, And Love
By Elizabeth Wilson

**RAMON NOVARRO’S CHRISTMAS SPIRIT**
The Uncontrollable Part Of His Nature
By Dana Rush

**LEILA HYAMS—ARTISTS’ MODEL MAKES GOOD**
Hollywood Is Kind To Beauty
By Bob Moak

**PUTTING A KICK IN THE MOVIES**
Every Theatre Becomes A Stadium
By Ernie Cuneo

**ARE YOU HELEN HAYES CONSCIOUS?**
Ronald Colman Is
By Eleanor Packer

**REGIS—HE’S REGULAR!**
The Commonplaceness of Regis Toomey
By S. R. Mook

**ELUSIVE ELISSA!**
Not “High Hat”—Just High Ambitions
By Wick Evans

**WILL THEY BECOME FAMOUS STARS OR FORGOTTEN FACES?**
Brief Biographies Of Barbara Weeks, Joan Marsh, Eric Linden, Allan Lane

**THE CROWNING GLORIES OF HOLLYWOOD**
The Goiffes Of The Stars
By Muriel Barchok

**THE LUCK OF LUKAS**
The Acent Of The Gentleman With The Acent
By Edward Churchill

**WHEN THE MONEY STARTS ROLLING IN**
In Hollywood It Is Easy To Believe In Santa Claus
By William M. Glosson

**“BE YOURSELF,” SAYS POLLY MORAN**
“Like Me and Garbo”
By Helen Ludlam

**JUST A HOME GIRL**
The Off-Stage Lilyan Tashman
By James Marion

**THE NEW LIFE OF LILA LEE**
Lila Has Returned To Live Again And This Time With A Great Purpose
By James M. Fidler

**ROBERT MONTGOMERY TELLS HIS LIFE STORY**
Second Instalment Of His Autobiography
By Marquis Busby

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**Special Departments**

**Beauty To Give Away By Mary Lee**

**Love And Hisses**

**Talkies In Tabloid**

**Ask Me Another**

**A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle**
By Priscilla Bryant

**Last Month’s Answer Is on Page 79**

**Movietown Topics**

**Silver Screen’s Reviewing Stand**

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**Art**

**A GALAXY OF PLAYERS**
An Outline of Beauty, Joan Crawford

Greta Garbo And Clark Gable, A Scene From “Susan Lenox”

Ronald Colman And Helen Hayes, A Scene From “Arrowsmith”

The “Twenty Grand” Star, Mae Clarke

“Devotion’s” Star, Ann Harding

The “Kid” Himself, Warner Baxter

More Tragedy, Phillips Holmes

The New Beauty Of Nancy Carroll

As He Is Today, Robert Montgomery

A New Name For The Lights, David Manners

The Refining Influence, Ruth Chatterton

Fashions For 1932, Posed By Jean Harlow

Some Recent Importations And Marian Marsh

A Serious Artist, Frederick March

**COVER PORTRAIT OF LEILA HYAMS**
By John Rolston Clarke
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

I said it once and I repeat that
the fall crop of pictures is the
best ever sent from cinemaland
to a bored and depressed world.

From FLORABEL MU"S
Nationally Syndicated Column
in the N. Y. Daily News

and most of them are

PARAMOUNT!

Never were they better—the Paramount Jubilee Pictures you can
see now! And never was great entertainment more necessary than
now. In good pictures we lose ourselves completely in the affairs
of others—forget the trials and tribulations of a day—get renewed
strength and vigor for the next. ¶ Go regularly and often—and
take the whole family with you! It keeps you together, and great
pictures, such as Paramount, give you something to talk about
for days! "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town!"

PARAMOUNT Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.
Excitement! Well—rather. Santa Claus must have made a visit to the manufacturers and said something like this, "See here, now, my children (and that means the grown-ups too) are pretty poor this year, but I insist that we give them a happy Christmas anyway. Because they need to be happy this year—happier than in more prosperous years. Now I suggest that you pull prices down within reach, so that everyone can have his share of joy in giving and keep cheer in circulation."

And just to show what a great influence Santa Claus has with the manufacturers agreed with him and went to work on turning out the most alluring bargains at unbelievable prices.

I have gone shopping for you among the cosmesticians and perfumers to save you time, money and energy. I have found a number of interesting items that will please every woman to the depth of her beauty-loving soul. The men, too, have been considered, and even the little tots.

There has never been a time when toilet requisites have been more appropriate for gifts than now, for the reason that they are always needed. We are urged to be practical in our giving this year, but in giving luxurious toilet items we can be practical, luxurious and dainty all at the same time.

Since it is smart to be thrifty, it is a wise dollar that buys a gift that has a double use. I mean, for instance, that attractive bath set of Yardley's bath salts and dusting powder packaged in a sturdy, but decorative container that can easily serve as a stocking box of two compartments after the contents have been removed. $1. Such a selection is not only a double-use gift but could serve as a community present to two sisters or two girls living together. I am assuming, of course, that your gift list this year is cut down to only your most intimate friends and near relatives.

In this time of strict economy it will relieve pocket-book strain to give community gifts. Send one thing to a family you want to remember—something the whole family can use and enjoy. If you cannot afford a present for each individual member of a household then group them for Christmas purposes thus saving yourself money and embarrassment. You could not, of course, give a lip-stick to two girls, but a welcome gift to a houseful of females would be Elizabeth Arden's lip-stick ensemble, an attractive case holding six alluring shades of rouge. $5. Such soft colors! One for each costume and mood, night and day, if given to one woman, as well as being a selection for several women.

Another group gift is Isaby's Petite Coffret (little chest) of perfumes, an oblong case containing five small bottles of Isaby's popular floral odors—Le Jasmine, Le Lilas, Le Gardenia, Le Bleu de Chine (any choice) and Le Mimosa—all for $5, formerly ten dollars.

But for one woman, why look any farther for a charming gift at a very moderate price when you can buy Coty's Beauty Kit for $2.50. They call it the "globe-trotter", because so many women who travel extensively find it such a convenience as to size and contents. For in it is everything needed to care for the skin. Yet it is so small and compact that it might also be called the "week-ender". Good-looking too! In a neutral tan, simulated "lizard-calf", fitted with a large mirror that enables you to see your whole face, and containing Coty's liquefying cleansing-cream, rich tissue-cream, skin-tonic to stimulate and refresh, a powder foundation, either liquid or cream, and cleansing tissues—it is a per-

Mary Lee Will Help You to Beauty Free
Just write to Mary Lee and she will help you with your personal problems of beauty—weight, skin, hair. If you would like her personal advice send her a stamped and addressed envelope. Mary Lee's address is care of Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

[Continued on page 80]
Get acquainted with

JOE E. BROWN

The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by
J. C. and Elliott Nugent
Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

for December 1931
FIRST PRIZE

Why all the frantic discussion over hair dying, dieting, extreme costuming and other devices the stars employ in their search of beauty? What if Joan does dye her hair? What if Garbo is androgynous-looking? What if Harlow is bizarre?

Why do we go to the movies primarily? Isn't it to escape from reality, from prosaic, every-day happenings, from uninteresting people and dull surroundings? We go to thrill to tales of adventure that we cannot experience ourselves, except vicariously. We go to watch glamorous, exotically-beautiful women. We go, in short, to see something different from that which we see around us every day.

What makes the outstanding stars fascinating? Beauty? It abounds behind department store counters. Charm? It surfeits every college campus. It is something more than these two attributes. It is the odd, the unusual, even fantastic, phases of their appearance that make the stars recurrently lovely. Consider Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Bennett, Swanson, Crawford, Del Rio. "Unnatural" looking, all of them. Swanson doesn't look like the stenographer at the next desk. Bennett doesn't remind us of the cute co-ed across the street. Mere "natural" prettiness is what makes the Mary Brians and the Dorothy Jordan colorless colossus. They have no peculiar physical quirks of appearance to pique our imaginations and refresh our jaded eyes. As for clothes—the more unconventional, the better. Let Shearer and Harlow wear their daring costumes. We can see more conservative models on the street any day. May "unnatural" looking stars and ingenious fashion designers continue to make the movies the glorious escape they are for us who live in a less colorful, workaday world.

Alice Simpson

SECOND PRIZE

I am a modern. I live a modern life, think modern thoughts, and do those things which are said to be characteristic of our age. But when I go to a movie theatre I want to relax and forget myself, and most of all forget this jazz-mod life for a time, even though it be for only a couple of hours.

I am pleading for the type of picture which presents something in life other than divorce, killing, and vice. I am looking forward to the time when we will be offered more pictures of the type of "Daddy Long Legs." These are the best and the highest praise for the producers, directors and players who, even though it be in every two or three hundred pictures, give us something that is, to say the least, different.

Chas. F. Webb

THIRD PRIZE

What has Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor done to deserve the roles they had in "Merely Mary Ann?" Two such brilliant and clever stars should have never been cast in this production. The plot was too weak and imaginary. Why not have juveniles in pictures of this type, instead of this famous duo?

Well, I am not one of these mere mortals. I am free to such weaknesses. Please, oh, please, whoever is responsible, don't put Charlie and Janet in any more "Merely Mary Ann" roles.

H. E. Graham

HUH?

Boston, Mass.

Coud they put a sweeter couple on the screen than Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell? Could they screen a better picture than "Merely Mary Ann?" I think Janet Gaynor is as sweet as you could make her. And Mr. Farrell, Gee, I could break a leg in front of his door.

To every one goes big for that dimple in Janet's chin. If you didn't notice it take a look the next time. She's so tiny and thin that every time you look at her you could kiss her.

Come on you Gaynor-Farrell fans let's give them three cheers for being the most lovable and collegiate couple on the screen.

Philiss Gewerth

"REGUSTED"

Selma, Ala.

We in the provinces are dependent on the talkies for entertainment, since road-shows are no more. But can we cultured folk accept some of the vulgar scenes which a great majority of movies contain?

In viewing them, "I am regusted." Why must there be a dirty streak? That doesn't increase the ticket sales, for some of the most ardent fans are giving up pictures, rather than be embarrassed by them.

J. M. Nelson

THERE are two stars who are the most favorite of my favorites. They are: Ramon Novarro and Barbara Stanwyck. Ramon has given me good, clean, entertaining performances for the last seven years. And Barbara? Well, she has only been with us two or three years and I think that she is a first class actress. Who can ever forget "Night Nurse" or "The Miracle Woman"? Also, who can forget Ramon's superb effort in "Saramouche," "Ben Hur," "The Devil's Max Care" and "Son of India." Both of these stars can act, no fooling. They don't just walk around and say their lines; they are the characters themselves. They live the characters' lives and speak the characters' words right from their own hearts. That is what a REAL actor or actress must be able to do to be really great.

Ramon and Barbara are Great.

Frances Doulin

NO FoolING

Frazier, Penna.

THE Lovers and Hissers have had quite a time this month over Norma Shearer and her "Free Soul!" When the arguments were not about the theme they burst into praise for Gable and Lionel Barrymore—rarely has a picture aroused so much comment. Joan Crawford got herself spoken to sharply about her character in "The Merchant of Venice." Everyone, now is happy.

Fredric March is steadily growing in popularity. Do you feel like speaking your mind? There are three prizes for letters not longer than 200 words. 315 First Prize: 210 Second and 33 Third.
An Idea That Grew Until It Had Remade Thousands of Futile Lives...

... turning failure into success, remodeling personality, bringing new personal power and influence, new friendships and popularity, new culture and a richer, bigger life. Basic principles and methods that YOU can use in your everyday life now revealed.

Now in a fascinating book that you may read for five days free!

Do you ever hunger for new activities, new contacts, new friendships? Do you feel dissatisfied because your life is a deadly routine of humdrum happenings? Have you a feeling that somehow, sometime you slid into a rut and now you are only half-alive mentally, that you lack the power and dynamic personality to achieve your greatest aims in life?

If this pictures you even in part then this story is for you. It is the story of an idea—and of the power of an idea!

Ten years ago a person like yourself felt life slipping away—nothing really vital ever happening in either business or social life.

Birth of A Great Movement

But that person had an idea, a plan to try, to make new contacts and friends and from this starting point develop new interests that would make life richer in culture, in achievement, and enjoyment.

With this hope that "maybe...perhaps" a more vital, less futile life could be lived, there was developed in actual practice a definite plan and methods. From these beginnings, in the next ten years thousands of men and women, young and old, in all walks of life, joined this movement for keeping mentally alive and getting the most out of life. Leading educators and psychologists endorsed the plan. One enthusiast told another. And so the movement grew. And in every case the plan worked!

Now YOU Can Use This Plan

Now, so that new thousands may follow these tried and proved methods, the complete plan has been outlined in detail in a fascinating book.

There is nothing "general" about the recommendations in this book. It tells you in specific terms how to deal with the chief problems and events in your daily business, social, and home life to make them contribute to your greatest progress. The panel on the left page invites the reader to submit the tremendous scope of the contents.

Send No Money—No C.O.D.

Reading this book will be one of the most thrilling experiences of your life. It doesn't call for "studying." You read it as you would a book of fiction or any ordinary book. It supplies principles and methods that you can put into practice within five minutes—and reap the benefits at once!

"Keeping Mentally Alive" will be a revelation to you. So certain are we of this that we want you to read the book at our expense. All you need do to receive the book is mail at once the coupon below. You may read it and use it for five days without cost. If you don't feel that it is one of the greatest things that ever happened in your life return it at our expense. If you decide to keep it, to help you get the things you want from life, send only $3 in full payment after five days.

You can't afford to miss owning this remarkable book. So don't "put off"—mail the coupon at once for your copy. Address: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 6612), 2 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Accept a copy of this vital book for five days' free reading

Tell us where to send your copy of "Keeping Mentally Alive." Then let it prove to you how it can remodel your personality and bring out the hidden powers within you—make you the new man or woman you want to be. Tear out and mail the coupon now—before it is too late.
TALKIES in TABLOID

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as sign posts; to point your way to the pictures that you will want to see—or stay away from.)

Being Talked About—

"THE GUARDSMAN"
The picture that has aroused so much discussion among the Intelligentsia

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON"
It is unforgettable

"FIVE STAR FINAL"
Terrifically thrilling. It awakens your civic fury, or something

"MERELY MARY ANN"
How did Zangwill know when he wrote this thirty years ago that you would like it? You will

AGE FOR LOVE, THE
Good (United Artists)
Billie Dove comes back—and better than ever. The picture raises the ever vital question: Should a woman seek love and a home or love and a career? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of womankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Who wins? Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton are in the cast.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Excellent
The great American statesman of the nineteenth century. Hounded by jealous politicians, Hamilton goes noble to protect his country. It's even more thrilling than "Disraeli". Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Great (Paramount)
This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BAD GIRL
Splendid
Here's something new in masculine appeal, girls! Talking about James Dunn, the bad-boy-husband of "Bad Girl". You'll be cur-azy about him—and the picture too! It's the film version of Vina Delmar's best seller of the same name, and it's all about a young couple who are trying to make a go of marriage. Underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers makes a good "Bad Girl".

BOUGHT Splendid
(Warner's)
Connie Bennett is still a sophisticated sinner, and if you are a Connie Bennett fan you will be wild about this picture. Connie again plays the role of a young girl who wants nice things—and all that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Millard help her get them.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
Fair (Fox)
This was originally "The Politocrat" but the author would never recognize it now. Will Rogers plays a sap safety razor king from the Middle West bound for Europe with his family. Their steel kings engage Jeta Goudal to vamp him. Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab chiefs and things, but it isn't very funny.

CAUGHT PLASTERED
Fair (Radio)
Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of vaudeville actors out of work get hold of a drug store and run it in a rather hysterical manner. Dorothy Lee enters into the fun and it's all quite crazy with plenty of laughs. There are some new wise-cracks—and some old favorites.

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, THE
Fair (Columbia)
Another one of those clutching hand, mysterious, will-must-be-read-by-midnight affairs. Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and Jack Holt a police lieutenant, both deadly rivals for the favors of the lovely Sally Blane. If you aren't too sophisticated you'll have shivers when you see it.

EAST OF BORNEO
Good (Universal)
This isn't another "Trader Horn" but it is very near it for excitement. A young girl is seeking her husband who is now a reigning prince's physician in Borneo. Plenty of wild animal thrills and blood-curdling escapes. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart are grand.

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF
Good (RKO)
"This picture's about a woman who has become a famous comedienne on the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two daughters to a fashionable and snooty finishing school. When the daughters learn that mother is an actress—well, it's just too bad. Edna May Oliver is perfect as the comedienne and Helen Chandler and Rochelle Hudson are the daughters.

FIVE AND TEN
Fair (MG-M)
This picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth and make you glad you aren’t burdened with a lot of stocks and bonds. Marion Davies, as a daughter of a millionaire, gets involved in a scandal with Leslie Howard, her mother runs off with a gigolo, and her brother commits suicide. But there’s a happy ending.

FREE SOUL
A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honchos go to Lionel Barrymore. [Continued on page 50]
Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands and thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U.S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

What has your age got to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice—that has tamed monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger gymnastics—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes you the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher.

If, year after year, hundreds and hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams to guide them, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

Always Fascinating

You can't go wrong. You'll never lose patience. Not only will you want to study—you'll actually look forward to the "next lesson" when you study music the U.S. School way.

And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in the privacy of your own home seeing and hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher to take orders from—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-fuck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it—taking you over a delightful short-cut to musical accomplishment. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheerful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play by note.

And as far as money is concerned—you'll never have any complaint. For, regardless of which instrument you select, the cost of learning will average only a few cents a day.

Music Will Be An Unfailing Friend

The older you get, the more you need the solace and pleasure that self-made music affords. Anyone can tune in on a radio—play a record or get music out of a player piano. But what empty satisfaction compared to making music yourself!

The ability to play, on the other hand, offers you a definite escape from monotonous—gives you the opportunity to do something real—to make friends. And there's nothing like good music to help you forget your troubles.

Every child, too, who can play a musical instrument is equipped with an accomplishment that attracts, entertains and holds charms—that replaces bashfulness with confidence and poise—that assures a social and profitable "standby" for their later years.

Think of the wonderful satisfaction of being able to play what you want and whenever you are so inclined. Forget your age. And bear in mind, you don't have to know one note from another to start your lessons from the U.S. School of Music.

Write Us First

Are you sincerely interested in music to the extent that you want to find out all about this easy as A-B-C method of learning? Then send at once for our 4-page booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" that explains this famous method in detail and that is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which proves how delightfully quick and easy—how thorough—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson TODAY. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U.S. School of Music, 11912 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1898)

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 11912 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You Instrument?:

Name:

Address:

City: State:

for December 1931
SALLY FORTH!

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movie stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. I wish you could answer the questions about religion and you can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Sally Firth: Of course Ronald Colman reads his fan mail. A star never gets too blasé or sophisticated to take an active interest in his fans, and Ronald is far away from the blasé state. He was born in England on February 9, 1891, and he is five feet eleven inches in height and weighs 155 pounds. He lives in Los Angeles and tennis is his favorite sport. He and Dick Barthelmess are the best of friends and Colman is often a guest on the Barthelmess yacht. Ronald is by no means a recluse and he goes to parties when he is interested in the people giving it—but he doesn’t party around all the time just for the sake of having some place to go. He has never “gone Hollywood” as the expression is.

Doris: Joan Crawford did not wear a wig in “This Modern Age”. She bleached her hair during the summer and was quite stunning looking with blonde hair and sun tan. She has decided that she likes her auburn hair better though she is letting it regain its natural color. Bebe Daniels’ hair last spring to change her “personality”. Yes, it was bleached when you saw her in “The Maltese Falcon”. Ben Lyon highly approves of Bebe’s blonde locks (which makes Ben almost unique among husbands) so Bebe may remain a blonde for some time.

So far as I know the great Garbo has no intentions of returning to Sweden any time soon. But I do know for a fact that she has not been sick recently. She worked hard on “Susan Lenox” all last summer and fall, and now M-G-M is getting ready the script of “Mara Hart” which will be her next. Garbo was born in 1915, is five feet six inches and weighs about 122. She has blue eyes and golden hair.

Zirgie H.: So you’re mad about Phil Holmes. I know how you feel, Zirgie, for I rather like that lad myself. Yes, I know him quite well. I was thrilled to death the first time he asked me to have lunch with him—and I don’t remember eating at all so he must have been fascinating. We lunched—or rather he lunched and I followed the at “Tavern” in New York which is owned by Nancy Carroll’s uncle, Billy LaHiff. I’ve met him lots since then and am glad to report that I can now eat in his presence, for I’m still thrilled. Phil has finished “The Man I Killed” with Nancy Carroll and Lionel Barrymore, and is slated to start work soon on “Mary Mack, a Call” with Miriam Hopkins. This picture was originally intended for Nancy and Buddy Rogers—but they know how those things are. Now for a few details about Phil. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, July 22, and is in his very early twenties. He was educated at Princeton and at Cambridge, England. He’s the son of Taylor Holmes, the famous actor. He entered pictures in 1928 when Paramount made scenes for “Varsity” right there on the Princeton campus, and was such a success in this picture that Paramount gave him a contract. He’s six feet, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Write to him at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California. Sorry—but I’m not allowed to give home addresses.

MOVIE FAN: Janet Gaynor’s birthday is October 6 and she’s twenty-five years old. Her real name is Laura Gainer, she was born in Philadelphia and she’s married to Lyell Peck. Bebe Daniels had a baby girl in September which she and Ben Lyon named Barbara Bebe Lyon. Bebe is so excited over little Bebe that she hasn’t had time to make any picture plans just yet. Billie Dove made a sensational picture comeback in “The Age for Love”. Did you see it?

Janet Gaynor in the arms where she first found fame and fortune—Charles Farrell’s of course.
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A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Priscilla Bryant

1 Howard Hughes' gangster picture
2 Robert Shaw's first name
3 A tiny bird in a fairy tale
4 A fast-food restaurant
5 A name of a desert rock
6 A popular dance in the 1920s
7 A flower that blooms in spring
8 A slang term for a good driver
9 A type of music that originated in Africa
10 A measurement of temperature

ACROSS

1. He acted in and directed "The Royal Barge".
2. Eddie fish of the North Atlantic.
3. He was in "Chuck and Double Chuck".
5. She is famous for her mother tiles.
6. Form of "to be".
7. Perchonok (abbr.)
8. Devoured.
10. Eleanor Boardman (initials)
11. Director of "Omar Rana".
12. What Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton are.
13. She was Judy Abbot in "Daddy Long Legs".
14. East India Company (abbr.)
15. A fifteen-year-old actress, the heroine of "Everything's Rosie".
16. Wrinkle.
17. A preposition.
19. "Cromery".
20. Deceased.
21. One who plays a part.
22. Rippled.
23. A suffix.
25. She was a star in silent films.
26. An instrument, under seal, legally having no effect until delivered.
27. To play the part.
28. "Tinseled".
29. "Unmarried of the North Atlantic".
30. A name of a desert rock.
31. A type of music that originated in Africa.
32. A measurement of temperature.

DOWN (Continued)

1. Tiny.
2. The untanned skin of a calf.
3. Suffix used to denote condition, state or function.
4. A strap attached to the bit to control an animal.
5. Finish.
6. A breeze.
7. Karin in "Son of India".
8. "Fame".
10. A portion of a play.
11. The western state John Wayne comes from (abbr.).
12. Large seagoing vessels.
14. Walls.
15. "Suffex used to form the comparative degree.
16. He was a property boy at the Fox studio when he got his big chance.
17. She is going to marry Ernest Lubitsch.
18. A diminutive suffix.
19. Her latest picture is "The Greeks Had A Word For It".
20. Ocean botanists.
21. A little island, especially in inland waters.
22. An ejaculation evoked by a sudden emotion.
23. Enlarged.
24. Perform.
25. What young Fairbanks is to his father (abbr.).

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 79. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.)

14
Waist and Hips Quickly Reduced without dieting, drugs or exercises

Waist and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—in ten days.
That's what this wonderful new ventilated girdle
has done for thousands of delighted women. We
urge you to try it, too—at our risk.

HERE at last is a girdle that really
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away fleshy hips and waist almost
as if by magic and quickly gives you
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Perfolastic is entirely different
from any other reducing girdle you
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And so comfortable!

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with extraordinary strength.

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the safest, surest way to reduce is
through massage, which breaks up
the fat cells so that they can be ab-
sorbed and carried off by the circu-
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you draw, with every step you take,
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for December 1931
There Are 769 Motion Picture Players in Hollywood

To Whom We Send Christmas Greetings

We Particularly Wish For

Greta Garbo
More Seclusion For Our Solitary Star
Against our selfish inclinations, we would wish you that peace of solitude so dear to your heart. May the brightest star continue to gleam in splendor. Skoal!

Clark Gable
A Pleasant Year on the Heights So Recently Won
May the parts pack a wallop and give play to the "love and menace" method that you have found and revealed to us.

Ann Harding
Happy Landings on Ten Thousand Screens
May your golden voice that sets the standard for culture in pictures, say every day of the new year—"Harry, I'm very happy."

Lew Ayres
A Happy Marriage For the Runaways
Here's wishing more work for you, Lew. You make the pictures, we'll attend to the crowded houses.

Gloria Swanson
A Happy Harvest for the Farmer's Bride
Blessings on you, our tempestuous, changeable Glorious One, and may you never lose the vision that keeps you forever climbing.

Joan Crawford
A Dramatic Setting to Match Your Loveliness
May you have a chance to be calm and charming along with your vibrant beauty. Greater heights for our Modern girl.

Norma Shearer
Good Luck on "Smilin' Thru" and a New Tooth for the Baby
Here is a hope that the wonderful woman that you are always keeps shinin' thru.

Phil Holmes
More Tough Experiences, They're Making You Great
The best part of you is inside you. Don't worry about the parts—here's wishing you a portion, at least, of your great capabilities.
THE nosedive done by the Empress Eugenie Curse in Hollywood is blamed on Lil Tashman, Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, and Juliette Compton. These girls are considered the style leaders in the village and they simply said "no like" to Eugenie. She lost her social standing at once.

WHILE in New York making personal appearances, Polly Moran was mobbed by autograph hounds. She escaped to her hotel and sought refuge in an elevator. "And now," she said turning to the boy, "don't ask me to autograph the bed sheets."

THE Hollywood soothsayers and crystal-gazers slipped up this time. They'd better run back to their Alma Mater and take a post-graduate course in predicting. They all told Bebe Daniels that her baby would be a boy—and it wasn't. "Tis said that Ben Lyon is quite happy that it's a girl because he doesn't want Bebe spending the family income on these fortune-tellers. Maybe Bebe won't believe what the tea leaves say next time.

WHILE Charlie Chaplin was in London he asked to meet the Mahatma Gandhi. When the subject was broached to Mr. Gandhi, he asked, "Who is Mr. Chaplin?" It seems that the Mahatma had rather stay home evenings and read a good book rather than go to the neighborhood theatre. We've never been to movies in India so maybe he has the right slant on that. Anyway, the men, both equally famous in their own fields, shook hands and discussed the machine age.

LIL DAGOVER, who possesses a $25,000 back and a newly-acquired vocabulary of many slang American phrases and 1,000 new words, has arrived in Hollywood after an air tour through the United States. Lil made the trip to acquaint herself with American customs and speech. She knew very little English when she landed in New York but can now converse fluently with the best of them. She goes to work soon for First National.

LORETTA YOUNG won a divorce from Grant Withers, September 15. The couple were married after eloping by plane to Yuma, Arizona, January 26, 1930. Loretta explained to the judge that Grant only bought her one dress during their married life and it cost but $100. That he ordered other gowns and costly black lingerie delivered C.O.D. and she had to pay for them. And, moreover, she had to pay for all the groceries they consumed. The kindhearted judge gave her a decree and approved a property settlement. The names entered on the decree were Gretchen Withers and Grandville Gustavus Withers.

THE chief indoor sport on the M-G-M lot now is trying to get a look at Greta Garbo rehearsing the dance steps she has to do in "Mata Hari." Greta dances on the screen for the first time in this picture. No hootchie-koochie, Greta! And kindly watch that seventh veil.

JACKIE COOPER celebrated his eighth birthday in unusual fashion while working in "The Champs," with Wally Beery. Jackie was honored by a surprise party. He was lured off the set and when he returned, he found a table in the center of the prize-fight ring. On it were numerous gifts, including boxing-gloves presented by King Vidor. But the pièce de résistance was a mammoth birthday cake with eight candles.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford are planning to leave soon on a 15,000 mile jaunt into the Brazilian jungles to the headwaters of the Amazon. Doug expects to carry camera men and sound equipment along and make a nice little travel picture while he's at it. Victor Fleming, film director and intimate friend of Doug's, will be in the party. Most of the distance they will travel in two amphibious planes over regularly charted air lines—and since Mary doesn't like flying she may not go.

REGINALD DENNY and "Bubbles" Stiefel (Mrs. Denny) are now Pop and Mom. The stork arrived with a boy, September 28.

IRENE RICH's daughter, Frances, who graduated from Vassar last spring will appear in "Brief Moment" on Broadway this winter. It will be her first professional stage rôle. If Frances is anything like mother we'll like her plenty.

[More Movietone Topics on page 48]
Have the Stars

A Man, a Maid, and Love! After That Comes Either Happiness or Trouble. Hollywood Chooses!

SOME people think that Constancy is one of the Bennett sisters. And some people don't think at all.

As though you cared. Anyway, I was thinking about Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady the other day and wondering just why they were sisters under the skin, when suddenly it came to me that it was Sex. Sex explains all, my innocents.

You can take your Sex but you can't leave it. Well, not for long anyway. It's here, it's there, it's over the hills and far away, and it's up in Mabel's room—but it seems to have a particular penchant for Hollywood. But you can't blame it for that.

Hollywood is always losing and finding things—like contracts and husbands and best friends and old scenarios. But Sex explains all that too. Nice old Sex (pat, pat). And right now Hollywood is all a-gaga because some new love ideals have been found. But are they new? Let's go into a huddle for a nonce or so. And may I have the next nonce with you, Gary?

Where in all the world East of Borneo and West of goodness knows where could you find a more desirable place to study love ideals than the Never, Never Land of Hollywood (bear with this whimsy for a second, please) where there are fairies in the gardens, and gnomes in the woods, and wicked ogres in guilded castles, and beautiful princesses who never grow old—or at least never admit it? Here you speak only in superlatives. Here teeth are the pearlfiest and hair is the curliest. Here figures are the slimmest, appetites the daintiest, and tempers the damnedest.

In Hollywood are gathered the most beautiful and perfect women in the world, and the most virile and handsome men. So it was but natural that the god of Love should establish his experimental laboratory here (Gosh, the whimsies again. Quick, Henry—the Flit) and laboriously try to work out a set of perfect love ideals. Here he has experimented with all kinds of test cases and some have worked out beautifully, and some have been not so good. Let's look at a few of these assorted combinations. Now don't be silly—I don't mean that kind of combination. Which reminds me of the time I went Christmas shopping and discovered "French Lingerie 1/2 off" in one of our better stores. The male with me was all for having some modeled. But let's get back to Sex. And quickly too.

Did you ever hear of the test case called YOUNG LOVE? It seems that a sweet, adorable girl in her teens

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, General Manager of M-G-M. He has never been called Mr. Norma Shearer

Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston who are still cur-razee about each other

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have found a new kind of marriage
FOUND NEW LOVE IDEALS?

By Elizabeth Wilson

named Loretta Young fell madly in love with a big, handsome chap named Grant Withers, and they eloped while mother burned. Both throbbed with the happy vitality of youth, and thrilled with the ecstasies of fresh young love. They were “well fixed”—these children—with the gifts of the gods and the gifts of men. Youth, beauty, health, wealth, fame—what more could any young married couple desire? But after a few months came quarrels, then separation, then divorce . . . and the boy went his way, and the girl went her way. “Wasn’t it beautiful while it lasted, and didn’t it end too soon?” Strange about YOUNG LOVE—it seems so ideal. Why didn’t it last?

And next we have on the menu NEW WIVES FOR OLD served with a piquant sauce. Here we find charming middle-aged men experienced in the ways of the world who for some reason or other prefer a pretty young wife to the slightly used one they’ve had hanging around for awhile. The years have taught these men many things—and they know real love when they meet it (by the process of elimination if nothing else). No callow, dangling kids here, ready to drag a girl to the altar at the first blush. No. These suave, sophisticated gentlemen know what it is all about—they know all the answers, and all the exits. They make love with finesse, and with delightful disdain for all of Mrs. Grundy’s rules.

Ann Harding, Harry Bannister and their baby. In Hollywood if they love at all they have to love a lot to make it work

Since this picture was taken Bebe Daniels has had a baby and Ben Lyon has had a shave; and they keep right on loving

No wonder a young girl with romantic ideas finds in one of them the completeness and allurement not found in green striplings. Perhaps this is the ideal love combination. Sophisticated age and naíve youth. Just glance at some of these test cases and notice their happiness and contentment. Where could you ever find a more ideally matched couple than John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, the third Mrs. John Barrymore. John’s former marriages were noisy, tempestuous affairs with temperaments clashing all over the place—but Dolores is the calm that follows the storm. Peaceful tranquility. The Great Lover found his soul mate. They have a home and a yacht and a beautiful baby—with another expected soon. Is this the perfect love ideal?

Under this same classification we find the oft-married Lowell Sherman, our favorite screen roué, who seems to have found happiness with Helene Costello; and Adolphe Menjou the Magnificent, exquisite dilettante of the old world and the new, has found the ideal love in pretty blonde Kathryn Carver. And there’s William Powell, the swainest of the suave, and the [Continued on page 74]
Ramon Novarro’s Christmas Spirit
By Dana Rush

When Ramon Novarro celebrates Christmas not only all Hollywood knows it, but across the Rio Grande there is rejoicing: the poorer sections of Los Angeles are richer, and even to Europe his generosity extends. His Christmas list numbers about three hundred. That slogan, “Do your Christmas shopping early!” Novarro began heeding from the time his pay envelope mounted into generous figures. He shops throughout the year for unique gifts for his more prosperous friends but his serious shopping begins about September.

On last Christmas, the story is told about Hollywood that having covered the three hundred list—the last gift tied up and dispatched—Ramon decided he wanted to give something particularly appropriate to the lady of his heart. Long stem American Beauties he thought would express best his sentiments for that American Miss, who by the way is a celebrated aviatrix. Wanting them to be not only fresh, but particularly prized, he decided to deliver them himself. Up early on Christmas day he visited a florist shop. The florist carefully selected two dozen American Beauties, dewy fresh from the hot house. And Ramon with the florist box under his arm set forth for the lady’s house. But on the way he remembered just another friend whom he wished to give personally the salutations of the day, so he stopped at his home. Well, before Ramon had ceased remembering that there was still another friend whom he held so close to his heart that he must make a personal “Merry Christmas” call on—it was midnight. He still had the florist box. When finally he presented himself to the fair lady, those dewy roses were a trifle wilted—but not the warmth of his heart. And the story goes that the lady understood and received him and the roses without reproach. And Ramon smiled his charming smile.

Now, I suppose, with tongue in your cheek, you have been thinking that during that long day, without word or gift from her John, her thoughts may have been warm, but not hallowed. But one has to know Novarro well to realize that the lady did not lose her faith. For to know Ramon well is to know that he can do no wrong to those that have won their way into his friendship.

And when Novarro is remembering the world at large he has not forgotten that Charity begins at home. It has been told before that the Novarro family is large and that since boyhood Ramon has acted as father to his family.

When I asked him how large his family circle was, he said, “At home there is mother, father, five brothers and one sister. I have four other sisters. Two are nuns in a Madrid convent; one in a Mexican convent and another sister is married.” And then, of course,” he added, “my young cousin, a boy of fifteen, I was godfather at his baptism during the revolution in Mexico.”

But the tale goes, and from very good authority, that Ramon’s house is open house to anyone who can establish a legitimate claim to being of the Samaniegos (his real name) clan. And in Mexico they recognize cousins to the fortieth degree. Not long ago, a Samaniegos presented himself at the Novarro home introducing himself as a [Continued on page 66]
LEILA HYAMS
Artists’ Model Makes Good

After four and a half years, Hollywood still looks upon Leila Hyams as an animated cross-word puzzle. To that element that takes its fun where it finds it, she is beyond solution.

I have even heard Leila called hi-hat, and all because she prefers the companionship of her good-looking husband, Phil Berg, to that of the gaiety-seeking mobs; she finds greater pleasure in her own home than in the gaudy noisy night places of the movie capital; she lives well within her rather plump weekly income and manages to horde a bit against the coming of that day when theatre-goers will no longer part with their cash to see her on the silversheet.

Phil is probably the only person who really understands his wife—and that is because he knows of the ups and downs that were hers in her single-handed struggle for recognition.

Leila’s career to date offers a study in contrasts. She knew the joys of wealth before suffering the pangs of poverty. She scored success at an early age, only to awaken, as if from a dream, and find herself a flop.

Now that she is about to enter the gates to stardom, Leila can laugh as she mentally parades the past in review. But getting her to talk about it—well, that’s something else again.

“It all sounds so fishy that no one in the world would believe it,” she confided as we lunched in the Munchers’ Club. “So few can realize that a girl might want to make her own way—stand on her own feet—when her parents are successful, prosperous and somewhat influential.”

Perhaps I should have given Leila a slight handicap when she consented to the interview, for I had primed myself with facts before approaching her—information supplied me by none others than her mother and father and her other-half.

Leila will be twenty-five next May 1st. It was Dad Hyams who slipped me that piece of information.

“It is very nearly true that she was born on the stage,” he had said during his visit to Hollywood last summer. “At any rate, it was just a few yards off Broadway, and she’s been around the footlights and kleigs ever since, except for the period during which we almost had to resort to strenuous measures to keep her in boarding school.”

A smile of pride had illuminated the veteran actor’s countenance as he chatted about his child.

“Even as an infant, Leila was of the theatre, for she slept in the top of our trunk in the dressing room while her mother and myself went on with our act,” he revealed to me. “Before she was five, she had visited every state in the Union with the exception of Florida.

“As soon as she was old enough, we wrote in a small part for her, and she was a hit from the very beginning. I’ll tell you we were mighty proud troupers—proud of this baby of ours who could win over the coldest audiences.”

When Leila attained the age of ten, she received her first blue envelope. She was fired, and by her own family. But that was because Hyams and McIntyre had decided that their little girl had outgrown private tutors and was ready for school.

The five years that followed were trying ones, for Leila’s only contact with the profession she so loved was the privilege of reading about her mother and father’s travels through the columns. [Continued on page 75]

By Bob Moak

Leila, who knows what your best friends won’t tell you, insists that lovers can be happy if they are ALONE.
What Yale back missed his signal on the famous “phantom pass” at Princeton? What luckless Cornell back was guilty of the fourth-quarter fumble at Penn? Did Georgetown Johnny Scalzi step out of bounds in the N. Y. U. tussle? Was Grange tackled out of bounds by the Minnesota line men?

Perhaps part of the lure of the game is the uncertainty: at any rate, for years, the fans have packed the stadiums, watched the selfsame players in identical plays, and emerged with versions as inconsistent as New England weather.

But of late a decisive factor has entered in the sport, something of which every actor in the spectacle is conscious; that is, the movie camera up in the press box. It tells no lies, and it tells all.

A player can fool the opposition, he can baffle the scouts, he can string his own coach—but a slow-motion camera is another matter. In the vernacular of the locker-room, it marked the end of the prestige of the “glory-diver”, a player who impresses the stands with a tough front, but in reality does a lot of sitting down. They all turn to the little black box now: the agonized coach whose fat pay check is intimately connected with his choice of player; the respected referee, jealous of his professional reputation, and finally, the player himself, anxious for a true evaluation of himself, his team, and his substitute.

As early as 1923, the masters of the game were using the slow-motion pictures as an aid to coaching, by pointing out to the player his individual faults as his playing appeared on the screen. Further, they were used in scouting, and if any small notion as to the importance of this system is held, let it at once be abandoned. Practically no collegiate board of football strategy will allow, knowingly, an unauthorized slow-motion camera in its stadium.

Sometimes the film tells a very sad story. The writer has seen slow-motion pictures of a game where bets were paid off on a thirty-five yard drop kick, which in fact was six inches wide of the posts. Only last year, the all-seeing eye revealed that the tying touchdown in that Eastern classic really failed to go over the line. The rule is, of course, that the referee’s decision stands, but to put it mildly, the foregoing situations are the kind that reputable arbiters avoid.

The Movie Industry itself was very slow in realizing the tremendous hook-up of the football loving public.
and the technical possibilities of the screen. Only five
years ago, the star-back tore around the end with all
the grace and agility of the lad who lugs off the ducks
in a Chinese magician’s act, and the interference looked
as if it had serious intentions for the moment it could
get off the tight-ropes. It would have been sad indeed,
had it not been for the doughty opponents, who smashed
in with all the fire and fever of asthmatic gazelles. With
amazing monotony, the hero galloped ninety-eight yards
on a trick play that wouldn’t fool the waterboy, while
the befuddled defense piled up on the head linesman.

O Tempora! O Mores! In the year of Our Lord
1931, if you want to see standard football played as it
is in the dreams of coaches, wend your way to the corner
movie. It was a positive stroke of genius, but somebody,
sensing the discriminating eye of the great football pub-
lic, did the direct and simple thing by taking into
consultation the greatest coaches and the greatest
players. The result is more than innovation; it is a
pictorial exemplification of how the colleges are trying
to play the game. The true-blue alumnus needs no
longer sadly dedicate a portion of his income to hope
and loyalty. Let him repair to his local cinema, com-
pare his varsity with the standard team he sees on the
screen, and then keep his dough in his pocket.

For instance, Paramount’s “Touchdown” relies upon
no tyros for the action shots. Jim Thorpe, Olympic Champion and
All-time fullback, is in the line-up, and among
his teammates are names to conjure with. Race-
horse Russ Saunders, who went 95 yards
through the great Notre Dame
team of 1929, along with his
All-American Trojan brethren,
Drury and Bartker, are in-
cluded. Roy Riegels, the boy
who came back, (he ran 60 yards
the wrong way in the California-
Georgia Tech game, only to cap-
tain the Bears and make All-
American the next year) is at his
old place at center. Howard
Jones, University of Southern
California, the only man who
soundly drubbed Pop Warner,
is the director.

The result is precisely as is
to be expected, and is almost

Lew Ayres, the
triple threat of
the screen, makes
a box office goal

Educational has put out a great series, “Football for the Fan.” The camera sees all! This is
a tackle cutback, and look! The man in the center of the picture is a back, and he is going
to knock down the end, Number 29. Anyway it’s a short tackle play, if you hate detail

Penalty fifteen yards, if the referee saw it. The lad in the crouching position, Number 9,
is holding with his left arm. It’s not allowed, but every referee hasn’t a camera eye.

It is a nice line buck anyway, even if it isn’t going to make much ground

for December 1931
document which has to be accepted as fact and no fancy.

In keeping with the trend of the foregoing pictures, Howard Jones, Trojan coach, in a series of six one-reel releases by Educational, "Football for the Fan", has integrated logically the component parts of the game. And what names appear on the advisory staff! Only pause and consider! Pardon the reminiscence, but look at 'em:

Alonzo Stagg, coach at Chicago, the grand old man of football. Tad Jones, coach at Yale for years.

Harry Kipke, Michigan coach, who certainly is the man to illustrate kicking. He, Army Bill Wood, Swarthmore Lester Asplundh, Nebraska Hank Llewelyn, and Georgetown Jim Mooney were the outstanding booters of the last ten years. Columbia Lou Little is responsible for Georgetown Jim Mooney, holder of the record—two eighty yard punts in one game. Also responsible for Carl Waite, and Jack Haggerty, greatest punt receiver of all time. And let's not forget Tony Plansky, All-American fullback and Olympic Champion.

Gus Dorais, who is in the Educational "Forward Pass" picture, was Knute Rockne's running mate when they were teammates at Notre Dame in 1913. He and "Rock" discovered the forward pass! They ran West Point ragged, and then stayed up at the Point for a week, showing the Kaydetos tow to take the Navy in tow, which they promptly did.

Columbia Pictures is releasing six short football pictures—"Football Thrills". They are directed by Clyde Elliott who was responsible for the Knute Rockne series. These shorts are slow motion with the play described by Ford Bond, the N.B.C. broadcaster, whose enthusiasm for the game is contagious but whose fervor does not prevent his giving a clear and complete description of the action. The ball can be followed easily and as play after play is shown with famous collegians in action, a real stadium atmosphere is experienced. In these scenes are epic plays of twenty-three famous football games. Twenty-seven colleges are represented, including Knute Rockne's 1920 team, in plays against Southern California, Northwestern, Navy, Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, Pennsylvania, Southern Methodist, and Drake.

The movie fans after all are the stadium packers, and now that the local theatre has supplied them with their favorites in action we soon expect to see cheer leaders down in front of the orchestra.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Team! Team!
Are You
HELEN HAYES
CONSCIOUS?

Ronald Colman Is. Helen Hayes
Had Made Only One Picture, But
it Hit Ronald so Hard That Now
Everything Looks Hayes-y

By Eleanor Packer

SHE is so little and wistful and haunting, this Helen Hayes who has left the stage to try her luck in the movies.

"Helen lils," is the way her husband, Charles MacArthur, described her one day.

That probably explains her better than any other word. It was that very elfin quality, that elfin something, which made New York and Chicago and other theatre-going cities take her to their hearts and bombarded the box offices when she was playing.

And now the movie-goers are to be given a glimpse of the Hayes charm which has enchanted millions.

For years the young lady has refused to listen to the lure of Hollywood.

"Not because I didn't like the movies or the talkies," she explained hastily, "but merely because I was so happy and so busy in my work on the stage."

She was playing in "Peticoat Influence" in Chicago when she finally succumbed to an offer from the movie coast to go West to play "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Perhaps it was because her husband, the well-known Mr. MacArthur of "Front Page" and other fame, was to write the adaptation for her. Perhaps it was because her very good friend, Edgar Selwyn, was to direct the picture. Perhaps it was because she wanted a summer in southern California. Anyway she signed and arrived one morning to find her husband, her small daughter and a lovely hilltop home, ready and waiting for her.

Now stage stars in Hollywood are no longer a novelty. During the last few years the little town has watched them come and go; it has seen them arrive in all their glory to scoff, and seen them depart to return to the city which appreciated them. It has watched them arrive with a fanfare of publicity and sometimes remain to find a real place for themselves in the colony. It has grown used to big names plucked from electric lights.

But it was not used to a little girl in a tweed suit, who jumped off a train, grabbed a baby in her arms and looked as if she belonged. It had met few stage luminaries who were anxiously eager to learn the business of making talking pictures, rather than anxiously eager to teach the screen veterans some new wrinkle of another art.

She knew everyone, of [Continued on page 39]
IF EVER there has been a boy in Hollywood who might have been one of your own gang—a chap who could have lived next door to you—it's Regis Toomey. He is the most inherently honest person I know. That, in itself, sets him apart from most actors.

He studied law at the University of Pittsburgh in the winter, and played in the local stock companies in the summer as a means of helping pay his tuition.

A friend of his father's—a judge—called him into his study once. "Regis," he asked, "is there anything else in the world you would rather do than study law?"

Regis squirmed but with characteristic honesty answered, "Oh, yes. There are several things."

"Then don't try to be a lawyer," the judge advised—and Regis didn't.

After he graduated, he tried his hand at several jobs—selling among them. Then he went into the purchasing department of one of the steel mills. The head of it called him into his office. "What makes you think you can be a purchasing agent?" he asked.

"Well, I tried being a salesman and wasn't so hot at it," Regis explained, "so I figured if I couldn't sell I ought to be able to buy."

"If you can't sell, that's the very reason you can't buy," his boss answered. "I'll tell you what's the matter with you: you've still got that theatrical bug in your bonnet. Go on to New York and have a try at it. If you don't make good, come back and we'll find something else for you."

Regis went to New York armed with several letters of introduction to prominent theatrical people. "The first day I was there," he stated, "I presented what I considered the most important letter of my collection. I was told to report at a certain place at two o'clock that day for rehearsals in a musical show. It was that easy. But when two o'clock came I was out at the Belmont race-track with some friends who had taken me to lunch."

"I vaguely mentioned to my friends something about having an appointment and a job. 'Phone and tell them you can't make it today and that you'll see them tomorrow,' my friends advised. I did—and was told not to bother. So I didn't. I figured if I'd get one job so easily I could just as easily get others. And I practically did."

"I understudied Dennis King in 'Rose Marie' for a year but never got a chance to play it. I helped two girls I knew get jobs in the show, too. This is one of them (indicating Mrs. Toomey who dimpled and blushed)."

"Did she marry you out of gratitude?" I asked.

"Naw," said Rege, "she's too fresh to be grateful. It just happened we were out together one night and there was a full moon. We both have romantic dispositions at times like that."

Mrs. Toomey caressed a long, thin paper knife lovingly—meaningly. "Of course," Rege continued hastily, "I'd have married the girl anyhow but maybe the moon hastened things along a little. I'm one of those guys who sees better by moonlight."

"Yes—and who talks better then, too," Mrs. Toomey put in.

Well, Mrs. Toomey, who has a mind of her own, staged the Totem pole number in 'Rose Marie' and when the show went to London, she went along to stage the dance numbers over there. She and Regis had been married only a couple of weeks at the time.

An agent did a little cabling back and forth and the groom was promised a part in the London production. He went over, expecting to sign his contract when he arrived. But the English manager had decided he needed a British actor for the part and Rege speaks purest Pittsburgh, so he didn't get it.

"Those first two months in London," Rege told me once without bitterness, "marked the low point of my existence. I hadn't a great deal of money, my wardrobe was shot, Kitty was being asked here and there and I couldn't go. My pride wouldn't let me. She was making $500 a week [Continued on page 70]
JOAN'S profile is classic in its perfection of proportion and outline. Such beauty could only exist where a fine intelligence molds the expression. The sympathetic, understanding Joan is throwing herself into "The Mirage", her new picture. Clark Gable will be there to catch her in his strong arms.

A Galaxy of Stars
GRETA GARBO and CLARK GABLE

In the long awaited "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" Clark Gable has found the great opportunity just at the time when the public was ready for him. It is a tradition that Garbo inspires her men to greater heights, shows them the way and then richly rewards their efforts with an artist's appreciation. Clark broke through with Joan Crawford, held his own with Norma Shearer and now with the great Garbo he is in faster company still.
RONALD COLMAN and HELEN HAYES

IN DAYS of old it required a minuet and a pair of silk pants for a man to be graceful. Ronald accomplishes charm and manner with the aid of a scrub bucket. Perhaps the impudent little Helen Hayes and her sassy way have aroused the finer feelings. This is a scene from the much talked of "Arrowsmith" which was written by Sinclair Lewis. The character study of Ronald shows the changed Colman.
Mae undertook to reverse the significance of Waterloo when she played in "Waterloo Bridge". Being a street walker in this opus she walked off with the show. (An excellent bit of bridge work.) It meant a nice new contract for Mae with napoleons for lunch. She's prettier and wiser than ever in "Twenty Grand"
ANN HARDING is not content to be one of the greatest actresses on earth, she is making a try for the air title as well. And her latest "Devotion" with Leslie Howard sets an altitude mark. Now Ann is resting on a cloud somewhere when she isn't zooming in her Bellanca plane above the head of admiring Harry (Husband) Bannister.
WHEN Warner Baxter's handsome smile put kilowatts into "Daddy Long Legs" the fans realized that they liked it and one and all they rushed home and dashed off demands for more of Mr. Baxter. "Cisco Kid" is the answer to the maidens. In it Warner is the devil-may-care heart-breaking hombre of "Old Arizona"
PHILLIPS HOLMES

If "An American Tragedy" accomplished nothing more it certainly established Phil as an accessory to murder. His next is with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed". It is a part of the good old tradition of Princeton that love making is a serious business, and Phil Holmes has brought a new brand of grouchy lover to the screen.
Experiences in love, marriage, motherhood and then a brand new thrilling love affair have changed our Nancy. The round face that she spoke so slightingly of but a short time ago is now changed to a lovely oval and in "The Man I Killed" it is said Nancy has blossomed to her full stature which we have all been awaiting since "Devil's Holiday". It's onward and upward for Nancy.
**Elusive Elissa!**

Not “High-Hat”—
Just High Ambitions

By Wick Evans

HOLLYWOOD is a strange town. It does one of two things to those who invade its boundaries. It either takes them completely to its bosom, or it, just as completely, snubs them. Never, however, does it allow the invader to make the first move. That is, it never did until Elissa Landi arrived. She did! Now Hollywood doesn’t quite know what to think. And while it is collecting its scattered wits it accuses Elissa of being “high-hat”.

I asked her, pointblank, the reason for it all. Why it was that she said bluntly that she wanted no friends in Hollywood, why she would accept no invitations, and why she had built up a high wall of reserve.

She answered in one word—“Time”. And then silence for a long moment while I wondered if she expected that to satisfy the hundreds of other people who wanted to know the same thing.

Then—“I have my time completely budgeted. So many hours for exercise and rest, so many hours for music, my work at the studio, of course, and most of all my book—I’m writing a novel, you know.”

“I won’t say that I don’t like those people with whom I work. I do—some of them very much indeed. But when we leave the set there are so few things that we have in common that I just don’t want to see them.”

And that, as far as La Landi is concerned, is that.

“But what about invitations—dinners—parties?” I asked.

“I have two reasons for not wanting to accept. In the first place I would have to give parties in return if I accepted people’s hospitality. I don’t want to give parties. They take up too much time. In the second place ‘mobs’ frighten me to death. It’s almost a phobia. I just can’t help it.”

And that, again, is that.

She had been in Hollywood only two weeks when people began to whisper, “Have you met Elissa Landi? She’s superb—she’s grand—why, she’s another Garbo.” Which is a damning thing to say. Elissa Landi is not another Garbo. Nor is she a Dietrich, a Chatterton, a Swanson. She’s Elissa Landi, which, once you’ve seen her acting, is enough. And which, after all, proves that she’s a genius. It takes genius to be oneself in Hollywood.

As she sat curled up in a great chair, dressed in riding breeches and boots, her peculiar beauty framed by a great bear-skin rug, almost the color of her hair, there came to my mind a phrase—probably that some one else has used, to describe her—“The Constant Nymph in riding breeches.”

She has green eyes, tilted upwards at the corners. A pale face, piquantly vivid. An elfishly pointed chin. A slender, graceful figure—graceful with the poise of a taut steel wire.

Elissa cannot really be called beautiful. There is hardly a word that does describe her, unless it could be her own name—Elissa Landi. That, somehow, is definitely characteristic of the girl who bears it. It suggests the strangeness, both in beauty and thought, that is hers. It hints of her multi-faceted personality. It suggests, that name, the single word—genius!

She is more than a genius. She is a feminine Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

At the studio (she admits this herself) she is what the people who make pictures expect a leading lady to be. Gay, vivacious, humorous. Always laughing, talking, winning everyone from [Continued on page 68]
IN MERRY old England they go on fox hunts, and in jolly old Palm Beach they go on treasure hunts, but in quaint old Hollywood they go on star hunts. And one night when Samuel Goldwyn was out star hunting what should he find but a pretty little girl with jet black hair, and jet black eyes, and a smile more intoxicating than champagne on an empty stomach ($5; a case right off the boat—and any old boat will do).

“Ah,” said Samuel Goldwyn. And that’s how Barbara Weeks broke into the movies. She first appeared in Goldwyn’s picturized version of “Whoopie” where she lead a pulchritudinous ensemble through elaborate and complicated dance routines. In “Palmy Days” she became an accomplice and coadjudor to Eddie Cantor and the elongated Charlotte Greenwood. Goldwyn was so pleased that he signed her to a five year contract. He may pull stardom out of his hat at any moment.

Barbara was born in Boston. Her theatrical life began in a New York chorus. Gene Buck took her out of the chorus and gave her a speaking part in “Ringside”. Barbara immediately went Hamlet. She enrolled in two dramatic schools and tried to decide whether she’d be an Ethel Barrymore or a Katherine Cornell. But Fate sort of decided everything for her and the following season found her back in the chorus. And that’s where Goldwyn found her. Her nickname’s Bobbie.

YOUNG Eric Linden is wise in the ways of the world. Although he is just twenty, the age when most boys are still in college and enjoying the egotism of youth, Eric has been making his living for six years. He has battered Broadway since he was fourteen, and in turn been battered by Broadway, which is a grand cure for egotism.

Before he was old enough to don long pants he gained admission to the New York Theatre Guild and they retained him under contract for two years. Then came more Broadway parts, and still more. When he rolls them off now it is hard to believe that you are listening to a lad of twenty rather than a veteran of eighty. Furthermore, he spent a couple of seasons in Paris with the English Players. After Paris he felt the need of a little fresh air so he went on a bicycle tour and managed to cover almost all of Europe before his money gave out.

Eric doesn’t look like an actor. You’d pass him on the street without giving him a glance. He likes to make himself inconspicuous. Maybe Hollywood will change that. He hasn’t made up his mind yet whether or not he likes Hollywood. He blushes when you ask him.

Radio Pictures wanted a juvenile lead for “Are These Our Children?” and wired Eric to fly to the Coast for a test. He got the job—and a contract. Director Ruggles thinks he’s swell.
Famous Stars or Forgotten Faces?

Joan Marsh
Born into the Celluloid Kingdom

BEFORE she could even walk or talk Joan Marsh was a movie actress. It's just as well that people didn't go in for autographs in those days for little Joan would have been horribly embarrassed. She was only nine months old when she made her film début in "Hearts Allame". They say she gurgled beautifully without sound. Next she played a child rôle in "Daddy Long Legs" when Mary Pickford was Judy Abbott.

Then papa Charles Rosher, famous Hollywood cinematographer (camera man to you and you—and me too), decided that it was time that daughter Joan was subjected to an education. Joan was born in Porterville, California, but the Rosheres soon moved to Hollywood, so it was there she was educated in public and private schools. She took an active part in amateur theatricals until graduation, and then she returned to films—a big girl now. Her first ingenue rôle was in "The King of Jazz", followed by "All Quiet on the Western Front". It was after this picture that she was signed by M-G-M on a long term contract and assigned to parts in "Inspiration", "Dance, Fools, Dance", and "Politics".

Joan is five feet, two inches tall, and weighs 104 pounds. She is very blonde and has light blue eyes. Her favorite sports are tennis and golf and her ambition is to sing in light opera. Her birthday is July 10 and she is not related to Marian Marsh.

Allan Lane
He May Grab the Mike and Make a Touchdown

ALLAN LANE was born in Indiana near South Bend, so it was only natural that he should register at Notre Dame just as soon as possible. And once at Notre Dame it was only natural that he should become a football player and get his picture in the Sunday rotogravure sections. He couldn't play football the year round, unfortunately, so he solaced himself with baseball and basketball and any other form of athletics that he could find lying around the campus. He determined to become a professional athlete.

But one summer he got a job with a local stock company and he changed his mind about that professional business. He found that he liked footlights better than stadiums. He was touring in "Hit the Deck" when he decided to take a much needed rest in Hollywood—that is, he'd call it a rest if he didn't get a job with the movies. But he did.

He free-lanced with Fox and with M-G-M but it was First National who offered him a five year contract after "The Forward Pass" in which he supported Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Allan is six feet in height and weighs 180 pounds. He has blue eyes of the smiling variety and dark brown hair that musses easily. There are dimples too, girls, but kindly admire them in silence. He has a good line of chatter and he spells his name with an "a". He has appeared recently in "Smart Money".

for December 1931
The CROWNING

By Muriel Babcock

If you want a sure ticket to success as a personality, figure out a distinctive way to wear your hair.

The stars in Hollywood know this and try to profit by it.

Look at them, or rather at their coiffures. Every single mother's daughter who has been able to devise deliberately, or stumble, quite by chance, on an unusual hair dress, has sky-rocketed to popularity.

Clara Bow became beloved as the "red head". Garbo reached fame with the long Garbo bob. Jean Harlow only had to be labeled as the "platinum blonde" to have the screen yearn for her. Marlene Dietrich does all she can with unrestrained locks (legs so far have meant far more!).

So important is the subject of hair dressing considered by the men who pay the bills at the Hollywood studios that of late years high-priced experts—not just Sadie and Rosie from the beauty shops—are engaged on a yearly basis to supervise the stars' coiffures. These are often men of brains, imagination, who have delved into the modes and manners of the past, who have a feeling and an eye for what is good and what is bad.

It is these gentlemen who put forth—on the heads of the stars—the new styles of hair dress that you see in your movie fare and copy. You may have thought of Hollywood as a dress style center—consider it now in the light of a hair dress style center.

Thousands of girls all over the country have gone "platinum blonde" since Jean Harlow started pulsating on the screen. Howard Hughes' office gets hundreds of queries each month for pictures of Miss Harlow and for the recipe for the "platinum blonde" color. And I'll let you in on a little secret: Jean isn't a true platinum. She's a white blonde, but the other phrase sounds better so the press agents use it. Most
Glories of Hollywood

people don't know the difference. Platinum has such an expensive sound. Getting right down to business, if you are really interested, there are only three true blondes in Hollywood. Ann Harding, Greta Garbo and Thelma Todd. Ann is the only authentic one. Her hair is a lovely, pure blonde. Garbo's is slate color. Thelma Todd's is just blonde.

Did you know that Garbo’s hair often has to be curled ten times in a day? It’s a fact. That beautiful long bob which so intrigues you is attained only by very hard work. Garbo’s hair is very fine, almost stringy. It will hardly hold a curl. Ordinarily, during her off hours, she lets it go straight and doesn’t care. And it looks simply terrible. As soon as they get her on the set during a working day, however, they heat the old curling iron and fix her up.

And Clara Bow's famous “red head” is really a light brown. She used it a carrot shade when she first came to pictures—Clara is always something new for the fun of it—and everybody commented on her striking color. Studio officials sent word to Clara to keep it that way. She did.

Yet Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow are known the world over for distinctive heads of hair. Natural or artificial, they have something unique and something that’s talked about.

Sixty percent of the Gloria Swanson success for years and years was due to her clothes and her hair. Maybe you didn’t know it, but L. Swanson had her own jewel of a hairdresser, a colored girl known as “Hattie”. Now Hattie, who enjoyed her quiet bottle, was a general in her way and a queen. In the days when Swanson reigned at Paramount, Hattie’s rule was even more pronounced on the studio lot. Anything she wanted, anything Hattie said “went”. Inebriated or sober, she could do more with two locks of Swanson’s hair [Continued on p.]

Hair Brush and Whole World to Follow

for December 1931
The Luck of Lukas

Paul Is Always Learning "Somesing" (with the Accent, the Very Charming Accent, on Paul)

The story of Paul Lukas' path to stardom is the story of an unassuming man's triumph over a hundred obstacles.

Today, after casting him as Ruth Chatterton's leading man, Paramount is grooming Lukas for bigger and better stellar pictures. His future seems assured, and his present is all that any man could wish for.

Paul Lukas lives in a model bungalow in Beverly Hills with Mrs. Lukas, owns a sport roadster and an airplane and a whole library full of books.

There was a time not many years ago when he, invalided home from the World War, was tutoring children to insure one meal a day. He worked in his father's office in the day time and at night studied at a dramatic school.

He went into the front line trenches and remained for almost a year. He achieved the rank of corporal and was mustered out in 1915, suffering from shell shock.

On his return home, his father demanded that he go into the advertising firm. Paul replied:

"I've gone through hell. I've suffered. Now, I want to have some fun. I want to do what I want to do. And I have decided to be an actor."

The elder Lukas looked down on actors. He forbade Paul to go on the stage. But Paul, sure that he was right about what he wished to do, began to study for the stage, although he compromised with his father by working in the office during the day time.

Two years drifted by. Paul was an only son. His sister had died in 1912. He finally won his father to his side, and his mother always had the utmost faith in anything he undertook. In 1917, however, the elder Lukas died, and a year later Paul's mother passed on, leaving him absolutely alone in the world.

His real struggle for fame and public notice began.

It was at this time that he worked at anything he could find to do during the days, and that the children he instructed for a few hours each day assured him of his noonday meal. The war was still on, and money was pitifully hard to obtain during these lean years.

The struggle he made he later paid for in broken health, but he declares that all the sacrifice he made to become an actor was worth the anguish. During the latter part of 1917, he spent much time in front-line theatres entertaining the soldiers.

Late in 1917, he again went back into the service. This time he joined the aviation corps and learned to fly—the greatest thrill of his life, outside of being an actor. Upon his discharge, he proceeded to Budapest and there appeared on the stage until 1926. He also appeared in many Hungarian motion pictures during the silent days and built for himself a national prestige which was destined to become international.

Strangely enough he was [Continued on page 71]
When the Money Starts Rolling In

The Thrilling Day When Dreams Come True and There Is a Santa Claus

By William M. Glosson

Dorothy Lee looks back upon the days when at 14 she was a little vaudeville dancer. Her hair has grown blonde and her salary has grown huge, but for all that she is just the same ambitious kid.

It is too bad that gold should play such a glamorous part in life. If you are an average person, you learned in childhood that a pot of gold rests at the end of the rainbow and many times you have listened to the charming story of Cinderella and her fairy godmother.

As you grew older, the dream that you might be a Cinderella persisted in your heart. Many, many times you whispered to yourself, "I only had a million dollars." Perhaps the first time you made the wish, you wanted more than anything in all the world to give your mother a beautiful home and lovely clothes and things so dear to her heart. And again, maybe you yearned for riches during a moment of romance, when you dreamed of driving up to her house in a magnificent limousine with chauffeur and footman, and nonchalantly assuming an air of indifference to her admiring "ohs" and "ahs."

Those are your dreams—but suppose you should open your eyes and discover you were not dreaming. Suppose that it was all very, very real and that you were rich and could buy everything your heart desired! Suppose, in other words, you were in Hollywood and the fairy godmother who dwells there waved her wand over your head and you became a famous motion picture star with an unbelievable salary and limousines and ermine wraps and a mansion with a private swimming pool. And all of a sudden you found you need not worry about money because as fast as you spent it, there would always be more.

The story of Cinderella is no more miraculous than the in-

In the days when Marian Nixon was an extra, she was a very good extra indeed, and one thing leading to another, Marian is now happily married to a millionaire and a lovely home.
Fame May Have Its Fascination but Fortune Has the Kick

credible tales of Janet Gaynor, who once danced in theatre prologues and lived in a tiny duplex, and now visits Honolulu twice a year and owns a mansion in Beverly Hills; of Marion Nixon, who shared a four-dollar-a-week room with a girl chum and now lives on a seventy-five thousand dollar estate; and of Dorothy Lee, who once worked seven days every week, Christmas and holidays, in squalid theatres, earning barely enough money to pay living expenses, and now drives a high-powered roadster and has scores of suitors at her feet.

Just as you did, these girls once closed their eyes and dreamed of fame and fortune. But unlike most of us, they opened their eyes to find their fairy godmother had waved her magic wand and lo, their dreams had come true.

I talked with Dorothy Lee the day she signed her new contract. By its terms she will receive more than half a million dollars within five years, which is an average salary of two thousand dollars every single week until the month of June, 1936. When Dorothy was in vaudeville, her salary was thirty dollars weekly. For every dollar she received then, her amazing new contract provides her with seventy dollars. If she carried five dollars in her purse then, she may now carry three hundred and fifty dollars. Instead of buying a twelve dollar dress, as she once did, she may now afford eight hundred and forty dollars for a single gown.

"While I feel no different today than yesterday, I realize that a new life is beginning for me," Dorothy said. "Money has never meant much to me because I never believed I would have a great deal. I don't believe the new contract will change my style of living to any great extent."

Several months have passed since the contract was signed and here are a few of the things that have happened to Dorothy:

Instead of a Ford roadster, she owns a high-powered, eight cylinder coupe that cost six times as much money.

In lieu of the plain serge coat she once called "her best", she has an ermine wrap trimmed with sable and about a dozen tailored coats trimmed with fox, mink or beaver.

She owns a charming home with a tennis court, swimming pool and a huge playroom, and she employs a chauffeur, maid and gardener.

Picture, if you can, the [Continued on page 78]
“Sure I’ve Got a Following—but Lord Help Me if They Ever Catch Me!”

By Helen Ludlam

SCREAMS of laughter issued above the clatter of dishes and babble of tongues from the southeast corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. In this corner is a long table known as the Press Table around which, any time between eleven-forty-five and two-thirty, gather the studio publicity bunch, a visiting writer or two, and a few players for luncheon and gossip.

“What’s going on over there?” I asked, as we made our way toward the spot as fast as we could for bumping into Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery, Ramon Novarro and a few others in passing.

“Oh, that’s Polly Moran hitting on all six as usual,” my escort said.

Polly almost always sits at the press table where she is the life of the party. On this particular day she had everyone in stitches of mirth and I really thought someone would have to carry Charles Bickford out. “Say,” Polly said, “if these two Bryn Mawr graduates weren’t here (meaning myself and another writer) I’d give you boys an earful worth listening to.”

As probably everyone knows, Polly Moran’s home town is Chicago. “And I know it shot for shot,” she says soulfully. She has been on the screen since 1915, beginning on the Mack Sennett lot in a series of comedies with Charlie Murray. Polly also toured the country in vaudeville doing a “single” for years. And she crossed the ocean fourteen times to make London and the provinces of South Africa laugh.

She is the happy clown of the Metro lot where she has been for the past six years, first as a free lance and now as a contract player. Wherever she goes there may be seen a little knot of laughing people around her.

“Listen,” she turned to me. “Will you please say this if you write anything about me, that when I’m dressed up I really am a fine looking woman. I’ve got to get that in somehow for my mother’s sake. She’ll frame those words. I have to carry her out of every theatre we go to when there is a picture of mine because I look so terrible.”

And Polly is a fine looking woman when she’s dressed up but that isn’t often, even off the set. Polly can’t be bothered. Those bungalow aprons are too comfortable. So are the carpet slippers. She often shops on the boulevard in this outfit and on one memorable occasion when she was making a personal appearance at a theatre in the desert one summer she appeared in her best evening gown and the carpet slippers. Her manager thought she had forgotten to change and frantically called her maid.

“Nothing doing, Bill,” she told him. “My airedales are blown up like a pair of balloons in this heat and it’s the carpet slippers or an Isadora Duncan for me tonight.”

After all, Polly’s audience doesn’t care how she looks—the funnier the better. I’ll bet she brought down the house when she explained, as [Continued on page 60]
Just a Home Girl

Lilyan Tashman Adds a Smart Touch Wherever She Is

By James Marion

LILYAN TASHMAN'S Beverly Hills home is partially hidden behind drooping pepper trees which fairly growl at prying visitors. It is approachable only by way of a flagstone walk that winds mysteriously through the heavy foliage and ends before a massive door bearing a heavy knocker—and further dignified by a small opening, fortified with an iron grating. Through this opening, one inside may safely peer upon one outside and admit or deny that Miss Tashman is "at home".

After the knocker is lifted and dropped (there is a bell but it seldom is used), a cockney face will appear at the grated opening and a decidedly English voice will demand, "What is it?" The face and voice belong to Miss Tashman's imported English maid, who is said to have come into this country tax exempt.

There is a microphonic apparatus inside the door and when a visitor makes known his business and name, his voice is transmitted to Miss Tashman's room by means of a loud speaker. There she makes her decision to see or not to see. A convenient buzzer instructs the maid that Miss Tashman is or is not in, as the case may be, whereupon the visitor is politely informed that the lady of the house is absent or else he is invited inside.

Beyond the massive portal lies a small entry hall with doors on each of its four sides—the front door, an entrance to the dining room on the right, an exit into the garden patio toward the rear end, on the left, a step upward into the drawing room of that prominent pair of Hollywoodians, Miss Tashman and husband, Edmund Lowe, who is nothing if not at all times charming.

It is not possible to possess a lukewarm feeling toward the drawing room. One [Continued on page 69]
The New Life of Lila Lee

Lila Has Returned to Live Again and This Time With a Great Purpose

By James M. Fidler

Lila Lee brought back from Arizona a vision. Other picture stars too have dreams which they are striving to make come true.

A FEW days before Lila Lee went to Arizona, I talked to her. She was a pale girl with eyes too large and a terrifying cough, leaving Hollywood to wage a desperate fight for life. A frightened, despondent woman with a spot on her lungs going to Arizona because there Nature would be on her side—Nature in the form of dry, arid desert air.

Behind her lay her career, her hopes, her friends and the many years of happiness that had been hers when she was a star. Ahead of her lay—what? Not even the finest physicians dared prophesy.

Now, after nine, long, hopeless months spent in her fight against tuberculosis Lila has returned. Cured? Yes. Grateful? Yes. But not the happy, carefree Lila Lee that set out for her life struggle with the dread disease. For Lila feels that her life was given back to her for a purpose, and it is this purpose which dominates her life, which has changed the laughing Lila into a serious, deeply religious woman, but none the less, a charming one.

I have mentioned that Lila is now a religious woman. I do not mean to insinuate that she wasn't always religious. But before she went to the desert, hers was a sort of vague, careless worship common to the average man or woman. She knew there was a God and she was hazily thankful for His goodneces. But it never occurred to her to take time off from her business and social activities to discover why the Lord put her on earth and to ascertain what she was doing to prove she appreciated the privilege of having been born.

In Arizona, flat on her back for months and months with only letters and memories to recall the gay hours and blissful friends of yesterday, she had nothing to do but rest and think. When a fellow thinks for a very long time, he begins to wonder about life and God and why this and why that. Lila gradually came to the realization that flowers were put here to cast fragrance and cows to supply milk and hens to lay eggs. Why, Lila asked herself, was she created? Not to waste her lifetime worrying entirely about her own affairs she decided. Then it was that Lila conceived a new purpose:

She will save her money and when she has enough, she will build a sanitarium where tubercular people without funds may find help in the fight against disease.

“When I first went into the sanitarium I was so afraid of dying that I thought of nothing else,” Lila told me. “My first reaction was resentment. I argued with myself that I had lived a clean, decent life and done my best to be fair and kind. Then why, I questioned, was I being punished? Why had I lost the money I worked so hard to save? Why was I dying? I even decided, in my semi-delirium, that God was being unjust.

“As time dragged wearily past and my condition slowly improved, I began to wonder if there wasn't a reason for me being stricken. The thought persisted that the Lord must have had a reason for confining me where I could do nothing but think. As I regained my strength and doctors told me I would live, I became thankful instead of resentful.

“One thing continued worrying me. It was an eternal question: If it wasn't intended that I should die, why was I there? One night the answer came to me. I wasn't dreaming; at least, I do not remember dreaming. I only recall that suddenly I was awake and saying over and over: What have I done worth while? I knew immediately I had discovered the solution to my eternal question. I [Continued on page 64]
RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
Rating: GOOD
Fox
If it's a grand old western you crave with plenty of action and dare-devil riding and a hero that's virile and proud of it—step right up to the box office, lads. George O'Brien on the hunt for his long lost sister arrives at her ranch just in time to save her from the annoyances, petty and otherwise, of Noah Beery and his gang of bad hombres who go in for stealing children and cattle. There's a good he-man fight. Marguerite Churchill is the sister.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP
Rating: FAIR
Columbia
Here's an old fashioned melodrama that you'll probably find rather interesting if you aren't too blasé. Anyway you'll be thrilled by the bottom-of-the-sea camera shots. The plot's somewhat hoary but still quite sturdy—all about two pals who are nuts about each other until a cheap little blonde gold-digger traps one of them into marriage. No more buddies. There's an exciting climax. Jack Holt, Richard Cromwell and Loretta Sayers are in it.

MY SIN
Rating: GOOD
Paramount
They did a little better by Tallulah in a story way this time, thank goodness. A slow yarn. Too much time is given to Tallulah's torn soul. It's the old plot about the lady who tries to muffle her past only to have it pop out at her at the most inopportune moment. There's a scandal and murder in Panama featuring Tallulah, and a few months later she's somebody else on Park Avenue. Fredric March plays a reformed bum.

THE GUARDSMAN
Rating: EXCELLENT
M-G-M
If you've been staying awake nights wondering if you're sophisticated, here's your chance to find out. If you're sophisticated you'll be simply crazy about "The Guardsman". The picture is superlatively done by the Theatre Guild's Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. It's about an actor who suspects that his wife is about to embark on an infidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian soldier and carries on an intrigue with his own wife. What fun! And did she know?

FIVE STAR FINAL
Rating: EXCELLENT
First National
Here is grand entertainment for you and a picture that socks a wallop that you won't recover from for a long time. It takes a rap at the scandal tabloid sheets and you'll burn with fury—but you'll keep on reading them. Frances Starr plays a happily married woman with a daughter about to marry into the social register. A nosy tabloid digs up a scandal on her with tragic results. Edward G. Robinson is great as the newspaper man. Marion Marsh is the pretty daughter.
Reviewing Stand

SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME
Rating: EXCELLENT
Universal
This picture successfully perpetuates the memory of Knute Rockne and will make every drop of red blood in your veins tingle. It glorifies loyalty, team play and courage. All love interest and conventional intrigue are forgotten in favor of “The Spirit of Notre Dame” which is the spirit of the gridiron and the spirit of fair play. The picture is studded with football stars including the famous “Four Horsemen”. And—glory be—Lew Ayres is with us again.

UNHOLY GARDEN
Rating: GOOD
United Artists
The gals will again rally ’round the suave and engaging Ronnie, but it will be the men who get the biggest kick out of this picture for it is packed full of regular he-man action. Hidden away in Algiers is a hotel where a motley crowd of law-breakers have taken refuge. Colman, a bank robber, joins in their plans to rob an aged embezzler of his loot. But he falls in love with the old man’s daughter—and goes noble. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor make the best of small parts.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE
Rating: GOOD
RKO-Pathe
Irene Dunne proves that she is a brilliant and sophisticated actress. In this film she plays the role of a young girl who gives her sweetheart to a wealthy woman so that he might pursue a concert career. She meets a romantic, hard-drinking newspaper man who has just been turned down by the girl of his dreams. They are married on the spur of the moment. What happens? Find out for yourself. Great stuff. Pat O’Brien is the newspaper lad.

SOB SISTER
Rating: GOOD
Fox
Did you fall for James Dunn in “Bad Girl”? Well, here’s your chance to see him again. In this flicker he’s a news-hound with ambitions, and his greatest joy in life is to annoy a femme reporter, better known as a sob sister. Of course he eventually falls in love with her, though he has definite ideas about marriage. Here are “scoops” and “deadlines” and “love nests” and racketeers. Linda Watkins is fair as the sob sister.

DEVOTION
Rating: GOOD
RKO-Pathe
A rather trite story becomes a charming picture through the simply grand acting of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. You’ve never seen that team before but you’ll want to see it again. Two of the best actors on the screen, and I wouldn’t kid you. It’s the old thread-bare plot of the girl who goes to work in disguise for the man she loves just to be near him. Of course she’s discovered—with the usual results. There’s a swell supporting cast.
Dorothy Jordan flirting with the sound engineer in the M-G-M portable "mixing" room. It is sound proof but Dorothy's charm enters without difficulty.

MARIE DRESSLER spent a part of October in New York on vacation and had a grand time seeing plays and old friends. Marie was quite a sensation in the restaurants and theatres where she was always instantly recognized. She's back on the M-G-M lot now ready to start work on "Emma", which will doubtless get a new name. Her leading man hasn't been chosen to date. Why shouldn't Marie have a chance at Clark Gable? All the other Metro girls have had him. First Joan, then Norma, then Greta, so how about letting Marie have a go at him?

JACK PICKFORD is critically ill. Mary Pickford is constantly at his bedside.

THERE'S quite a snap in the air these days, and in the tongues too for that matter, and everybody feels like getting up and going some place. And of course only a Garbo can get any fun out of going places alone—and we've always had doubts about Garbo's idea of fun anyway—so now's the open dating season in Hollywood. Cute little Sidney Fox has been seen dancing at all the better hotels and clubs with Eddie Buzzell, and there are rumors that it won't be long now. But you know how roomers are, said the landlady as she peered through the keyhole—here today and gone tomorrow.

AND while we are on the subject we might mention that lovely Billie Dove is "falling in love again"—and this time it's a big he-man rancher named Bob Kenaston. Bob went on a hunting trip recently but he heard (the little birds probably told him) that Billie wasn't sitting home writing poetry while he was away so he hurried back to Hollywood.

AND maybe it was that Harvest moon that got Wesley Ruggles feeling all romantic. Anyway he "ups" to Arline Judge and proposes matrimony, and she "ups" to him, and then they went into a big cleanch without benefit of camera. Wesley, as you know, is the ace-high director for Radio Pictures, and the brother of Charlie Ruggles. Arline is a twenty-year-old New York girl and was signed to a contract for Radio just at the time Ruggles was being wildly acclaimed for his successful and marvelous direction of "Cimarron". Arline has a featured part in "Are These Our Children?" which was also directed by Ruggles. Maybe he fell in love with her because she took orders so sweetly.

SALLIE O'NEIL was squired to Marion Davies home-coming party by no less than the one and only Lewis Milestone, famous bachelor-director. Sallie has gotten so thin that we think it is now safe for her to devour a baked Idaho potato.

ONa MUNSON is back from a theatrical engagement in San Francisco and Ernst Lubitsch smiles again. Everywhere you look in Hollywood the big director man and the charming star are seen together. These directors seem to be all the rage now. Grab yourself a director, girls, and let's play Post Office.

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, September 15, and were married by Judge Orr. The Judge was hearing a murder case when they arrived but declared a recess long enough to perform the wedding ceremony. Then Lew hurried Lola into his automobile and shouted to reporters that their honeymoon would be spent at Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, camping and hunting. Two famous Hollywood elopements recently ended in divorce. We refer to Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire, and Loretta Young and Grant Withers. Better luck to you, Lew!

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS has a new beau who is most attentive. He's Leslie McFadden, son of Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania, and he and Constance make a charming couple at all of Hollywood's joy spots.

"FIVE STAR FINAL" is still standing them up on Broadway and seems to be the hit picture of the year. Much praise is due its director, Mervyn Le Roy. When Mervyn was in New York last spring to get a look at the play to size up its picture possibilities the ticket seller refused him a pass to the theatre and laughed out loud when Mervyn said he was Mr. Le Roy of Hollywood. He thought Mervyn was a kid trying to crash a play.
Gloria refrained from even answering the rumor that she had married Michael Farmer. It is a safe bet that Gloria would do nothing like that until her divorce decree becomes final, at least. Gloria and Michael are “that way” all right, and are seen at all the smart places together. They startled members of the Bel Air Bay Club recently by appearing together in white flannel trousers and dark blue coats. The style was not too becoming to Gloria’s figure. They danced together all evening. That is, they stood together on the floor and kept time to the music, if that can be called dancing.

The party at which her friends chipped in and gave Marion Davies on her return from abroad was quite a simple little affair. It only cost ten thousand dollars.

The Great Garbo will wear a dress in “Mata Hari” more magnificent than any screen creation has ever been. Fifteen girls, working for six solid weeks under Gilbert Adrian, Metro’s designer, contrived the garment at actual cost to the studio of $3,000. The dress is fashioned of silver threads woven through enormous quantities of crystal beads. And the whole thing weighs enough to stagger a strong man in a circus. Thank heavens, these Scandinavians are sturdy. Maybe the old meanies won’t call Greta anaemic any more when they see her supporting that gown.

For the sake of the picture, Joan Crawford sacrificed a new pair of navy-blue kid, made-to-order pumps, which cost $25. On the set of “The Mirage,” the sound expert announced that a sharp clack was ruining the recording. The noise was traced to Joan’s high heeled slippers. She submitted them to an operation. The heels were taken off and lower ones substituted. Which ruined them as far as Joan was concerned. She never wears low-heel slippers off the set, and all of her footwear is made to order on account of the smallness of her feet.

William Haines is in the East on a personal appearance tour. He was a riot at the Capitol in New York and all the autograph hounds, who were able to pick themselves up out of the aisles where prodigious laughter had thrown them, gave him a merry chase. Nice boy, Willie. And weren’t you crazy about his latest picture “Get Rich Quick Wallingford”? What a knock-out that Jimmie Durante is in the same picture. We’ve been seeing Jimmie in New York stay-ups for many years but we never fully appreciated him before. The old Schneezler is right there with us as neat a bit of comedy as the cinema can give.

Did you know that Connie Bennett is an expert tennis player and that she will sit up playing backgammon as long as she can find anyone who’ll play with her?

This is Shirley Jean Rickert who plays about with “Our Gang”—losing a tooth or two in the struggle.

And did you know that Joan Crawford has hired a personal body-guard! Whaso matter, Joan, somebody wanna kidnap you?

Believe it or not but this actually happened. Ernie Pagano, Educational’s dialogue director, was with his troupe “on location” in front of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel taking scenes for an Ideal Comedy. Ernie was instructing Virginia Brooks on how she should exit from a scene, running backwards. To illustrate his idea, Ernie gave a demonstration and—backed right into an old lady who was approaching the hotel.

Ernie offered his profuse apologies and explained that a scene for a motion picture was being taken and “would she kindly step aside until the scene was finished.” After the shot was made, Ernie, still feeling sorry over the bump he had given the old lady, placed a chair in a convenient spot and asked her if she would like to be seated and watch how a motion picture was made. The lady thanked him and said, “I would be very interested. You know, my son makes pictures too.” “Is that so,” Ernie said sweetly, just to be polite. “Perhaps I know him. What’s his name?” “Jesse Lasky,” beamed the little old lady. Ernie Pagano did a quick fade-out.

When Alfred the Great built a monastery in England, little did he know one of the cells would some day be the study room of a future popular motion picture actor.

Roland Young attended the school which was once the monastery. The huge iron keys were six inches long and each boy carried one to his room. They were the identical keys which had hung from the robes of the monks centuries ago, as they paced the halls and read their Bibles.
AFTER I succeeded in getting myself born into the Montgomery household in the merry month of May, 1904, I sighed with relief. The Montegomerys had a family tree, a home on the Hudson, and a good bank balance so I thought I had done right well by myself and would glide through life as easily as possible. But I didn't know about life's little jokes—then. My earliest recollection is riding in a sleigh with my nurse, and the sleigh turning over and giving me a biff on the dome. Maybe that's the reason I became an actor. Anyway, I entered the Overfield Academy when I was eight, went to Europe when I was eleven, and was subjected to Pauilding when I was twelve. Then Grandfather lost his fortune, and so did Father. And I found out a few things about the facts of life and the pangs of poverty.

PART II

CONTRARY to the usual opinion about the difficulty of landing first jobs, I had very little difficulty in joining the army of the employed. In fact my first 'job' was a "position" and I made a good salary—considerably more than I earned later on. I was just seventeen then and too young to appreciate properly the kindness of G. P. Connard, President of the Railway Equipment and Publication Company. Connard was a friend of my father's, and he offered to launch me in the business world. I was his secretary. He must have smiled to himself when he gave me the position.

In practically no time at all I became one of the most important people in the organization—that is, in my own mind. I have no excuse to offer except that I was seventeen. "Fresh" was a mild name for it. I had three people working under me, and when I say they worked under me, I mean to place a lot of emphasis on "work". I had a remarkable genius for "passing the buck", I would open the mail in the morning, parcel out the work, including my own, and disappear for most of the day.

It must have palled on Mr. Connard after a time, for he shipped me to the Rider-Ericsson Engine Company at Waldron, New York. My days of easy living were over. It seems to me that I did just about everything there but actually taking the engines out for airings. I poured iron. I worked in the storeroom. I painted the roof. I worked in the drafting department.

For several weeks I was a machinist's helper in the round house. Once somebody forgot to close the throttle on one of the revolving blocks, and an engine went off the track into the pit. I remember it cost $75,000 to repair the engine. It must have been an awful lesson to somebody. I would have hated to have been the man at fault. I would have started out the minute the engine landed and I would still be traveling.

For several more weeks I helped put the tires on engine wheels. Maybe you don't know that engine wheels have tires. Well, changing an automobile tire is child's work compared to changing one on an engine. The tires are heated first. We carried them from the fire, balanced in the middle of a long rod. For a real thrill you should try running with one, and keeping perfect balance. If the tire started to slide there was nothing to do but to drop the rod and run.

The wages were supposed to be pretty good for those days. I earned seventy-one cents an hour and I never felt that I was taking money that didn't belong to me. Frequently I worked sixteen hours a day.

When I left the company I was assistant production manager. That has always been a source of gratification to me. Most of the other fellows who were working toward executive posts were graduates of technical schools.

The railroad business might have become my life's profession but I was suddenly taken with a bad case of wanderlust. And no money to gratify the desire. There is more than one way to take [Cont. on page 76]
Bob is at work at the M-G-M studio on the Noel Coward play "Private Lives" with Norma Shearer. This co-starring plan assures both players of the most perfect support and is expected to bring even the ticket seller into the theatre.
IT MAY be that this photograph is on Doris Warner's dressing table. Anyhow, Doris who is the pretty daughter of the president of Warner Brothers, and David who is related to Lady Diana Manners Cooper are happy about something. Perhaps it is Dave's new picture "The Ruling Voice."
RUTH CHATTERTON

THE Paramount cat is very proud of his acquaintance with "The First Lady of the Screen". Paul Lukas and Ruth have finished "Once a Lady" and will soon be together in another picture called "Tomorrow and Tomorrow". Ruth has the happy faculty of making hits without waiting for the author to catch up.
These gorgeous gowns were created for Mr. Edward Stevenson, Creator of Fashion.

Jean in a chartreuse green crépe. The bodice follows the empire waist line which is emphasized by a sunburst ray of bugle beads. The skirt is made in vertical flares molded to fit the figure.

These natty blue sailor trousers are completed with a soft blue crépe blouse, open at the neck, and particularly becoming to Jean Harlow.
Jean is striking in this fascinating black and white angel skin satin evening gown. It is distinguished by its crossing diagonal bands in black satin which widen into circular panels at the side, with a dolman sleeved jacket banded at the cuff with silver fox.

At the right—Violet blue crepe and satin are combined in this afternoon dress. The blouse is of the satin side, joining the skirt in a deep V with the crepe worked up to a high line at the side.
Marian Marsh, the little Warner Bros. star, dresses up in the latest frocks and gowns and looks charming enough to hypnotize even Svengali.

Marian in a gorgeous pajama outfit created by Hickson. The smart little jacquette is of red Lyons velvet, the trousers are of gold metal cloth and the turban is of draped gold metallic cloth.

This is Marian in a Sally Milgrim street costume of wood tan tweed with rich gills trimming. It is particularly becoming because it proclaims Marian's careless youth.

Satin is smart—Lace is smart—And what could be smarter than this black cire satin dinner gown with lace yoke and long fitted sleeves as worn by Marian Marsh. It is creation of Sally Milgrim.
Fashion for the Six Social Hours of a Débutante's Day

Marian Marsh, Warner star, sponsors this evening gown of white net with pastel colored appliqued flowers created by Sally Milgrim. Note the narrow shoulder straps, the flower at the natural waistline and the molded effect until it reaches out in a beautiful full skirt.

Marian wears a black velveteen formal afternoon suit trimmed with dawn gray fox, created by Hickson. The hat is of black velvet with three tone blue feather tips, the bag is of black suede with a pearl frame, the shoes are of black suede with an ivory buckle.

Marian in a stunning Jay-Thorpe negligée of orchid colored transparent velvet. The collar and cuffs are edged with moleskin.
AN ACTOR is only cast in classic roles when he has earned the honor of being grouped with the great stars of the past. Fredric March has won this high place and is making the Robert Louis Stevenson masterpiece "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". Here he is as Dr. Jekyll, the popular London doctor, who later becomes the hideous Mr. Hyde.
Are You Helen Hayes Conscious?
[Continued from page 25]

One doesn't spend almost an entire lifetime in the theatre without accumulating a long list of acquaintances and friends. Her first trip through the studio was a constant procession of drop-ins-to-see people and of gay hellos. The telephone at her home and in her new green-and-silver dressing room rang constantly.

There was no swank, no big-star high-handedness about this young lady from Broadway. She has had homes all over the country. Coming to Hollywood was merely moving into another, which she had often visited but in which she had never lived.

I met Miss Hayes on one of the sound stages in the M-G-M studios. She was quite grand that day, that is, as grand as an even five feet and a hundred pounds and twinkling brown eyes can be grand. She was dressed in a very low-cut and very white satin evening gown of a yesterday's generation. Her brownish-blond hair was piled high in little ringlets on her head.

She said that making motion pictures is like eating olives, you have to learn to like them both," she laughed, sitting down gingerly in a folding chair so as not to muss the white satin folds of her gown. "They sort of bewilder you at first. It's so different from what you expect. I have learned one thing, however," she went on, seriously now, "and that is a great new respect for the picture actors. I might as well confess that we veterans of the stage looked with a sort of mature condescension on their artistic ability. We didn't take them seriously as actors. We admitted the force of their personalities and decided that it was through a screenable charm that they gained their great popularity.

"But after a few weeks of experience in their game, I came to the conclusion that they are far greater artists than any one gives them credit for being. They work under difficulties which people of the stage don't know how to face. We, at least, can build our scenes, naturally and in ascending force. They have to cut off their emotions at dramatic moments and start right in again where they left off in a former scene. I take my hat off to them, everyone.

This, from Helen Hayes, whom many critics have acclaimed as the greatest of the younger generation of American actresses.

"You see," she continued, "I have known nothing but the stage all my life. I started when I was six, playing a child's part in the stock company in my home town of Washington. The manager liked me and through the next several seasons, he called me whenever there was a juvenile part in the plays."

Then Lew Fields came to town and saw the child Helen.

"If you and the little girl ever come to New York, look me up," he told Mrs. Brown. Helen was a blonde, while Helen fainted with wide eyes, "and I'll find a place for her." A year or so later mother and daughter went up to New York and followed Mr. Fields instructions. Within a very few weeks Helen was playing a child comedy sketch with the Lew Fields' company. From fourteen to seventeen Helen went to school at a Washington convent. She won all the debating contests, was the ring leader and was seriously considered giving up her stage ambitions to become a nun.

But when she was offered the leading role in "Pollyanna", because the New York managers had not forgotten the little girl who "fainted", she packed her bag and her mother and was back on Broadway before her family realized what was happening. And, until June of this year, she has continued on the stage.

It was "Coquette" that brought her her first fame and her greatest happiness. During the time of playing the little southern girl who walked quietly out of the room and shot herself, she met and married young Charles MacArthur, newspaper man, playwright and swell person. And it was also during "Coquette" that Mary MacArthur was born and became famed as "The Act of God" baby because a court ruled that a baby came under the Act of God classification and theatrical contracts might be terminated.

"Before Mary was born, I never planned very definitely for the future," Miss Hayes said that day on the sound stage. "I always thought of myself as acting until I was too old to act any more. I couldn't imagine any life away from the theatre. "But now I have very definite plans as to the future. I want to work for ten more years. Then I will retire and settle down to a quiet life with Charlie and Mary. Mary will be almost twelve then and she'll need me more than she does now when she's such a tiny thing."

Miss Hayes stood up because her maid wanted to fix her dress for the next scene. As she powdered her face she laughed, "Oh, I've discovered another thing, too, and that's the fact that I have a face. On the stage it didn't matter. But when I'm in front of the cameras, I get all face-conscious."

Sam Goldwyn and Ronald Colman must have gotten Helen-Hayes-face-conscious too, for hardly had Helen taken a deep breath after completing her first picture than she was summoned over to the United Artists lot to play the Sacred nurse who loved a doctor in "Arrowsmith". A great team that—Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman! You'll love it.

GAY DIPLOMAT. THE Good [Radio]

Well, here's your newest right-throbb. girls, step right up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing we have to the late Rudy Valentino on the Hollywood diet. In this one lean he plays a handsome spinty commander who makes it so beautiful ladies for information. There's an exciting climate. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson are two of the beautiful ladies.

GRAFT Fair [Universal]

It's an old, old story—but still rather exciting. It's a story of a young reporter who snags a murder and clean up a city. Of course the dopey news hound wins out in the end by dumping all manner of crooks and murderers on the city editor's desk with the scoop of the year. Regis Toomey and Sue Carol are in it.

GUILTY HANDS Good [M-G-M]

Do you want to be baffled? Well, try this mystery thriller. Lionel Barrymore, as a retired district attorney, commits a murder, fastens the blame on another, and then manages the way he wants them, until—Kay Francis and Madge Evans are splendid.

LIKE YOUR NERVE Fair [First National]

If it's romance you want, try this one. Young Doug does a Fairbanks Senior and cavorts all over South America, rescuing a damsel in distress, climbing balconies, and doing darlings. Lovetta Young is the damsel.

LARGENY LANE Fair [Warner]

Here's grand entertainment. James Cagney plays a small town helip, with ambitions for big town shakedown. He does a girl act and a successful season of gypsying. But the girl he is noble and marries a society youth and Cagney loses interest in his racket. There's a surprise ending that's a knock-out. Joan Blondell is the girl.

THE SIN OF MADELENE CLAUDET Fair [M-G-M]

Get out your handkerchief, girls, for this is an old-fashioned weeper. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—daring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. He disappears and Lewis Stone is left to console the girl (Helen Hayes) who has a baby and a lot of disillusionments. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother—or something like that.

MAD GENIUS THE Good [First National]

A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in an impassive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a linding whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MAGNIFICENT LIE THE Fair [Paramount]

This picture is Ruth Chatterton and she is no better. If you're a Chatterton fan you'll laugh to your heart's content, and if you're not you'll be bored. Ruth plays the role of a hard-boiled little cafe singer who impersonates a famous French actress to appall a blushing (Ralph Bellamy). Stuart Erwin gives a splendid performance.

Talkies in Tabloid
[Continued from page 10]
"Be Yourself," Says Polly Moran, "Like Me and Garbo"

[Continued from page 43]

She did, the reason for those old slippers. "Oh, well," she said when someone remarked she was wearing them. "I just wanted to keep so many jokes on herself, "What's the use of putting on airs?" I'm just Polly Moran and I wouldn't get away with trying to be anybody else. Besides, I'd die laughing at myself if I did try. Same as I have all tried laughing at some of these kids who take themselves too seriously. They come out here and suddenly they land something. They find themselves with more money than they thought existed in the world, and they lose their heads. They learn, most of them do, after a year or two and settle down into being their own lovable selves. But the things they do before that happens!

"Why, one boy got a house and furnished it on the installment plan before the ink was dry on his contract. There wasn't even a candlestick bought outright. Something went wrong. His option wasn't renewed and—well you know what has happened. That sort of thing links Hollywood up with the rest of the world, but I must say it really is hard on the kids in Hollywood, until they've had their lesson. There are literally thousands of people trying to sell you things out here. Strict as the studio rules are they even get on the lot. A combination of reasons makes people buy. Sometimes they think they want the stuff; sometimes it's an inability to say get out! Firm, like that!" Polly banged an imaginary door. "But they learn. One morning they wake up. After that, pity the salesman.

"That isn't Polly Moran. None of that stuff for me, my heart won't stand it. Every week's a thrifty week in my life. I go to all the parties, but I never give any! (Oh Polly, you big fibber.) Why, I couldn't get a crowd in my house!"

"You could have a swimming party in your pool," said I, trying to help out.

"In my pool! I haven't got any pool. I hate 'em anyway, dirty, smelly things, like a clinic with all that disinfectant they put in them. A bath tub is good enough for me—when I want a swim I go to the ocean. Why, it costs a fortune to keep one of those things going. No sir, not for Polly. My money goes in the bank, and so far it hasn't blown up. I live in a seventy-five dollar a month house and run it on the same scale.

"You see I have a young son and a mother and myself at sixty-five to think about. When I get to be sixty-five I won't be so strong on galloping about the way I do now.

"Good old Polly. No longer twenty, and what of it. Pretty feet, pretty ankles, dancing in a string of personal appearances. Trailing over the country in the sweltering heat or bitter cold as the case may be, because she feels better about it than sitting on her plaza in Hollywood, drawing her salary for loafing, which she could do under her contract, until M-G-M makes up its mind what picture she is to do next.

"I'm just the way I am, and I can't help it," Polly went on to say. "Besides, I never saw anyone get much the worse of it because they remained the way the Lord made them.

"Who's the biggest money maker in pictures today? Greta Garbo, isn't it? Well, being herself hasn't kept her back any that I can see. And if there's one natural person in the world and no other, Greta's it. And there's Clara Bow. Clara's been in the tough spot recently but for years she was one of the three biggest money makers in pictures and Clara never tried to put it over that she was Lady Vere de Vere.

"I don't think that the people shouldn't try to improve themselves. If you are born in one station in life and luck or your own efforts place you in another, seems to me an admirable thing to lift yourself to your new surroundings. But there are two ways of doing it. I've got plenty of respect for those who do it the right way but you couldn't print what I think of the ones who do it the wrong way. Not that it matters what I think.

"I'd just love to pretend to be an exotic movie star and tell you that I adore Coudray's Jasmine. But murder will out. My favorite perfumes are Musk, White Rose and Jockey Club!

"And the books I read? Deah, deah! My library. Well, my second choice is Samuel Johnson and Les Miserables. I began that when I was a mere slip of a girl; just fourteen I was that summer, and now I've reached the closing chapters.

"I know I ought to say that I love to don my hostess pajamas and a picture hat and cut roses in my garden. But what I really love to do is to get into my overalls, drag some old furniture into the back yard and paint it. Yes, and I love to go shopping at the Piggly-Wiggly stores and bump through that little turnstile they have and fill my basket with all those fascinating things on the shelves, such as rice and catsup.

"Walks in the rain I adore. But you have to think fast to get a walk in the rain in California. They'll put me out of the state for saying so, but a woman hasn't a show out here—why women don't even die! This alkali dust just withers them up and they blow away.

"I love to cook too, but I gave that pastime up long ago. I couldn't stand the doctor bills I had to pay for my family afterwards.

"But do you know what I like to do most of all? Go to picture show. Yes, I do. And if someone gives a fine performance I just can't wait to get my fan letter written. Listen, I've said enough for one day. I gotta go back on the set.

"All that happened in Hollywood. The other day, both as a matter of fact. I was in New York, I dropped into the Capitol Theatre where she is making the inevitable personal appearance. From the grins and chuckles in the audience which grew into loud guffaws at Polly's spunky Hollywood patter I would say that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer knew their stuff. After the act I mounted to her dressing room one flight above the stage. Polly was on one chair, her feet were on another. It was a sweltering day and five shows are no fun. She was a bit limp but cheerful as usual. "Park yourself over there," she waved toward a couch. "My, but it's hot. This humidity's hard to bear but it's great for the corn flakes.

"It certainly was good for Polly's. She had just taken her makeup off and her skin was pink and white, like a child's.

"What's going to be your next picture?"

I asked. "Politics" certainly had them holding their sides. I hope the fact that Marie Dressler has been made a star won't break up your team work altogether.

"I don't know what will happen about that in the future," she said, "screwing her hair into a bun on the top of her head because it was cooler that way. "I'm going to be tramping about on this tour until the first of the year and then go back to do a picture."

"You're talking about real people last time I saw you?" Well, take a slant at Marie Dressler if you want to see one. Marie thought she was through a few years ago. Did she bleach her hair and have her face lifted trying to compete with the Public Enemy? She did not. She just went right along like the ace trooper she is, playing the bits they gave her to do so well that they even had to cut those down so's the public wouldn't make the mistake of thinking she was the star. And now she is a star, and if I know Marie it won't swell her up a bit."

Polly Moran doesn't crave stardom for herself any more than she thinks Marie Dressler did.

"Too much responsibility. Say, I'm so grateful to be earning a fine salary at my age and be able to have my family with me. What more out of life does anyone want? Believe me, I'm not cracking. As long as I can laugh and as long as I can make other people laugh I wouldn't swap jobs with a Queen."
Into your cheeks there comes

a new mysterious

GLOW!

INTO CHEEKS touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty — color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliancy natural!

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The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color suffused through the skin from beneath.

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Only the “Duo-Tone” Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat “duo-tone.” Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical underglow to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

Every Shade of Princess Pat Rouge Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, any shade of Princess Pat you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are unlimited. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night — under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat’s thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks.

Only when you try Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you can be.

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Talkies in Tabloid
(Continued from page 59)

Merely Mary
Ann
Fair
(Paramount)
Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell get just a little bit too sugary in this one. It’s about a young composer, poor but proud, who struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay the rent. The little house maid falls in love with him. She inherits a million and he becomes a famous composer, so what more do you want?

Palmy Days
Splendid
(United Artists)
Eddie “Depression Explorer” Cantor is a riot in this one. There isn’t any plot to speak of, but there’s lots of fun with Eddie singing songs in an ultra modern through-nut factory. Charlotte Greenwood helps out in the funny business. If you’re feeling low, call on Dr. Cantor at your local theatre.

Penrod and Sam
Good
(First National)
Youngsters and many a grown-up will get many a laugh out of Booth Tarkington’s famous boy story. Not as good as “Skippy” but you’ll enjoy it just the same. Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are grand in the leading parts. ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy Peterson and Matt Moore are the adults.

Personal Maid
Love
Fair
(Paramount)
Nancy Carroll appears in this one as a little Irish girl who is led up with New York teetotal life and longs to break away from her drear existence. She becomes a personal maid to a wealthy woman and gets involved in all kinds of adventures. Mary Boland, Gene Raymond and Pat O’Brien are in the cast.

Politics
Good
(M-G-M)
Marie Dressler and Polly Moran desert the stock market (and who hasn’t?) and the beauty “shoppers” and go in for politics—with screaming results. Marie, with Polly as her manager, runs for the Mayorsip of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and household matters. William Bakewell and Karen Morley supply the romance.

Road to Reno
The
Good
(Paramount)
This is the first of the Reno-vated divorce pictures. It’s about a modern mother (Lilyan Tashman) who takes darling daughter along to Reno with her to get her fourth divorce. The girl falls in love and a dastardly blackguard tries to marry Manna for her money. It’s lots of fun and Lil gives a swell performance. Peggy Shannon, Buddy Rogers and William Boyd are in it.

Shanghaied
Love
Fair
(Columbia)
This one’s about a cruel sea captain sailing the high deep with a shanghaied crew. There’s a mysterious gal on board, a youngster decides to save her from “worse than death”—and so it goes. Sally Blane, Noah Berry and Richard Cromwell struggle with the poor material.

Smart Money
Good
(Warner)
Edward G. Robinson gives a fascinating and high-powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes a killing—also as a gambler. But he’s nuts about blondes and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for the Big House.

Street Scene
Splendid
(United Artists)
This is one of the most talked about pictures of the year. It’s all about life in a sordid New York tenement on a hot summer day. Here are the people you meet on city streets; here are the things that happen only in large cities. There’s a tabloid murder that will turn on your tear ducts and tug at your heart strings. The entire cast is excellent, especially Sylvia Sidney and Estelle Taylor.

Susan Lenox
Her Fall and Rise
(Paramount)
Another Garbo hit that will line ‘em up at the box office. Greta, the more sinned against than sinning Susan Lenox, runs away on her wedding day, joins a circus, falls in love, runs away again, falls in love again and marries. Sounds confusing— but it’s all done in the grand Garbo manner. Clark Gable is the leading man. Gable-Garbo, what more can you ask?

This Modern
Good
(Twentieth)
Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocre story. In this one she lives with her not-so-nice mother in Paris and they go places and do things that are smart and shocking. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley both fall for Joan and Neil wins. Poor Monroe. You’ll like the new blonde Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.

Twenty-Four Hours
Good
(Paramount)
A night club hostess and a gangster and a society couple are involved, and there’s a neat little murder and solution. You’ll be crazy about Miriam Hopkins as the night club hostess who sings torch songs.

Twenty Grand
Good
(Universal)
This is about a chap who can’t leave the horses alone and a gal who sticks by—through thick and thin. There’s a sordid gangster chief who tries to get in some dirty work with the law but she’s true to her race track boy friend. Splendid cast includes Mae Clarke, Norman Foster, Ricardo Cortez and Marie Prevost.

Waterloo Bridge
Excellent
(Universal)
Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. It’s the story of an English music hall girl who is forced by poverty to become the “oldest trade” on Waterloo Bridge. One night she meets a young idealistic soldier who falls in love with her. Does she reveal her past? Mae Clarke and Kent Douglas are grand and will bring tears of sympathy to the old eyes.

West of Broadway
Good
(M-G-M)
John Gilbert plays the part of a lad who returns from France with T. B. and is ordered to hit for Arizona at once. The fact that his girl has given him the slip doesn’t bother him and while he’s painting the old town scarlet he marries a not-so-nice girl. After the hang-over he leaves abruptly for the open spaces—but the girl follows. You’ll like John in this one. Lois Moran and Madge Evans are his girls.
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$1.00 Milaire Nail Polish—A range of beautiful, long-lasting nail polishes in a variety of shades. These polishes dry quickly and stay on well.

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$1.00 Milaire Hair Care Preparations—These include the following:

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had been confined to that hospital in order to ask myself that one thing: What have I done worth while?

"Now I have a new purpose. It is nothing showy; I ask no publicity for it. It is something bigger than publicity; it is something that happened to me as I lay in the hospital and thought of the thousands who should be resting in cots beside me but who lacked the money. Those thousands are the ones my sanitarium will benefit."

Lila is extremely sincere; that is why I believe in her. If she were racing around Hollywood whooping praise to God and glory be to Lila Lee, His new Angel of Mercy, I'd fling up my hands and think of an evangelist whose specialty is a noisy voice.

Lila is not the only star who harbors such humane purposes. There are Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Rakston, for instance. They weren't always rich. They worked hard and hard to accumulate the money that now provides them comparative luxuries. For several years they have been enjoying the fruits of their efforts without giving much thought to other folks. True, Dick would occasionally say to Joby, as they lounged on the deck of their yacht, "This certainly beats the old days when we wondered where the next meal was coming from and when a few 'lases' vacation on a boat or anywhere would have been a happy Godsend."

One hot afternoon last summer Dick stopped to buy a newspaper from the boy who sells them on a corner near the studio. As he paid, he looked at the newsboy. The urchin's face was white and drawn.

"You ought to have a rest, sonny," Dick said to him, not thinking much about what he was saying.

The boy laughed a little bitterly. "Rest?" he answered. "I can't afford no vacation. Jeez, Mr. Arlen, us guys ain't got money like you. I work Sundays, holidays and Christmas."

All the way to his home, Dick thought about that poor kid. When he reached the house, he sprawled in his favorite big chair and told Jobyna how the boy's words had affected him. That started Jobyna thinking also. Next day she did some investigating and discovered that they could send a boy to their ranch, located in Northern California, for about twenty dollars. He could spend a month there, live outdoors all the time and fish and ride to his heart's content.

The following night she and Dick talked things over and, as a consequence, the Arlens are setting aside a sum of money every month for what they call their Kids' Vacation Fund. Next summer they expect to send to at least ten street urchins to their ranch for one month. The summer after that, they hope to send twenty or more.

As the fund grows, the interest it will earn will also increase until Jobyna and Dick will have enough set aside to give a hundred or more poor youngsters wonderful holidays every summer.

For a number of years, Lew Cody has performed a strange service to mankind. He has entertained in prisons and penitentiaries and won thousands of unusual friends. Scores of men, just released from these institutions, have gone to Cody and been supplied with new clothes and fresh starts in life. Lew's secret longing is to operate a farm where he may employ men who are worthy but have made mistakes. The outdoor work, he is positive, will not only rebuild their health but provide regular wages.

Ann is always endowed with ideas that are different, has her own individual way of doing kind acts. She isn't planning for the future, either; Ann is doing her kind deeds now. At regular intervals, she visits the slums of Los Angeles. There she meets with many pitiful cases and she is today a fairy godmother to several needy families. Ann's dream is to enlarge on this work when she has finished her screen career.

God grant them great and lasting success. Great is the relief to find, among the selfish, self-centered millions, many whose minds are concerned with the spirit of Christmas.

---

**Between friends...and between smokes**

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one...And remember always, there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

*Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.*

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors

**Beech-Nut Gum**

**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER**
WIN $1,000.00!

By merely giving your suggestion as to how you would have ended Samuel Goldwyn's great production of

RONALD COLMAN
"THE UNHOLY GARDEN"
UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

A stirring romance of desert outlawry with Fay Wray, Estelle Taylor and Warren Hymer.

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL CAN TRY

Not necessary to be a "writer." Nothing to buy or sell. No cost, no obligation. "The Unholy Garden" ends with an unusually surprising climax, yet it might have ended in many other ways. The $1,000.00 will be awarded to the person who sends in the best suggestion for an ending for this great drama, regardless of whether or not that ending follows the ending of the picture as it will be shown. A brief unfinished outline of the story appears below. How would you end it? Just write us in a few words (not more than fifty words) your suggestion for ending this story. That's all you will have to do to win this prize. No matter who you are, your suggestion can win $1,000.00. It's a test of your thought and originality behind your suggestion that counts. Send your suggestion now. Win $1,000.00 in cash. Read the brief outline of the story of this great movie:

Ronald Colman, as Barrington Hunt, an international crook fleeing the European police on a charge of murder he did not commit, reaches the desert settlement of Orage, known as "The Unholy Garden." There he finds a gang of criminals plotting to murder the blind old Baron de Jonghe and rob him of the millions he had stolen from a French bank twenty years before.

Ronald accepts the gang's proposal that he locate the treasure and the old Baron will in turn locate the gang, but can't resist shielding him when the time to give him up comes, so great is his love. Then she discovers his involve and offers to go away with him. Now Ronald is free to escape with Camille and the millions. But should he? Should she ask the woman he loves to share the life of the fugitive from justice? Can he permit her to take up his exile? What should Ronald do? That is what we want you to tell us.

It is easy to think of an ending to this story, and the ending that you think of may be the one that wins the $1,000.00. Nothing more to do to win this prize.

RULES FOR SUGGESTIONS

Anyone in the U.S.A. may enter a suggestion except employees of "MOVIE ROMANCES" or of United Artists or any person employed by any motion picture producing company. The person who has sent the suggestion for an ending of the story, "The Unholy Garden," which in the opinion of the judges is the best, clearest, and most original suggestion, will receive $1,000.00. No suggestion will be accepted from a person who has had anything to do with the decision. Not necessary that endings follow the ending of the picture as it will be shown. No suggestion of more than five words will be considered. Only one suggestion will be accepted from one person or group of persons. Sending more than one suggestion will cause all suggestions sent by that person or group of persons to be rejected. In case of duplicate winning suggestions, the full amount of the prize pot will be given to one of the winners. Suggestions should be postmarked by December 31, 1931.

E. C. BENEDICT, Prize Dir. "MOVIE ROMANCES," Room 14, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.
member of that clan. Ramon had never heard of him, but calling his mother, the stranger was asked to establish his claim to kinship with her who knew the family connections better. Though she had never heard of him, still his cousinship, though remote, was sufficiently close, according to the Novarro code, to admit him to the family circle.

And after Ramon had welcomed all the cousins to the forty-second degree to his home and he was quite sure that the not be another left even to the fifty-second degree, a little old lady popped up who said she was his mother. Now Ramon has the most adorable mother in the world, he not only thinks so, but would you if you knew her. She has the face of an angel, and though she is almost fifty-two—is still beautiful. And if you had

Continued from page 20

Ramon Novarro's Christmas Spirit

LETTHESE FAMOUS
FASHION AUTHORITIES
TELL YOU OF TANGEE

HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous NEW YORK magazine, says: "Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. This is precisely what the Tangee preparations do."

JARDIN DES MODES OF PARIS, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. Tangee well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural coloring."

TATLER, famous LONDON authority, adds: "Tangee gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy! New! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick and Rouge COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To Match Tangee Lipstick!

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouses, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"
THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO., DEPT. SS 10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

invited to the stage to be made the subjects of the magician's
Gloria Swanson, wearing a light blue evening wrap, had her wrap snatched
from her back by an unseen hand as she crossed the stage. Ruth Chatterton, as
she reached the center of the stage with her marcel wave in place, suddenly found
a brown derby perched on her head at an
Al Smith angle. Marie Dressler found
herself soaring to the skies of the theatre
like Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin.
And Miss Dressler insists she did it so
gracefully that she is looking forward to
playing that rôle—when she grows old
enough for the part.
When Ramon has smaller parties to
which just a few friends beside the family
are invited, he often has a pinata scramble.
An admirer, attending one of these par-
ties, had expressed a wish to own the casta-
nets which he used in "The Singer of
Seville". She found them in the pinata
with a card bearing her name and a
fable about the castanets.
I am going to tell you this fable because
it seems to me to cast a sidelight on Ra-
on's character; the mystic, small-boy
dreamer, who keeps on weaving fairy
tales about life—and which is perhaps the
secret of the Peter Pan, "never-grow-up"
disposition.
The castanets are man and wife. The
one held in the right hand is the woman.
It is pitched in a higher key and chatters,
while the one held in the left hand is in a
lower key, answering the woman's chatter
with deep, concise answers. Listen for
this the next time you hear them used.
Another story which shows us the spirit
of Novarro. Last summer at the restoration
of the oldest street in Los Angeles, he was
asked to be godfather to the street.
The street, which is in the old Spanish
section, was christened, "Goldoro" and
with the pomp characteristic of the Latin
races. A banquet and dance was given
in a restaurant, but as it was not large
enough to seat all of the inhabitants,
Ramon in the midst of the celebration
asked that the windows be opened so
that the outsiders could enjoy the party.
And then ordered refreshments served to
them. They danced in the street to the
music—and no one among all who were
there was happier than "Ramon-of-the-
Big-Heart".

Tallulah Bankhead and Irving Pichel while
making "The Cheat" on location. George
Abbott, the
director (at right) and
George Folsom,
chief cameraman. The little
Mayfair celebrity looks as
cute as a cocktail among the
winebricks.
"What Matters But Love?"

Jennifer Thorpe ... she danced like a wind curled flame ... in her twinkling toes, her supple body was the magic of life and youth. In her soul was the bravery of a woman who gave all ... for love.

Young, with a glowing, fragile beauty, she was adored by a great artist but she thought her happiness rested in the fickle heart of a man who worshipped tinsel, bright lights, illusive joys. "Marriage," he told her, "is impossible." Jennifer laughed. "What matters but love?"

Jennifer's story, "Blizzard" is a rare, gripping, soul catching epic of flesh and blood reality. It's a story you must read. And in the current December issue of Everybody's Magazine it's one of more than a dozen big features.

It Happened in Paris

Laura Kennedy, beautiful daughter of a powerful United States Senator sat tense as the inevitable happened. Papa Florian's fat hand caressed his broad brown chin. Immediately a horrible shriek stabbed the room's chill silence. And he who had been the gay young Prince Elissief was but a writhing fountain of blood ... murdered before her eyes! Laura's fate ... it lay in the cold, repellant eyes of the monster Fleurius ...

Careless Butterfly, Detective Archambault called her when he told her story. A butterfly who thrilled with the illicits of Paris' Underworld. He knew. Read his astounding tale as it appears in December Everybody's. It will grip you—hold you tense and bound.

Elusive Elissa

[Continued from page 35]

"prop" boy to director with her charm. But when she leaves the studio, she becomes another person entirely. She becomes, perhaps, herself. The passion whom few people know. Quiet, withdrawing. Living entirely within herself. A dreamer. In short, a genius.

There is sufficient excuse for that word—genius.

Before she began her stage career, she attended a school for the physical improvement of women. She never has written a play, nor has she ever been a musician. She is, beside, an accomplished musician, a pianist and a singer.

Writing has always been her "first love". When she was a child she would fabricate amazing tales to entertain her less imaginative (and older) brother. Tales she had conceived from hearing the old Norse sagas from his nurse and servants. As soon as she was able to "hold a pencil" she began to put her ideas on paper.

"Never will anything take the place of writing. I would give up music—without which I don't believe I could live—before I would attempt to give up writing." That, in a way, answers Hollywood's question. All that remains for her to do is to make Hollywood understand after she explains.

One of her major characteristics is her passion for living. Everything that she does is intensely valuable—as if she were putting every ounce of her surplus energy back of her. She has a talent for living. And she does it well, and she is a genius and she is a writer.

As for her personal likes and dislikes, they are simple. She prefers dramatic and romantic roles to others. Her hobby is writing and managing to do it every day. Riding has recently become her favorite sport. "The first horse I ever owned is the one I have now. I'm mad about him!"

She and Marguerite Churchill (practically her only intimate companion in the movie colony) spend their days riding together in the Hollywood hills. She is married to J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister.

She has recently acquired a house in Hollywood. It, like everything else she does, is different. Very old, very "foreign", very comfortable. It rambles over a great deal of space and has a turret. "I am always finding the most fascinating nooks and crannies," she remarked. "Every morning when I get out of bed I feel as if I were an explorer—I know that the day won't pass without my having an 'adventure' in the old house."

Her past history? It doesn't matter
Just a Home Girl

[Continued from page 44]

likes it or dislikes it intensely and either opinion is formed immediately. It is a huge, barren room, looking down upon by a balcony that turns into a hallway off which are situated the various bedrooms. Its furnishings are antique and like most antiques, the chairs and sofas are consistently uncomfortable. Two modern touch that distinguishes the drawing room. One is a wall cabinet in the southeast corner that is revealed, when two swinging doors are flung open, to be a miniature bar whose bottles and labels promise refreshment and excitement. The second modern touch is an over profusion of heavy silver picture frames, most of which contain photographs of Lilyan autographed endearingly to Edmund or of Mr. Lowe no less fondly endorsed to Miss Tashman.

Invited to be seated, one hopefully glances beyond the drawing room into the small sun room to the rear. If one has visited Miss Tashman previously, experience has taught that in the sun room may be found the most luxurious davenport and the softest chairs. Lilyan is a born show woman. A visitor to her home is seated by the maid and must wait just the correct space of time, during which interval he feels the privilege of liking or disliking the surroundings. Then she arrives. Usually her greeting is an effusive “Hello” and the last syllable of the word is dragged out in a drawl that is neither Western nor English, but is both when she adds, as she extends her hand, “How are you?” and the emphasis is so unmistakably placed upon the second word that her query becomes immediately warm and very personal.

She eventually curls up on the divan, whereupon the satin pajamas will drape themselves enticingly about her limbs. The late Rafael Kircher, whose paintings won renown, pronounced them the most beautiful legs in the world. He painted them, lucky man, clad and unclad.

Miss Tashman is not beautiful. She is not even pretty. Her face is too finely cut and the mouth, straight and thin lipped, suggests that it is not denied by the cold eyes and the hard, straight nose. Her head sits haughtily upon her shoulders but when she addresses one, she drops her chin and looks at him through the lashes of her eyelids, which sounds silly but is really most effective.

With Miss Tashman’s permission one ascends a flight of stairs to the balcony that overlooks the drawing room and in a jolly one is trodding a soundless carpet. An abrupt turn to the left and lo, it is Lilyan’s bedroom. Much has been written about that room. It is done in purest white except for the carpet, which is a shade of tan so faint and delicate that one glares suspiciously at one’s shoes. A tiny fleck of black polish may be transferred to the flooring. The draperies are heavy and silver white and the furniture is so white that set against the absolutely colorless walls, its outlines are almost indiscernible as are the outlines of distant blue mountain peaks that disappear into an even bluer sky.

A door, opposite to and slightly east of that which enters from the hallway, exits from the white room into a dressing room and sunken bath. Rows of sliding panel doors roll aside to reveal deep closets full to brimming with gowns and suits and dresses of every description and color, the famous Tashman wardrobe which possibly has no peer.

An early French shutter case window, which permits an instantaneous view of slippers, shoes, and shoes, as numerous and variable as the gowns and dresses. One can but wonder if she wears them all.

Another feature of the dressing room is the perfume table. There are plain and fancy bottles and there are square and tall and round and small bottles and some are white and some are red and there are green and black and yellow and blue bottles, each with its own exquisite and enchanting odor.

One incident, concerned with my ultimate departure, must be told more because of its comedy aspect than for any relation whatsoever to this article. As I was stripped Miss Tashman’s outstretched hand after she had accompanied me to her front door, she glanced at the stuffed mailbox and asked me if I would be kind enough to remove therefrom the letters, like a good boy.

“How far,” she explained smilingly, “have learned my home address.”

The remark caused me to glance at the letters and I was at once forced to the conclusion that they weren’t all fan letters because fans do not use envelopes with glassine windows.

Lilyan Tashman is a woman of brains. Her success in attaining her present motion picture contract, her social standing and her absolute personal independence prove that there is considerable common sense attached to her almost masculine method of fighting for her dues.

How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene coupling in a thousand people, quaking because she is “indisposed.” The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an “extra” girl who doesn’t carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can’t afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.
Famous Directors and Screen Stars Say

Tributes of Distinguished People

Margery Wilson's "Charm-Test"

What are your sins against charm? Are you self-conscious? Do you lack poise? Do you fail to express your personality vividly, dramatically? Do you know how to make people like you? Send for the "Charm-Test" and find the key to personal triumph.

Are you one of those charming persons whom everybody likes to know? Are you always invited places, just because others enjoy your company so much? Does interest quicken when you step into a room, as if the very air were charged with the vibrant force of your gracious personality? Do you, in short, possess that most precious of all human qualities, CHARM?

Perhaps you envy those glamorous personalities you sometimes meet ... on the screen, for instance. You are thrilled and uplifted as they weave the spell of their enchantment upon you. Just to watch them is a refreshing and stimulating experience. They have won the world by the sheer force of beautiful self-expression.

But did you know that these fascinating stars have consciously and deliberately developed their personal charm, as everyone must do who would be admired and loved? Did you know that there are certain simple, definite rules and principles by which you can become ever so much more charming?

Margery Wilson

America's authoritative Charm expert. Charm advice on this subject has been sought by the socially prominent as well as by those who are eager to improve their social value in fascinating books called "Charm" is used as a text in exclusive finishing schools. Would you like to have Margery Wilson tell you personally, how to develop your own natural charm? Send for her interesting "Charm-Test".

Regis

He's Regular!

(Continued from page 26)

at the time and wanted me to buy myself some new duds. I couldn't."

Of course, he couldn't. He's a home town boy with a home town viewpoint. If he'd been a typical actor he'd have let his wife stake him to a complete wardrobe and thought nothing of it.

He went on: "I knew until I did something on my own I was simply being asked along with the parties on the strength of being Mr. Kitty. And I felt I owed it to accept the invitations. It was business with her and I insisted upon her going. She worried a lot about how I amused myself while she was out and I used to tell her I'd go to a movie. But I hadn't even money enough for that. So I'd go out and walk—and walk—and walk."

Said Kitty: "If ever our marriage could have gone on the rocks it would have been then. But there wasn't a chance that with Regis. He's got the most enviable position I've ever come across. I never knew how bad things really were with him. We had only been married a short time and I didn't know about that Irish pride of his, I knew he didn't have an awful lot but I thought he had something. And no matter how bad things were, he always had a smile for me around the house. Never any of this 'patient Griselda' business that Ancil and Iighard.

After a couple of months of loafing, Regis landed a job and played the juvenile lead in "Little Nelly Kelly" for a couple of seasons. Later, he played with James Gleason and Ernest Truesdell.

Coming back to the States, he landed with a road company of "Twinkle, Twinkle" and tumbled from that into the West Coast production of "Hit the Deck". It was while playing in that show he was signed for pictures. It was his first and he shared honors with Chester Morris, Paramount signed him and he's been there ever since. His latest pictures are "24 Hours" and "The Deadline."

That London experience has left its mark upon him. He had forgotten the feeling of being in a strange place without friends. Not long ago when Donald Lillaway was called to Paramount to make a test and the juveniles on the lot were giving him the cold shoulder for fear he would take a part away from one of them, Regis went up, introduced himself and offered Donald the use of his dressing room while he was there. Rege and Frank Albertson are the two most normal people I know on the lot. Success hasn't changed them—and it won't—because most things are so dear to the heart of an actor—the matters of millions of dollars, photography, publicity, the thousand and one other things that are supposed to come to the eyes of most players, are unimportant in the eyes of these two. They act because they like it and they've made a business of it.

Regis and Kitty go out rarely. You seldom see them at openings or big social functions. For the most part they're perfectly content to be with each other or a few close friends.
Occasionally he worries over the fact
that he's "poor copy." "There's nothing
to write about me, he complained. "I
don't chase around with other women, I
don't drink. I'm a punk dancer and while
my life is pleasant it's about as exciting
as 'Joe Doakes'. Sometimes I think I ought
to make up a good, colorful background
for myself."

But, there again, his honesty asserts it-
self. Even if he got anyone to swallow
such a yarn it would weigh on his con-
science and long before it ever had a
chance to reach print, he'd have called
the interviewer up and told him it was a lot
of hooey.

As a matter of fact, his life is not as
colorless as he would like to have people
believe. Once I ran into one of the cow-
boys who hang around Hollywood &
Cahuenga, who had worked with Regis
on a ranch one summer. "Did he ever
tell you about the time he saved that
brat's life up there?" he asked.

When I demanded the details from Rege
he looked blank. When I pressed him, he
turned on me suddenly. "For pete sake,
Dick, a guy doesn't go around talking
about these things!" and that ended it.

If you saw him in "Street of Chance"
or "Kick-In" you got an idea of what
Rege is really like off-screen. He's the
sort of chap mothers like their daughters
to marry and the kind that brothers feel
safe about having their sisters go round
with.

As for myself, I can only say this: if I
were in a tight place I can think of no one
I would rather have beside me than Mrs.
Toomey's son, Regis.

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The Luck of Lukas

appearing in Budapest with the only other
Hungarian actor now famous in Holly-
wood, but never met him. He and Lugosi
met only after coming to Hollywood, al-
though each knew the other well because
of their respective reputations.

Lukas' great break, as far as Hollywood
was concerned, came in 1926 when
Adolph Zukor watched him go through
his dramatic paces in Budapest and had
him attach his name to a contract. Paul
was absolutely sure of three meals a day
before he left Europe.

Lukas' days of struggle and privation were
over, but his days of study weren't, as
he found out later. He had plenty to learn
and plenty to worry about ahead of him,
but he was very chipper when he told his
sweetheart that he was going to Hollywood.

"Let's get married immediately," he
proposed. "We'll leave in a month for
Hollywood."

The sweetheart, also a native of Hun-
gary, assented. They were married and
came to Hollywood as bride and groom,
although few knew of this at the time.
Thinking his future was secure and that
the unhappy days he had known were
behind him, Lukas launched into the busi-
ness of making silent pictures.

All went well until talkies made their
bow.

They bowed to everyone but Lukas,
he thought. They simply snarled at him.

He couldn't speak a word of English.
But he wasn't to be stumped. He came
to Hollywood to be an actor. He had a
contract. By the time the option came up
on that contract, he was going to speak
English, he vowed.

For six months a certain young man
who spoke excellent English always
was seen in his company. Everything Lukas
said must be said in English, and he must
say it over and over until he got it right.
That was Lukas' rule and he stuck to it,
just as he stuck to his aim to be an actor
and reached his goal.

His option was taken up.
He could speak perfect English with
only a slight accent.

"No more Hungarian," he told his wife.
And he told me, with a twinkle in his eye,
that this was a very wise decision.

"Whenever my wife gets mad at me,"
than most of the fashionable hair dressers of New York and London lumped together. I have heard it whispered that Hattie depended upon "voodoodom" for her power. Maybe so. Anyway, Hattie has now passed to the land of her black fathers and Gloria's hair is nowhere nearly as distinctive as it once was.

Stars change their hair to gain new personalities. It is considered a very vital factor in building up a new individual.

Why did the black-haired Bebe Daniels all of a sudden go a bright blonde? Not because some soothsayer told her she had a light personality, or that she needed a change, or because she wanted variation, but because a studio personality expert advised her to change her personality. "You can prolong your screen life," he told her. "You have been black-haired and vivacious long enough. Try something different!"

Do you remember Colleen Moore's flapper hair, her bangs? They were initialed far and wide. Although Colleen was never considered in the least sense beautiful, she was a tremendously vital screen personality. I think her hair had a lot to do with it.

One day—a couple of years ago—after the flapper vogue had become oh, so passé, she awoke to find her popularity had almost vanished. Her million dollar contracts were at an end and no one was renewing them. It wasn't entirely Colleen and her voice, (for the talkies had come in,) but the fact that her hair, upon which so much of popularity was based, was no longer interesting. At least, that is what experts have told me, and I believe them.

Colleen is planning a come-back now. She will do so with an entirely different hair dress, a grown-up "do", a womanly coiffure. She looks very beautiful. Time only will tell whether she will attain the heights again.

For years and years, Mary Pickford was known as the little girl with the curls. Remember the ringlets which curled down over her neck and the phrase, "America's sweethearth"? But this old-fashioned girl— the one that Mary portrayed and brought to fame—went out of style. Garbo's long bob, Bow's red hair were the fad of the day. Mary bobbed her hair. Somehow, she's never been the same. And I don't think she will be until she hits upon a hair dress with universal appeal.

And you still think hair is not one of the important factors in stardom?

As a rule the stars are not inclined to give much credit publicly to hair dress, but deep down in their hearts, they know its importance. All sorts of funny things happen as a result.

When "Follow Thru" was in production at Paramount studio, Zelma O'Neal asked the Technicolor experts which shade of red photographed best. Then she dyed her hair that color. Nancy Carroll, the star, didn't happen to think of the same thing. When first rushes of the picture came through, Zelma's hair photographed much better than Nancy's—or so they tell me. There were tantrums. And—production was suspended while Zelma by request from the powers-that-be, had her hair darkened.

Alice White has had a grand time with the color of her hair. She's been a brunette, a blonde, a red head and now she's blonde again. I remember when Joan Crawford's hair was a carrot shade. Pretty bad. She bleached it to a rather nice shade of blonde. Now she's dark again.

Percy Westmore, one of the finest make-up artists and hair dressers in Hollywood—he's one of these experts I have been talking about—says the most distinctive hair dress that has come out of Hollywood in several years is that of Norma Shearer's in her more recent pictures.

"If I were awarding a medal for the most beautiful head of hair this year, I would award it to Miss Shearer," he told me. "Her hair reflects more personality than..."
LET ME DEVELOP YOUR FORM LIKE THIS...

Are you flat chested? Do ugly sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is so easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands!

You, too, can have an attractive, well-developed figure. My wondering Westmore secret Miracle Cream Method quickly fills out the hollows, builds rounded, youthful flesh, gives you lovely feminine curves. Thousands of women all over the world are grateful for the new, shapely beauty obtained from this easy home treatment.

One woman writes: "How can I thank you for what you have done for me? I was so discouraged about my figure. But now I am one of the happiest girls alive, for your instructions and Miracle Cream have done wonders for me. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

Results in 30 Days

Yes, in just thirty short days you see the splendid improvement. Those thin, underdeveloped tissues plump out to pleasing proportions; those sagging, drooping lines become firm and youthful.

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Just the simple application of my new Miracle Cream and instructions will work wonders. Absolutely harmless, safe and scientific. No matter what else you have tried, no matter how discouraged you may be, you owe it to yourself to try this new easy method that has accomplished such splendid results for other women. Mail the coupon at once with only ONE DOLLAR for a large jar of Miracle Cream and I will include my special Figure-Moulding Instructions absolutely given. Also my great new book on developing a lovely, feminine form.

GIVEN "A Beautiful For...

This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood now all the vogue. Accept my great Special Offer at once. Mail coupon with only $1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and get my valuable book and complete instructions, without extra charge.

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GIVEN "A Beautiful For...
Dancing SUNBEAMS in your hair!

Keep them there — or bring them back — this simple way!

Youthfulness — that charm that brings popularity, romance, happiness — now you can keep it always, in your hair! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! Rich generous lather cleanses your hair. You rinse — rinse all nice, all soft. Then you apply the extra touch — the "plus" that makes this shampoo different! Instantly — new luster — new finish! All out of dullness gone! New your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonder-ful shampoo — plus! Only 25c at your dealers’, or send for a free sample.

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SOM1E WOMEN
Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Known them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous camels. Not habit-forming. All drugstores, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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Mercerized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. This is the secret, soft, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercerized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkle quickly and naturally use daily one ounce Powdered Squaline dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

WONDERFUL NEW PERFUME

Try this "Black Velvet". Fashion's latest! A new de-lightful odor, a rare, caution-ble blend of precious flowers scents. Jassa, little different, a little more lasting than perfumes you have worn before.

Sample 20c

Compare Black Velvet at 25c on walls with much higher-priced perfumes.

HAVE THE STARS FOUND NEW LOVE IDEAS?

Have the Stars Found New Love Ideals?

[Continued from page 19]
depair of the scheming females of Hollywood, married again and this time to the lovely young Carol Lombard. Both are as happy as can be, ever since an hour after they married, for there seems to be some kind of an unwritten law that a woman with a career and a man with a business can not be happily married. But did you ever see Janet and Lydell together? Lydell is not the effusive type, and Janet herself is becoming more and more reserved, but there is a certain look of happiness in their eyes that is as beautiful as a beacon on a stormy sea. Is this then the period of happiness, yes, but ideal, no. There are annoyances in this combination that would disgust even an angel. Can you imagine Lydell being delightfully happy after reading a newspaper publicity story of Janet and her paramour? It can't. But I'm coming to it at last. You thought I was holding out on you, didn't you? There is a perfect love ideal in Hollywood, and no perhaps about it. It's so perfect and so ideal that not even the most satiric of cynics can smile. All, readers (if I still have any) point with pride to Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. One of the three greatest stars, and one of the three greatest producers. No jealousy there, no bickering over rent and grocery bills, and no lolling around wondering what the other is doing. Norma has her job, and Irving has his, and when the day's work is over Norma Shearerceases to exist and Mrs. Irving Thalberg enters her husband's dressing room. Norma is a beautiful attractive and talented woman and Irving is a handsome and intelligent man. They are experiencing love and marriage for the first time with no skeletons in the closet. They appeal to each other both physically and mentally which after all is the only way that true love can last through the ages. If Norma were vain and selfish she would never have had a baby, for a baby can often ruin a career in more ways than one, but Norma was far more interested in motherhood and her husband than she was in being the nation's idol.

And then, if Norma had been obsessed with the dutiful wife-and-mother idea she would have said, "Love, yes, but ideal, no. I have my child to think of", when Irving suggested a trip to Europe as a muchly needed vacation for both of them. But Norma is a joyful mixture of the old and the new, and therein lies her charm. She understands Irving's affection for her, but she won't do the heavy mother rôle, nor did she do the dizzy actress act, she merely said, "Splendid. We'll take the baby along." So here we have the GREAT STAR AND THE GREAT PRODUCER and that to me is the perfect combination in Hollywood. A couple as old-fashioned as grandmother's crazy quilt and as modern as the Waldorf Astoria. Maybe it's the blending of the old and the new that gives the perfect love ideal. Or maybe Sex explains all.

GIVE JOAN CRAWFORD CREDIT!

Read her revealing story in the January SILVER SCREEN — Out December 4th.
of the numerous theatrical trade papers.

She lost no time in returning to Broadway after the commencement exercises. Her parents were on the road at the moment, but that didn’t deter the determined Leila.

She appealed to William Collier, Sr., who was about to open in New York in a new comedy. He cast her for the ingenue lead. Leila penciled a big cross on the schedule. That was her red letter day.

Other footlight engagements followed her year with the Collier play, but Leila soon found herself growing restless. She had heard of the opportunities to be found in the films.

Then she brought into play the inbred courage that has done so much to carry her to the top. It is a courage mixed with a deep sense of humor.

Pasing up the fifty dollars a week that had been her stage salary, she cast her lot with the other thousands who haunted the New York and Long Island studios. Nor did she seek the pull that would have been caged hers, but rather was able to win this field of entertainment—powerful executives who long had been the intimate friends of her parents.

A wishful look crept into Leila’s big green eyes when I asked her to tell me about the days when she was furnishing atmosphere.

“I can laugh about it now,” she began, “but there were times while I was serving my apprenticeship as an extra that it was somewhat hard to hold back the tears. I was decided that I was going to get somewhere in pictures, and that I would succeed without any help from Mother or Dad. Regardless of what you choose as a profession, it is the actual experience that counts. That’s why I was willing—yes, eager—to begin at the very bottom.

“My first disappointment came when I discovered just how many extras there are in this land, and how few productions to supply them with work. The fact that I didn’t know the ropes wasn’t in my favor, either.

“I had been living in a small but nicely furnished apartment since my graduation—a home that I was able to maintain with my own income while I was with the theatre. I had preached so much to Mother and Dad about making my own way that they had at last decided to let me try it.

“At the end of three weeks as an embryo movie personage, however, it suddenly dawned on me that I would have to retrace on my living expenses if I intended to padle my own canoe. I moved into a tiny room in a cheap hotel. I cut all my own groceries, dried my stockings and handkerchiefs and undergarments at the open window. Even so, I soon realized that I couldn’t stretch an occasional day’s pay to cover necessities.

“But exactly a pleasant experience to look back on,” she added, “but I guess I could do it again if it were necessary.”

It was then that Leila’s cloud developed a splotch of silver on its lining.

Henry Clive, distinguished American painter, discovered Leila while she was hiding from her parents, who were playing on Broadway. She was ashamed to admit to them that she was a failure—and broke.

The artist publicly hailed her as “the Golden Girl” because of her pink and white and blonde coloring. He engaged her to pose for a series of magazine covers.

Others sought her out for similar work. That was the turning point for Leila Hyams.

I’ll let Leila tell you about that.

“One day I got a call from the Fox studio in New York. A girl’s voice informed me over the telephone that the great Alan Dwan wanted me there at once to take a test for a small part in ‘Summer Bachelors’. I had just finished washing all the stockings I owned, but that didn’t stop me. I donned a pair that were wet, and I think I ran all the way to the studio.

“That was my first break in the films, but it was followed immediately with a minor role in ‘The Bruce’ for the same company. I worked in ‘The Bush-Leaguer’, ‘One-Round Hogan’, ‘White Pants Willie’, ‘The Wizard’ and ‘Honor Bound’ before my big chance came in ‘Dancing Mothers’.

“It all seemed too good to be true. I was almost convinced that I couldn’t last, so I continued to live in that inexpensive hotel and do my own washing.

“Just imagine my surprise when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave me a contract at a real salary and sent me to Hollywood. I was so elated that the first thing I did was to dash to a telegraph office and send a wire breaking the news to Mother and Dad.”

Fortune has smiled down on Leila Hyams in the fifty-four months that have come and gone since that momentous day.

Leila and Phil make their home at Malibu beach, where they have resided for two of the four years since their marriage. There they devote their leisure hours to tennis, swimming and bridge.

But the great delight of a day away from the studio is for Leila a day with the fish. And she is no squealing amateur when it comes to baiting a hook or preparing the catch for dinner. Rigged out in blue overalls over a red one-piece bathing suit, Leila’s yellow blonde curls and sparkling eyes completely a picture of sunburned beauty that raised perch fishing to the grade of a fine art in which ladies of elegance might join quite properly.

I asked Leila to give me her recipe for wedded bliss, the thing so lacking in this commonwealth of time.

“Dodge the crowds,” was her answer.

“Two people who are really in love can find as much happiness together in Hollywood as they can anywhere else, providing they can hold their engagements in check. That’s true even of a halitosis girl.”

“What’s that about halitosis?” I gasped.

“Oh, that!” she replied. “Why when I was up against it in New York, I used to pose for Little Tree ads. I was the original halitosis girl!”

Silver Screen for December 1931

Hollywood's

New Kind of

MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD—Powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow in color harmony for every variation of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead...created to screen star types by Max Factor, Filmland’s make-up genius...is Hollywood’s new kind of make-up.

Discover the amazing difference in Max Factor’s face powder...each shade a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never make it appear off-color, powdery or spotty. Tested under blazing motion picture lights, and proved perfect for you by Hollywood’s beautiful stars. It produces that even, velvet-smooth make-up that clings for hours and defies detection...even the motion picture camera cannot find a flaw. Now you may share this luxury—Max Factor’s face powder, created for the stars, at the nominal price of $1.00 a box. At all drug and department stores.

Find the way to intensify your personality with your own color harmony in Max Factor’s Society Make-Up complete, powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow. Mail coupon below today.

Purse-Size Powder Compact, FREE

Max Factor Make-Up Studios, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send me a purse-size Powder Compact, also, my make-up color harmony chart and my complexion analysis and your 48-page illustrated book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up”. I enclose (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Name

Address

City

The next issue of

Silver Screen

Will be on sale December 4
Robert Montgomery Tells His Life Story

[Continued from page 50]

an ocean voyage, however, if you are really determined about it. I sailed on the S. S. Cuddo. I was so important that when I tell you that the Cuddo was a Standard Oil tanker, and I worked as a "wiper".

There can't be many harder jobs than that of a "wiper". Whatever there is to be done on a ship, if you want to do it, the "wiper" gets the job. You work down in the engine room, and it is no place for anyone who has the slightest inclination toward seasickness. The Cuddo was a long way off the coast.

Once we sailed through the Panama Canal and docked at Los Angeles Harbor. We were only there long enough to take on oil, but at least, I can say truthfully that I have been in California before. I never dreamed that someday I would come back to work in pictures. Hollywood never crossed my mind at that time. In fact, I didn't get near it.

After five months on the Cuddo I had a sudden longing to get back to land. Even beyond the desire for solid earth I realized that I would never be happy until I had made a try at the theater. During all those months it was in the back of my mind. I had plenty of time to think about it. A "wiper" uses plenty of physical effort, but it isn't too taxing on the brain. When I got back to New York I talked to my mother about it. She doubted my wisdom in making this decision, but she knew that I would never be satisfied in anything else until I had at least given the stage a trial.

During the next period of my life I frequently knew what it was to be hungry. Ship's fare on oil tankers is not fancy but it is filling, and it filled the Greenich Village. Stage jobs were hard to get. Steve Janney, the boy with whom I lived in the Village, got me my first job. He was a stage manager then, but he had to save a few playrights. Steve is dead now. His death was a tragic affair while he was in California on his honeymoon. He was the first person to help me in the theater, and he was a wonderful friend during those Greenwich Village days.

I will never forget that first job of mine. It was in William Faversham's company of "The Man and the Mask". I played four roles, and if you didn't look quickly you would have missed me in all of them. I was a young man at a party, a butler, a mourner at a funeral, and a valet. In addition to that I sang offstage and was assistant stage manager. For all of that I got $35 a week. I felt like the vaudeville comedian who explains it away by saying—"well, anyway, it's living."

My next job was with Emma Dunn in "Dawn". I only had one role in that, and I appeared only in the second act. But "Dawn" was a real show to me. In the cast of the production was Elizabeth Allen. It was the first time I met the girl who was to become Mrs. Robert Montgomery—when I could afford to marry. We have been married now for three and a half years. We are completely happy, but, beyond that, I do not wish to talk of my married life, or about my baby daughter. That seems to me to belong exclusively to the private life of Robert Montgomery. I have always admired him but I don't see why it should interest the public.

It was a long uphill climb on the stage. I played in "The Carolinian", with Sidney Blackmer. Two roles again. My first real chance on Broadway was in "Arlene Adams", with Grace George. I had the juvenile lead in that.

For seventy-two weeks I worked in stock. Most of that time was spent in Rochester, but I also played in Baltimore and in New England. Stock training is a marvelous experience for a young actor. That has been said so often that people must be sick of hearing it, but it is true. It was my college course in the drama. It trained me to play all sorts of characters, and to meet the emergencies which are always arising in the theater. I played more old character men than I did juveniles and leading men during those weeks.

There are so many pleasant reminiscences of that time in stock. We would be in a city long enough for people to know us. We made friends. We were invited to parties. Unfortunately, when you are playing in stock there isn't too much time for social activity. Rehearsals in the morning. Matinees in the afternoon, and performances in the evening.

After a matinee performance I would always go back to my hotel and nap for an hour. It was my invariable custom to leave word at the desk to call me at a certain time, although usually I would wake up. One time I didn't awaken, and on this occasion, of all times, the clerk forgot to call me. At eight o'clock that evening I was awakened by my phone. It was ringing steadily and furiously—if you can imagine anything furious about a telephone bell. The theater was calling me. I just made it in time. Not a moment for makeup, or getting into my usual wardrobe. I walked right on to the stage and into the character. I've often wondered what would have happened it we had been playing "The Merchant of Venice". Anyway, I brought an alarm clock the next morning.

It wasn't all smooth sailing, by any means. As I said before, there were times when I wondered how I would eat, and how I could pay my rent. And yet, I know that privation was good for me. It was a stimulus. Platitudinous it may be but you appreciate the things for which you have worked hard.

The tide began to turn for me. I was given the lead opposite Miriam Hopkins in "The Garden of Eden". You may remember that comedy. Corinne Griffith and Charles Ray appeared in it on the screen. I was in the Edgar Selwyn production of "Possum Tracks" at this time, and many of my friends offered pictures. It came from Samuel Goldwyn. This was at the time when Goldwyn was looking for a new leading man for Vilma Banky. The Colman-Banky starring team, popular for so long, was being dissolved.

Goldwyn placed me under a six weeks' contract, and tested me for the leading male role in "So This Is Heaven". My
When Dolores Del Rio

Remember the tales you once heard of the flaming temperament of Dolores Del Rio... of her thoughtless extravagance? Until she married handsome Cedric Gibbons, talented screen art director... for then she learned that wolves lurk on Hollywood's gilded doorsteps.

A change came over the exotic beauty that set all filmdom talking. You, too, will be amazed at the new Dolores when you read about her in the big feature story, "How Love Changed Dolores Del Rio," which appears in the current December issue of Screenland.

The Soul of Garbo

Fascinating, inviting title that barely reveals the full scope of this unusual story. Greta, mysterious, aloof, enchantress of the millions... what is the true story of her power... her tremendous appeal. What is the secret of those oriental sub-tones that blaze like hidden fires beneath the glacial calm of her nordic self. Here is the truth... vividly, grippingly revealed in December Screenland on sale now at all newsstands.

If you go to the movies you'll want to read Screenland. It is the safe, sure way to see the big hits. It is the authoritative magazine of the Screen.

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I am taking advantage of your special offer. Enclosed please find one dollar for which you are to send me the next five big issues of Screenland.

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Silver Screen for December 1931

When Dolores Del Rio

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, both very happy. They eloped to Las Vegas to be married, then away to Canada for their honey-moon.

New Beauty Discovery

RAE JUVENAT now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly eases the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immediately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revivifies the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvenat cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkles with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50, cream $1.50, suction cup $1.00. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. Rae JUVENAT, 544 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. Sold everywhere. GIANT TUBE 50¢. ZIPEpilator—IT'S OFF because IT’S OUT (Formerly $3.00) Now in a new 1.00 size package. Permanently Destroys Hair

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"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request.

Writers may submit song-grams for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We review, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights, use modern method guarantees approval. Write Today! S. S. Newcomer Association 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Avoid the embarrassment of gray, having, bleached or streaked hair. This is really impossible to have natural shade, from lightest blond to darkest brown. Just comb through Brownstone—nothing else. Guaranteed results. Does not present problem wearing of the hair. All dealers, 50c. or send 50c. for trial bottle.

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Canadian Address, Windsor, Ont.
When the Money Comes Rolling In

(Continued from page 42)

opening night of Janet Gaynor's first great screen performance, "Seventh Heaven". Given a gala première, the sort of opening that can take place only in Hollywood, the hundreds of screen stars were invited to see the picture and to welcome a new Cinderella. Scores of glaring lights centered on the long walk that led from the street to the portals of the theatre. Hundreds of wing-tipped fans surged against the ropes in an effort to see and talk to their favorites. Microphones into which the stars might broadcast a few radioed words to millions of listeners, and cameras that would turn X-ray pictures of the notables, were stationed a few feet from the spot where gloriously gloved women and handsome men alighted from their limousines.

Into all this glamour came Janet, simply gowned and steadfastly sweet as an old-fashioned painting. Directly after the swanky Lilian Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Janet arrived and appeared for the first time before the curious fans. Too frightened to let the photographers, she hurried toward the theatre doors. And the crowd, suddenly loving her, shouted her name and accepted her at once into its fickle heart. Yesterday, a mere nobody in Hollywood, that night Janet really became a star, idolized and loved by all.

"I was frightened almost to the point of being paralyzed that first night," Janet confessed afterward. "When I neared the theater and saw the lights and crowds, I wanted to run away, but I knew I had to appear because I was to be introduced from the stage. I was with Charlie Farrell, and luckily enough for me, he had the strength to support me on that long walk from our automobile to the theater entrance. My heart was thumping so noisily that I was certain people heard it. I saw and heard a dazzling conglomeration of lights and people and voices and music, and I felt so weak, I was afraid of myself. I'm afraid I was frightened because I really would have run to the theater if I had not been pulled back. I was afraid I would have been thrown off the stage. It was like being in the whirlpool of a ship that was going down. I was afraid it was all going to come apart. I saw myself standing on the stage with my hands up in a sort of surrender."

Despite her dreams-come-true, and all the fame and fortune that are now hers, Janet remains the same sweet, unaffected child who once enviously read fan magazine interviews with her favorite stars and wished she might become as successful as they. When she was given the role of Diane in "Seventh Heaven", she became the most glorified girl in all Hollywood, for hundreds were tested for the part and many prominent stars even volunteered to play it for nothing because they realized that whoever portrayed Diane on the screen would walk straight into the hearts of audiences everywhere.

Before her success, Janet wondered if fame and fortune would change her. She had seen many of her friends turned into conceited, impossible snobs by overnight prosperity and she was always afraid she might be carried away similarly. She have known her for years, and during the glorious weeks after the opening of "Seventh Heaven", she would rush up to me on every occasion and anxiously ask:

"Do you think I've changed? People continually warn me not to let success affect me. Do you think it has?"

"No, just as long as you can be humble enough and sweet enough to be afraid of changing, you need never worry," I would reply.

Helen Twelvetrees' leap to film success was as unexpected as it was sudden. The girl who that same year under contract to Fox and was lost in the mob of actors and actresses imported by that company to make the then new talking pictures. Her contract came to an end and Helen decided to turn her attention to her newly founded and operated beauty parlors. But she had reached Hollywood happily married and with visions of fame and fortune as a motion picture star. She had divorced her husband and was living in an apartment on North Cahuenga a few blocks from the studio. She had lost most of her happy illusions about life.

A friend persuaded Helen to visit Pathé for a test and as a result, she signed a new contract at a much greater salary, became a star in "The Grand Parade", and today is one of the most famous figures on the screen. When her last picture was exhibited in Los Angeles, the city was plastered with billboards on which Miss Twelvetrees' name appeared in letters three feet tall; glaring letters that could be read for blocks.

She was stunned by the sudden twist of fate, and today she is again happily married and is living in reality all the fascinating dreams that were hers when she boarded a train three years ago to go to Hollywood.

"I didn't realize there was so much money in it," Loretta Young cried when she held her first fifteen-hundred-dollars-a-week salary check. "I was told that everyone would come and buy my picture, but I didn't believe them."

"That's about fifty thousand dollars you have spent—in words," interrupted someone drily. "But I don't think that you think fifteen hundred dollars will buy?"

"Oh, but there will be another check next week and then another and another and another," Loretta shouted joyously.

Marian Nixon and Mary Brian were more conservative after they signed contracts. Both girls had known the suffering of poverty during their long fights for screen success. When fame and fortune came, they remembered their leaner days and decided to save their money.

Marian purchased a small but charming bungalow and employed a single servant. Mary chose to live in a moderately priced apartment with her mother and brother and she, too, employed a single servant. Neither young lady spent money frivolously nor did they earn for expensive clothes or jewelry, which they could have had if they desired, thanks to huge annual incomes. Not until two years after she had signed her contract did Marian purchase her first fur coat, a grey squirrel.

"Big salaries don't continue forever in
$-ALWAYS HAVE LUCK!$-

Unlucky in Money Games, in Business or Home? You should carry a pair of genuine CLEVELAND'S RED LIVE HIGHLY MAGNETIC LUCKY STONES. Rare. Amazing. Compelling. Attracting for those who need LUCK. LUCKY STONES are carried by Orient Orientals people who earn with their hands. The most remarkable publication American ever made. FREE. Awaiting excellence. POWERFUL LUCKY CHARM, one to prevent Bad Luck, Evil and Misfortunes, and the other to attract Good Luck. Lure, Happy-ness and Prosperity. Special only $1.97 for the two. With valuable instructions FREE, pay postage H.7 and 15¢ postage on delivery. Satisfaction or money returned. Find at your nearest Drug Store and Book Store. Send $1.97 to BUREAU, Count P. O. Box 72, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Learn to MOUNT BIRDS

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SUBURBAN

before

after

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TURTLE OIL
Beauty to Give Away

(Continued from page 6)

fect gift! Any woman would adore it.

Of course you need no introduction to Coty's perfumes, but I can't help thinking how delighted any woman would be to find this Christmas stocking a bottle of their enchanting L'Airant (the magpie), What an appropriate name! And Coty's special perfume for blondes called L'Or (the gold) is simply spell-binding! An especially smart Coty item is a small cylinder with an indestructible lip-stick in one end and a vial of perfume in the other. You may select the shade of rouge from Coty's three natural-looking colors and you also have a choice of Coty's perfumes to accompany it. A welcome gift in a leather case at $2.50.

Being a practical person as well as a lover of beauty, I have discovered the wisdom of having a few extra things on hand at Christmas time for we are all apt to forget a few people we should remember. It is a great temptation, with the holidays which are light on our last impulses. Often it is extremely embarrassing to be empty-handed. And yet, it seems a waste of money to have surplus gifts tucked away in dresser drawers unused.

Prepare yourself for any emergency with several of Helena Rubinstein's new, revolutionary lip-sticks, which operate with one hand. A single movement of your thumb on one side opens the top and raises the rouge. In several colors and only $1.

Two other valuable gifts are the smart Primrose House compact in an original silver, black and yellow box, which must be to be appreciated—and the Primrose House Introductory Set. This set contains creams, skin-tonic, smoothskin oil, chiffon powder and a tiny jar of pastes rouge. Perfect for a motor-trip, a short visit or for your guest-room. Certainly a lot of value for $1.

For men Lenthicrion has a handsome gift set of after-shave powder, after-shave lotion and scalp-stimulant for $3. These can be bought separately for $1 and they are stunning looking bottles of generous size.

There is no doubt that men enjoy fine toilet preparations as much as women do and they are a much appreciated gift if you know the man well enough to give him something person a thing. Since men can't wear colors and in our staidy western civilization have been denied the use of perfumes, their only opportunity to revel in exquisite personal touches is in the matter of their toilet preparations. But men are raving against being held down in this way and a few revolutional, reactionary are using perfumes—not the sweetish odds, nor seductive scents of the feminine boudoir, but mannish, thoudisy, clean and refreshing. Myurgia, the Spanish house which furnished the royal family of Spain with their perfumes, etc., is putting out an unusual perfume for men called Spanish Latén.

Coty's Eau de Coty is a pungent cologne that you will find on many a masculine dresser. It is delightful. It is especially popular in France. Houbigant can always be relied upon for something new and exciting. They also have splendid sets for men. An excellent combination set contains shaving cream, shaving lotion and talcum—a welcome gift at $2. And from Houbigant we have two new perfumes that are fairly hypnotic, enticing, devastating and all that sort of thing. The first, Parfum Esté is the perfume of promise, of youth, brooding with the potentialities of study. So if you are young or feel young you will score a hit by buying this one with Parfum Esté. It comes in two sizes $20 and $35. The beautiful cut-crystal flask is encased in satiny wood and reposes on a silvered metal base. Modernistic and striking! The other odor is called Festival—well named for it is as gay and stimulating as the very spirit of holiday joy. Festival, also, is in two sizes, $12 and $22. The Houbigant perfumes are designed to increase in character and intensity on contact with the skin.

And for those who like their rouge, powder and lip rouge in one convenient compact, Houbigant's Triple Vainoles are ideal. They are in several colors with either gold or platinum finished metal and the Christmas price is $3.50.

Now! For those of us to whom all these bargains are still out of reach, I have a real surprise! Before you despair of making just a few dollars conjure up a real beauty gift. Buy for your friends just come with me for a few minutes and let's look at this new line of cosmetics called Fairest. Yes, those large, good-looking, red boxes are Fairest items. Generous sizes, good products, smart packages—and each separate item is only 50 cents! Doesn't that rescue your Christmas hopes? The Fairest combination gift sets are attractively gotten up in red boxes, gay without being gaudy. For $1 there is the large bath salts and dusting powder combination—really a splendid gift! I have not used these products myself, but I am assured that quality has not been sacrificed in presenting them at such an unheard of figure. For $1.50 you can buy the face powder, pink, a perfume, a flower odor, Muguet. In fact all the Fairest products are scented with Muguet. And for $2.50 there is a great, big box containing perfume, face powder, bath salts, dusting powder and rouge!

They are especially proud of a new double compact for 59 cents. It is made of bake-lite and enamel and comes in several colors.

In case you are unable to find any of the things mentioned here, write to me and I will gladly locate them for you. In fact, I want you to feel that you can call on me at any time to solve your beauty or beauty—shopping problems. I am here to advise you.

As your Beauty Editor, I am anxious that you take care of your looks through the holiday rush, so that you will gain in beauty through the joy of the season rather than slide backward on account of anxiety. I will have more of the same suggestions for you next week. So don't forget to drop me a line about trying to find a different gift for each person? Of course, there are bound to be exceptions, but it is a good idea to select one or two things that are good values and give these to your entire list.
adds you from that extra effort that makes a lot of people dread the holidays. If your friends are worth the name "friend" they would rather have you fresh and rested so they can enjoy your sparkle at their parties. Christmas or no Christmas, I am more interested in your looks during the holidays and in the time to come.

But, if you do get over-tired refresh yourself by drinking a lot of water. Nature can wonders with an extra supply of water. I devote a whole article to Beauty and Water sometime soon. Which makes me think of soap, which given to the right person makes an acceptable remembrance. But be very careful to whom you give it. Where one woman would be overjoyed to receive a supply or even one cake of fine soap, another woman might be very much offended. But there is so much pleasure bound up in a silky, delicately-scented soap that it is a luxurious as well as a practical gift. Elizabeth Arden's lovely soaps offer an excellent selection in sizes, types and scents. Those Spanish soaps of Murry are especially lasting. And when in 'oout' you can always depend on that clever wooden bowl of soap put up by Yardley. Wonderful for the large family where it really is a problem to keep soap in the bathroom. It seems to last forever and comes with a specially designed brush made of Chinese wood. Children love it for the floating in the tub like a gallant, wooden boat. Put up in a grand Christmas package it is $7.50. There are smaller sizes. This is a nice gift to give your own family. For kiddies there are many new kinds of animals made of soap guaranteed to make a bath resemble a big game hunt. And to you and every member of your family comes a big, big wish for the happiest of Christmas—from the Beauty Editor of Silver Screen.

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I, AS, and when, as the lawyers say, Constance Bennett marries the Marquis de la Falaise, every fan will wish to know the details. Phil Plant's money and Gloria Swanson will come in for consideration and discussion. But if one should ask Conkie a question or two, one would be informed that the public has no right to know of these things. The movie-goers may discuss the screen appearance, beauty, ability and faults of the actress because these things are offered in exchange for their money, but her off-screen life is her private affair.

That's ridiculous.

When we see Conkie in "Bought" on the screen as a pleasure loving girl determined to get the things money can buy, we are so carried away with her performance that we feel this indeed is the true Connie. But we do not quite approve of such a moral outlook and before we condemn or excuse her we must know if this was only "in the picture". And so we withhold some of our admiration until we know what kind of a girl she really is.

As a matter of fact, the more the public can know about Connie and the others, the more their dramatic talents will be appreciated.

And why shouldn't the fans know? The stars are lovely, talented, refined, hard-working, ambition-ridden girls with nothing to hide.

After all, an invisible host of the good wishes of a million fans will attend the nuptials. Surely the beneficent effect of such a gallery is well worth the information that the groom wore the conventional black.

Come on, Constance—tell all.

* * *

WHEN we saw "Wicked" the other day we experienced again the Miracle of the movies. While Elissa Landi was fine and McLaglen surprising, the miracle worker was Una Merkel. When she appeared the hush of delighted expectancy held the Roxy audience—giggles rewarded her and even a handclap or two. The picture, for the moment that she was on the screen, awakened from the dream of "pretending", sat up and came to life. It was her delightful personality. Personality then is the secret of the movies. Not the part, not the plot.

Una Merkel is charming. To see her is to live a happier day.

THE accompanying photo of "Uncle Carl" Laemmle is printed as our contribution to the literature of the Depression.

Ever a pioneer, the master of Universal pictures senses that the worst is over. The other day he ordered that all the salary cuts be cancelled and that full pay henceforth be restored to his happy employees.

Hail "Uncle Carl"! He is the first robin on the lawn and may his song become universal.

* * *

THE screen does one thing anyhow. It lifts you out of the role that you really play in life and leads you through thrilling, emotional by-ways of imagination. And curiously, though hundreds of thousands see the same shadow figures, there is a laugh and a tear for the last fan as well as the first, from the inexhaustible supply.

Our Christmas wishes are like that. Though we are but one and our readers are over a million, here's a wish for each—May your Christmas be a happy one.
Take these easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness...

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use Maybelline Eyelash Darkener to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness now. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL
Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes
This year you can give
FRESH
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NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which stay fresh till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the moisture-proof wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy—and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday.

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

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Mild...no cigarette after-taste

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TANGEE gives you that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today! For TANGEE is based on an amazing color principle... entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it changes color after you apply it...and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. It is the one lipstick for you, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

TANGEE, the world's most famous lipstick, leaves no greasy smear or glaring, flashy color. Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a solidified cream base, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes, softens and protects. Permanent, TANGEE stays on all day. No constant making up! Economical, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks! When you buy, ask for TANGEE by name and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for!

New! TANGEE Theatrical, a special dark shade of TANGEE Lipstick and Rouge Compact for professional and evening use.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-Up"

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Address................................................

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in ROUGE COMPACT, 75c... Also in CRÊME ROUGE, the most natural and most permanent of all rouges, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.
Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they’re playing DELICIOUS. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in THE YELLOW TICKET, Will Rogers in AMBASSADOR BILL, James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Mae Marsh in OVER THE HILL.

JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL

in

delicious

It’s well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You’ve never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story deliciously different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of “Rhapsody in Blue,” are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin’s new and brilliant “Second Rhapsody.”
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"Private Lives"

David Wark Griffith's New Picture,
"The Struggle"

Warren William, Experienced And Young

Karen Morley, A Beautiful Recruit

Minna Gombell, Soon To Play Leading Parts

Frank Albertson, Prop Boy Makes Good

Ramón Novarro With His Watch

Fashions For Leap Year Posed

Robert Montgomery And Una
Merkel In "Private Lives"

COVER PORTRAIT
OF JOAN CRAWFORD
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE
OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"

He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world — but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever . . . a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

WALLACE BEERY

JACKIE COOPER

The CHAMP

with Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Story by Frances Marion  Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Silver Screen for January 1932
WE ALL talk with our hands—loudly! They are dreadful gossips. Such tattle-tales! They certainly do tell on us! This is one point where we can't deceive. But, fortunately, the best of us as well as the worst of us is revealed in them. And it is quite possible to change the worst to better and the better to beautiful.

The condition of your hands reveals your habits of cleanliness and fastidiousness. The mannerisms of your hands reveal your character even more than their shape. Size seems to be quite unimportant. The love-liest hands I have ever seen were quite large.

If your hands are not well-groomed, evincing lady-like care, you will surely be self-conscious about them and in trying to hide them your movements will be unattractively secretive and furtive, which will cause people to mistrust you.

The hands convey so much and so quickly that we cannot afford to overlook any aspect of their effect on our appearance. Great actresses have used their hands so well that they became famous for their beauty. Duse's hands were so eloquent that every emotion and thought could be read in them.

Mark Twain's hands were so beautiful, so expressive that he often stopped in the middle of a sentence and completed the thought with a gesture.

The hands represent the only really universal language. What are yours saying to the world? I hope they don't say, "Here is a lazy, careless girl who expects more from the world than she is willing to give. This girl isn't really fastidious, is not truly dainty in her habits or she wouldn't endure that rough cuticle and soiled edges on her finge-nails." Let's hope they are telling the world nicer things than that. Anyway let's see if it that they say really complimentary things about you. It pays to be especially careful of them in the winter for they require a little extra attention to counteract the effect of the cold. Chill air seems to sort of shrivel the skin. And then the grime from the many smoking chimneys seems to imbed itself in the crevices. Our only defense is the use of gloves, cold cream and a good brush.

Nourish your hands with a good hand cream. Get a very rich one if your hands are exceptionally dry in winter. Apply this every night massaging it well around the nails and into the palms as well as the backs of the hands. Use an upward stroke as though you were putting on a pair of gloves. This is not only the best massage for the hands, but it will remind you to put on a loose pair of gloves to sleep in.

Medicated gloves can be bought, but they are quite expensive, and I feel sure that you can get much the same result with what you have on hand (pardon the pun). Even if the gloves you sleep in are old and worn, be sure to have them cleaned first.

Manage to take time enough to dry your hands thoroughly after each washing—and to dry them gently. While the cuticle is damp push it back carefully with the towel.

If the soil under the nail seems very stubborn about letting go, it is probably because there is some rough-ness of the skin under there and to dig harder and deeper only aggravates the condition. Better to let it alone and encourage smoothness by night application of cuticle cream or cold cream under the nail. The next morning wash it out with a good stiff brush and soap. Repeat this performance until the under-nail skin is smooth, then any soil can be [Continued on page 64]
Chase the blues away!...Laugh-time is here!...Make merry with Marilyn...The gayest laugh-show on earth...Tunes you can whistle...Wisecracks you'll remember...A swift-moving medley of song, rhythm and LAUGHS...Magnetic Marilyn singing!...The screen's four greatest comedians...Gus Arnheim's Famous Cocoanut Grove Orchestra...Rhythm and romance...Miss Miller's best picture with the most brilliant supporting cast ever assembled.

Directed by
WILHELM DIETERLE

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

for January 1932
BEST LETTERS OF THE MONTH
FIRST PRIZE
Chicago, Ill.
What matter if Greta Garbo has more "allure" than Marlene, or Constance Bennett has more sophistication and poise than the great Shearer, or if Kay Francis can wear clothes with more effect than Mrs. Edmund Lowe? I ask you again, who cares? As long as the Four Marx Brothers can clown away your blues, as long as "Skippy" Cooper can tear at your heart strings, as long as you can gnash your teeth at Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney, as long as you can thrill at Barbara Stanwyck's naturalness—Why, who cares?

Second Prize
Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Greta Garbo and Clark Gable! What a superb team! Those scenes in "Susan Lenox", if nothing else, should slate Gable for stardom. His work in "A Free Soul", and later in "Sporting Blood" marked him a sure bet, but it took this story with Greta Garbo to make it a certainty.

Take it from me, he has SOME appeal. No small wonder a woman would rather yield to his caresses than accept the all love of a goody-goody boy. He is all that heavy love menace in a picture should be.

Third Prize
Washington, C. H., Ohio
What's all this nonsense about Clark Gable? I see nothing particularly alluring in his screen personality. Personally, I think he's more of a fake, and not at all handsome. However, it seems, for some unaccountable reason, he has succeeded in captivating much feminine admiration. Still, why star him with the immortal Garbo? Can't you give her someone like Fredric March or even Bob Montgomery? The story of "Sporting Blood" was good, but Gable was not the right character for the role he portrayed.

For me, someone like Eddie Love. His acting in "The Spider" was excellent, but I'd like to see him in a real deep drama which isn't blinded in murder mystery. Let's have it—after that trip to Europe, of course. He can make audiences laugh and cry.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, MARY!
Denver, Colo.
All my love to the movies. They mean so much to me. Two years ago, as a result of an auto accident I was left a hopeless cripple. I never have good times like other girls my age. No man will ever claim me as his bride. But don't pity me!

Twice each week, a jolly cab man lifts me into his cab, and takes me to the theatre of my choice. Kindly ushers carry me to my seat. There, for two hours, I live gloriously in the land of make-believe. My body becomes straight and lovely, and garbed in creations like Garbo's or Bennett's. Romance in all of its beauty and tenderness, comes to me.

Clark Gable holds me in his strong arms; Lew Ayres hungry lips seek mine. I love and am loved.

Then the scene changes, and I laugh gaily at Mickey Mouse, or Charley Chase. Through the newsreel, I visit strange places and peoples. I see sporting events and leading personalities of the day.

Then I go home to live it all over again in my imagination, and plan my next excursion into the magic Land of the Movies.
No Hisses from me, but all of my Love.

THAT'S DEVOTION
Yonkers, N. Y.
I quite agree with Sally Forth that no two people know more about the art of acting than Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Ann was marvelous in "East Lynne" and Leslie certainly helped put "Five and Ten" over.

I recently saw Ann and Leslie in their new picture "Devotion". They each gave a very fine performance.

Ann Harding is one of the most beautiful women on the screen. She is a woman with poise, character, refinement, and charm.

Leslie Howard is a very fine actor and typifies the perfect gentleman. It is great to see two such fine people in a picture together.

Let us hope to see more of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.

A. Whalen

TAKES AN ENCORE
Omaha, Neb.
I have just enjoyed seeing "Cimarron" for the second time. Saw it about eight months ago and really enjoyed it more this time. The first time you see a picture you are so wrapped up in the stars, you rather neglect the rest of the cast, which are as essential in the making of a picture.

Saw Miriam Hopkins in "Twenty-Four Hours" and she is marvelous. That is another picture I must see over.

That also goes for Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox."

Loretta Dennison
IS THERE A SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes PRESENTS

"The AGE FOR LOVE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE - CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON - MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A

FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

for JANUARY 1932
TALKIES in TABLOID

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as sign posts; to point your way to the pictures that you will want to see—or stay away from)

Louise Fazenda and "Schnozzle" Durante in "The Cuban Love Song" showing how romantic atmosphere affects the love life of comics, or "Proboscis Publico" as they say

AGE FOR LOVE

This picture raises the ever vital question: Should a woman seek love and a home or love and a career? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of mankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Who wins? Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton are in the cast.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Excellent

(Paramount)

Billie Dove comes back—and better than ever. The picture raises the ever vital question: Should a woman seek love and a home or love and a career? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of mankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Who wins? Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Splendid

(Potamian)

This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid, Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BAD GIRL

Splendid

(Fox)

Here's something new in masculine appeal, girls! Talking about James Dunn, the bad-boy-husband of "Bad Girl". You'll be curious about him—and the picture too! It's the film version of Vina Delmar's best seller of the same name, and it's all about a young couple who are trying to make a go of marriage. Underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers makes a good "Bad Girl".

BLONDE CRAZY

Splendid

(Warner's)

Here's grand entertainment. James Cagney plays a small town bell-hop with ambitions for big town shakes. He picks a girl and they spend a successful season of gypsying. But the girl gets refined and marries a society youth and Cagney loses interest in his racket. There's a surprise ending that's a knock-out. Joan Blondell is the girl.

BOUGHT SPLENDID

Good

(Radio)

Connie Bennett is still a sophisticated sinner, and if you are a Connie Bennett fan you will be wild about this picture. Connie again plays the rôle of a young girl who wants nice things—and all that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Milland help her get them.

PICTURES-OF-THE-MONTH THAT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

"SUSAN LENOX"

because of the great performances of both Greta Garbo and Clark Gable

"MONKEY BUSINESS"

because once for all humor is proven to be absurdity taken seriously

"THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET"

because Helen Hayes can make sacrifice to an ideal still seem beautiful

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Fair

(Ince Films)

This was originally Booth Tarkington's "The Plutoscat" but the author would never recognize it now. Will Rogers plays a sap safety razor king from the Middle West bound for Europe with his family. Rival steel kings engage Jetta Goudal to vamp him. Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab chiefs and things, but it isn't very funny.

CONSOIATION MARRIAGE

Good

(Radio)

In this film Irene Dunn plays the rôle of a young girl who gives her sweetheart to a wealthy woman so that he can pursue his concert career. Broken-hearted, she meets a romantic, hard-drinking newspaper man who has just been given the air by the girl of his dreams. Snapping their fingers at Fate they get married on the spur of the moment. What happens? Plenty. Pat O'Brien is grand as the news hound.

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, THE

Good. The Fair

(Columbia)

Another one of those clutching hand, mysterious, will-must-be-read-by-nightside affairs. Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and Jack Holt a police lieutenant, both deadly rivals for the favors of the lovely Sally Blane. If you aren't too sophisticated you'll have shivers when you see it.

DEVOTION

A rather trite story becomes a simply charming picture through the graceful acting of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Two of the best actors on the screen, and I wouldn't kid you. It's the old threadbare plot of the girl who goes to work in disguise for the man she loves. Of course, she's discovered—with the usual results. It's silly, but at the same time quite delightful.

EAST OF BORNEO

Good

(Universal)

This isn't another "Trader Horn" but it is very near it for excitement. A young girl is seeking her husband who is now a reigning prince's physician in Borneo. Plenty of wild animal thrills and blood-curdling escapes. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart give good performances.

(Continued on page 61)
HELLO, EVERYBODY

If you possess natural talent, you can be trained to enter Broadcasting as an:

Announcer Program Manager Musician
Singer Sales Manager Reader
Actor Advertising Writer
Musical Director Publicity Director
or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent positions in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for a big paying job in Broadcasting.

Let FLOYD GIBBONS train you for a Broadcasting career

Have you an idea for a Radio program? Can you describe things? Have you a Radio voice? Are you musically inclined? Have you the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can you sell? If you can do any of these things—Broadcasting needs you!

Last year alone, more than $31,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to use the microphone, how to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice, you will not succeed. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the broadcaster. Floyd Gibbons, one of America’s foremost broadcasters, has developed a unique method for training men and women at home for this fascinating work. This home-study course offers you a complete training in every phase of actual broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons’ years of experience in Radio. You can develop your talents right at home in your spare time under his guidance, and acquire the technique that makes Radio stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Anans and Andy’s, Graham MacNeice, Rudy Vallee, Olive Palmer and Floyd Gibbons whose yearly earnings will be enormous.

Unlimited Opportunities for Men and Women

Men are needed to do special broadcasting of all kinds: Descriptive broadcasting of political events, banquets, football games, boxing, wrestling, baseball and hundreds of other occasions of a similar nature.

Women, too, have found Broadcasting a profitable new field of endeavor. Broadcasting Stations are always interested in a woman who can present a well prepared program devoted to domestic science, interior decorating, etiquette, child welfare, styles, beauty and home making.

A Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make it Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Booklet Sent Free

An interesting booklet entitled, “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting,” tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered in our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long profession—to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting” today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2A27, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2A27, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Without obligation send me your free booklet, “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting,” and full particulars of your home study course.

Name__________________________Age________
Address__________________________City________
State__________________________
VIOLET AND C. M. S.: Now don't you gals get sassy with me just because you have read in other magazines that Joan Crawford's real name is over the four-question, so the lad must have made an impression. Clark Gable is working hard now on "Possessed" which is bound to be a glorious picture—what with his pockets and a chap named Wallace Ford. Look out for Wallace. And after "Possessed" comes "Hell Divers" with Clark and Wallace B. being very, very male, and little Dorothy Jordan being quite, quite feminine. Do you like Clark best when he supports Norma, or Joan, or Garbo? I can't decide. "Possessed" was formerly "Mirage".

ALLISON: Bela Lugosi was born in Hungary in a small town called Lugos which was named after one of his ancestors who founded it in the medieval days. Bela is an American citizen now, having passed his citizenship examinations a few months ago. He likes jolly old Uncle Sam whose children have caused so many nice shiny ducats to fall into his pockets, and if it's horror that they want he means to give it to them. So get all your shudders and chills in working order for in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", which will be released soon, he is even more horrible and spooky than he was in "Dracula". The attractive gentleman who is Lord Privy of the Goose Flesh has been married—and divorced—three times.

PATRICIA: Alas, Kent Douglas is no more. Tears and gulps. That charming and eccentric lad simply felt the urge to return to the legitimate stage, and return he did, though most of the companies in Hollywood tried to make him sign on the dotted line. I thought he was marvelous in "Waterloo Bridge" and I hated to see him leave pictures right at the height of his popularity. And judging from the letters that pile into the office about him he is mighty popular with you fans. I met him at a tea last week and he told me then that after the Broadway run of his play he might return to Hollywood, and then again he might not. He likes acting on the stage much better than on the screen. At present he is playing in "Nikki" with Fay Wray—and of course he has resumed his real name, Douglas Montgomery. He had to change his name when he went into pictures because Bob Montgomery got there first. They are not brothers.

VIOLET M.: Don't get excited—that wasn't Norma Shearer. Norma would never have acted like that, you may be sure. Besides, on the date you mentioned Norma was in Hollywood, and not in Woodstock, New York. Evidently somebody was having a grand time impersonating Norma—too bad it was such a vulgar somebody for Norma deserves better. There really should be a law against impersonating the stars, and maybe there is, but it isn't enforced for there have been a regular deluge of impersonations this past summer and fall. Despite the fact that George Arliss has just arrived in New York from England, his presence was reported several weeks ago from various cities in Texas, where it seemed that he has been wining and dining by leading citizens. Naturally, Warner Brothers immediately sent out warnings to Arliss admirers in the Southwest as soon as they heard about the deception and I bet the bogus Arliss won't appear around there again any time soon. Hope he didn't swipe any silverware at the banquet.

A platinum blonde in Rye, New York, last summer announced that she was Jean Harlow and even rented a room under that name. Of course, the local swains got terribly excited and the impersonating miss had things going her own way for awhile. And even more sophisticated Green- wich, Connecticut, got an a-flutter recently when a bogus Dolores Del Rio arrived in town and was entertained by the best People. There ought to be a law.

SALLY: I have a yen for Irving Pichel, too, and I assure you that you wouldn't be the least bit disappointed in him if you met him personally. He has just completed "The Cheat" out at the Paramount Long Island studio, and it is simply great in it. I was on the set several times and saw him and Tallulah Bankhead go through some of the scenes which fairly reek with drama and suspense. Of course, Irving isn't a Clark Gable—but he isn't far away. He was born in Pittsburgh and his birthday is June 24.

MRS. DENNIS: Joan Crawford claims that she doesn't eat at all now; she merely eats sparingly. For breakfast she has a tall glass of hot water and a cup of coffee with plenty of sugar and cream. Her lunch consists of a fresh fruit or vegetable salad. In the evening she eats a full course dinner, excepting, always, potatoes, bread and rich desserts. And don't be alarmed over what Joan eats at tea, for the poor girl doesn't get to many of them. She is kept so frigglely busy. Joan is a "working gal"—not a debutante.

BILL: Marlene Dietrich is making "Shanghai Express" out at the Paramount West Coast studio, and it sounds to me as if it might be even better than "Morocco". The action takes place in China, where, it seems, some mighty dogs of Christians have killed the son of one of the local rulers. Here the plot goes Fu Manchu-lish for the local poten- tate and demands that a genuine white person within twenty-four hours. Things look black for Marlene . . . Well, it's a good situation, isn't it? One guess as to who plays the Chinese What-not? Warner Oland, of course.

Robert Williams and Jean Har- low in "Platinum Blonde". Jean probably wants his tie to make herself a dress.
Don't say "learning music is hard"

...until you've sent for our FREE demonstration lesson

TIME and again you've wanted to learn to play your favorite instrument: you've longed to get your share of the popularity and personal pleasure that every good musician enjoys—to know the thrill that comes with being able to entertain musically.

Yet, so far, you've been "scared" to start. Why? Is it because you're under the impression that learning music necessitates long years of uninteresting study—lesson after lesson crammed with dry-as-dust theory and endless practicing? Has somebody told you that you need special talent to become a musician?

Then you're in for the surprise of your life. For, now, thanks to the famous U. S. School of Music, the reading and playing of music has been made so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Easy As Can Be

The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams and all the music you need. Compulsory practice? No. You study only when you feel like it. Personal teacher? No. If you make a mistake you correct it yourself and continue. Monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger exercises? Never. From the very first lesson on you are playing real tunes by note. It's as easy as A-B-C. For before you strike a note, you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how. Then you do it yourself and hear it. Little theory. Plenty of accomplishment.

A few short months pass quickly. Almost before you realize it, you are playing selections that fit your mood—you are entertaining others with wonderful classical compositions...lighter airs and ballads of haunting beauty...dance music that thrills with the fascination of jazz. No wonder that this remarkable method has been vouched for by over 600,000 people from all parts of the world.

Bear in mind no matter which instrument you select—the cost of learning in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day!

Get Proof—Free

Don't let a lot of false impressions and silly bugaboos delay your start toward musical good times. If you really want to learn to play—if social popularity and increased income appeal to you—then reserve your decision until we send you a Free Demonstra-

Pick Your Instrument

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1191 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

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Have Your Instrument?

Name
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City... State

for January 1932
New **Ventilated** girdle reduces waist and hips
~two to four inches in TEN DAYS

**FASHIONABLE** women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hips and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

Perfolastic is entirely different from any other reducing girdle you have ever seen—lighter in weight, cooler, more comfortable, more slenderizing.

**Cool—Comfortable—Slenderizing**

Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a featherweight, **ventilated** girdle that comes in models that weigh as little as nine and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function, as they should. It is so cool, so comfortable that you hardly know you have it on.

Perfolastic does not bind or constrict the figure in any way. Bend, twist, turn, exercise as vigorously as you choose, you will find that Perfolastic "gives" with every movement of your body. Made of finest quality pure, live, fresh plantation rubber, by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., it combines wonderful elasticity with extraordinary strength.

**How Perfolastic Reduces**

Long experience has shown that the safest, surest way to reduce is through massage, which breaks up the fat cells so that they can be absorbed and carried off by the circulation.

Perfolastic reduces through massage—**automatic massage**. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs. The instant you put it on you look slimmer, for it gently straightens out fleshy curves, gives you length of line, helps you stand erect. And, better still, with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that takes off flesh.

In an amazingly short time bulky hips and waist become slim and shapely—your figure regains the slender, straight lines of youth—you look and feel years younger. Many women have found, to their astonishment and delight, waist and hips reduced two to four inches in TEN DAYS.

**No Dieting—No Exercises**

Think of what this means! No more weari, some dieting, no more tiresome exercises, no more bitter self-denial in a vain attempt to get thin. For with Perfolastic you can now regain a slender, youthful figure without the slightest discomfort.

**Free Booklet and Sample**

No matter how much overweight you are, no matter what other methods of reducing you have tried, no matter what other girdles you have worn—give Perfolastic a trial. Write today for interesting **FREE BOOKLET** telling more about this remarkable girdle, and picturing the many delightful Perfolastic models, also sample of Perfolastic and full details about the 10-day trial offer and Money Back Guarantee. No obligation. Don't delay. Mail coupon below. NOW! Address Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 441, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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NEW YORK CITY

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**for January 1932**
Good Old 1931

In Hollywood the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences each year selects the five best performances of actors and actresses, and from these nominations the winner of the trophy is selected.

### The Five Actresses Nominated

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<td>Marlene Dietrich</td>
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<td>Marie Dressler</td>
<td><em>Min and Bill</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ann Harding</td>
<td><em>Holiday</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Irene Dunne</td>
<td><em>Cimarron</em></td>
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### The Five Actors Nominated

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<td>Adolphe Menjou</td>
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<td>Lionel Barrymore</td>
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<td>Richard Dix</td>
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<td>Jackie Cooper</td>
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<td>Fredric March</td>
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The one great-outstanding-thoroughly-earned success was Clark Gable.
AT THE Casino in Central Park recently Lupe Velez was the center of a merry group when Gary Cooper and the Countess Frasso entered. Lupe grew mellow. And when Morton Downey (Connie's brother-in-law) asked what songs the crowd wanted, Lupe piped up with "Just One More Chance". Gary and the Countess chose the nearest exit.

CLARK GABLE says he may have sex appeal and all that, but it took Hollywood movie moguls four years to find it. On top of that he asks, has he?

LIL TASHMAN was having a grand time on ye olde Paris boulevards with husband Eddie Lowe when she received a cable to take the next boat back to New York and begin rehearsals for "Her Confession", which will be made at the Paramount Long Island studio. This is the first picture that Lil has made in the East, but she'll know her way around New York all right. Lil used to be one of Mr. Ziegfeld's Glorified Ones. And before that she was just a nice kid in Brooklyn. Claudette Colbert will be the chief confessor in "Her Confession" and will be supported by William (Stage) Boyd.

HELEN HAYES' baby, the famous "Act of God" child, has already made her screen début and didn't seem to mind at all when she didn't receive screen credit. In fact, she preferred a lolly-pop. Too bad the other little girls aren't so easily satisfied, eh, Mr. Mayer? Little Mary was the baby that Mama Helen gurgled over and wept over in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet". A natural for the baby.

LORETTA YOUNG is in New York buying clothes, sight-seeing, and taking in the new plays. Her mother is along to see that daughter Loretta makes no Grave Mistakes.

CLAIRA BOW got sort of tired of looking at cows and more cows out on Rex Bell's ranch the other day (Clara has been in hiding there ever since Daisy turned literary agent—remember Daisy De Voe who so assiduously collected old love letters?) and decided to give her eyes a treat with the bright lights of Broadway. She even wired Harry Richman to reserve her a front row seat at the "Follies". As thrilled as a little country gal on her way to the big wicked city Clara slipped aboard a train. But those old meanies, the newshounds, boarded the train at Gallup, New Mexico, and poor Clara discovered that she was still good for front page publicity. So she just turned around and went back to the ranch and Rex Bell and the cows. Rumors are that Clara is none too fond of boy friend Rex now. Maybe that stretch on the Bell ranch was just a little too long for a girl of Clara's disposition.

Sam Rork, an independent, expects to star Clara in "Get the Woman" and is ready to start production.

CONNIE BENNETT and the Marquis have officially set their wedding date for December 2. The ceremony will take place in Arizona. Gloria Swanson received her final degree of divorce from the Marquis in November. Heigh ho, it seems only yesterday that Gloria brought the Marquis to Hollywood and exhibited him and the cute little trick he can do with an apple to her admiring friends.

TIS said that the romance of Dorothy Jordan and Don Dilloway is fading. Dorothy has been seen going places with Howard Hughes and Don has been escorting Barbara Weeks to the same places.

WHAT'S happening to all the dyed-in-the-wool bachelors of cinemaland? They are falling as fast as autumn leaves. Soon Leap Year will be here and no bachelors to leap for and all the fun will be spoiled. Richard Dix is the last of the gay lotharios to take a bride. He married Winifred Coe, San Francisco society girl, at Yuma, Arizona, on October 20. Richard gave his name as Ernest Carlton Brimmer and his age as thirty-seven.
Gary Cooper Discovers

The Star of "His Woman" Gets a Kick out of Father Knickerbocker

IT WAS tea time in the West Fifties. Yes, yes, jolly old tea time. And Gary Cooper was looking angry. Three sassy wrinkles scored his forehead, and his eyes glared in sort of a frustrated fury. His fingers grasped the side of the table so tightly that his knuckles stood out in white relief.

What in the world, thought I, could be worrying Mrs. Cooper's little six foot boy (and don't forget the two and one half inches)? Was it a wire from Boss Lasky ordering him to return to the Hollywood factory? Was it a snooty call from his margin clerk? Was it Lupe—Oh, I hope it might be Lupe?

His nostrils twitched and his frown became even more menacing. I was sorry I had come.

"Huh," he said at last, "I simply can't remember."

"Remember what?" I gasped, almost afraid to know—but hoping it might be Lupe—

"How to say four-thirty in French. You asked me the time, you know."

So I had—some fifteen minutes ago. Evidently French is not a language that one can speak easy.

"Garçon," the Cooper voice boomed across the room so suddenly that a lady in fich gills choked on a maraschino cherry. "Garçon, qu'est-ce c'est—er—how do you say four-thirty in French?"

"Quatre-heures et demi, M'sieur," quoth Heni with a decided accent.

"Quatre-heures et demi," repeated Gary with no accent. A broad grin spread over his handsome face. You know well that winning grin! You've adored it and warmed to it for five years on the screen, and I can assure you it is no less delightful at tea.

"Quatre-heures et demi," he said again in boyish satisfaction. "That's a good thing to know. Though, of course," he added a bit ruefully, "I may go through life without anyone ever again asking me the time at four-thirty."

The thought seemed to depress him. We ordered another round of tea.

And there you have the new Gary Cooper. Can you imagine that long, tall, shy, tongue-tied boy from the great open spaces speaking to the waiter in French? Aren't you surprised? (And wasn't the waiter surprised—why you could have knocked him down with a dollar, probably fifty cents.) No more sombreros, chaps, lariats; no more "Virginian", West Virginian, north, east, south Virginian—it's Young Man of Manhattan for Gary Cooper now.

What a thrill Gary got out of New York! Oh boy, what fun! Gary claims that he enjoyed making "His Woman" at the Paramount Long Island studio more than any
picture he has ever made—and from now on he wants to make all his pictures on the East Coast. Hitherto, New York to Gary had only been sort of a mythical place where critics lived and where one caught a boat to go to Europe. He had never visited New York. In fact he was just a little afraid of New York. The traffic—great grief, he'd never be able to drive a car in that traffic. And the people, millions of them, who in their avid desire to touch a movie actor would probably tear him limb from limb. And the men who went places and did things all wore spats, and derbies, and white carnations in their lapels, and carried canes—and spoke to the waiters in French. No, he couldn't do that—

But he did. And what a kick he got out of it all. In the first place, he found New York running true to its laissez faire policy, and except when he showed himself at opening nights at the theatre the populace left him seveyely alone. New York, unlike Hollywood, is famous for its aloof attitude—it's the one city where people can live within three feet of each other for years and never know what the other looks like. And after being stared at like a goldfish in a bowl for a number of years Gary found it lots of fun to get in the big pond with all the other fish and splash around with them without any old catfish making comments.

In fact it's interesting to know that when Gary was introduced to New York night life (by Forney Wyly, man-about-town) he was introduced in the spirit of good, clean fun as "Massa" Cooper—and would you believe it, the Henri's, the Tom's, the Joes, the head waiters and the assorted waiters all knew him as "Massa" Cooper from then on. And did Gary like it! Why he was as tickled as if King George had called him, "Gary, you-old-so-and-so."

We old New Yorkers who have lived here for at least five years take a great pride in our city and we simply burn up when visiting Hollywood royalty gives us the sniff and the sneer. I have lunched and teaded with many public idols from the Gold Coast who were so bored and blasé that even Jimmy Durante himself couldn't bring a smile to the frozen faces. They reminded me of Louis XV (or maybe it was XVI—but what's a Louis among friends, or even a Napoleon, for that matter) who at the great spectacular fêtes of Versailles, merely yawned and said, "What would life be without coffee. And even with coffee, what is life?"

But there's none of that "what dreary people" pose about Gary Cooper. He likes to sit in the corner of a restaurant where celebrities drop in, and look at them, and meet them, and get the freshest gossip, and perhaps, himself, try a wise-crack or two. And he likes to wear a white carnation in his lapel, and have his tie and handkerchief match, and speak to the waiter in French.

Ah, there is no time like tea time in the West Fifties. That looks like Libby [Continued on page 77]
The Love of Lew and Lola

Just a Boy, a Girl, and a Problem That Lew Knew the Answer to

By Mary Sharon

I HAVE just paid a call on a couple of kids who live in a little Spanish bungalow, perched on a hilltop overlooking the city. The house isn't much as houses go in Beverly Hills, but to the kids who live therein, it is "Heaven on Earth". And from the little bachelor hall that has so suddenly been transformed into a love nest, I came away warmly and pleasantly thrilled.

It gives one a nice, warm feeling to know that love like theirs can happen in Hollywood. You have only to see them together to know that they have found something that a lot of us would give half of our lives to possess. And the beauty of it is they are young enough to enjoy building together.

When Lew Ayres and Lola Lane slipped away to Las Vegas three months ago and were married, they found their wedding labeled another Hollywood elopement. But the haste that is a part of most elopements was missing from the ceremony that joined them. For Lew and Lola were secretly engaged five months before they finally took the fateful step.

Love in Hollywood is slightly more complicated than love in Four Corners, especially if either of the principals has won any prominence in the colony. Because Lew had achieved stardom, a lot of friends and acquaintances were quick to advise him against marriage. And because Lew is an ambitious young man, he considered their advice. He considered postponing marriage, but because he is a courageous young man, he dared to do as his heart dictated.

They were married in approved movie style. The judge, whom they had decided to have officiate, was deep in a murder trial when they arrived upon the scene. But murder trials can wait and love won't. So the judge ordered a recess and adjourned court until the wedding was over. There was the usual rice and confetti. A run to Lew's car, and shouts over their shoulders to reporters, that their next address would be Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. They had visioned a back-to-nature honeymoon. Primitive camping. Hunting and fishing. But their dreams didn't exactly materialize. Game kept to cover. Fires wouldn't burn. Rain rained. And the [Continued on page 76]
"Yo Ho! For a Six Months' Vacation!"  "Arrowsmith" is Finished and Ronald Colman is off to Europe

By James A. Whitchel

LADIES and gen'mums!

We are presenting in this corner none other than Ronald Colman, known to his confidants and confidantes as Ronny, while over in the other corner says that old lady with the bags underneath her pin points of eyes, she that is called Gossip.

And the old lady in Hollywood is like Gossip in no other place in the world.

"It all started," Ronny explains, "when some fool of a press agent pasted a label on me. The marker said: Ronald Colman, the Man of Mystery! And when the sobbies heard it they held joyful conclave like the witches of 'Macbeth' and threw their potions into the flames and stirred and stirred—bubble, bubble!"

But you were a retiring sort, Ronny.

"I was about as retiring as the Eiffel Tower."

But what about that incident on board ship when you hid?

"Yah!" yahed Mr. Colman. "It was all a plant, a trick in which I had no part. You see, on one of my trips abroad, one of my first returning ones to England, some brilliant press agent conceived the brilliant idea of following up this mystery man business with a little stunt for the benefit of the newspaper boys.

"I was traveling first class and when the boat docked I was on the first class deck waving to friends who were at the pier. Suddenly I was besieged by a representative who asked me to come back on the boat a bit to have my picture taken. I oblied, of course, but the fellow didn't seem to be satisfied with the light so he asked me and the photographers to step back a little further to another deck. This seemed all right too. We pushed on to the rear deck of the boat and there I was photographed by the press.

"Well, sir, the following day saw my likeness reproduced in the papers with a screaming caption to the effect that RONALD COLMAN, MAN OF MYSTERY, FOUND HIDING IN THIRD CLASS WHEN BOAT DOCKS!"

Ronald Colman as "Dr. Arrowsmith", the character created by Sinclair Lewis, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature

"So there you are."

"So here we are. So what? Plenty."

Because Ronny refused to be converted into a radio advertisement for which one of the sobbies was drawing down heavy shekels, the same sobby called him a snob—an English snob to differentiate him from our American snobs.

And added to this, one of the writers said that he wouldn't take dinner at people's houses because the guests were common.

The truth, and it will out, is that Colman is probably the most popular dinner guest in the colony. And the truth again is that he doesn't accept promiscuous invitations.

There are stars in the film centre who go to openings of markets and turn the first spadeful of earth for the erection of a trick mausoleum just so their pictures will appear in the publicity saturated pages of the Los Angeles newspapers. But Colman declines the invitations and stays at home when he suspects a double motive. Don't you?

"Am I a secluded fellow?" Ronny wants to know. "Every morning I ride to work in my automobile and at the end of the day go home again. True, my car isn't a screaming crimson Rolls Royce that people can smell coming for blocks, nor do I rush down Hollywood Boulevard in a sixteen-cylinder roadster and have people gush around me at the traffic lights, but I do go out on occasion.

"Frequently I use glasses to read and maybe that's why people think me a tradesman when they see me reading the morning paper as Tommy drives me to work.

"On one of my trips to New York I was wired in advance that photographers and reporters would meet me at the station in Chicago for interviews and pictures. Flattered, I looked for the gentlemen in Chicago, but, as I learned later, they met the wrong train at another station. But the stories, nevertheless, all concerned that mystery fellow—Colman." [Continued on page 66]
IT’S Christmas card time in Hollywood. The stars are preparing Christmas lists and choosing their greeting cards.

"It’s too bad that we cannot send a card to all of our unseen friends—to those who have really given us everything we have—our fans, God bless them. Where would we be without them," said Ann Harding as she sat in her dressing room at Pathé studios looking over a book of sample cards and hoping to find one she felt would best convey her Yuletide feelings.

"There’s mine," she exclaimed, pouncing on a modernistic tree design, "Christmas and snow-covered trees go together in my mind."

Although she didn’t know it at the time, it was this yearning to say “Merry Christmas” to her fans that prompted a representative of Silver Screen magazine, who happened to hear Ann’s wish, to make it come true.

A canvas disclosed that there were many who, like Ann Harding, wanted to send their unseen friends a real, hearty Christmas wish and so many interesting selections were made expressly for this purpose.

Chryson’s, the Cartier of Hollywood, found their Christmas card orders coming in post haste as the word went around that Silver Screen had offered its pages to the stars to express seasonal greetings to the countless thousands who feel a close personal interest in these Hollywood personalities.

Ronald Colman has sometimes been accused of being a bit “high hat”, but his choice of a Christmas card for his fans knocks that idea sky high. What is more regular than a little stubby-tailed, wire-haired terrier to stand guard over his greetings? Ronnie passed up the many elaborate cards shown him for his little etched terrier who reminded him of his own canine playmate.

“Ho, ho,” cried Jack Oakie as he spied a curly-haired ice man stealing a kiss from a winsome maid under the old mistletoe, “that’s my spirit for Christmas and every
other day in the year. And that black cat sitting in the
corner should give my fans a bit of good luck for 1932.
Give me a pen,” he said, “and I’ll put my John Henry
on it before the ice melts.”

Marie Dressler, like Colman, believed in putting on
the dog for her Christmas card. True to type, Marie
chose a comedy pup while little Jackie Cooper hopped
on to a speedy looking Santa. “Nothing like the
power of suggestion,” said Master Cooper in his best
grown-up manner as he looked longingly at the little
speed boat that old St. Nick was steering, then at his
mother.

Anna May Wong admired by those who love the
exotic did not disappoint her fans, for she introduced
 glamour into her “Merry Christmas” in the quaint
Chinese greeting she painstakingly brushed on the ex-
tremely modernistic card she selected. On one side
Anna wrote “Merry Christmas” in Chinese. She signed
her name both in English and Chinese.

Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro were alike in
their “Felices Pascuas” which is the Spanish way of
extending Yuletide felicitations.

Leave it to Tom Mix to come through in the spirit
of the wide open spaces. His card shows him literally
shooting a Christmas greeting to all who proclaim
their hero. The famous initials are used seal-fashion.
His white felt sombrero is in the picture. So is his
saddle, but we know there’ll be a wail from the younger
Mix rooters, for Tony is missing.

Constance Bennett, luxurious to the ‘nth degree, de-
cided on a lovely velvet card bearing unique modern-
istic figures of Columbine and Harlequin.

Clark Gable featured his faithful steed in his choice
of a Merry Christmas medium to his many new-found
friends. It will be remembered that in “Sporting
Blood” Clark and a horse were deeply imprinted in the
minds of all who sighed over Clark and envied the horse.

George Arliss fancied an English plum pudding
ablaze with brandied fire as typical of an old English
Merrie Christmas and hastened to place his name at the
The Stars Send You These Christmas Cards

bottom of this appropriate Yuletide design.

Barbara Stanwyck and Helen Twelvetrees went pictureque in their choice; while Billie Dove, true to her new type, conveyed her message in ultra-modernistic manner. A card always should reflect the sender.

Irene Dunne was richly conservative in her lovely green, black and silver card with its simple, conventional star in one corner, while Lew Cody dropped his sophistication and became a bit sentimental in a hearthstone scene.

William Powell and Carole Lombard Powell were somewhat formal in their "Mr. and Mrs." inscription above a rather smart caricaturish couple, but with the same old "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" greeting that never goes out of style. Incidentally, this is the first greeting of any sort bearing their married name in formal style.

Roland Young designs the cards that carry the sentiments of the Young family. Who says a Britisher lacks humor? His fans will have a good laugh at the perplexity of old man reindeer as he scans the sky-line of New York, looking in vain for a brick chimney by which to deposit his chubby master with his bag of gifts.

"A snow man for me," cried Janet Gaynor, "but a warm wish for my fan friends. I love snow men and whenever I have a chance I help roll the balls of snow and put them together, sticking on lumps of coal for the eyes and coat buttons."

Ye olde Merrie Christmas, plum pudding, wine and turkey with all the trimmings, are in the scheme of Robert Montgomery's Yuletide wishes; while Flo and El Brendel's sentiments may be read by the candle light that flickers on the face of their flowered card of greetings.

While modernism is the vogue in most things today, it is interesting to see that the majority of the stars have chosen conventional and sentimental designs. Lighted candles, old time Christmas wreaths, Madonnas, stars and the good old Santa Claus hold a firm place in the minds of the stars as they selected their greetings for the festive season.

Norma Shearer's card displays two brilliant red fawns gamboling in fantastic manner on a silver background. She is among those who prefer to autograph personally every card she sends.

The Edmund Breeses have sent out the same card for twenty years. They started in with a dozen or two and now the annual order is in the hundreds, for they have a world of friends.

Louise Fazenda is a Christmas card fan. Last year she ordered more than five hundred and addressed them all herself, starting early in the fall, working on the set with a writing portfolio spread on her lap. She believes in the personal touch. No engraved greetings for her. She makes ornamental scenes out of the hundreds of cards she receives each year.

Last Christmas Irene Rich bought individual cards especially chosen for each friend. She likes the personal element in this. "It's fun picking them out for your friends and trying to get cards that suit each individual," she said.

Most of the stars, however, frantically telephone Chryson's in a last-minute rush to send out their man with his sample books.

"We make up individual cards for each order," said Ray Fager of this smart firm, "never duplicating a design. It is gratifying to tell you that the stars do not get temperamental over their choice of cards. They take an almost child-like pleasure in selecting and always regret that they have left it so late and have to do it all so quickly."

The editor of Silver Screen regrets that space will not permit all who sent cards to their fans to be included in this story. Practically every important star in Hollywood sent their greetings, for the stars are realizing more every day that they owe their good fortune to their loyal admirers. Many realize that an occasional poor story or performance is overlooked by those who patronize the box-office. It is impossible for them to in any way reach this great unseen and unknown army of friends throughout the world.

So, if you don't see your pet star represented in these seasonal greetings, you can rest assured that he or she was hoping to be included, and consider yourselves the recipients of the sincerest wishes for the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year that your hearts could desire.

Christmas Cards are the calling cards of Santa Claus, and from his big pack he fishes out many beautiful presents. Not the least of the pleasant gifts that he always leaves behind him is the comfortable feeling that one is not forgotten. In this respect at least a card equals the most expensive gift in the world.

P. S. Mickey Mouse sends us a special delivery message, telling us that his "papa," Walt Disney, has not made up his Christmas cards yet, but he wants to wish his gang a Christmas full of laughs.

The movie folks show good taste in the selections of their Greeting Cards

Silver Screen
Give Joan Crawford Credit

The Arts of Acting, of Dancing, of Living Are Hers: She is JOAN of ARTS

By Ben Maddox

She made herself what she is today . . . and she's not yet satisfied.

The Joan Crawford you know is a work of art. A masterpiece of glamour offering visible, tangible proof that beauty and culture can be acquired. Brains? No, you have to be born with them. And Joan was bright in the head from the moment she blinked her eyes open and surveyed the world which she had to conquer. She's the modern maiden version of Cinderella—the ambitious little nobody who waves her own fairy wand.

Joan has deliberately manufactured a personality. A driving will power, that dynamic, determined force in her which demands the best things in life, has literally transformed her from a poor girl, of commonplace looks and thoughts and distinctly below average chances for ever getting out of the everyday rut, into an exciting, brilliant woman.

"Every girl should follow the new rule of conduct," Joan says. "It might be summed up in the phrase, 'Be as attractive as you can and you'll be happy!'

Her own allure has been painstakingly evolved. Her envied face and figure have been artificially produced by persistent experimentation and consistent adherence to the mental plan of improvement she has laid out for herself. Her intense, penetrating mind has been nurtured by hard study. Her warm, vibrant voice has been gained by speaking and singing lessons. They didn't talk the way she does now where she came from.

Even her superb poise has been consciously obtained. I know, because I've stood on the sidelines, watching and marveling at her progress.

Physically and mentally she bears little resemblance to the girl she was six years ago. Why, when she arrived in Hollywood as Lucille Le Sueur, garish hey-hey recruit from a New York chorus, she tipped the scales at 149 pounds! So you see that the world renowned Crawford figure is not a natural. It has been earned. Fortunately, the initial effort of dieting was the greatest. Keeping the curves that entrance a nation is just a routine job.

To me the most human, lovable thing about her today is the way she still seeks ways and means of improvement, and the honesty with which she admits it. "I don't want to be just a movie star," she tells me. "I want to be one of the two or three greatest!"

If my guessing is any good, she soon will be. I believe so because she has that wonderful faculty of being able to accept criticism without resentment—and to profit by it. Most people, you have observed, are firmly convinced that anything said against them is due to sour grapes.

Joan doesn't delude herself, and therein lies her best bet for ultimate greatness. She knows exactly what she started with. The adulation which surrounds her hasn't made her forget or kid herself into considering La Crawford a heaven sent gift to the populace. If
anyone has a kick to make about her, she wants to know what it is. Then she proceeds to her mirror, looks at the woman she finds there, and holds a reckoning.

"A girl's best friend is her mirror!" she insists. "Look at yourself with the critic's eyes. At every angle. Note your good and bad points. Then campaign to correct and diminish your faults and emphasize your most favorable features. Sheer, perfect beauty is given to few women. But you can create the illusion of grace and charm. And in forming something lovely out of the uninteresting and the ordinary you can get a much more fascinating finish than the doll-like, tritely pretty girl has. Beat the rest of the sorority to it. Be your own severest critic!"

Just note what Joan has done for herself.

There wasn't a great deal for her to begin with, except a healthy constitution and a keen brain. As a child she had no advantages. No music or dancing lessons, no nice home in which to entertain, no money for attractive clothes. In fact, all the odds were stacked against her.

Born plain Billie Cassin, in San Antonio, Texas, the daughter of an unhappily mated couple, she never knew her real father. Until she was eight she lived in a tiny house in Lawton, Oklahoma, with her mother and an improvident step-father. Then they moved to Kansas City where the step-father died and her mother had to go to work. Later her mother married again and Joan helped her second step-father run a hand laundry.

Her too few years in school and her six months at college were financed chiefly by her own labor. She was a little slavey in badly run boarding schools, doing all the dirty work. At Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri, she earned her tuition by waiting on tables. The girls there were so snobbish that she quit and went back to Kansas City to find some kind of a job that would pay the money necessary to improve herself.

She took all sorts of jobs, but always got better ones. There was no idea of the movies in her head then. All she wanted to do was to make a success at something. She worked in department stores, in a telephone office. She discovered that she had a talent for dancing and decided that she would become a musical comedy star. Work in night clubs and choruses in Detroit, Chicago, and New York followed. Harry Richman hired her to Charleston and croon "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street" in his exclusive night club.

An M-G-M executive saw her in a Shubert show and was impressed with the fierce determination to stand out that was apparent in the energetic way she sang and danced. She was suddenly given an opportunity to make good in the movies. And how she grabbed it!

She made mistakes when she first arrived in Hollywood, but she profited by them. Unlike most other picture discoveries who are overwhelmed by the influx of easy money, Joan used her head. Flappers were the rage of the moment. She became the most high-class flapper in the colony. Then when long skirts and dignity began to come into style she very seriously went to work eliminating her hey-hey characteristics.

Physically she has followed the advice she now gives others. Her face, for instance. She looked into her mirror and saw that her mouth was really too big, that her lower teeth are not as straight as they should be, that her eyes have a tendency to look huge.

Whereupon she shaped her eyebrows in a more becoming line and learned to rouge her lips so as to make them appear smaller. She realized that a flashing smile was a very important asset for a star. Practice taught her to conceal the two crooked lower teeth.

"My figure was a real problem," she admits candidly. "I am five feet four, and my normal weight should be 150 pounds. When I took my first film test I weighed 149 and it was all solid muscle. [Continued on page 70]
Constance Bennett

She is one of the greatest box office attractions, and that makes you a box office. She plays the parts of little girls who are not complete strangers to life and makes you like them. In fact she is our ideal ruin in pictures, because she carries it off so gaily that we gladly follow after, revising our Victorian standards as we run to catch up. Next "A Lady With a Past"
THE Zoë Akin's gay comedy "The Greeks Had a Word for It" has been screened by Samuel Goldwyn. Ina Claire, in the above scene, is near the window, David Manners stands, Joan Blondell is by Madge Evans at the piano and Lowell Sherman looks cynically on. At the left is Joan in her nightie, or Chanel's nightie to be exact, for it is a very special design with applique of beige lace finished at the hem with the same lace. After this garment Joan will be seen in "Union Depot"—but that is another story.
THIS TIME TALLULAH HAS A FINE STORY

TALLULAH BANKHEAD having been born and bred American has been treated just like one of the family. We have given her poor stories and inconsequential treatment; we put on no airs with Tallulah—she's just one of ourselves. Now "The Cheat" is almost as good as the foreign stars get, and Harvey Stephens and Irving Pichel support her or she supports them—wait and see. At the right, Mr. Pichel and the old branding iron—not a brand new situation, but good for a marvelous thrill—Hot!
PAUL is back from his European vacation and ready to rally round with Clive Brook and the other members of the English clique of Hollywood. His next picture for Fox is "Circumstance". In war times Paul was a soldier, going to the front line trenches directly from his school days at Eton. In his early youth he ran away to sea, and later on, to Canada on a lark. His life has been so full of adventure that he is now writing a book. He lives up to the traditions of a gentleman and is charming and self-effacing...
DICK who for years has turned out pictures that people wanted to see and did, has taken for his next subject a Hungarian play. It is called "Alias the Doctor" and has something to do with a big-hearted fellow who practices without a license. Without knowing a thing about it we can assure you that it will be a rattling fine entertainment and that Dick will maintain his unique position of being the one star who gives his associates a chance at the spotlight.
THE exquisite Lil with the Reinhardt prestige has learned English as quickly as this. She could smile in English even when we talked with her. Her airplane visit to the cities enroute to Hollywood was a great success. She is Americanized. Instead of quickly seizing one's arm to say "Sharming!" We suppose now Lil says "Ha-cha-cha". Did you know she never eats salt? And look at her back!
SHE is the heroine of "Private Lives". In this picture she is co-starred with Robert Montgomery in the new M-G-M campaign to crowd out Old Man Depression from the theatres by crowding the shows full of stars. Norma's "A Free Soul" has held up wonderfully and she is mentioned for the "Best Performance" prize because of her Jan Asche rôle. You know Norma won this trophy last year.
"The Struggle" made by David Wark Griffith is supposed to be a study of American life and Prohibition. The players, Evelyn Baldwin and Jackson Halliday, are by no means subordinated to propaganda. The beautiful sets testify to the experienced Griffith's great knowledge of sympathetic settings for his dramatic periods.
Hollywood in a Hurry!
How Emergencies Are Met In Picture Making

By James M. Fidler

CONSTERNATION reigned on "The Iron Man" set. Lew Ayres, star of the picture, had been given a black eye by a pug employed to play the other man in a rousing prize-fight sequence. True, the script called for a black eye but there were other scenes to be made prior to the shots of the eboned optic. The prize-fighter's blow had been accidental but the results promised to be brutal. Several days delay penciled. The director tore his hair, the efficiency expert groaned about production costs, and Ayres sat morosely on a stool and nursed the injured eye tenderly. The pug who caused it all kept patting Lew awkwardly on the back.

"I didn't mean to do it, kid," he repeated over and over. "Jeez, I didn't mean to do it."

The only unperturbed person on the set was the make-up expert. "Black eye," he echoed when he heard about the accidental punch that threatened to cost the company several thousands of dollars. "I can paint it so you'll never know it."

Half hour later the company resumed work. Close-ups of Ayres were made and now the picture has been shown in thousands of theatres throughout the world. Not one person has become aware of the fact that a number of scenes were made in which Lew Ayres' black eye was painted to look natural.

Quick service is vital to the welfare of motion pictures. Unforeseen problems arise many times during the making of every picture and when it is realized that hundreds of pictures are produced annually, it must be perceived that unusual orders demanding immediate response are common occurrences. Directors request fresh orchids in the middle of the night and in a few minutes they are on the set. In the dead of winter, they demand peach trees in full blossom and get them. No order is too complicated or difficult for fulfillment.

One of the most unusual petitions for sudden service took place during the filming of "The Big House". Particular emphasis on an effect of horror was being sought and the director fretted over some final touches to a prison scene. Wallace Beery suggested that cockroaches would add a nauseous quality, and the idea appealed immediately to the director. But where were cockroaches to be had on such instant notice? Time was precious; scores of extras were waiting; electricians, grips and laborers were idling on union wages, and cameramen, technicians and high-salaried members of the cast were costing the company hundreds of dollars an hour.

A clever property man was committed with the task of securing the bugs, and within half an hour returned with a hundred cockroaches that were soon sharing close-ups with Beery and Montgomery.

Luke Cosgrave, a white-whiskered character actor, obtained a part in "The Squaw Man" by telling Cecil B. DeMille he could drive an old type Ford. The company went on location to Arizona and there Cosgrave discovered that he had to pilot a flivver up a steep mesa and make a sudden turn at the very edge of a precipice. In the back seat of the car were to be Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young. It was a dangerous assignment, even for an experienced driver, and Cosgrave's heart quailed as he peered down the sheer canyon walls. Then he confessed to DeMille that he lied to get the job. Twenty-four hours before the scene was to be made, he told the director he couldn't drive! The company was eight hundred miles from Hollywood and a hurried search revealed that there were no inhabitants who could possibly replace Luke, whereupon C. B. instructed the actor that he had to drive the Ford.

A workman familiar with the eccentricities of aged flivers was detailed to spend the day with Cosgrave and for ten hours the two of them rolled over the rockiest, ruttiest roads in Arizona. The next day found the bewhiskered actor tired, weak and nervous but he navigated the car through the dangerous scenes with only a few mistakes. When [Continued on page 61]
Dust off Four Pedestals

Virginia Brooks

Twin Falls Beauty, She Falls for Pictures and We Fall for Her

SOME twenty years ago—it was on March 26, 1911, if you care for dates—Virginia Brooks was born in Twin Falls, Idaho. She was a cute kid with big blue eyes and golden brown hair and little feet that wouldn’t keep still—much to her nurse’s distress. It was evident even at that early age that she would be either a dancer or a globe-trotter.

While she was still a baby her family moved to San Francisco. They sent her to the public schools there and then to the Lowell High School which gave her a diploma and pronounced her educated. Virginia drew a sigh of relief. Now for a career! Los Angeles seemed to offer better opportunities to a girl who had stage ambitions so her parents notified the postal authorities to forward the mail. Virginia secured her first real acting job with the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and started in “Follow Thru” a few months later in Los Angeles. After that came “Hi, There” and “The Desert Song” with plenty of vaudeville engagements to fill in the spare time.

Of course, it wasn’t long before the big movie magnates, always on the lookout for that ole devil Personality, noticed the pretty little dancer who could also act. She was summoned to the Educational Studios and cast for the leading role in “Crashing Hollywood”. Personality scored again and Virginia was signed by Educational for six more comedies. She’s five feet four inches and weighs 110 pounds.

Adrienne Ames

Adrienne Ames for Screen Glory

ADRIENNE AMES takes the chocolate frosted cake for finding the easiest way to get into pictures. Imagine her surprise when she found herself precipitated into a screen career without even the bother of lifting her finger, or her skirt. Adrienne has been a movie fan ever since she was old enough to look at pictures, but not even in her wildest dreams did she ever think she would be one of those beautiful ladies of the cinema. In this life one never knows—Old Greek Proverb.

In March, 1931, Adrienne and her millionaire husband went to Honolulu on a vacation and stopped over in Hollywood on their way home. Adrienne had heard of the ace camera portraitist, Ruth Harriet Louise, and decided she would have some pictures of herself made. The camera caught her beauty so strikingly that Ruth Harriet sent the studies over to Paramount, and Paramount immediately sent for Adrienne... As simple as that. Adrienne had a small part in “Twenty-Four Hours” and will be seen in “Working Girls” and Chevalier’s “One Hour With You”. Paramount has her signed on contract as a featured player. If you saw her in her first picture you were tremendously impressed with her beauty. She has lovely dark brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 120 pounds. And what a stunning figure. Un-un.

She was born in Fort Worth, Texas, but went to New York to study fashion designing. Along came love in the shape of a rich broker. Followed Europe, Southampton and the Best People—but it’s Hollywood and a movie career now.
in the Hall of Fame

Kathryn Crawford
In "Hit the Deck"
Kathie Hit the Screen

When you see "Flying High" your optics will fall upon a young girl so fresh and vivacious that you will immediately rush home and dash off a fan letter to her. Her name's Kathryn Crawford, in case you want to know. Kathryn has been playing around in Hollywood for several years and has a whole list of pictures to her credit, but her leading part in the M-G-M musical is the best role she has had to date.

Kathryn's real name is Kathryn Crawford Moran and she was born in Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, October 5, 1908. Her father, Michael Moran, was supervisor of a glass factory there. But her family soon moved to Newark, Ohio, where Kathryn was sent to public school, and then to Huntington Park, California, where she went to high school. Then back to Chicago and New York—and the stage.

Kathryn's youthful ambition was to be a great singer so she took vocal lessons and studied hard. But one doesn't jump right into opera so Kathie consoled herself with musical comedies. She was singing in the Los Angeles company of "Hit the Deck" when she was given her first movie contract. She immediately forgot her operatic ambitions and settled down in Hollywood.

She has two hobbies—collecting queer old bottles and assembling the rarest of perfumes. And when she isn't out offering competition to the old bottle man you'll probably find her swimming. Her favorite actress is Bebe Daniels.

Ginger Rogers
She Has the Best Name to Get Famous

Everybody knows Ginger Rogers. Though she is only twenty she has been a stage and screen success for three years—and don't forget her radio audience. She is one of the most popular of the younger actresses in New York.

Ginger was born in Independence, Missouri, but she calls Fort Worth, Texas "home", for it was there she went to school and quickly became a local personality. The little red-haired, freckled faced girl with the tremendous amount of sparkling vivacity was the "hit" of all the local talent affairs of the city. She could dance and she could sing, like nobody's business. The Charleston dance craze swept the country and before long every nook and cranny in the Rogers home was filled with cups and trophies won by Ginger. She captured the Texas State championship which brought her a four-weeks vaudeville tour. She was off!

New York lost no time in becoming Ginger Rogers conscious. She was given one of the leads of "Top Speed", successful musical comedy, and the motion picture industry became interested. Paramount placed her under contract and her first picture for them was "Young Man of Manhattan", followed by others. While she was appearing in "Girl Crazy", a hit of last winter, RKO-Pathe signed her for "The Tip Off" and were so delighted with her that she was given the lead in "Suicide Fleet".

Ginger intensely dislikes telephones and alarm clocks. She likes sweet potatoes and movies, and her favorite actor is Weldon Heyburn. She calls Hollywood "Gablewood".

for January 1932
HOW would you behave?

If:

British officials proposed to erect a statue in your honor? Such a tribute was offered to Chaplin. Would you decline with a modestly whimsical remark such as his, "I'm afraid, if you did that, I never could be funny again"?

Every time you appeared in public, mobs of avid fans swarmed around you, excitedly demanding that you autograph their note-books, cuffs, the backs of mirrors in their purses, or their handkerchiefs?

Suddenly a police escort, with sirens screeching, appeared in front of your car to clear the way for its swift passage along a crowded street, as was Estelle Taylor's experience? In such a circumstance, would you keep the soul of a flivver-driver? Would you, now?

You were waited on in shops ahead of your turn, accorded service in restaurants far superior to that given mere folks? Seats were found for you at the last minute for the opening of a highly publicized show though the hoi polloi had been told that all the tickets were sold?

Upon your arrival at a hotel in any metropolitan city, you found your rooms full of flowers, candies and fruits, gifts of greeting from the management? Such comfortably decorative welcome mats are spread for Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford—in fact, for practically all the well known stars.

In short, how would you act if you were a stellar personage? Would you keep your feet on terra firma and consider yourself just another wage-earner if the public

When Gary Cooper returned to his Alma Mater for a football game, he was entertained by President Maine of Grinnell and Governor Hammel of Iowa. High or low they are proud to know Gary

When Norma Shearer broke the box-office record at the Criterion Theatre, Los Angeles
that Money Couldn't Buy!

By Myrtle Gebhart

Wallace Beery, master of ceremonies at the première of "Strangers May Kiss," introduces Robert Montgomery to the radio audience and gives Bob a lucky piece. How would you behave in Bob's place?

Joan Crawford signs her autograph in the cement entrance to the Chinese Theatre, Hollywood

greeted by twenty thousand people, stampeding each other for a closer view, with shouted compliments shrill upon the air. Dock policemen had to carry her on their shoulders in order to get her aboard the Bremen. A number of her admirers were so eager for a final glimpse that they had to be taken off the boat by force.

When Garbo sauntered into the Mission Inn unexpectedly for lunch on, the excited manager hastily ordered the balcony roped off for her. There she lunched in solitary grandeur, scrutinized by barrage of curious eyes. Whispered comments on her choice of food, on her riding-habit and beret, on her looks, rolled up to her table on the dais. If you were Garbo, would it be easy to think of yourself as a common, ordinary mortal?

The entrance of each player into a theatre on première night, or his emergence from a Boulevard café any noon-time, resembles the triumphal march of a conquering hero, cheered loudly by the sidewalk gallery. He must acknowledge each [Continued on page 86]

mobbed you whenever you stuck your head out-of-doors, if stacks of eulogistic letters reached you daily from all over the world, if you were enormously well paid for your labor, if lights everywhere twinkled the message of your name, if newspapers and magazines clamored for new photos, for interviews? If your least gesture or opinion were italicized and broadcasted?

Would you remain the humbly grateful servant of the public? The chances are that, at some time or other, your human nature would swell up a trifle at such lavish attentions showered upon you, a celebrity.

Upon sailing for Europe, Constance Bennett was greeted by twenty thousand people, stampeding each other for a closer view, with shouted compliments shrill upon the air. Dock policemen had to carry her on their shoulders in order to get her aboard the Bremen. A number of her admirers were so eager for a final glimpse that they had to be taken off the boat by force.

When Garbo sauntered into the Mission Inn unexpectedly for lunch, the excited manager hastily ordered the balcony roped off for her. There she lunched in solitary grandeur, scrutinized by barrage of curious eyes. Whispered comments on her choice of food, on her riding-habit and beret, on her looks, rolled up to her table on the dais. If you were Garbo, would it be easy to think of yourself as a common, ordinary mortal?

The entrance of each player into a theatre on première night, or his emergence from a Boulevard café any noon-time, resembles the triumphal march of a conquering hero, cheered loudly by the sidewalk gallery. He must acknowledge each [Continued on page 86]
HOT LUPE!

The Pepper Box From Mexico Adds Spice to Many a Luncheon Conversation

By Jeanne de Kolty

"HELLO, everybody!" she shouts, barging onto the set.

She doesn't differentiate between the high and the low. She's not friendly with just a chosen few. She's everybody's pal. Her name is Lupe Velez.

Directors greet her informally; cameramen, equally casually. Sound men boom, "Hello, Lupe!" Prop boys call, "G'morning, Lupe!" Even the most obscure carpenter perched precariously on the highest rafter, cease his hammering long enough to yell, "Hi!"

There's no "Miss Velez" about her. Nobody feels that a personage has arrived on the set. There is no bowing or scraping. Nothing has changed, save that Lupe, one of the gang, has arrived for work.

All this might give the impression that Lupe is the world's best sport—indeed, a perfect human. Don't get me wrong. She's not. Perfect humans, we are told, don't exist. If they did, Lupe wouldn't be one.

I first met her way back in the good old days—remember?—at the beginning of that famous occurrence, the advent of talkies. She was making "Lady of the Pavements" and I had to interview her.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. She hadn't been in Hollywood so very long. It was all still rather thrilling. Her little brother was present and the pair of them worked hard to live up to the rôle Lupe had created for herself of a "hot tamale". They showed me scars of many battles they had fought together, and regaled me with tales of Lupe's escapades, trials and the innumerable masculine hearts she had broken.

"I arrive een zees contree weet' only wan dollar!" she told me, eyes alight with excitement. A week or so previous, an interview had been published in which Mary Nolan told how she lived three days in England on one dollar. It was a good story. Lupe decided to adopt it for herself.

The whole interview was more or less like that. It lasted long into the afternoon. As I was leaving, Lupe assured me that we should be "beeg" friends.

I had a sneaking hunch that she didn't even remember what publication I represented.

Neither Lupe nor I guessed that a short time later I would be "holding script" on one of her pictures. It happened in the way that everything of importance seems to happen in Hollywood—by accident.

A once famous star who, at the time, was said to be "out", was cast in a super-production. Everything was set and the company left Hollywood for location, I going as script girl.

From the beginning, the picture seemed doomed. The star was not satisfied with her part. The director was not satisfied with her. A terrible day, during which the entire company of sixty or more felt the strain, ensued.

That night at dinner someone remarked that the star was miscast. The opinion was unanimous.

"You know," the co-director suggested, "that rôle calls for a more vivacious girl. Someone with pep and sex appeal. Lupe what's-er-name out at M-G-M could do it; but she's under contract."

The director agreed. How the matter was finally negotiated remains a mystery. Suffice it to say that the next day the company returned to Hollywood and tests of Lupe Velez were viewed in the projection room. She immediately started work on the picture.

In the following years I learned much of Lupe Velez. Never dreaming that some day I would again attempt to be a writer, she did many things which she might otherwise have refrained from.

Her initial outburst of temperament occurred on our first day of "shooting" in snow. It was bitterly cold. Snow piled six to eight feet outside the train from which we were "shooting".

Lupe's rôle required a French accent. The dialectician who was coaching her [Continued on page 72]
SECOND LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN B. LYON, JR., of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron, U. S. Army Air Corps, holds an army pilot's rating card—and thereby hangs a tale.

Unlike most events of great magnitude (and this is a matter of great import to Ben Lyon) it did not have a small beginning. Surely one hundred and ten hours in the air cannot be considered a small beginning for an air record which led to the movie star attaining the highest rating which can be achieved in aviation.

Ben is mighty proud of his commission and rating. It meant a few years of hard, gruelling work. Weeks of study and physical training which led to disturbing examinations which, in themselves, consumed days on end.

The A. P. rating means not only that he may solo an army ship, but that he is a perfect specimen of manhood, physically and mentally, with a knowledge of aviation that includes everything from the tightening of a spark plug to the formation and movement of clouds.

It all began when Ben was making "Hell's Angels".

For a total of one hundred and ten hours, Ben was ensconced in the nose of a bombing plane high in the air.

"And," Ben added parenthetically, "if I knew then what I know now, I would never have gone up in the thing, and hence would not have been in "Hell's Angels", and ergo would not now be an army flier."

His position in the nose, or the "meat can", as it was known to war-time flyers, of the bombing plane was always considered the most dangerous to aviators. He was between two propellers. If anything hit either one of them and chipped it, it would go through him like a knife. Besides, the plane itself was an old army "crate" with a dubious lease on life.

Ignorance was bliss. Ben got the thrill of his life out of all this flying, and when the picture was finished he not only had the feel of the air, but had a decided bee in his bonnet in regard to aviation.

That was in 1928. Ben couldn't wait for time off to get in some lessons and practice.

During two weeks off during the filming of "Hell's Angels", he went over to F. B. O. to make a picture. During his lunch hour he would dash down to a nearby air field where he would spend a half hour in the air receiving instructions from Pilot Lloyd Anderson, his first teacher.

Sunday he took a full hour lesson, and after running up the grand total of five and a half hours of instruction he soloed.

"I shall never forget the thrill of being alone in the air for the first time," he reminisced. "It is the most eerie and yet the most exalted feeling I have ever experienced. Alone in the clouds—my destiny in my own hands—and the hard earth dimly seen through a light haze at my feet."

"My [Continued on page 78]"
A Fool for
No Wonder a Moron Whistles
—He Gets the Breaks

WHY is it that screen fame, which is so difficult for a hero-type player to win, is lavished upon a comedian? Why is it that when a comic comes along we make as much fuss over him as Eugenie made over that feather in her hat?

The fools have the luck.

The boobs get the breaks.

If you don't believe me, just name the leading comedians of films. Stuart Erwin, Jack Oakie, Charles Ruggles, Marie Dressler, Joan Blondell—oh, you go on from there—you know them as well as I do.

Many a young leading man is leading a forlorn hope up a side street while the irrepressible comic cops the contract.

Take Stuart Erwin, for instance (just try to take him now, when he's billing and cooing with June Collyer Erwin—the lucky dog. "Stu," I mean, not June). "Stu" isn't the sort of chap that makes us girls have palpitation of the heart. We can't get the least bit romantic over him—and yet, we know he'd be fun to have around. A darned sight more fun, in fact, than one of the handsome brotherhood who, after all, would be infinitely wearing and tearing on both our nerves and our complexions.

Imagine having to live up to the Barrymore profile! Think of how we'd feel if Buddy Rogers caught us without rouge on our cheeks or mascara on our eyes! But with "Stu" we wouldn't mind. We'd feel just about as upset as when the boy next door, whom we've known ever since grammar school days, drops in to borrow a new victrola record and catches us with water-wave combs in our hair.

And then there's the "first inebriate of the screen," Charlie Ruggles. (Ruth Chatterton is the "first lady," so why not a few other..."

Joan Blondell now in
"The Greeks Had A
Word For It" got in
by leaving her dig-
nity outside

Charles Ruggles pretends to be
squiffy, soused and cockeyed and
so becomes the hero of America

When Joe E. Brown opened his
mouth a silver spoon and a
whole dinner set fell in

Silver Screen
“firsts”? The contest is now on, but no prizes.)

Charlie’s not what you’d call a Romeo. But, after all, what girl feels like playing Juliet every night? Draping oneself over a balcony might be all right once in awhile, say on Thanksgiving and Christmas, but for an everyday diet, a level plane is much more satisfactory.

And besides, Charlie seems so understanding ... He’s weak himself and so we know that he wouldn’t lecture us if he caught us in a weak moment, too.

Another lad who has of late been drinking his way to fame and fortune is Monroe Owsley. And what a lot of fun that lad is! In fact, we know we’d enjoy going to a cabaret with Monroe—he’d be the life of the party and wouldn’t mind if his hair got mussed or we stepped on his toes.

Monroe’s first picture was “Holiday,” after which he drank himself to even bigger and better rôles. Until finally, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make a hero of him in “This Modern Age,” opposite Joan Crawford.

But when the picture was completed, executives gave one look at it and asked why waste a good comedian on the kind of a rôle that almost any actor in Hollywood could adequately fill? So, the last half of it was remade, in order that Monroe might continue his own inimitable method of clowning ... or should I say drowning?

For there are a hundred heroes for every good comedian in pictures. And a good comic has a price above rubies!

It was her humorous antics that made Marie Dressler what she is today. Of course, Marie’s a swell actress. But it was because of her ability to “put over” broad comedy that she managed to remain in pictures throughout the lean years until “Anna Christie” arrived with her big opportunity.

And Joan Blondell probably had Marie in mind when she descended upon Hollywood. For her first rôles were those of wise-cracking, amusing young women without a serious thought under their pre-Eugenie bonnets. (Remember Joan in “The Office Wife”?)

But because she made those characters so human and so likeable, Joan has been promoted to dramatic rôles and Wampas Baby Stardom at one and the same time. In the future she’ll be allowed moments of sentimental dallying and even a hero or two to boot!

She’s not the least bit beautiful, this Joan. Nice legs, yes, and a cunning gamin-like smile—but nothing tender or glamorous or pristine about her. Yet Joan’s definitely the type of girl with [Continued on page 72]
Bela Lugosi, the Hungarian actor, has a home of modest and simple exterior on a quiet street in Hollywood.

And to pass him on the street you would think: "A calm man, with military bearing. Fine physique. A little sadness in the face. Clothes not at all outstanding." For such is Bela. (Pronounced Bee-la.)

But the real character of the actor’s home lies on the other side of the heavy paneled door. A long living room with walls that rise twenty feet to the ceiling. A concert grand piano close beside the huge studio window that looks up to the hills of Hollywood. Fine paintings. Rare books well read. Monterey furniture with deep leather cushions. A sense of vast space.

Of himself, Lugosi says he does not want people to see his clothes first and himself afterward. He thinks the personality should outshine all the details of dress. That is the reason you will find him in ready-made suits for every day. It is only on the occasion of studio calls, social festivities, and very special days that his valet can persuade him to get into his exquisitely tailored clothes.

Three years on the stage in the title rôle of “Dracula,” followed by the same rôle in the film version, and other picture characterizations of eerie nature, apparently have permanently identified the name of Bela Lugosi with the weird and unusual.

Fan letters come to him from all over the world and they are all written in the same vein. They come from people who sense in him the supernatural, and who wish to ask him questions about life and themselves which he cannot possibly answer. They come from movie fans who have heard strange tales about his childhood in the Hungarian town of Lugos, and believe it is his early association with vampires and medieval ghosts that enables him to play his vivid characterizations.

A letter of this latter type always makes Bela smile.

Born in a country town that had been named for one of his ancestors when he founded it as a hamlet, Bela’s childhood was the usual husky, absorbing life of the country boy. He had his donkey to ride over the town and into the country. The fact that his family, well fixed financially, were already planning a distinguished career for him as a statesman or a banker did not trouble him during this happy period of his life. A childhood memory that stands out sharply in Lugosi’s mind concerns the circumstances of earning his first money—a sum equal to about ten cents.

“A girl in the village park offered me the money if I would hold her dog while she sat on a bench and kissed her sweetheart."

Bela says he remembers that he certainly earned the money, because the kisses became quite lengthy affairs, and the dog pulled hard on his leash, and he himself was only seven and was soon tired out.

Other letters that come to Lugosi remark about his extremely long and fascinating hands; and his eyes which are like no eyes of living man.

“Make-up, only make-up,” said Lugosi. “But some of these people who write me could never believe that. Possibly they would not care to know that I like to keep my nails short. That I haven’t a double joint in my body. That my eyes without make-up are no more mysterious than theirs. That I do not use sugar nor butter and that I have a schedule of exercises that I practise absolutely every day in the year.

“Circumstances made me the theatrical personality I am, which many people believe is also a part of my personal life. My next picture, ‘Murders in the Rue Morgue,’ will continue to establish me as a weird, gruesome creature. As for my own feelings on the subject, I have always felt I would rather play—say Percy Marmont roles than Lon Chaney types of things.”

During his early ‘teen years Bela was deeply attracted to the theatre. He had read “Romeo and Juliet” so many times he knew the whole thing by heart. When the leading man of the traveling show which was to present the Shakespearean play in the Hungarian town took sick, Bela went to the manager and asked to be put on as a substitute.

Lugosi made good in this [Continued on page 70]
WAR IN BOUDOIRS

GRETA GARBO and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari", the great drama of war and sacrifice, which is the story of this famous and beautiful spy. A secret agent pays such a price when discovered that every moment of life is brittle with danger. And what if she falls in love?
THE BELOVED BACHELOR
Rating: GOOD
Paramount
Paul Lukas who used to be such a fascinating and sinister menace has now turned sympathetic and heroic. But you'll like him even better than before. In this picture he plays a handsome and kindly bachelor who has been disappointed in love. To save a little girl from the horrors of an Orphan Asylum he adopts her. When she is eighteen she falls in love with him—and his old love returns from New York. Who wins?

THE CISCO KID
Rating: GOOD
Fox
This is a picture that takes you back to the days when the screen was the border line between outlaw Mexico and the Romantic Ranchos. In those days horse flesh had sex appeal. Warner Baxter, the Cisco Kid, carries out the beautiful Robin Hood tradition and robs from the rich to give to the poor—he robs from the bank to give to the prettiest Widder Woman you ever saw. Eddie Lowe is the Law, and Nora Lane the Widder.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE
Rating: GOOD
Warner
William Powell now performs for Warner Brothers—but it's the same William Powell, still suave and sophisticated and a bit naughty. It seems that over in Singapore the British are rather snobby and don't care to associate with William because he was named as co-respondent in a divorce case. But William doesn't mind—he simply walks off with the doctor's wife and finds perfect love. Lovely Doris Kenyon and Marian Marsh are in it.

SUSAN LENOX:
HER FALL AND RISE
Rating: EXCELLENT
M-G-M
Garbo finds opportunity in this old story by David Graham Phillips to be forlorn, to be terror stricken, and to be utterly desirable. Clark Gable is the leading man, and he infuses such reality and fire into his role that Garbo's patient, all-enduring love becomes a beautiful thing. The plot is rather vague at times, and often melodramatic, but you do not realize this for you are completely lost in the charm of the Garbo. In fact, there might not be any plot for all you care!

MONKEY BUSINESS
Rating: EXCELLENT
Paramount
In this picture the Four Marx Brothers are funnier than a barrel of monkeys. Their humor is illogical, absurd, foolish and silly, and you laugh! Look out for your operation when Groucho goes into his tango with Thelma Todd, which he does on every possible occasion. The dumb Harpo doesn't get a girl to dance with him but he tries hard enough. When every few minutes you hear an unusually loud guffaw you can know that Harpo is chasing another gal.
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD
Rating: EXCELLENT M-G-M

Just when you had about decided that you simply didn't like William Haines along comes Willie in one of the funniest pictures of the year and you feel yourself warming up to the lad in a big way. Of course, old "Schmooze" Durante and Ernest Torrence have a lot to do with the hilarity of this film but Haines is in rare form too. It's all about three delightful crooks and their amusing adventures with suckers. You'll like it. Leila Hyams is the femme appeal.

THE MAD GENIUS
Rating: GOOD Warners

John Barrymore turns in another impressive performance which holds you spell-bound in your seats. It's a powerful, at times horrible picture, but it carries a big thrill. Barrymore plays the illegitimate son of a ballet dancer, born with the soul of an artist, but the body of a cripple. All his dreams of becoming a great dancer are fulfilled in a frustrating whom he trains, and whose romance he wrecks, so that nothing will stand in the way of art. There's a blood-curdling climax.

THE TIP-OFF
Rating: GOOD RKO-Pathé

A mild gangster picture which has some humorous moments that are sure to please. Eddie Quillan as a likable radio salesman gets involved in the frame-up of a prize fighter and makes a friend of the dumb cluck. He goes to a gangster's ball and runs away with the Big Boy's girl friend and after that it becomes a chase picture. Bob Armstrong as the prize fighter and Ginger Rogers, his lady love, furnish most of the humor.

LEFTOVER LADIES
Rating: GOOD Tiffany

Here is a picture with tremendous feminine appeal adapted from a story by Ursula Parrott. Leftover Ladies are women who have sacrificed matrimony for a career and "freedom" and who find themselves losing beauty, youth and happiness in exchange for independence. Take the girl friend to this and she'll change her mind about becoming an author. The swell cast includes Marjorie Rambeau, Claudia Dell, and Alan Mowbray.

HEARTBREAK
Rating: FAIR Fox

Here is another one of those feckle old plots which should have behaved itself and stayed in its grave instead of disturbing the peace of mind of good people. It's wartime in Vienna in 1916 (and you just know there's a waltz) and a young officer is in love with an Austrian countess. He kills her brother in battle and she says she never wants to see him again but hastily changes her mind. Charles Farrell and Madge Evans are in it.

for January 1932
IS IT true that Marlene “Legs” Dietrich will never make another picture in America? And after all that publicity! Goodness gracious.

BERT LEVEY, the artist-actor was commissioned by Carl Laemmle, Jr., to make a portrait of the young movie mogul, so the story goes. When Bert completed the work he brought it out to Junior, who upon looking at it said, “Why, that looks like Irving Thalberg.” Levey was flustered. “Yes, I was thinking of him when I made it,” Levey is reported stating. “Your mind is too prolific,” said Junior, and Levey has the painting.

GARY COOPER felt all tired out after completing “His Woman” and he asked Mr. Lasky for a leave of absence from picture making. And Mr. Lasky remembered Garyl’s flawless five-year record and gave it to him. So the Montana-lad-who-went-New York sailed immediately on the S.S. Augustus whose first stop is Naples. It seems that there is a Countess Prasso on board, too. It may mean something.

MIRIAM HOPKINS who is getting some place in fast tempo in this picture business dashed to New York directly after she had finished “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” for a two weeks’ vacation before shooting started on the “The Jazz King”. She entertained the newspaper and magazine lads and lassies at her apartment on Waverly Place in Greenwich Village one afternoon. One snoopy writer discovered a book with the pages uncut—but as it was a naughty book ‘tis just as well.

RONALD COLMAN gave an informal tea to the press the afternoon he sailed for Europe in his suite on the S.S. Conte Grande, and the nautical-minded press gave Mr. Colman a rousing bon voyage. (What’s the idea of all the film stars sailing on the Italian line? It can’t be the spaghetti.) Ronnie will have a grand vacation in Italy, France and deah old Lurnon, and will be back next year to make two more pictures for Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn has just signed him on another five-year contract which calls for only two pictures a year. Too bad. The fans would like to see Ronnie more often than that, but he believes in quality and not quantity. His “Arrowsmith” will open on Broadway about Christmas time and the local intelligentsia are all aflutter. P.S. Mrs. Dorothy Caruso was also on the Conte Grande but I don’t think it means anything.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is a big girl now. The Sidney jaws started swelling on the “Ladies of the Big House” set the other day and some one yelled “mumps” and started a panic. But it happened to be a wisdom tooth and it had to be yanked out. Ouch!

THE easiest and quickest way to discover “Who Belongs to Whom in Hollywood” is to attend a premiere. At the opening of “Consolation Marriage” at the Carthay Circle, Irene Dunne, the shining star of the evening, arrived in a taxi with that included Paul Sloane, his wife, and Leo Carillo; Dorothy Lee (in ermine and sables, my dears!) was squired by Marshall Duffield; Joan Bennett was leaning on a cane and Hugh Trevor; Linda Watkins was escorted by Victor Shapiro, Mary Astor by her new husband, Dr. Franklin Thorpe, and Connie Bennett by the ever constant Marquis. Mary Brian arrived minus Russell Gleason but plus University of California football player. Clark Gable was with the missus and was completely deluged with an onslaught of autograph hounds. And it wasn’t so long ago that that Gable boy couldn’t even sign a blank check!

WHAT Is This Thing Called Love? Ask Ann Harding—she knows! While Ann was visiting friends in Westport, Connecticut, recently she happened to mention in one of her letters to Harry (Husband) Bannister that the only thing from the East that she missed in California were pepper trees.

A few days later she returned home to find two enormous pepper trees in her garden. Harry had them transplanted from the East and transplanted as a welcome home surprise for Ann. Wonder what would have happened if Ann had written she missed the Empire State Building?

EDDIE QUILLAN and Maureen O’Sullivan may take a trip to the altar. Eddie is sweet on the Irish Colleen, and they pal together. But Eddie had better keep an eye on John Warburton, who is playing opposite Maureen in “Thirty Days”. We glimpsed the two holding hands on the studio lot, and looking “that way” at each other. But they may have only been rehearsing a scene, Eddie! Tweet tweet!

A snap shot of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife Joan Crawford, which shows the same poise and charm as a studio portrait posed by a master photographer.

Gloria Swanson, Ex-Marquise, and her director, Mervyn LeRoy, with the script of “Tonight or Never” and some iced tea. Yes, she is prone to differ with her director.
Man at Work. Jackie Cooper considers a suggestion from Director King Vidor with regard to the nuances of a scene in “The Champ”

DID you know that Paramount operates a completely-equipped printing plant in its Hollywood studios? Any newspaper in the world can be reproduced there, and any type of sub-title created. Former newspaper reporters prepare the “stories” and headings which are used during the acting of various film stories.

THAT illustrious lady of the stage, Jane Cowl, is having a grand time in Hollywood renewing friendships with all the ex-Broadwayites, and learning how pictures are made. She is quite often seen (and heard) on the sidelines at the different studios where “shooting” is going on. All of which brings to mind that delightful Barrymore anecdote. Have you heard it?

It seems that when the Crown Prince of the Royal Family of Barrymores was appearing on Broadway in the stage production of “Hamlet”, Jane Cowl occupied a stage box at one of the matinée performances. It is quite a well known fact that Miss Cowl, on all her excursions into the public limelight, is not only seen but heard—and this particular afternoon proved no exception to the rule.

John Barrymore hadn’t been on the stage five minutes when he knew Jane Cowl was in the audience. But he didn’t acknowledge her presence until the end of the performance, when in making his customary curtain speech, he bowed in the direction of Miss Cowl’s box and said, “And in conclusion, may I take this opportunity to thank Miss Jane Cowl for the privilege of co-starring with her this afternoon?”

SYLVIA, the erstwhile star thumper (masseuse to you on Park Avenue) of Hollywood, has brought out a book. She tells all—and are the stars burning!

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, holder of many world records for swimming events, has been selected by M-G-M for the role of Tarzan in the revival of the Edgar Rice Burroughs’ African adventure stories. Remember the creepy thrills you used to get out of the silent Tarzan episodes? The choice of Weissmuller for this part followed a series of exhaustive tests to find some one with a perfect physique whose other qualifications were also up to the desired standard. Goodness knows the Weissmuller physique in a bathing suit is well known to every one who has followed sports these last few years.

EVELYN ROSETTA ASTHER, the International Baby, has been tendered a gold membership card by the Breakfast Club of Hollywood. She is the Club’s youngest member to date and is moreover the most talked-of baby in America. She is known as the International Baby because she was born in Bavaria of a Swedish father and an American mother and three countries, including Germany, claimed her as their citizen. She was admitted under a visitor’s passport after several months of wrangling, and caught her first glimpse of papa Nils upon her seven-months’ birthday. Papa Nils Ascher is appearing next in “The Cardboard Lover”. Mama Vivian Duncan Asther has just been ordered by the Court to pay party damages to Gertrude Astor.

Elissa Landi, Fox star, goes home to London for a vacation and tells her mother all about being a Hollywood beauty. The Countess Landi seems to be a proud mother.

HOWARD HUGHES spent seventy-five thousand dollars building a steam motor car. When his mechanics said it was finished he had it tried out. It blew up and seventy-five thousand went into the Hollywood ozone. Mister, can I have a nickel for a cup of coffee?

HELEN TWELEVTREES insists that she is not superstitious, but she never fails to wear an old pair of shoes the first day of every production. And she was quite happy over finding a shiny pin the day she started work on “Second Shot”. “Now, I know everything will go right,” she asserted. No, she isn’t superstitious.

IN THE city that has no heart—Hollywood, Edgar Lewis, seven years ago earning $1,500 a week as a director now earns four dollars a day as an extra man. Jerome Storm, director of the Charlie Ray success, is a property man at the Hal Roach studios, Ella Hall, Universal serial star, works in a Hollywood drugstore at twenty per week. John Ince, brother of Thomas Ince, who used to direct for Metro, glad now to get extra work. Florence Turner, First Lady of the screen, can be found in the extra ranks. An extra...this first queen of the movies.

A SHIPMENT of $1,000,000 has just arrived at the Paramount Hollywood studios and is being stored in the vaults for future use in pictures. It is “stage money”. Uncle Sam won’t let anyone photograph real money.

[Continued on page 61]
A Broken Back
and a
Stiff Upper Lip

Little Evalyn Knapp Is Up Again
and On Her Way to Stardom

By George M. Thomas

The slender, blue-eyed Kansas City girl who stepped into Dorothy Mackail's rôle in "River's End" at the eleventh hour to astonish studio officials by her remarkable dramatic performance, and whose portrayal of George Arliss' daughter in "The Millionaire" was termed sensational, has now in turn, amazed the medical fraternity of Hollywood.

They call Evalyn Knapp "the miracle girl".

Two months ago they doubted if she would ever walk again.

A month ago they thought that if she ever did walk, it would not be for at least six months.

Today she is walking—with the aid of her nurse but nevertheless she is walking. And as this is written, it is just eight weeks since she fell over a cliff in the Hollywood hills and was carried to the hospital, her back so badly injured that surgeons feared it might be broken beyond repair.

It was on a Sunday, exactly eight weeks from the day of her fall, that Evalyn was permitted to sit up for her first meal out of bed. And it was the first time that she talked at length on her tragic experience—but as she talked she smiled that wistful, but happy smile that has endeared her to thousands of film fans.

In a Spanish apartment on a side street in Hollywood, with the afternoon sun streaming in through three huge French doors, Evalyn sat where she could see the automobiles passing in the street below.

"It looks like a different world when you see it from this angle," Evalyn said. "After weeks of looking at nothing, but the ceiling of a hospital room, this is heaven.

"The accident seems a good deal like a dream now,"

she continued. "No matter how long I live, I will never forget the few minutes I was there on the rock, with the hot sun shining in my face and waiting for hours— it seemed—for my brother Stanley to bring help to me.

"I can well believe the stories they tell about what a drowning person thinks of in a few seconds, or the mental pictures seen by a person falling from a tall building. I did more thinking in that half hour than I ever did in a similar period in all my life. I tried to calm myself, after the panic of the first few seconds, when I was falling, and tried to make myself realize that I really couldn't be seriously injured.

"And I really think this helped me, too, because Stanley hadn't run more than a mile until he found a Hollywood police radio car. The policemen who came to my aid knew just how to move me—otherwise, the doctors said, the injury would have been much worse—in fact, might have been irreparable.

"So I honestly believe that I really helped myself as I lay there in the sun, with that rock almost breaking my back, and my face swelling from the blow when I knocked my knee against my chin."

As she fell, Evalyn's knee hit her chin, driving her teeth clear through her lower lip. This has now entirely healed, there being no trace whatever of a scar.

"When I got to the hospital I found that the first seven days were the worst," she continued. "I really didn't have any fun at all. After the first week it wasn't quite so bad, although they loaded me down with bags of sand each night. [Continued on page 71]"
WARREN WILLIAM

He is very like John Barrymore but with a distinct personality of his own. There is a strength and swagger to him that carried "The Honor of the Family" safely to a very dramatic goal. Warren has the slow tempo of the experienced player. When he appears in "The Captain's Wife", which will be the first picture Lil Dagover will make for First National, you will see a scholarly performance and will feel the drama of his pauses.
THERE has never been a Karen before on the screen; Joans, yes, Gretas, dozens, but Karen starts her own private cult. Nicely started too, with a small bit here in "Inspiration" and a little bit there with Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet". Karen is slim and lovely and she got the picture atmosphere when she was in the University of California at Los Angeles. She broke in by reading Garbo's lines while the director was testing applicants. But it was all the same with Karen
WHAT a friend to have! If you saw "Bad Girl" you will remember Minna Gombel as the worldly and loyal friend of Sally Eilers. While James Dunn and Sally received the flowers and cheers, Minna had a very big share in putting this hit picture over into the "Outstanding Success" column. She is a Broadway legit lady and how she is going in Hollywood! She has finished "Good Sport" and "Rainbow Trail" and in "After Tomorrow" she is to be the featured leading lady, as she deserves
TIME was when an actor advertised his genius with spats and sticks, chokers and stocks and other sartorial splendors. Frank Albertson is a product of a different school of thought. He was a prop boy at Fox, then some small parts in the silents (one with O'Brien) and then he broke through in talking parts and is now in "Other People's Business" for R.K.O. The "props" are all for Frank
WHEN M-G-M took the notion to put more than one star in a picture, Greta Garbo was selected to be Ramon Novarro's leading woman, or Ramon was selected to be Greta's leading man. Anyway, Ramon is envied by all the other men on the lot and he had to get a dog to protect him as he goes to and fro while making "Mata Hari". He is a chile con carne enthusiast; Ramon—not the hound
Ina Claire wearing a mink coat. This is not a Chanel model, but the aristocratic charm of its proportions was selected by Miss Claire for her wardrobe in "The Greeks Had a Word for It."

An unusual evening wrap designed by Chanel for Ina Claire to wear in the forthcoming Sam Goldwyn production. It is of eggshell velvet trimmed with blonde fitch. Perhaps, a large measure of the grace of the wrap is Ina Claire's nonchalant pose.
The complete wedding gown which ends in a long sectional train. The belt at the waistline is characteristically Chanel. It is of the same material as the gown and is knotted on the side. This is the dress that Ina Claire did not wear when divorced from John Gilbert.
This is really an off stage picture. Montgomery did not have to be so attentive, but you know these great actors have to keep in the atmosphere, and Una is sufficient excuse. In "Private Lives", Norma Shearer's new picture, Bob and Una are bride and groom and a handsome couple. Una is our favorite comedienne and this seems like a tough spot for her.
Robert Montgomery 
TELLS HIS 
LIFE STORY 

to 
Marquis Busby

I BELIEVE I said before that Alice in Wonderland was an old timer compared to the Robert Montgomery who arrived in Hollywood two years ago. I had never seen the place before. My other trip to Los Angeles was on an oil freighter, and all I saw of the city was a view from the harbor. Los Angeles harbor is a good many miles from Hollywood, and I had never seen the town where the movies came from. I thought it was utterly mad and impossible at first. I hated the place, and wondered what on earth had possessed me to give up a good job in New York and cross the continent for such an uncertain thing as a picture career.

M-G-M didn’t waste much time in putting me to work. I was cast immediately for “So This Is College”. Elliot Nugent was in it, too. He didn’t think much of pictures then, either. I had met him casually in New York. We became the best of friends while we were working on that picture. We still are, as a matter of fact. We had a grand time feeling superior to the entire motion picture business, and we must have been about as popular with the studio as an epidemic of scarlet fever.

My first “call-down” came when I arrived an hour late at the studio. I was delayed at home with a long distance call from New York. A member of the family was seriously ill, and I didn’t want to leave the house until that call had been put through to New York. I had tried to call the stage where we were working at the studio, and there was no answer. I was too new to the game to know that I should have telephoned the production office.

Well, I knew that storm clouds were about to break the minute I walked on the set. You could fairly hear thunder in the air. Such a lacing as I received. I stood just so much of it.

“I don’t have to listen to any such conversation,” I said. “I’m accustomed to dealing with gentlemen. Good day.”

You know that line about fools rushing in. I started for the door. The fellow who had been hauling me over the coals looked as if he had been struck by lightning. I was doing an unheard of thing, and I suppose he thought that I was stark, raving mad.

Of course, I’m not bragging about this. I just didn’t know any better then. I do now. We patched up our difficulties but Elliot and I caused the director at least one more very disagreeable evening.

We were told to report out on the back lot one evening for the bonfire scenes in “So This Is College”. We sat around for hours and it seemed to us that we were being treated very badly—both “unjust and lousy conduct”—as the flapper says. Without saying another word we drove over to Elliot’s house. Two hours later the studio reached us. They had called every place but the dog pond and the local home for the aged. We were holding up production, and they wanted us on the set right at that moment.

Our game of “hookey” was costing the studio thousands of dollars.

Back to the studio we drove, and sat around for another hour. Again we started out, but this time the director had fixed things. The studio gates were closed and locked. But, anyway, we did do the scene immediately after that. No one was taking chances. Perhaps they thought we might climb the fence like a couple of schoolboys.

It all seemed very childish, that procedure, now. I was completely unfamiliar with the motion picture business. I didn’t know that patience is one of the first things a picture actor has to learn. You don’t know about such waiting around as that on the stage. It seemed inconsiderate to me. I repeat that I know better now.

There was nothing unusually exciting about my two next pictures, “Three Wise Fools”, and “Untamed”. The latter picture, in which I appeared opposite Joan Crawford, did help me a lot. I liked my role in “The Big House”, but my best break came in “Strangers May Kiss”, with Norma Shearer.

I think I like that picture [Continued on page 71]
The EX-WIFE who went BACK to GIRLHOOD

Loretta Young is Eager for Life and Love But Not That One

NOT even the memory of an "impetuous marriage," now labeled a mistake, can rob Loretta of the opinion that being a motion picture celebrity is great fun; more fun in fact than being the valedictorian of a high school class. If there be those who sigh over Loretta's loss of all the little thrills of young girlhood, they should keep their regrets to themselves. Loretta does not need their sympathy—at least not yet.

Loretta Young is known about Hollywood as the girl who grew up over-night. A long-legged, somewhat awkward, gangling girl became an amazingly attractive young woman, looking much older than she really was, almost between week-ends. The stories of her "discovery" are essentially true, but it was not a surprise discovery. Loretta, then known as Gretchen, was brought up with the idea of spending her life and her talents on stage or screen. She had been groomed for the part from the age of five.

By the simple expedient of moving back to her mother's comfortable but not ostentatious home in Los Angeles, Loretta announced to the world, some months ago, that her marriage to Grant Withers was an experiment which had failed. It was from this home that she eloped twice with Grant, once for an airplane trip which ended in marriage in Yuma, Arizona; once, two days later, also with Grant, to their Hollywood apartment, thereby putting a quietus on her mother's insistence that the marriage be annulled.

Sobered a little but not altogether chastened by this experience, Loretta has resumed her old standing in the household, a household tremendously popular with Hollywood's younger set, due to the presence there of two attractive unmarried sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. Now Loretta, too, has joined their gayety and is seen occasionally with various escorts at her old haunts, the Cocoanut Grove and the Roosevelt Blossom Room. It is all very much as it was before that marriage.
Helen Hayes says she likes everything about Hollywood but the hours. This getting up at six-thirty in the A.M. and staying on the lot until ten or eleven in the P.M. is not exactly her idea of a good time. Her ambition, she declares, is to play in a picture with Garbo for every day when five o'clock comes around the Great One says, "Olga, my hat. Garbo go home." And goes home she does. But just let any one else try that.

And now it is Bing Crosby that the gals are going nuts over. And I must say it's a great relief to have a good male baritone after that deluge of crooners. Mack Sennett is producing a group of comedies featuring Bing Crosby for Educational in which Bing proves that he has quite a flair for comedy as well as for vocal chords. If you are the kind of a girl who likes nice things you will simply adore the way Bing sings "Just One More Chance" and "Sweet and Lovely".

Connie Bennett had a birthday in October—the twenty-seventh. Director Ned Griffith and the cast of "The Lady with a past" gave her a birthday party on the Pathé lot. There was a cake and flowers and many happy returns (and there probably will be), Connie was wearing a gorgeous ruby and diamond bracelet for the first time that day, and you don't have to strain your grey matter to know from whom it came.

Uncle John and Uncle Lionel Barrymore will soon be sharing their screen glory with another generation of Barrymores, for young Samuel Barrymore Colt, Ethel's son, has been signed by Paramount. Samuel recently finished his official education at Brown and is all ready now to tackle life. He refuses to trade on the Barrymore name and insists upon being known as Samuel Colt.

Arlene Judge then became Mrs. Wesley Ruggles. Find the following persons, Adela Rogers St. John, Al Hall, Mrs. Grace Oram, Wesley Ruggles, Arlene Judge, Charles Ruggles, Leila Hyams, Skeets Gallagher and in the rear, Buster Collier and Dick Hyland

More Movietown Topics

(More movement topics)

[Continued from page 49]

Maurice Costello hasn't had a job in a year and Francis X. Bushman, whose fan mail once led all the rest, isn't even recognized by the casting directors when he applies for a job as an extra. Such is fame.

Basil Rathbone set some kind of record when he went into rehearsal as Pola Negri's leading man in "The Woman Commands" one hour after his arrival in Hollywood. Laurence Olivier was cast for the role and was taken ill just before production began. Rathbone was selected for the part. He left New York immediately for the coast, learned his part on the way out, and went from the station direct to the studios and started to work as soon as he arrived.

John Gilbert told a London newspaper reporter that he has been in pictures for seventeen years and is willing to retire and give the other fellow a chance to get his. John has done right well by himself in a monetary way. Leatrice Joy, John's second wife and mother of his little girl, has recently announced that she too is retiring from pictures to settle down and be a good wife. William Spencer Hook is her new husband.

Howard Hughes, millionaire oil man and producer of "Hell's Angels", "The Racket", "Front Page", and other pictures is a lover of the saxophone. His pet hobby is playing it, and when he lived at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, he had a special sound-proof room built in his suite so that when he played he didn't annoy the other guests.

Howard is an eccentric chap. He has seven telephones in his private office at the studio, each one a direct line to some part of the United States. Even in his "rest room" he has four. Now can you imagine his monthly telephone bill? And he has eleven times the wrong number calls. Excuse it, Howard.

This passion for realism is, in the opinion of ZaSu Pitts, being carried too far, so far in fact that her director had to rescue her from what appears to be Hollywood's version of Sir Hubert Wilkins' sub
Helen Chandler Is Not So Small But Happiness Has Found Her

HELEN CHANDLER is not much over five feet tall. She couldn't possibly weigh an ounce over a hundred pounds. Her eyes are blue and childlike, and her pixie face is framed with a halo of wavy yellow hair. She's just the most delicate, demure little person imaginable.

She was born twenty-two brief years ago in New York City, “which really was a mistake,” she says, “because our home was always in Charleston.” Her parents, both non-professionals, were well-to-do, and for a while Helen’s life was like that of any other child. She went to school, played games, made doll clothes and did all the things that other children do.

But not for long. There was something in Helen then as now that would not let her be content with an ordinary existence. She yearned intensely to go on the stage, accepting no reason why she should wait until she was old and grown up before beginning her career. Her parents gave in. And so Helen’s life became a dual one at an early age, for she was just eight years old when she made her stage debut, in Shaw’s “Major Barbara.”

After that, while she managed somehow to keep one side of her life like that of other girls, even to attending the exclusive Miss Bennett’s School at Millbrook, N. Y., she was at the same time carving out a career in such excellent plays as “The Wild Duck,” “Mr. Pim Passes By,” “Hamlet,” in which she played Ophelia, and “The Silver Cord.” Much of her training was received under the invaluable tutelage of the New York Theatre Guild.

Two years ago, when Helen was still only nineteen, the Fox studio recognized her stage success by giving her her first motion picture contract. Shortly afterward she added another phase to her already full life by becoming the bride of Cyril Hume, the novelist. A whirlwind courtship, a glamorous honeymoon at Spanish Ensenada, by the sea, and then Helen returned to her career.

This person is a wide-eyed little girl with long yellow hair tied up in a narrow blue ribbon. Bare legs lying around in short woolly socks and childish, flat-heeled shoes. Gay knitted sweaters and short flannel skirts, often wrinkled when Helen lies for hours on her tummy in the sand at Santa Monica, scribbling poetry with a stubby pencil and staring dreamily at the sea. Although she has already published one thin volume of verse, she writes, not because she wants to become a famous poetess or to “steal her husband’s stuff,” but because she just can’t help it.

Meeting Helen Chandler as Mrs. Cyril Hume, you’d never know the pensive little girl you met yesterday at the beach.

When she became Mrs. Hume, tiny Helen Chandler also became the stepmother of cunning five year old Barbara Hume who embarrasses her delightfully by boasting to all who will listen that “Helen is a movie actress, isn’t that lovely?” Helen in a mother rôle seems a paradox, she is such a child herself, but the two adore each other, and Barbara’s most ecstatic moments come when Helen can take her to the studio, to sit quiet as a mouse watching her favorite actress go through her scenes.

The Cyril Humes live in a picturesque home high up in the Hollywood Hills. Each evening Helen curls up in a window seat to watch the lights come on in the city below. A lover both of the mountains and the sea, she has found an admirable compromise by living there in the winter, and at the beach in summer.

Professionally Helen Chandler is going straight from picture to picture with no in-between vacations, calling no studio home because one day it is Warners, the next Universal, the next Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and so on down the list. Always, however, her rôles have something in common. She has cornered the market on the fragile, poetic ladies that men so love to fight for, perhaps because she is old-fashioned enough to be a clinging vine at the same time she is leading three modern lives.

She considers “Daybreak,” with Ramon Novarro, and “Salvation Nell,” by far the best she has done but still they fall short of the rôle that she wishes sometime to play. And small wonder. Her dearest dream, you see, is to bring “Alice in Wonderland” to the screen.

Motion picture actress, dignified wife, and little girl dreaming in the sand, Helen Chandler seems without a care in the world. She is a living answer to the eternal problem of Marriage versus Career.
Help this perplexed bride... and

Qualify for the opportunity to

Win $4250.00......

Poor Betty. What a perplexed bride she is. She has broken two plates of the expensive antique China set Aunt May gave them for a wedding present... Now she receives this wire from Aunt May—"Arrive Thursday 9 a.m."—just two days hence... Poor Betty, how she has tried and tried to match the set with no luck... But wait... Maybe here's luck at last!... In the store window shown here, so she's been told, are two IDENTICAL TWIN plates that match Aunt May's antique gift set... Help poor Betty find the Identical Twin Plates... Be careful... many plates look alike—but ONLY TWO plates are exactly alike in size, shape and design. Can you find them? It will cost you nothing to try for the $10,000.00 worth of prizes to be given in our booster advertising prize distribution. Prizes awarded according to participants' standings upon Judges' final decision. If you can find the twin plates, send the numbers with your name and address. First prize is $4250.00 cash or, if winner prefers, a brand new 100 h. p. airplane, with $750.00 given extra for promptness. Everybody rewarded for productive endeavor. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No prize less than $25.00. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside the U.S.A. Think what you could do with $4250.00 right now... get the $750.00 Extra Promptness Prize... rush your answer to me now...

E. H. Beuster, Advertising Mgr.
Room 3,
54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
“Pale Hands I Loved”  
[Continued from page 6]

pushed out with an orange stick. Never put a sharp edge under your nails to clean them—it only plows a deeper trough for more dirt.

While I seldom advocate a cover-up method I make this one exception—use nail-white under a soiled nail if you can’t clean it without digging and scratching, in the meanwhile treating the skin, as I have just suggested, to smooth it. Never go to bed without putting lotion or cream on your hands and working it well in around the nails. Pinch the ends of your fingers to encourage a tapering line.

One of the nicest things you can do for your hands is to stop worrying. I can hear you saying, “What in the world does that have to do with my hands?” The answer is, “Plenty.” Worry tires up your nerves and tense nerves tie up the muscles and tense muscles tie up your circulation—AND when circulation is impaired, the extremities (the hands and feet) are the first parts of the body to suffer. That is why the hands age first—a woman’s hands will usually indicate her age more accurately than her face. So don’t put worry in the way of a good circulation—but encourage it by exercise and a relaxed frame of mind.

Exercise for the hands and arms will not only help to keep them young and firm but it lends grace to their movements. Nothing creates an effect of beauty more than graceful and expressive gestures.

Roll your hands around on the wrists, at the same time moving the arms in larger and larger circles. Now reverse the direction of the turning. Hold them out at arm’s length and shake them vigorously.

Over-red hands indicate poor circulation as much as do over-pale hands. Exercise will keep the blood moving away from the hands as well as into them.

To drain the blood from the hands hold them well up over your head for several minutes.

Never scrub the flesh on the hands with a noddy and accessories. It is too stiff, will irritate a tender skin, and coarsen the pores. Never keep your hands in water that is too hot.

The hands are much more sensitive than we suppose, for they are really our principal contact with the world (with the exception of the eyes). And how often are our opinions of people dictated by their hand-shake. A hand-shake gives us knowledge of a person’s physical and nervous energy as well as an impression of his character.

Of course, a great many people have trained themselves in a firm and friendly hand-shake, that we can be pleasantly deceived by them. But I would rather know I was being deceived than to have a man or a woman hand me a cold, damp, limp hand to shake. It makes me feel positively creepy. Neither am I complimented when some over-zealous male crushes my fingers painfully in what he supposes is an indication of his enthusiasm.

To shake or not to shake is quite a question these modern days—and the tendency is away from it among women. Never refuse a hand, of course, but never offer yours unless there seems to be a real reason for it. A bow and a warm smile can be very welcoming and inclusive—whereas some women clasp their hands and bow stiffly as though afraid that if they touched you they would be contaminated by some germ.

It isn’t what we do but how we do it—always—and this refers to the use of colored polishes on the nails. The exotic type of brunettes and a few blondes can wear that blood red and get away with it. On most of us it is as shocking as if we had rings in our noses. There is something barbaric about it and if you haven’t a bit of that in your make-up don’t use it. A few, but not many, of the smartest women use it. One sees a lot of colorless polish in the swanky places, while natural colors seem to harmonize with the classic trend in clothes and the fashionable “natural effect” in faces. Be very lady-like and dainty this year if you want to breathe the very last word in style. Tone down, bleach out, soften up—be graceful, be sweet and womanly, and you will be positively ultra-fashionable.

Hollywood in a Hurry  
[Continued from page 35]

Lilyan Tashman undertook to play Peggy Shannon’s mother in “The Road to Reno”, a number of scenes had been filmed before the director decided she looked too young for the rôle. Test shots were made of the two together and were rushed through the developing tanks. When they were flashed on the screen in a studio projection room, the director’s fears were justified. The studio make-up artist was called and within ten hours a silver-white wig, fitted perfectly to Miss Tashman’s head and adding several years to her appearance, was delivered on the set.

Even radios are resorted to in emergencies. When Joan Bennett completed “Hush Money”, she left Hollywood for parts unknown, in that on a rest. Two days later the company discovered that a technical error demanded re-takes of several scenes and a hurry call was entered for Miss Bennett but she could not be found. An enterprising casting director bought time only a radio broadcasting program and at regular intervals an S. O. S. was sent out over the air. Within three hours the star responded from a tiny mountain resort and the next morning she arrived on the set in make-up.

Genevieve Tobin reached Hollywood two days before her first picture, “A Lady Surrendered”, went into production. She had just forty-eight hours in which to fit an entire wardrobe, make tests and learn her part. The studio wardrobe department worked frantically to design and make her complete outfit of suits, gowns, undies and accessories. Tests were photographed hurriedly and rushed through the developing tanks but when Miss Tobin and officials of the company looked at them, they were horror-stricken to discover that her hair, which is a natural reddish gold in color, had darkened. The part demanded a blonde.

She was rushed post haste to a beauty parlor, where strong potions of peroxide, ammonia and white henna were applied. An expert hair dresser spent several hours with Miss Tobin, taking every precaution to prevent the hair from bleaching dead white or burning. As she sat in the beauty parlor chair, the actress studied her lines and even had her lunch served. Next morning, two days after her arrival from New York, she stepped on the studio set as a blonde, possessed of an entire new wardrobe, and letter perfect in her lines.

Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan knew as little about golf as they do about Mars when they learned they had to play in “Love in the Rough”. Willie Low, a professional whose services have been demanded many times by the studios, was assigned the task of teaching them how to make at least half decent golfing strokes in twenty-four hours. Low took his pupils to a practice range and stationed one on each side of him. For seven hours, with periodic rests, he patiently instructed and corrected until both players mastered the rudimentary motions of golf strokes. Expert golfers who saw the picture wrote to both Montgomery and Miss Jordan and complimented them on their correct form.

Never a day passes in Hollywood that at least a few sudden orders don’t throw the studios into an uproar. Marie Prevost took off ten pounds in five days in order to play in Joan Crawford’s picture, “Paid”. She did it by eating one meal a day, drinking a single cup of black coffee and refraining from starches, sweets and meats. Prominent Hollywood tailors advertise twenty-four hour service for actors who must have suits made hurriedly for screen rôles.

In Hollywood they have eliminated delay. Fat today, thin tomorrow, blonde, or what-not, there is no waiting. “The bird of time has but a little way to flutter.”

“And the bird is on the wing.”
Name This Girl
Win $1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay $1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and $500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this $1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this $1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, $500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the $1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that $500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this $1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This $1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this $1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as $4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY,
The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

Date I read this announcement ________________________________

My Name is ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City ________________________________ State ________________________________

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement.

FREE SAMPLE CO-ED Face Powder
Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face powder De Luxe with our reply.

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of CO-ED, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All entries must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. $1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by CO-ED, Incorporated. An additional $500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 309, CHICAGO, ILL.
Columbia is making a film "Blonde Baby" for which Jean Harlow is the inspiration and, of course, the star. Marie Prevost, Natalie Moorhead, and Mae Clarke are also upholding the Columbia standard.

"Yo Ho! For a Six Months' Vacation"

[Continued from page 21]

Once when Ronny was in New York he was to have been interviewed by a member of the alert press. Before the appointment he thought he'd take a brisk walk through Central Park so as to be in a sparring condition when the interviewer arrived. It was one of those gray, yet cool days of September, so Ronny put on slightly smoked glasses to protect his eyes, and wore a cap because he felt like wearing a cap.

When he returned from his short tramp he entered the room where the writer awaited him, still wearing the cap and glasses. The interview was cordial and friendly but when the story finally appeared it raved about the "male Garbo", who avoided people by the device of smoked glasses and wore clothes that would disguise his appearance.

Many a Hollywood tongue-wag has strained her eyes or stretched one of those famous, Hollywood, elastic ears, to catch a morsel about Ronny. But they don't get anything.

The truth, of course, is that Colman has women friends, but he doesn't parade them at the Brown Derby and he doesn't dance them at the Cocoanut Grove so that all the college sophomores can tell their friends.

And another human trait is that he's normal in the studio. It seems that a tradition has grown up among actors that in order to make a good picture they have to be chummy with everybody in sight on the lot. This makes players who otherwise are almost sane people, fall all over themselves in good-will and good fellowship toward their fellow workers.

The custom is, in most instances, such a hypocritical one as to be laughable. For example, the theory is that if you're not kind to the electricians and property men they're more than likely to misplace a light or hold up production enough to spoil your part in a picture. Stars who don't condescend to talk to their third string servants at home make a practise of being palsy-walsy with the third assistant mop slinger on the lot because, they believe, this will make their film better. As a result the camaraderie is nauseating and holds up production instead of speeding it.

Ronny makes no such concessions on the lot. During his two last productions, "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith", he minded his own business so successfully and so completely that that was the one trait the men around him admired most. He keeps his own distance, has his own circle of intelligent friends and doesn't kowtow to the syndicate writers, for which the whole movie colony can very well stand up on its hind legs and give three lusty cheers.

Ronny's sense of humor is distinguished and acid in a nice way. He doesn't do things like electrifying chairs to watch his guests get the shock of their lives; he doesn't call people to the phone at four in the morning to ask them what time it is; he doesn't drive to a premiere in a battered Ford and tell the doorman that he can have the car as a tip. (These are some of the stunts actually carried out by those alleged Hollywood wits). An example of Colman's sense of humor is the following: It was during the shooting of a lengthy and rather difficult piece of business in "The Unholy Garden". The set was an Arabian street in which camels, dogs, pigs, sheep and humans came and went in the leisurely manner of the East. Ronny had a very long speech to make with additional speeches to follow by Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray. Director George Fitzmaurice wasn't quite satisfied with the way things were getting along and ordered the scene shot over and over again.

After half an hour the sequence had been cut and recut and rearranged so many times the players were confused in their parts. For five minutes Ronny had mixed his speeches so, due to the new order, that he gave up a moment later in exasperation.

Finally, Fitzmaurice called for a rehearsal and the cast assembled within the confines of the set. The director asked if they were all sure of their lines, and they all nodded assent.

"All right, then, let's hear it."

Everything went fine for a few moments and then Ronny tangled his lines. He stopped and sat down.

Just at that moment a sheep from the nearby street herd raised its head and gave off a long "Bleh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!"

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Ronny in evident relief. "At least one of us is sure of his lines!"

Announcement to the Scrambled Stills Contestants

Owing to the difficulties of selecting, comparing and rating the many entries in the Silver Screen Scrambled Stills Contest, it has been impossible to make award of the prizes in time to include the names of the winners in this issue of the magazine.

Trust that the delay will be understood as evidence of the care and time which is being spent in the judging, we wish to thank the contestants for their patience and to promise an early announcement.

The Scrambled Stills Editors
Scent of holly in the air . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . sanctuary . . . gifts . . . food . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world’s history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . "Starving Children" . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
Lincoln Building, 60 E. 42 St.
New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, kindly send me your booklet, "The Golden Rule, A.D. 1931," giving information and suggestions concerning Golden Rule Week.

NAME

ADDRESS

DECEMBER 13-20
FANNY FOLEY HERSELF Good (Radio) This picture's about a woman who has been a famous comedienne on the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two daughters to a fashionable and snobby finishing school. When the daughters learn that mother is an actress—well, it's just too bad. Edna May Oliver is perfect as the comedienne and Rochelle Hudson are the daughters.

FIFTY FATHOMS There are some bottom-of-the-sea camera shots in this one that will thrill you. The plot's about two pals who are nuts about each other until a cheap little blonde gold-digger comes along. No more buddies. There's an exciting climax at the bottom of the sea and the pals are re-united. Jack Holt, Richard Cromwell and Loretta Young do well by the plot.

FIVE STAR FINAL Excellent (First National) Here is grand entertainment for you and a picture that socks a wallop. Frances Starr plays a happily married woman with a lovely young daughter who is about to marry into the social register. But on the eve of the wedding a nosy tabloid, in an effort to increase circulation, digs up a lurid scandal on the mother with tragic results. Edward G. Robinson is great as the managing editor. Marian Marsh is the pretty daughter.

FREE SOUL, A Great (M-G-M) A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

GAY DIPLOMAT Well, here's your newest heart-throb, girls, step right up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing we have to the late Rudy Valentino on the Hollywood diet. In this one Ivan plays a handsome spy commanded to make love to beautiful ladies for information. There's an exciting climax. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson are two of the beautiful ladies.

GRAFT Fair, (Universal) It's an old, old story—but still rather exciting. Another dumb newspaper reporter sets out to catch a murderer and clean up a city. Of course the dopey news hound wins out in the end by dumping all manner of crooks and murderers on the city editor's desk with the scoop of the year. Regis Toomey and Sue Carol are in it.

GUARDSMAN, THE Excellent (M-G-M) If you are the least bit sophisticated you will be simply crazy about this picture which has been superlatively done by the New York Theatre Guild's charming Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. It's all about an actor who suspects that his wife is about to embark on an infidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian soldier and carries on an intrigue with his own wife. How fun! And did she know?

GUILTY HANDS Good (M-G-M) Do you want to baffle? Well, try this mystery thriller. Lionel Barrymore, as a retired district attorney, commits a murder, fastens the blame on another, and then manages the things he wants them. Kay Francis and Madge Evans are splendid.

Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame is producing a sensational air picture called "Sky Devils". He is one of the most talked of millionaires of the picture colony.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE Fair, (First National) If it's romance you want, try this one. Young Doug does a Fairbanks, Senior and cavorts all over South America, rescuing a damsel in distress, disabling elephants, and doing daring deeds. Loretta Young is the damsel.

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE Fair (Paramount) This picture is Ruth Chatterton and not much else. If you're a Chatterton fan you'll hug it to your heart, and if you're not you'll probably be bored. Ruth plays the role of a hard-boiled little café singer who impersonates a famous French actress to appease a blind boy (Ralph Bellamy). Stuart Erwin gives a splendid performance.

MERELY MARY Good (First National) Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell get just a little bit too sugary in this one. It's about a young composer, poor but proud, who struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay the rent. The little house music seems too much for him. She inherits a million and he becomes a famous composer, so what more do you want?

MY SIN Excellent (United Artists) A slow yarn, but you'll like Tallulah Bankhead. It's the very old plot about the lady who tries to muzzle her past only to have it pop out at her at the most inopportune moment. Tallulah's involved in a scandal and murder in Panama, and a few months later she is somebody else on Park Avenue, and everything's just dandy until Ole Davil Past comes popping up. Fredric March plays a reformed bum.

PALMY DAYS Splendid (United Artists) Eddie "Depression Explainer" Cantor is a riot in this one. There isn't any plot to speak of, but there's lots of fun with Eddie singing songs in an ultra modern dough-nut factory. Charlotte Greenwood helps out in the funny business. If you're feeling low, call on Dr. Cantor at your local theatre.

PERSONAL Nancy Carroll appears in this one as a little Irish girl who is fed up with New York tene- ment life and longs to break away from her drab existence. She becomes a personal maid to a wealthy woman and gets involved in all kinds of adventures. Mary Boland, Gene Raymond and Pat O'Brien are in the cast.

PENROD AND SAM Good (First National) Youngsters and many a grown-up will get many a laugh out of Booth Tarkington's famous boy story. Not as good as "Skippy" but you'll enjoy it just the same. Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are grand in the leading parts. ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy Peterson and Matt Moore are the adults.

POLITICS Good (M-G-M) Marie Dressler and Polly Moran desert the stock market (a word?) and the beauty "shoppers" and go in for politics—with screaming results. Marie, with Polly as her manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and house.

[Continued on page 69]
In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently, "Yes, but she spoils it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D. Walden
first venture and the experience forever spoiled for him the old proverb about the prophet in his home town.

The one big love of Lugosi's life came to him in his native country. She was sixteen, the daughter of a very wealthy couple who held high social hopes for the girl. Bela was past thirty. His income as an actor, even though he was a very popular young leading man, was considered small by his prospective in-laws. In addition, Bela and the girl's father belonged to opposing political parties.

But it was a love match and the girl and the man over- rode all objections and were married. What happened brought lines of unhappiness to Lugosi's face which two subsequent marriages could not obliterate.

"In all his life a man finds only one mate. Other women may bring happiness close to him, but there is just one mate. This girl was mine. Possibly she was too young and fragile and lacked the necessary stalwartness of character to fight her way through.

"As a result of my political affiliations I was forced to leave Hungary. My wife remained in Budapest. There was an opening for me in a Berlin theater. When I had enough laid aside to keep us for a year I would send for her, I wrote my wife. Every second day I posted letters to her. I never got an answer."

Afterward, Lugosi learned that his letters never reached the girl-wife. Her parents had reasons for having it so. When Bela did finally get in touch with the girl, he found she had married a man of her parents' choice the day after her divorce from him.

"An explanation?" said Lugosi. "Yes, there was an explanation. Her father had filled her with the dread that I would be executed as a political enemy unless the father used his influence. This he would not do, he told her, unless she divorced me and married someone else."

"That was years ago. We have thought of re-marriage. But she has children. One can forget many things but not when children are there as reminders of old, deep wounds. They would always come between."

Two other marriages of Lugosi's have ended in divorce. He does not say he will not marry again; the person who makes statements of finality in such matters shows lack of wisdom, he says.

He holds no bitterness. An example of his attitude toward events in his life is shown in the fact that he calls upon an ex-wife who lives in San Francisco whenever he is in the Bay City. When he appeared in a play there the two were seen constantly in each other's company.

"And why not?" Lugosi wants to know.

"Two people who failed at marriage may still find each other enjoyable and entertaining persons."

A few weeks ago the Hungarian passed his citizenship examinations and is now an American citizen. Bela of Lugos has become Lugosi of America—with knowledge of American history and laws that would quite surprise the average native.

Legendary superstitions of that corner of the world that produced him have no hold on Lugosi. But—

If, after seeing a monk, a nun, or a black cat you spit quickly, you can't help but live in the shadow of good luck! Take Lugosi's word for it.

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Give Joan Crawford Credit

[Continued from page 26]
cation of her determined character. When she married she picked not only the crown prince of the colony, but one of the finest boys on the coast. A youth with remarkable gifts, not content to get by as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her screen work is kept entirely separate in the public's mind. It may be worth noting, too, that today Joan is a bigger box-office star than the other three members of the family—Mary Pickford, Doug, Sr., and Doug, Jr. Strictly on her own merits with the fans.

She is still Crawford's severest judge. Although she has already worked miracles, she modestly claims that she has a long road yet to travel before she reaches the goal of completeness which she has set. To make herself more at ease socially she has become adept at swimming and tennis. She has taken French and Spanish lessons recently after working hours.

Ever since she left home to make her own way up in the world, she has experimented with whatever seemed to offer the best means of advancement. Her recent trial as a blonde is evidence of the lengths she will go for any possible betterment. Cameraman told her she would photograph more attractively with lighter hair. She didn't like it, and has now restored it to its natural chestnut brown.

One can hardly discuss Joan without a mention of her zeal for reading. She is not like the movie star who, when offered a new book, replied, "Oh, no thanks, I have a book!" Joan reads a great deal. She always has. When you meet her you can be certain that somehow, despite the crowded hours she puts in at the studio, she will be able to discuss intelligently any book you may care to mention.

Her reading, like everything else about her, has undergone an evolution. "I do wish," she sighed once, "that people would stop remarking cattily when they see me with a biography or a good book, 'She's gone highbrow'!"

"Why shouldn't I have progressed to books that a few years ago I would neither have selected nor understood? At school you start with the first-grade reader, but you don't continue on that level forever.

Even a shop girl learns to improve on Elinor Glyn. Why won't they give me credit for doing so?"

I asked her what her philosophy of life is now, formulated by years of struggle to escape poverty and mediocrity.

This miracle girl answered, "I have come to believe a cultured person is one with some kind of original viewpoint on life. I am an ardent admirer of John Powsy, the English writer, who phrases my outlook so much better than I can when he says, 'Earnestness alone makes life eternity, and there is no earthly reason why any intellectual youth of our day should vulgarize the freshness of his response to this mysterious world by a cheap cleverness, put on to worry and tease the simple philistine.'"

If ever there was a doubt in your mind as to the efficacy of will power, just consider the amazing case of Joan Crawford and admit that any lack of success in your own life is due to plain laziness and refusal to grab the breaks.

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A Broken Back and a Stiff Upper Lip

(Continued from page 50)

so that I couldn't roll about in my sleep.

"Then I kept asking to sit up, and the doctors would just kid me, and make a quick exit. But they weren't kidding me at all. I knew what they were thinking. They were wondering whether I ever would walk again. But I knew I would. And I was sure I would walk long before they expected it—and I did."

"One day I was so discouraged, though, that I guess I cried a little. That was just the time the doctor would pick to come in. He asked me what was troubling me."

"I said, 'I'm tired of lying here.'"

"'All right,' he replied like a flash, and jumped around. And she said, 'Get hold of the bed here—she is going to sit up'!

"Well, I did, so quickly it almost scared me. From that time I began to mend more quickly. I was eager to get home.'"

Evelyn had a good laugh about that trip home.

"I came home in an ambulance with nothing on but a borrowed sheet," she said. "The nurse had laid out my clothes, and Stanley grabbed them up, put them in a bundle and took them home. I was really glad the ambulance wasn't wrecked on the way. It would have been most embarrassing.

"I want to go back to work now," she said suddenly. "I've had a long enough vacation. I told the doctors I must be back in November or someone else would get all the good roles.'"

"And I can do it. You just watch—" and she called in her nurse, Mrs. Baker. "We're going to take a walk," she said. "I'm going to show that I can do it."

Evelyn swung to her feet, and, aided by the nurse, walked rapidly across the room and back.

"Sometimes I start to go off sideways," she said smiling, "but I'm getting better control of myself every day. You see—" she added with a smile,—"your legs forget what to do when you quit using them for so long."

Her walk was ended and her "boss" said that she must go back to bed. So the blue-eyed girl with the wistful smile and the lingering goodbye, went down the long hall, her nurse holding her by the arm, to disappear in a bedroom at the other end of the apartment.

They didn't think she would ever walk—but she did.

And they didn't think she would return to pictures for months—but she had no doubt.

And this is the plucky, brave and smiling Miss that the doctors in Hollywood call the "miracle girl!)."
A Fool For Luck

[Continued from page 43]

whom men adore to pal around. When they're with Joan they don't feel that they have to make pretty speeches or indulge in tiresome flirtations.

They can talk sweetly to her and perhaps even tell her about the girl they love—and with whom they've just had a big quarrel. And they can ask her advice about how to make up with the heartless sweetheart.

Joan will know—and Joan will help them. She's got a heart, has Joan. You're sure of that the moment you look at her.

Of course, Joan and Marie are not the first women to carve screen niches for themselves via the comedy route. ZaSu Pitts has done the same thing to such an extent that she has to work in two or three pictures at one time, so great is the demand for her services.

Producers can hire any number of beautiful ingenues—but there's only one ZaSu Pitts. You know what I mean? Think of how you start giggling the moment she comes upon the scene . . .

Another example of the power of comedy is the case of Jack Oakie. In his first picture Jack sprang to instantaneous fame because of his broad, infectious humor.

That contagious grin of his, those twinkling merry eyes, those soft Irish freckles—all spelt success to him—and money at the box-office for the producers.

For honest-to-goodness, rib-tickling comedy there was no one quite like Jack.

An unsuccessful experiment was made to star Jack. And the moment the emcee while comedian became the central attraction of the picture and had to carry a romantic interest—the moment he was robbed of the right to be the jester, he was a Samson shards of his locks.

All the world loves a lover—but not a comical one. And so Jack had to give up his stardom and go back to the featured comedy roles in which he excels.

And this is true of all comedians, with one exception. Harold Lloyd is the only clown who can maintain a love interest successfully—but in a close analysis, we realize that Harold is not really a comedian!

For Lloyd creates his comedy by means of tricky situations. He, himself, is never the obvious clown, but is always the victim of funny circumstances.

Harold has an indescribable appeal, an instinctive tenderness and delicacy that label him a rather average, normal young man. But a young man is whom ridiculous things happen. That is why he is able to face the final fade-out with the girl clasped tightly in his arms.

But in the main, we like our comedians for their very lack of romance. They are such a relief!

Being human, we know that they do love and love even as do their more handsome brethren, the gay Lotharios of the silver screen. But because they invest their every action with a sort of care-free gayety which we all covet—because they have obvious faults which make us conscious of our own superiority, we adore our clowns—and we go to see them!

And when we go to see them, that means money at the box-office. And money at the box-office means fame and fortune—and bigger and better roles.

Who said anything about "fool's luck"?

Hot Lupe!

[Continued from page 40]

found the job no easy one. Lupe would nearly burst into tears when she made mistakes, and her mistakes were numerous.

She and her leading man were seated in a corner rehearsing. The leading man, an experienced stage actor, tried gently to correct her. Lupe didn't want correction. Suddenly she exploded, gave the astonished actor a not too delicate berating, stalked to the other end of the car and plopped down in gloom silence.

The dialectician tried to console her, the leading man to explain, Lupe ignored both. She would not speak to the actor and refused to go to work with him when called. Some time was lost while the director tried to convince her she was wrong. In the end she went to work, pouting like a spoiled child. Lupe and that leading man are now good friends.

Witnesses of the scene decided that Lupe was high-handed and temperamental. They were pleasantly surprised afterward to find that she is an excellent little trouper. The production lasted some months. Part of the time, Lupe was half sick. She had a severe cold and was under a doctor's care. She never whimpered. Several times she fainted on the set, was revived, and went on with her work, unflinching.

The first weeks we worked steadily, without a Sunday or a night off. Finally, Lupe rebelled.

"It isn't fair," she cried. "I've been working hard! We've all worked hard. We deserve at least our Sundays to ourselves. I've never worked Sundays and I won't now!"

All day long on Saturday, prop boys, electricians, grips, cameramen, everybody prayed that she wouldn't change her mind. She didn't. We had Sunday off.

Lupe often makes mistakes on the impulse of a moment. I am inclined to think that she bitterly regrets them afterwards. And so Jack had been before she was coached by a prominent actress who specializes in French accents. Before completion of the film, this coach was (to use a studio idiom) "let out". Her presence on the set made Lupe maintain a love Mexican whom was afraid of criticism.

A few days later, the actress visited the studio. She came to the set—not to criticize Lupe, but to visit friends. Lupe refused to continue her scene. The director demanded an explanation. She pointed to
the inoffensive actress at the edge of the set. The director tried to "kid" her into working, but she refused. The visiting actress was finally asked to depart. Not only was she hurt, but extremely offended; and the director was placed in a very embarrassing situation. Lupe did not realize she'd been ungracious. She'd acted on impulse.

She is often kind-hearted and generous to a fault. Many a crew working with her can recall warm, uncomfortable days when she treated the entire company to ice cream; and cold, uncomfortable nights when she bought them coffee and sandwiches.

A favorite diversion of Lupe's co-workers is to listen to her tell of the past, or watch her sing and dance. She does all three amusingly, and apparently enjoys it. Lupe has a distinct "exhibition complex."

One evening when we had returned from dinner to the set, she commenced to reminisce about her Mexican childhood. She told of a mule, fat and lazy, who was hauling the Veldez family out for a holiday. Living up to the reputation of his species, the mule took a brief vacation and refused to go farther. Lupe says, "I was furious. I kick, I pull, I shout at him. The crazee fool animal wouldn't budge. At length, Lupe industriously made a pile of dead leaves, papers and sticks under the mule. When all was in readiness, she set fire to the paper. The mule suddenly came to life, started running and refused to stop. Lupe was left behind."

"Another time," Lupe related, "I was working in a New York theatre. In the middle of a song, I got frightened. I tried to sing a high note and my voice cracked. I didn't know what to do. I yelled at the leader, 'Sound your a, professor,' and started tuning up—"mi, mi, mi—making faces at the audience. They loved it." Later this action became part of her act.

Lupe vehemently denies she is temperamental. Yet, a favorite legend of Hollywood deals with a scene which, after numerous rehearsals, she still could not do to the satisfaction of the director.

"I was so mad at my own dumb stupidness, I hit myself on the chin and knocked myself cold!" is the way she tells it. Oh, no! Lupe is not temperamental! Oh, no!

Again, Lupe, I and several members of a troupe were lunching at the Derby. Joe Frisco, the stuttering comedian, saw us and approached to chat with some of the crowd whom he chanced to know. He was introduced to Lupe.

"1—1—I know your b-b-brother," stuttered Joe.

"Oh, do you?" Lupe was wreathed in smiles.

"Oh—sh—shure—m—m—met him in N-n-new York. Rudy V-v-valler.

An ominous silence followed. Joe bade the company goodbye and departed. Suddenly, Lupe flamed into fiery rage.

"The idea!" she shouted. "The cheap skate—he—he—he, blank, blank, blank! He insult me! He make fun of my nationality! Saying dat Rudy Vallee ews my brother! He make fun of me—because I am a Mexican!"

An effort was made to calm her, but it was useless. Lupe refused to realize that Frisco had meant nothing insulting.

But then when did a temperamental lady have a sense of humor? Lupe surely has enough without that, too.
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Robert Montgomery's Life Story

[Continued from page 59]

better than any I have made. It was a grand rôle. I might have acted it all over the place. There were plenty of opportunities for chopping up the scenery and emoting in general. I thought it would be better if I did none of that. It was an acting rôle that was all the better by not being acted if that isn't too completely paradoxical. When I first saw the script I knew that it was the showiest rôle in the picture. I thought most of it would be cut out.

"Strangers May Kiss" still stands as the favorite rôle to date. I like "Private Lives", in which I again play with Miss Shearer. The picture I want to do most, however, is "Courage". That comes next, and I have never been so excited about any rôle. It really doesn't matter what kind of a rôle I play as long as it is real. The boy in "The Big House" was a rat and a weakening, but he was human. You believed that such a character could exist.

I know it is the fashion to say that stardom means nothing—that a player is better off by appearing in strong roles in support of a star. But I'm glad that I achieved stardom. I knew its risks. The star is always blamed if the picture is bad. If you are just a supporting character you can blame the failure on the director, the cutter, the star, hard times, the stock market, depression, almost anybody or anything. When the scenarios are written the supporting characters usually get the best of it. A star is usually supposed to get along some way. After all, apparently, it is figured, he wouldn't be a star unless he had some personality. Let him turn on that personality full force.

With all that risk, I'm not sorry that I finally reached the goal. Every actor dreams of it. It is exactly the same in every profession. A young man starts to study medicine. After a time he becomes interested in the eyes or throat. He specializes in that, and perhaps he becomes one of the greatest specialists in the world. Well, stardom is a sort of specialization.

You reach stardom while you're young in pictures. You have to, for the screen wants youth. It is so easy on the stage. You must work for years. Sometimes stardom back of the footlight comes after one sensational success, but not very often. When it does it does not last long as a rule. Frank Bacon struggled along for years before he reached it. When he did he was an old man.

Stage stardom usually lasts for many years. It is rather a brief thing in pictures.

Three years from now I want to go back to the stage. I mean I want to stay in pictures three more years if I can do work which will please the fans, and myself. I want to save money in those three years. Only this year have I made what would call "good money". When I came to Hollywood my salary was exactly what I had received on the stage.

I'm not conceited enough to think that the stage would welcome me with open arms. For all I know I may be thrown out on my ear. I can try, at least.

Like most people in Hollywood I have my own ideas how pictures should be

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made. Every actor does, you know, I'm probably all wrong, but then there is no harm in having ideas—particularly if you know you will never have a chance to put them into effect.

My studio would be as deserted as one of those ghost mining towns of the west during the daytime. Not a camera would turn. Not an actor would be in sight, unless, naturally, scenes out of doors had to be made. I think the night is the time to work—when it is quiet and there are none of the thousand and one distractions of the day. I think it is completely impossible for anyone to give a really fine acting performance at nine o'clock in the morning. As often as not you do a love scene at that hour. Imagine anyone feeling amorous that soon after breakfast.

I'd start my companies to work around seven in the evening—and continue to three o'clock in the morning. It probably sounds like a wild dream, but I believe it would work. I can say that, because it will never be put to an actual test, even if companies very frequently work all through the night. Good work, too, if the players aren't exhausted from working all day as well.

There's nothing very involved about my life in Hollywood. It doesn't differ much from the life of any other man excepting that I get up pretty early. I roll out of bed at seven every morning when I am working. I bathe and have breakfast, and at 7:45, regular as clockwork, I leave the house for the studio. The gateman can almost set his watch by me. I'm at that gate at eight. I go to the barber shop for a shave, and I'm on the set by nine.

It's a sort of standing joke between Joan Crawford and myself that we reach the studio gate at just the same time every morning. One morning I drive in just ahead of Joan, and the next day she drives through first. We seem to have the same schedule, although Joan lives farther out than I do. She has to leave her home much before 7:45.

I go out very little at any time—almost never when I am working. I have a good many friends of whom I'm fond. I like to go to their homes for small dinners and have them over to my house. I have a theory that nothing important, conversationally, is said in groups larger than twelve. Consequently, I avoid large, unwieldy parties.

My life is anything but wild. There are a couple of other Robert Montgomerys about. They love to get into difficulty. In fact they have a positive genius for it. I sort of bask, unwillingly, in their reflected glory since their exploits are usually sensational enough to land in the daily papers. Sometimes my friends confuse me with the other Montgomery fellows. One friend quit speaking to me on account of a scrape I never got into at all.

I like automobiles, and I love to drive fast. There's a $35,000 special racing car I would love to own. You can shift from second to third at ninety miles an hour—and the car can travel at so much past one hundred miles an hour that it isn't funny. I say I would love to own it. I never shall. In the first place I would probably kill myself in no time at all.

A premature death doesn't intrigue me at all. Personally, I hope there will be many more chapters in the future to the life story of Robert Montgomery.

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The Love of Lew and Lola

[Continued from page 20]

newlyweds came back to the semi-civiliza-

tion of a summer camp on Lake Tahoe. The camp was closed for the season and they had the place practically to them-

selves. Plenty of solitude and silence, without the horrors and discomforts of primitive living. Lola had been so much of the stuff of which memories are made. Long walks in the hills. Rides in the moonlight.

There, before the warm fire crackling on the hearth, they talked about and laughed over their back-to-nature experiences.

Lew and Lola aren't "mushy", thank goodness. There is, rather, a comradely air of bantering and good humor between them.

I asked Lew, in the course of the interview, who his favorite actress is. And, with a little-boy grin, he said, "Lola".

And she giggled and said her favorite actor was Lew. Then, when I said that Lew's favorite actors were Lionel Barrymore, Wallie Beery and Jackie Cooper.

Just when I had made up my mind that Lola is boss of the Ayres family, Lew informed me in a matter-of-fact manner that he isn't going to have Lola work in pictures, except when her work fits in with what he is doing. I gathered that the decision, however, is the result of many evening-long conferences. Probably reached at the same time that they decided in favor of marriage.

"At first, we were afraid to marry," Lew confessed. "You know how Holly-

wood is. Our friends all told us it would finish my career if we married. Naturally, a fellow doesn't like the idea of throwing over success after he has gone through the tortures of winning it. We talked it over with the studio officials and our relatives and friends, and then we decided to do as we wished. The films are writing us nice letters, too. They seem glad about it, don't they, Lola?"

"They certainly do." There was a pleased note of vindication in her voice. "I believe the fans like to see their heroes happy and enjoy reading about their real-life romances."

"We decided," Lew continued, "that we wouldn't ever let our work interfere with our home life. Our vacations together. We are always going to do things together. Several of our friends, who are married, can never find time to go places with each other, or do the things they want to do. We aren't going to be like that. I want Lola to work and go ahead with her career if she wants to. But I don't want her to let her career take her away from me and spoil our vacations and play times."

"Lew wants me to keep happy and occu-

pied with work whenever he goes on loca-

tion, or any place where it isn't practical for me to go with him," Lola told me, "but he doesn't want my career to interfere with our happiness. Neither do I. We feel the same way about it."

Pressed for details of their romance, Lew was quite outspoken about it.

"There isn't a lot to say," he insisted, "I knew from the first that Lola was the only girl in the world for me."

"And I felt the same way about Lew," she interjected.

"We weren't officially engaged," Lew explained, "but actually we were engaged and even told studio officials five months before we married. We gave the matter a lot of thought. While we never for a minute thought of not marrying, we did think we might want another six months or so. But marriage hasn't hurt other young couples, has it?"

"We're both glad. And happy."

Lola sighs ecstatically, curled up in a corner of the divan. Lew is sitting cor-

rectly in a large, easy chair, but I intercept looks that tell me plainly enough, if I weren't there, that same chair would be groaning under the weight of the two of them.

It is something clean and fine about Lew and Lola's love. No mawkishness.

No sickly sentiment. No hand-holding or love codes. Rather, friendly understanding and a deep regard. The kind of affection that makes for firm foundations.

They are the same age, but Lola seems older than Lew. She is inclined to mother him. And does Lew enjoy it?

Lew is a boy that all women instinctively want to mother. He seems younger than he really is. So a size has nothing to do with this, for he is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. He has a bovish face. "Baby face" Ayres, they called him for years. He tried in every way possible to shed the hateful nickname. He is still sensitive about it, but that same baby look is his greatest asset. It was 'his innoc-

ent appearance that gained him the rôle opposite Garbo in "The Kiss." Lew says he knew when he read the description of the rôle that the part was his, for it said, "the boy is an innocent youth with a baby face."

Naturally, our talk drifted to that mem-

orable part of Paul Baumer in "All Quiet on the Western Front," a part that had been caught by a German helmet in the niche above the mantel. Lew told me it was the one he wore in the picture.

I asked him if he remembered how he felt when he got the part.

"Do I?" he laughed, and his laugh in-

cluded Lola. "I was terribly excited when I got a test for the rôle, because I didn't know anyone at Universal. The whole thing was luck. I had been thinking about appearing on the Western Front. I thought I would let myself think too much about it. Then, when the studio called the next evening and asked me to come out, I felt pretty certain what they wanted. I was quite thin at the time and I thought I ought to look a little fatter for a soldier. So I hunted up an old black suit. An aside here to Lola. "You know the funny one with the trick lapels. It had heavy padded shoulders. Then, I hunted up my thickest soled shoes, to make me look taller.

Talkie and Movie Production

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When I finally got out to the studio, I couldn’t make up my mind what to say if they asked me about the part. I rode around the block twice before I finally got up enough courage to go inside.

“I was so nervous when I went in, and they talked about everything else except the picture. I felt like jumping through the window. Finally, Mr. Milestone turned to me and said, ‘How would you like to work in Western Front?’ I said, ‘I’d like it.’ Then he said carefully, ‘We’ve got several parts to fill, you know. Which one would you like to have?’ And I told him that I wanted the leading part.

And that is how Lew got to be Paul Baumer, and got to be a movie star, and got to marry Lola Lane. For Lola fell in love with him on the screen before she met him in real life.

Lew claims it was all due to luck. He happened to come for a test on the day that the studio was riding Milestone hardest, telling him they couldn’t wait any longer for him to select the lead. And it was easier for him to pick a new man than it was to go back through all the tests he had made and compare them. Lew insists that if he had gone any earlier or any later, he wouldn’t have stood a ghost of a chance. He was just lucky enough to go off at the psychological moment.

Lew is popular with the technical men on his pictures and he spends most of his time between scenes, either playing on the studio piano or walking around the lot by himself. He likes to be alone. Or did! He is a natural musician, and plays the piano, banjo, guitar and organ. He was a member of Ray West’s orchestra, playing at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, when he got his first chance in pictures.

As a child, he dreamed of becoming a hero. And he still likes to get away from crowds. When he vacations, he picks the less frequented places. His favorite outdoor sports are hunting and fishing. And his favorite hobby is astronomy. He has recently purchased an expensive telescope with an i-inch lens that stands on a concrete base and works with a motor. And he has a complete library on astronomy. Any clear night, when they are at home, you will find Lew and Lola up on the roof star-gazing.

Lew insists that Lola is an excellent housekeeper, and his bachelor hall gives evidence of this in the feminine touch in its present decorative scheme.

Neither of them are given to display and though they say they are slightly cramped in their honeymoon home, they intend to remain until after the first of the year. Lew is a good business man. Everything he does is done in accordance with a carefully worked out budget system. The reason for this lies in the fact that at the end of his first successful year in pictures, he found himself without a cent to his name. He brought himself up short and took over a business manager. Now, he is as careful and canny as a Scot in business matters and he is steadily saving for a possible “rainy day.” And Lola approves and helps him. They intend to buy a moderate-priced home soon. Nothing pretentious. Rather something roomy and livable.

They are two, sensible, level-headed kids. Ideally mated. Much in love. And here’s the hope that they find all the happiness they deserve.

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Gary Cooper Discovers Manhattan Island

[Continued from page 19]

Holman over there. It is Libby Holman.

“Hello,” she says, “Must hurry. Just dashed down to see ‘Susann Lenox.’ Isn’t Gable marvelous? Heavens, the time! We’re playing New Haven this week and the little Yale boys were sent to interview me. Isn’t it too precious?”

The air momentarily seems charged with electricity. There is a tense silence—and a deep, husky voice is heard. It’s Tallulah Bankhead. Everyone gathers about her. If only Louis XV (or was it XVI?) had known Tallulah he wouldn’t have been so concerned over his coffee.

There’s Donald Ogden Stewart, there’s Heywood Broun, there’s Ward Morehouse—all professionals in their lines. Gary is just one among many—and likes it. Old “Massa” Cooper smiles and smiles.

“And now,” I said as enticingly as I could, “tell me about your love life.”

“You mean—?”

“Yes, Lupe.”

Gary grinned.

“Miss Lupe,” he said, “with all the thousands of restaurants there are in New York I had to wander into one restaurant the other day where John Gilbert and Lupe were lunching. John hurried Lupe away—I think he was in a hurry to catch a boat. Well, does that question your answer?”

“There’s Tallulah,” I added hopefully, “all the gossip columns have it that you and Tallulah are very much that way.”

“As a matter of fact, I have been with Tallulah only twice—and both times were at parties—since I met her. Maybe the chatters got me mixed with that other Cooper fellow—Jackie Skippy Cooper. I hear that Tallulah has quite a crush on him.”

Well, I hope I’m not too dumb about realizing that I am getting no place. But I did find out that the “Marjory” Wilson who was reported going places with Gary in all the fan mags is really “Katherine” Wilson (just a small mistake) the well known actress that everyone compares to Gary’s. And I did learn that there is a Countess Dorothy Frasso who is Italian or French or something—and maybe that explains why Gary wants to master the foreign languages. But I report with pleasure that he is successful and progress with the languages, I mean, not the countess.

Yes, that Cooper boy has gone New York, all right. But don’t be alarmed for he’s more charming than ever—if that’s possible.
Ben Lyon’s Up In the Air

[Continued from page 41]

instructor did not ask me whether or not I wanted to solo. I suppose instructors never do. They spring it on you in a nonchalant manner.

“We had circled the field a couple of times, during which time I had held the stick myself, taken off by myself and made my own landings. There’s nothing to it. I suppose in the knowledge that there is an experienced pilot in the ship ready to take things in his own hands the moment you falter.

“We made a landing and Lloyd climbed out of the ship. I prepared to follow him, believing that the lesson was over.

“I guess you can take it up by yourself now,” he said in an offhand manner. There was no warning. It was just put up to me and I could take it or leave it. At first thought I would leave it. I begged for just one more spin around with him to make sure.

“Well, if you want it,” he answered.

Ben was non-plussed. His heart beat wildly, he didn’t know whether he could make it alone or not. If he asked for one more spin around with the pilot it would look like cowardice, and if there is anything that Ben hates it is being made to look as though he were afraid of anything.

The result was that he refused to let the pilot show him another thing.

“I gave her the gun,” Ben recounted, “and rose from the ground in one of the most perfect of take-offs. It was encouraging, but alone in the air I began to feel a little shaky at first. When confidence returned I enjoyed that thrill which certainly comes once, and only once in a lifetime.

“After flying around for a few minutes I decided I would try my hand at landing. I can truthfully say that I never expect to make a more beautiful or perfect landing than I did that day.

“In fact, it was so perfect that I couldn’t help feeling cocky about it. Instead of taxiing to a stop, I gave her the gun again and took off, expecting to land once more in the same manner to the astonishment of my instructor.

“I was so full of confidence that I lost caution. My landing was a series of bumps that almost jarred everything loose on the plane, including myself. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to take off again and make a more sedate landing.

“I made it perfectly the third time, but all the glory was gone of the first landing—and all the cockiness was jarred out of me by the fisico of my second landing. However, I had soloed. And that means something to an aviation student.”

Then followed solo practice until he had piled up enough hours alone in the air to qualify him for a license as a private pilot.

Ben Lyon’s license number is 4375—a number he will carry with him to the end of his days. Every aviation license he may obtain in the future will bear this number. If he should die, the number dies with him. It is never given to anyone else. At that, as can be seen from the number, Ben can practically be called a pioneer.

Floyd Gibson’s number is in the 10,000s while today, when aviation is barely on the threshold of being a popular sport, the numbers run over the 15,000 mark.

This license did not satisfy Ben. He wanted to fly higher, literally and figuratively. The next step, he learned, was to become a commercial flyer.

This meant long hours in the air, driving passenger planes for hire, taking the responsibility of other people’s lives on his shoulders.

Sundays would find him at a commercial field, sitting on the bench with other pilots swapping experiences with them and waiting for one-dollar-a-flight customers to put in an appearance. This form of entertainment was quite at its height at that time, which was quite a boon to Ben for it
helped him pile up a lot of experience.

He would get to the field and take up his first passengers at about ten in the morning, continuing on to about five o'clock in the afternoon. Few of the passengers, if any, knew that they were flying with Ben Lyon, movie star. They may have heard of him as Pilot Lyon, and they never thought there was more to him than the two.

There were Sundays when Ben made as many as thirty-five flights—thirty-five take-offs and landings, a total of seventy passengers throughout the day. Working his Sundays as hard as he did, it did not take him long to gather enough hours of commercial flying to win his commercial license.

"The company had a find in me," Ben said. "I didn't get a nickel of the money the passengers paid for rides. I was only too glad to work for nothing in order to get the experience."

Even after the license was obtained, he could not rest there and call that an accomplishment. He kept on working at it, still training on carrying passengers. Besides, in order to hold his license he had to keep on flying, passing examinations and proving that he was always up to the minute on the latest writing and news of aviation.

It began to be a little too much of the same thing with nothing further in view. Surely there was a higher goal, he thought, and he started to inquire just what that higher goal might be.

"It's an army pilot's rating," one pilot told him. "In the first place you have to be in the army to get it. In the second place, it takes an awful lot of study, very rigid examinations—and at that you might never get it. Why, Lindbergh hasn't even got it. He only holds a J.A.P. rating—Junior Army Pilot."

That didn't discourage Ben in the least. If it were at all possible for any human to get, he felt confident that he would get it, too.

He went about things in their regular order, beginning with enlisting as a reserve private in the 322nd Pursuit Squadron located at Long Beach, California.

Then followed an apprenticeship in which he started in again from the ground floor. This was made all the harder for him, as he was active in his motion picture work and could give only his evenings to study and his Sundays and occasional off days to work at the army post.

He wasn't allowed to fly an army plane. That only comes when he wins his rating. He had to content himself with doing what every private does in the army. He had to take orders from his superior officers, clean the planes on up, put in spark plugs and learn how to get the pilots' planes in condition for flying. He had to help wheel the planes on a dolly to and from the hangars.

He had to drive the commissioned pilots from their headquarters to their planes in the green Ford which the post uses as its means of ground transportation.

In other words, he went to school with a vengeance.

He drank in every word of instruction that their branch men. He asked questions and studied innumerable books on the subject. He went up in the air with some of the army pilots and learned how army planes are handled. He studied gunnery and aerodynamics,

He was preparing for that ordeal of ordeals—the examination for an A.P. rating.

He must have been a good soldier, for even before the result of his examination had been reported by headquarters at Washington, he was given his commission as Second Lieutenant.

Ben considers that another high point in his life. He was at work on "We Three" with Rose Hobart at First National Studio when his commission arrived. He lost no time in letting everyone around the studio know about it.

One way in which he impressed it on Director John Adolphus was by refusing to come when called "Ben", or even "Ben Lyon". The call of "Lieutenant Lyon" always brought him running, with that well known boyish smile on his face.

The examination consumed several days, and in it Ben unburdened himself of all he knew about navigation, meteorology, engines, rigging of airships, and their attendant divisions and subdivisions which had always been known about aviation.

His physical examination alone took five days. The report was submitted to Washington together with his written examination papers.

The answer came when Ben was at work on "Night Nurse" with Barbara Stanwyck at the Warner Studio. It came in the form of a little leather card case, containing his Army Pilot's rating card— the highest rating in aviation which the United States Government can bestow.

To say that Ben was overjoyed is but putting it very mildly. He considers himself the happiest and proudest man in the country.

He now solos army planes, taking lone flights and flying in formation with his fellow officers.

No more does he have to wash planes or wheel them to and from the hangars. He has admirers subordinates to do that for him now.

He is a member of the luxuriously furnished Officers' Club which is part of the Squadron's headquarters at Long Beach.

There is that of all. His wife, Bebe Daniels, was made an honorary Colonel in the same squadron. She has her own locker in the club rooms with a little panel on the door reading "Colonel Bebe Daniels". For official occasions she wears her own Colonel's uniform.

One of the club rooms contains a large wooden topped table on which every officer has carved his name and the date the inscription was made. Ben has his there next to that of Lieutenant W. R. Swetz, the commander of the post, carved in script and reading merely "Lt. Ben Lyon". Bebe carved a square and in it, in square letters, is the inscription "Colonel Bebe Daniels".

They are a happy family now. When the table is so covered with inscriptions that it will hold no more, it will be hung on the wall as a memento of the first group of officers of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron.

To say that Ben had to go through his duties with no concessions made or given. He has to keep in flight practice throughout the year.

In the event of the outbreak of a war, he must immediately take up his commission in active service, and no camera man, Is your HAIR a stepchild to your FACE?

There are women whose "beauty minds" are lopsided. They give finest care to their faces, but shamefully neglect their hair! Are you guilty? Are gray hairs stealing your good looks? NOTOX is your saviour, if you have gray hair, which is discoloured hair! As indetectably as Nature colors your hair, so does NOTOX, by a decidedly new and strictly scientific method. Instead of crudely staining the hair with a surface plate of dye, as do all old-fashioned "clear white restorers," NOTOX gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the hair shaft.

Your hair remains as fine, lustrous and supple as ever, so natural in appearance that washing, waving, sunning NOTOXed hair does not affect it in the slightest. Rest a substitute—a like product does not exist. Buy it for home use at smart shops everywhere.

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheery color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Next Issue of Silver Screen on Sale January 8
Thrills of the Stars that Money Couldn’t Buy

(Continued from page 39)

impartially. Is he likely to proceed from these impromptu ovalsions with the feeling that he is just an inconspicuous cog in the wheel of society? Is he?

The drawing up at the curb of any luxurious motor in Los Angeles is the signal for the gathering of an anticipatory group. The wonder whose car it is unless they recognize Norma Shearer’s cream-colored Rolls Royce or Mary Pickford’s sleek black town car. Auto-graphics is becoming a problem, with so many claimants imposing a star’s program. It takes him half an hour to enter a theatre. A refusal means an accusation of snobishness. And what human wouldn’t respond keenly to such gestures of affection?

From the star’s captain’s uncouth bow to the writer’s final attention, a star’s presence in a café is an occasion for numerous courtees, all suavely offered, while his tired and hungry fellow-men wait for vacant tables during a performance.

Finding themselves in the limelight—oftentimes, over-night—the actors are both pleased and embarrassed at being pointed out on the streets. It depends upon whether or not they are out to be seen. This constant survey can become annoyingly oppressive.

As a sudden sequel to her spectacular hit, Marlene Dietrich found herself unable to go out without being mobbed. Actually frightened at this strange and impulsive ways, she remained a recluse.

The police forces of many European cities were called into action to make a passage for Norma Shearer. A familiar sight a few years ago in any large city was Mary Pickford being carried on Douglas Fairbanks’ shoulders to escape the clutching hands raised in an avid grab for some token. During the height of Lillian Gish’s popularity, an ermine coat was torn to shreds by her admirers. How can he remain impartial to such adulation? How can they retain a sensible glance upon the world that elevates them on a pedestal?

After her Viennese success, singing in a Chinese operetta, Anna May Wong became a beloved Annikin to the people. Even the women kissed her hand and begged for bits of her costume, to be cherished as souvenirs.

I saw a girl fan at a Hollywood premiere stage such a disturbance once that I didn’t know whether to laugh at her or to pity her, and did both. Forcibly hoisting herself onto others’ shoulders, she screamed, “There he is! Isn’t Buddy a darling?” until her face was apoplectic.

In Chicago, Robert Montgomery sauntered down a main street to a shop where he intended to buy some tennis clothes. Before he had walked five blocks from his home, his adoring crowd which steadily increased. He sprinted into the store and sought the elevator, but they were right on his tail, the overflow jamming the sidewalk outside. He finally had to leave via the service elevator and the back alley. Such evidence of public worship may be amusing—but it is also very complimentary.

One afternoon a number of society women, leaving a matinée, saw Joan Crawford enter a big shop, and squirmed along in her wake. To cover up their obvious scrutiny of her, they had to buy purses while she made her purchase! When she returns to her home every evening she finds a dozen fans waiting to see her step out of her car, frequently being tired and disheveled, she is driven to the rear entrance. En route East, she was met at every station by flowers, fruits and books presented by admirers.

Fifi Dorsay is trailed by photographers, newspapermen meet her at the train, fans storm her dressing-room in the theatres and her hotel rooms. Wally Beery can’t drop into his island camp at June Lake without meeting a welcome committee; after seeing the opening of his latest directing field he finds people waiting anxiously for a word with him. Norma Shearer was forced to seek safety in the manager’s office from a crashing, eager preview mob.

Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilber, Ronald Colman, Bob Montgomery, Clive Brook and other tennis players were watched by so many fans that they had to put up high walls enclosing their courts. “Pickfair” and other mansions are guarded, else they would be too besieged for their occupants’ comfort. Wasn’t it Chaplin who found a love-sick girl crouched one early morning in a rose-bush beside his door?

Once when Gloria Swanson returned from Paris, her car was pelted with flowers and from a platform noted directors made speeches of greeting. Mary Pickford and other stars have received such spectacular welcomes, too.

That so many do keep a balanced outlook is a source of amazement to me, and of a deep respect for their analytical powers.

Whenever Marie Dressler goes abroad, the presidential suite on the boat is given to her, regardless of what her reservations—inaugurably simpler—may have been. Nor is she assessed any extra charge. Upon arrival at San Francisco’s largest hotel, Lilyan Tashman found awaiting her a suite more expensive than the one she had ordered, its rooms filled with flowers and baskets of fruit, and a maid assigned to take care of her wants, with her needs during her stay. These superlative gestures were not included on the bill.

And that, my dears, is traveling de luxe... at a nominal cost.

Miss Dressler is feted everywhere and inspired a friendly feeling in every crowd. The policemen and newsboys on the New York streets yell to her when she passes in private motor or taxi. One day in Los Angeles a traffic signal stopped her car. People rushed out from the curb, peeking their hands for hearty shakes through the window. An officer had to clear the way that she—and the line of motors which she was unwittingly holding up—
might proceed. In Honolulu, she was serenaded each night under her hotel balcony. When she shops, women cluster around, engaging her in conversation.

"Not after all these years of changes!" Richard Dix laughed at some one's suggestion that the acclaim of "Cimarron" might turn his head. "Why, during my first movie success, I had one spell when I practically went cuckoo over public approval. I've been broke, and ill, and lots of other troublesome things, but I never was so blue as I was when I realized that the back-slapping was mostly flattery.

"I caught friends, professional associates, even strangers, handing me the baldest sort of stuff. And I didn't know how to act when I saw through it. Girls would rush up and gurgle—to a rugged, angle-faced guy like me—that blah about being an Adonis. But now I know that flatterers either have a selfish motive, or else they are sincere enough in a fanatic sort of way. Whereas, I used to think that either they were crazy, or I, now I consider it merely just another phase of human conduct."

"I lost my head over flattery," Ricardo Cortez also admitted. "It would have been hard to avoid conceit. I began to read all the publicity about myself, to study my portraits printed in the magazines. I pawed eagerly through my fan mail, looking for extravagant praise. But I got cured when I noted how one's popularity went up and down with one's luck."

As they have scant time for shopping tours, the feminine stars are permitted to make their selections quietly at home. The shops send out for their inspection the newest gowns and accessories, accompanied by models, saleswomen and fitters. Many put aside their best merchandise until it is convenient for such valuable customers to make their "previews," before it is placed on public sale. Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis are among those fortunate women who avoid bargain-hunting wrangles.

The stars set fashions, their manners and interests are widely copied. Imitation is the sublest form of flattery, you know. Everything from babies to towns has been named after them: Gary, Montana, the Charles (Buddy) Rogers Airport in Kansas, the Will Rogers Hotel in Claremore, Oklahoma, the Constania (Bennett) tango. Greta Garbo, a filly owned by a Frenchman, ran in the Epson Derby. Dressing-rooms are done over elaborately to please the taste of each stellar occupant. Paramount showed Dietrich respect by having a designer arrange a make-up manor exquisite in grays and pastel blues. Marlene, however, was not impressed. "The color is not got," she remarked. "I would like henna, instead." So they hardened to comply.

Now, you and I are satisfied with most any place to hang our hats where we work. But, suppose we should become reel royalty? Mightn't we find it difficult to accommodate ourselves?

One feminine admirer sends Clark Gable daily gifts of cigars and cigarettes. Another sent him a collection of expensive pipes that would last an average man several lifetimes. A Florence Britton fan sends her three red roses every morning and parks his car at the entrance to Laurel Canyon every day, to catch a glimpse of her as she whizzes past.

Landing his plane unexpectedly on a bumpy field filled with pastured cattle, David Manners was confronted by an excited individual who exclaimed, "This is wonderful! I'll get this on the front pages of the newspapers. The city will finance an airport on my property when they know that celebrities like David Manners are landing here."

Well, how would you behave? Are you sure?

Behind Their Publicity Fronts

What are the stars really like behind their masks of publicity? Is Adolphe Menjou really the impecable man-about-town you've been led to believe? And what's the real truth about Jean Harlow? - Clara Bow? Made-To-Order Reputations, written by an authority for January SCREENLAND, rips away the hokum and bunkum of publicity and reveals the stars as they actually are. It may shatter some of your illusions — but its truth you owe it to yourself to read.

THAT MENACE GABLE IN JANUARY SCREENLAND

An Outstanding Story About An Outstanding Star

A Novelized Version of Joan Crawford's Newest Picture

P raised, Joan Crawford's newest starring vehicle, is a magnificent story—one that you will not want to miss—either on the screen or in print. January SCREENLAND contains a complete novel version of the story, illustrated by actual shots from the picture.

Moving Picture Stars are setting the styles and SCREENLAND each month presents its own authentic fashion section with your favorite stars modelling the new mode. SCREENLAND is the big magazine of the films—it gives you the most for your money—remember the name SCREENLAND—and buy the January issue at your nearest newsstand.

JANUARY SCREENLAND

BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET: A Shapely Foot Is a Joy Forever

Straighten Your Toes. Banish that Bunion. Any other foot trouble? The "Perfection" Toe Spring REMOVES THE ACTUAL CAUSE of the BUNION or enlarged joint. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use. Send $2.00 with order. Written for full particulars.

C. R. ACFIELD, Dept. 419 36 W. 34th St., New York
NOW that a large percentage of the fans have seen Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox" the letters are coming in with the lavish abundance of autumn leaves. Some are brilliant, some are heavy and drop sadly upon our desk, but the pile is in the main a gay and happy mass expression complimentary to our favorite star.

When a famous writer produces a book, the book reviewers seize the opportunity it gives them to air their own knowledge. When a famous star produces a picture, every picture critic feels that he must justify his existence and show his knowledge of pictures when he writes his review of the talked about film. Cheap cracks may not be worked off with safety when it is a Garbo picture—it is much too crucial a time. In fact, Garbo is less on the pan than the critic. It is a time when the critic is like the old man with the telescope who stands at the entrance to Bryant Park. He has little credit for Venus shining down upon New York, but he goes up in our estimation if he reveals new beauties for us.

All right. Through our small telescope let us show you a greater Garbo than you have ever seen.

In the picture, after her night of love, we see Garbo catching her "leddle" fish. Here is a simplicity, a naturalness and a proclamation. She is a complete and happy woman. Gone are the doubts, the horrors of her life and the chill of fear. All told in a second with a little fish.

The story runs on, and we come to the scene when Gable will have no more of her and sends her back to the circus owner. "All right," says Garbo, "... the gutter shall pay.

In that defiance, in the moment of acceptance of the world as it must henceforth be for her, Garbo forces you to take sides against decency and morality—with her. What has been, cannot now be changed, but the battle is not lost while she has the power that lies within her, and which surges out of her in that fraction of time. Circumstances may not stop her—environment is only the stage setting of life—there is only one thing in the world, and that is Justice, and Garbo signs up with a gesture that is magnificent. It is due to this fighting spirit of Garbo that not one person seeing her but accepts her viewpoint, though it be a most horrible one. Virtue—nothing, chastity—nothing, but truth glows with a divine radiance. Such is Garbo's Susan.

There are many places in the picture that one enjoys thinking about and not the least is the great quality of intensity that Gable has in the scene as he leaves the politician's dinner. But, perhaps, the most wonderful bit is Garbo in love sadly hearing Gable scornfully jeering, "Just the price of a marriage license, that's all." Garbo hurt, sorry that their world is so hideous, listens and gives out a gentle patience, a very aura of love with her suffering eyes.

We like Garbo very much.

* * *

NOW "The New Year reviving old desires" is upon us. And what better wish for you can there be than that this promise become thrilling fact. May you all feel the urge of desires, the nagging, prodding stimulation and itch for something. May your ambition wax until you hold to your breast your fondest desire; may your longing for fame and for the respect of others grow to such dominating proportions that you become henceforth renowned in song and story for your great goodness of heart.

Happy New Year.
NO heat, no cosmetics! Anybody can do it. Just slip your lashes between Kurlash's rubber pads, press gently, and your lashes are curled—beautifully! See how your eyes sparkle! How much larger, deeper, darker! You display greater charm, more personality. Even short lashes appear long. The brilliant effect is lasting. Use of Kurlash promotes growth of lashes. No wonder Hollywood make-up artists use Kurlash on movie stars.

Other Kurlash Products

Kurlene—to grow long, luxuriant lashes. Lashpac—Compact with brush and stick mascara.
Shadette—intensifies eyes’ natural color. Lash tint—perfumed waterproof liquid mascara.
Tweezette—automatic painless tweezer.

At beauty shops, drug and department stores, $1.00 each. Write for booklet “Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them.” Eye beauty secrets told in pictures. Mailed free.

THE KURLASH CO., DEPT. SC, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Have you smoked a CAMEL lately?

If you want to enjoy cool, smooth mildness in a cigarette—real mildness—just try Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack.

It’s like giving your throat a vacation—so free are Camels from the slightest trace of bite or burn or sting.

Women, because their throats are more delicate than men’s, particularly appreciate this relief from the hot smoke of parched dry-as-dust tobacco, and are switching to Camels everywhere. The secret of Camel’s unique mildness is that the blend of fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos of which they are made is brought to the smoker in prime factory-fresh condition. All the fragrance and aroma of these tobaccos—and all the natural moisture which means cool flavorful smoking—is preserved intact for you by the Camel Humidor Pack.

So try Camels and see what it means to smoke fine cigarettes—kept fine—switch to them for just one day, then leave them—if you can.

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Does Luck Play a Part in Every Hollywood Success?
THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.

Greta

GARBO

It was beyond the powers of mortal man to withstand the lure of this siren.

Ramon

NOVARRO

The lives of a million men—the destinies of nations—these were the stakes she played for.

with

LIONEL BARRYMORE

and

LEWIS STONE

Directed by

George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
STEPPING SISTERS

Two step from the chorus into society—from sou- brettes to lorgnettes. One keeps right on carrying a spear, and her skirts are clean because she doesn’t wear any. What happens when she walks into their high-hat garden party and spills the society beans makes the merriest scandal of the year...You will laugh for a week!

LOUISE DRESSER MINNA GOMBELL
JOBYNA HOWLAND WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Both FOX Pictures

Just a pair of dance hall hoofers, taking the tough breaks with a smile, crashing at last the bright gate of Broadway fame. Falling in and out of love, in and out of work, gliding to success in each other’s arms. Stars of “Bad Girl” in the season’s smartest romance!
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Introducing the First Star of 1932

MARIAN MARSH in "UNDER EIGHTEEN"

"I see the first star... The first star sees me... she's under eighteen... amazingly lovely... a creature of fire and emotion... blonde... petite... talented... This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final"... You made Marian Marsh a star... Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love... Superb drama! Superbly acted!"

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton...
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought!"

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Silver Screen for February 1932
Beauty has a Silhouette
The Secret of Keeping Slim Lies in Exercising the Mind

EVERY woman longs for a beautiful body. And it is hers for the taking—I mean, the making! Like the creation of any lovely thing, perfection demands the utmost in time and attention. And this is where the rub comes in—for unless you want a beautiful body more than anything else in the world you will not do what is necessary to attain it.

Unless you feel that the urge to express beauty is stronger than any other desire there is no use reading any further here, for this article of definite instructions on reducing is addressed solely to those women who are willing and eager to pay the price of persistence.

Some women are more interested in shrinking their weight to a certain figure on the scales than they are in attaining the figure that is most becoming to them. Now that we are permitted once more to have busts and curves, the ideal of slimness is not exacting the last pound we have left.

However, youth lingers longest in a lithe body. When the nerves become too heavily padded with fat, they become dulled and no longer register the enthusiasm, the thrills, and the energy of youth.

It takes energy to burn up fat cells. It takes energy to tear them up in exercise. Which brings us to one of the most important and least understood truths about reducing. Please notice that I separate the two ideas—burning up fat cells—tearing up fat cells.

In the case of the type of body that turns every available bit of food into fat, exercise is not the best way of reducing. For the reason that this type of body tries to replace at once the tissues that have been torn down by exercise. The moment the exercising is stopped this impulse builds more flesh before it spends itself.

This is not to say that exercise is not valuable. None of us exercises enough to keep our bodies stimulated to normally. You should exercise for health’s sake, knowing that it is easier to mould a healthy body than a sluggish one. You can’t do better than to follow the morning exercises on your radio. But do not be disappointed when your exercises fail to keep you slim. They are just the first step in the process of reducing.

Before I go any further I want to call your attention to the fact that there are several types of fat people, each of which responds to a different method of reducing. You can readily recognize your own type as we discuss them. A number of women may take the same diet—some of them will lose and some of them will actually gain on it. For bodies vary in chemistry. One friend of mine is reducing rapidly by simply taking the juice of a whole lemon in a glass of hot water every morning on rising. This cleanses the system wonderfully.

I have spoken of tearing up fat cells, which can most certainly be done. An athlete can “work off” several pounds in a day’s time. But if he does not stay “in training” he quickly becomes overweight. Tissues can be torn down by vigorous massage as all of the picture stars who have been thumped by Sylvia of Hollywood can testify.

A starvation diet will undoubtedly deplete the tissues but at a great cost in health. Wherein lies the beauty of a slim figure if it is accompanied by ragged nerves, feverish, restless eyes with dark circles under them? Pernicious anemia often is the result of too much fasting; in which case resistance to disease is lowered to the danger point. Never starve yourself to the point of weakness. At all times feed your

During the depression Joan Blondell goes in for cutting down the waist and reducing the overfed.

POSTAGE STAMP BEAUTY

If you’re trying to get slim (or stay that way), if you want clearer skin, or lovely hair, or brighter eyes or a more becoming make-up, just add a two-cent stamp to a self-addressed envelope, tell Mary Lee your troubles and she’ll send you her personal advice. Address Miss Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York.
MODERN FASHIONS MAKE NO SECRET OF THE FIGURE

Every style worn today needs a good figure to set it off—dashing sports togs that are so trim and youthful—clinging evening gowns and the very feminine afternoon frocks.

A good figure is possible to nearly every girl by wise exercise and diet. But we must be careful in dieting to balance the menus so as to retain beauty and not harm it.

Every reducing diet should contain a reasonable amount of "bulk" so as to promote proper elimination. Without this, beauty soon fades—eyes lose their sparkle—and the skin may become sallow and colorless.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's All-Bran provides the needed "bulk"—and also furnishes a generous amount of Vitamin B to help tone the system. In addition, it is rich in available iron, which helps build red blood and bring attractive color to the complexion.

You will enjoy eating Kellogg's All-Bran either as a cereal with milk—or in many delightful cooked dishes, salads and soups. Two tablespoonfuls daily are sufficient for the average diet. It is not fattening and is prescribed by eminent dietitians.

Your grocer has Kellogg's All-Bran—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
BEST LETTERS OF THE MONTH

FIRST PRIZE
Salina, Kan.

As a teacher in the public schools, I insist upon giving my pupils some of the important things of life which are not to be found in books. One of these is a pleasant speaking voice. We practice our conversational tones as well as our singing tones.

When I feel a spell of unrest coming upon me I go to hear Ann Harding, George Arliss and Ruth Chatterton, and I come away convinced that I am assisting my pupils in attaining a priceless possession.

Not all of us can sing beautifully; but it is quite possible for all of us to have a pleasant speaking voice, if we work. Before talks came to us we were unable to see grace of action. Now we not only see it, but we hear it. In the film world, just as in the teaching field, the great selective process is going to serve as a stimulus to bring the best to the public.

ESTELLE BONNER

SECOND PRIZE

La Grange, Ga.

I have just seen that masterpiece of talking pictures, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with the motion picture's newly-discovered treasure, Helen Hayes. I simply cannot resist writing you and telling you what we think of the picture and its stars. Undoubtedly, it is the ultimate height in our talkies. Helen Hayes is irresistible; her understanding rôle captivates the emotions of each of us. Her marvelous portrayals continue, perhaps Hollywood's Garbo and Chatterton will have keen competition for "first place in the hearts of the fans."

FRANCES LEETH

THIRD PRIZE

Richmond, Va.

What's all this noise about stories for stars? It seems justifiable, but does it show little good, with the M. P. P. D. A. excluding?

One of the film editors of a great company told me their librarian buys practically every book that comes out, in advance of publication, because they are simply combing the market for stories. And look what they put out! Look at all the marvelous stories that are mangled and tangled in the film handling. And yet! I read Tallulah Bankhead's interview in the New York Times yesterday, and she seems to me a wise child when she refuses to our idea that it is her business about her stories, for after all, film business is organized—and film editors are chosen for their hair and ability to choose good stories. As for some of the lavish praise we don't know about what can be screened, and what cannot. Let us give them the benefit of the doubt, and praise them when they choose "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" for Helen Hayes.

ELIZABETH CARY WILLIAMSON

ORDERS FOR MR. LASKY

Metuchen, N. J.

I agree with our fans that the gangster pictures be left out. Who, after a hard day's work, wants to see a murder or robbery?

We want more romance and music. We want more pictures of Janet Gaynor and her wonderful leading man, our handsome Charlie Farrell. Janet is one person that can make you sit back in your seat comfortably and at ease, while you drink in the sweetness of her voice. We could stand more of Connie Bennett and Lew Ayres in pictures like "Common Clay," or Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant." That's the stuff we want.

MRS. ADAMET

GRET A'S CO-EDS

Northfield, Minn.

Recently at a tea, I joined with a group of co-eds in a discussion of movie stars. Of course, the majority liked Connie Bennett, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, and numerous other brilliant stars, but Garbo was arrayed to be the one and only. She is the queen of the movie kingdom. When someone mentioned that Garbo was too tall, we were not to worry, and there marry in a few months, diann sweep over the countenances of the girls.

Garbo leaving us? Why what would we do without her? Can anyone that we her lashes in a questioning expression like Garbo? Truly, no one can ever take her place! We will pay three times the price of a ticket to see and hear her performances.

Please, Greta, do not "go home." We need you, and you must remain!

M. E. Hughes

GABLE THE STUPENDOUS

Who is this bird who says down with Gable? Isn't he capable of recognizing a real, honest to goodness actor when he sees one? Why, when Clark plays the villain even the hero takes a back seat. But when he is the hero, he's stupendous. That Gable man has personality plus, and his voice alone provokes dreams of glamour and romance, deviltry or brutality, as he wishes it. His acting is glorious. Any one with half an eye could see he put his heart and soul in his work. Joel McCrea is splendid too. But this Bob Montgomery, he's a mere drop in the bucket! A pretty boy actor. Pooh! He's not in it with Gable! And I don't happen to be a silly young girl who falls for every guy with grease in his hair. I happen to be a very sensible young married woman. So let's give Clark the credit he deserves.

Margaret Peternell

NOW, NOW, DAVY!

Erie, Pa.

If I only could have heard Ann Harding's golden hair, Norma Shearer's classic profile, Joan Crawford's gorgeous eyes, Jean Harlow's figure, Constance Bennett's perfect poise, Marlene Dietrich's legs, Billie Dove's throat, Dorothy Jordan's sweet kissable mouth, June Collyer's dimples, Marian Marsh's youth, I should say I would!

Davy Erickson

YOO HOO! PALMY DAYS

Chattanooga, Tenn.

I was getting tired of the heavy drama and sob stuff when along came Eddie Cantor in "Palmy Days" and what a riot he was! There were gales of laughter, screams and applause throughout the picture. I laughed until my sides ached. He kept the audience on their tiptoes wondering what he was going to do next. Give us more pictures with Eddie Cantor and we'll forget about the depression.

WILLIE MAE ADAMS

SILVER SCREEN
Learn music in record time this twice as easy way

JUST imagine! A remarkable new method that actually makes it easy for you to learn to play your favorite instrument. A method so delightfully simple, so amazingly easy to grasp that you don’t even need a personal teacher!

What an opportunity to become an accomplished musician without plodding along for years in the slow, old-fashioned way! For now, the old-time drudgery has been done away with forever. No more tiresome scales to practice day in and day out. No more hours and hours of dreary exercises that make you wish you had never begun. Instead, you start right off playing real melodies, by note. What could be more thrilling than that! Yet that isn’t half of it.

A Quick, Sure Road to Popularity

Think of the joy, the sheer delight, of being able to play any tune you wish, any time, anywhere. All those fine old classics you love so well. The latest fashions and all the popular melodies of the day. Imagine how popular you will be at parties and dances and other social functions. How it will feel to be admired, and sought after by your friends.

This amazingly easy method of learning music is fairly packed with pleasant surprises. Every step, right from the beginning, is made so simple, so interesting, so thoroughly enjoyable, that instead of dreading to practice, you will find it nothing but fun. And what fun!

Moreover, you can’t go wrong, because everything is right there before your eyes, in print and picture. First you are told how to do a thing. Then the picture shows you how. Then you do it yourself, and hear it. No expensive private teacher could make it any clearer. And almost before you know it, you will be playing difficult pieces with an ease and skill that will surprise you—and amaze your friends.

The best of it is that you can learn at your leisure, right in the privacy of your own home. No matter what instrument you choose, a little of your spare time is all that is required. You choose your own time for practice. And there is no one to drive you or hold you back. You can proceed just as slowly or as rapidly as you like.

Over 600,000 delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way. Some of them are now playing on the stage; others are in orchestras; and thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

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Decide right now to realize your dreams—to make good that promise you have often made to yourself that some day you were going to play. Start at once. Make up your mind that the next few months are going to be the happiest, most profitable days you have ever known. Prepare for the good times ahead. Surprise all your friends. Enjoy real popularity. Investigate this delightfully easy way to become a skilled musician. You will be astonished when you learn that the cost is so unbelievably low.

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The first step is easy. Simply fill in and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully, and show you how quickly and easily you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the new and amazing Automatic Finger Control. Instruments are supplied when needed, cash or credit. Mail the coupon NOW. U. S. School of Music, 1152 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-Fourth Year (Established 1898)

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Please send me your free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

Instrument

Have you

Name

Address

City

State

for February 1932
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Excellent (Warner's)

George Arliss again gives
one of his superb
performances. He plays the
role of Alexander Ham-
ilton, the great American statesman of the
nineteenth century. Hounded by jealous
politicians, Hamilton goes nobly to protect
his country. It's even more thrilling than
"Disraeli". Doris Kenyon, June Collyer
and Dudley Diggs are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Splendid (Paramount)

This is a gripping, un-
usual picture that will
thrive you with its sin-
cere direction and su-
perb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved
boy who murders a factory girl to keep
from marrying her. Tragic and depres-
sing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney
and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE
Good (Paramount)

In this picture Paul
Lukas plays a handsome
and sympathetic bache-
lor who has been dis-
appointed in love. He adopts a little girl
to save her from the horrors of an Orphan
Asylum, and when the little girl is eighteen
she falls desperately in love with him. She
has a hard time convincing him she is
grown up—but he convinces.

BLONDE CRAYZ
Splendid (Warners)

Here's grand entertain-
ment. James Cagney
plays a small town bell-
hop with ambitions for big town shake-
down. He picks a girl and they spend a
successful season of gyping. But the girl
gets refined and marries a society youth and
Cagney loses interest in his racket. There's
a surprise ending that's a knock-out. Joan
Blondell is the girl.

BOUGHT
Splendid (Warners)

Connie Bennett is still a
sophisticated sinner, and
if you are a Connie Ben-
nett fan you will be wild about this pic-
ture. Connie again plays the role of a
young girl who wants nice things—and all
that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Milland
help her get them.

BUSINESS AND
PLEASURE
Booth Tarkington's
The Pilgrim (Fox)

This was originally
the title the author would never rec-
ognize it now. Will Rogers plays a sap
safety razor king from the Middle West
bound for Europe with his family. Rival
steel kings engage Jeta Goudal to vamp
him. Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab
chiefs and things, but it isn't very funny.

ENTERED FOR
IMPERISHABLE MEMORIES

"STRICKLY DishONORABLE"
Because it is as light as the
foam of the sea of romance,
and a lot more entertaining

"ARE THESE OUR
CHILDREN?"
Because these young peo-
ple will be stars in the
not-too-distant future

"ONCE A LADY"
Because Ruth Chatterton
explains why she has
always the bold it has

CISCO KID, THE
Warner Baxter as the
Cisco Kid again carries
out the beautiful Robin
Hood tradition of robbing from the rich
and giving to the poor. In this case he
robs from the bank and gives to a poor
Widder Woman. Eddie Lowe is again the
young girl.

Law and Conchita Montenegro the Spanish

CONSO
LATION MARRIAGE
Good (Radio)

In this film Irene Dunn
plays the role of a
young girl who gives her
sweetheart to a wealthy man
so that he can pursue his
concert career. Broken-hearted, she meets a
romantic, hard-drinking newspaper man
who has just been given the air by the
girl of his dreams. Swapping their
fingers at fate they get married on the spur
Pat O'Brien is grand as the news hound.

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, THE
Fair (Cox's)

Another one of those
crushing hands, mysteri-
ous, will-must-be-read-
by-midnight affairs.
Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and
Jack Holt a police lieutenant, both deadly
rivals for the favors of the lovely Sally
Blaine. If you aren't too sophisticated
you'll have shivers when you see it.

DEVOTION
Good (RKO-Radio)

A rather trite story be-
comes a simply charm-
ing picture through the
graceful acting of Ann Harding and Leslie
Howard. Two of the best actors on the
screen, and I wouldn't kid you. It's the old
thread-bare plot of the girl who goes to
work in disguise for the man she loves.
Of course, she discovers—with the usual results. It's silly, but at
the same time quite delightful.

EAST OF BORNEO
Good (Universal)

This is another
"Trader Horn" but it is
very near it for excite-
ment. A young girl is
seeking her husband who is now a
reigning prince's physician in Borneo.
Plenty of
wild animal thrills and blood-curdling ex-
capades, Charles Bickford and Rose Ho-
bart give good performances.

(Continued on page 11)
Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF

Good
(Radio)

This picture’s about a woman who has become a famous comedienne on the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two daughters to a fashionable and snobby finishing school. When the daughters learn that mother is an actress—well, it’s just too bad. Edna May Oliver is perfect as the comedienne and Helen Chandler and Rochelle Hudson are the daughters.

FIFTY FATHOMS

Deep
(Fair
(Columbia))

There are some bottom-of-the-sea camera shots in this one that will thrill you. The plot’s about two pals who are nuts about each other until a cheap little blonde gold-digger comes along. No more buddies. There’s an exciting climax at the bottom of the sea and the pals are re-united. Jack Holt, Richard Cromwell and Loretta Bayvers do well by the plot.

FIVE STAR FINAL

Excellent
(Final National)

Here is grand entertainment for you and a picture that socks a wallop. Frances Starr plays a happily married woman with a lovely young daughter who is about to marry into the social register. But on the eve of the wedding a nosey tabloid, in an effort to increase circulation, digs up a lurid scandal on the mother with tragic results. Edward G. Robinson is great as the managing editor. Marian Marsh is the pretty daughter.

FREE SOUL, A

Good
(M-G-M)

A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE

Good
(Radio)

Well, here’s your newest heart-throb, girls, step right up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing we have to the late Rudy Valentino on the Hollywood set. In this one Ivan plays a handsome spy commanded to make love to beautiful ladies for information. There’s an exciting climax. Genevieve Tobin and Chester Conspan are two of the beautiful ladies.

GUARDSMAN, THE

Excellent
(M-G-M)

If you are the least bit sophisticated you will be simply crazy about this picture which has been superlatively done by the New York Theatre Guild’s charming Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. It’s all about an actor who suspects that his wife is about to embark on an infidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian soldier and carries on an intrigue with his own wife. What fun! And did she know?

GUILTY HANDS

Good
(M-G-M)

Do you want to be baffled? Well, try this mystery thriller. Lionel Barrymore, as a retired district attorney, commits a murder, fastens the blame on another, and then manages things the way he wants them. Kay Francis and Madge Evans are splendid.

Directed by Erle C. Kenton
Produced by Sam Bischoff

“KEEP YOUR EYES ON TIFFANY PICTURES”
By 

SALLY FORTH

THE chatter of Hollywood, Sally forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

they reach your local theatre—but I refuse to take the blame for that. Production on Connie’s picture was held up on account of the tragic death of Robert Williams who was supposed to play opposite her. Ben Lyon has been given the Williams’ role.

Redhead: David Manners, was born Raulif Aklon in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 9th, 1905. His mother is a Manners—being related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Cooper, so he adopted the name for his professional career. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He likes to watch football games, ice hockey and wild west rodeos shows, and his favorite indoor games are pinochle and rummy. His especial dislikes are cup custards and women with red finger nails. (Ah Ha! Look out for those finger nails, Redhead.) He married several years ago a girl named Susanne Bushell—but he’s divorced now and one of Hollywood’s most eligible bachelors.

Peggy: I’m glad you share my enthusiasm for Jean Harlow, Peggy. I can assure you that she is just as gorgeous off the screen as she is on. Jean is going on a personal appearance tour in January and maybe she will come to one of the theatres in your city and you’ll have a chance to see her in the flesh. You won’t be disappointed. She has the loveliest violet eyes and her sensational platinum hair is really quite beautiful and not at all exotic. Jean was born in Kansas City and her real name was Harlean Carpenter. The kids in the neighborhood called her a “tow head”—and now those same kids (in long pants and long dresses) call her “platinum blonde” which all goes to prove that life is a bowl of cherries. She married a Chicago lad and divorced him. She lives in Los Angeles with her mother who is almost as beautiful as Jean.

Connecticut Miss: No, it wasn’t Sally O’Neill who played in “The Parent Leather Kid” but you are warm anyway. It was Sally’s sister Molly O’Day, Molly is going places now with James Dunn and they are giving each other those tender glances. Nice kids, both of them. Since Lovell Sherman gives you such thrills and quivers I feel I must warn you that you are in for a real case of delirium tremens when you see “The Greeks Had a Word for It.” Lovell has an important part in that picture and is quite—er—glamorous. Old Dame Rumor has it that Lovell and his wife, Helen Costello, have come to the parting of the ways.

Violet: Jackie Cooper’s mother and father were divorced right after Jackie was born. Mrs. Cooper gave piano lessons to the neighborhood children to make enough money to support Jackie. But Jackie does all the supporting now, you bet!
"I reduced my hips 9 inches without the slightest diet" writes Miss Jean Healy!

Perfolastic Company
41 East 42nd Street
New York City

Gentlemen:

I am enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle.

It seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous. At least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle.

This reduction was made without the slightest diet, and I really want you to know how pleased I am that at last I have found the Perfolastic reducing girdle.

Very truly yours,

Jean Healy

"Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley—so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with the PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days!

Money-Back Guarantee

REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
or your money refunded

The girdle is not infallible, but it has reduced so many thousands of women we do not hesitate to make this unusual offer.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips... and be comfortable too... for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every move you make.

Stand before the mirror—the first time you wear your girdle you appear inches slimmer! You will be amazed at the improvement in your appearance—and surprisingly soon the fat will begin to disappear.

Coupon Brings FREE BOOKLET and Sample of PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Send for 10 day Trial Offer

* Not one cent was paid for above testimonial

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Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle; also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day Trial offer.

Name

Address

City.................. State

for February 1932
A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Priscilla Bryant

ACROSS
1 What Ben Lyon is now
2 She is wearing an Alaskan Seal coat this winter
5 Belonging to us
8 He eloped with Lola Lane
11 An exclamation
13 Married to June Collyer
15 Power or liberty of passing back
19 She once posed for Listerine ads
21 To decide or sort
22 A sweetheart chosen on St. Valentine's day
24 An honorary title of the descendant of Mohammed
25 A sign written on a prescription, denoting equal quantities
26 He's a sensation in pictures
27 Kingdom in S. Europe
29 Roman numerals
30 She made a hit in "An American Tragedy" (initials)
31 To pass from liquid to gaseous state
32 A bishop's or pope's office
34 An article
36 East India (abbr.)
37 Wandered from the right way
39 Drop
40 Girls who make their first appearance in society
41 He calls his fifth, and youngest, "Five Star Final"
45 Ireland
46 To grow old
47 The big chance was in "The Goose Woman"
49 An actor in Westerns
51 The cost of the seed of wheat, rye, etc.
52 She is the daughter of Clayton Heimann of New York
53 Enthusiast
55 To cook with a simmering heat
57 The spike of Indian corn
58 Passed from one place
59 Any one of several popes of Rome

61 Present indicative plural of the substantive verb
62 Degree conferred on graduates of some colleges
63 A period of youth
64 A Canadian physician, educator and author
66 Her next picture is "A Lady With A Past" (initials)
67 The ethereal fluid supposed to flow in the veins of gods
68 Contradiction of word meaning "and so forth"
70 A member of an Indian tribe of the Shoshone stock
71 Tied up in the movies for extras used in mob scenes, etc.
72 Points of the compass
73 A sea eagle
75 Used to form adjectives
77 Prettix meaning "stupid or silly"
78 A star who is called "Dixie" (initials)
80 A Fox star who writes for the New York Times
82 He is the head of Hollywood's Unemployment Relief Fund (initials)
84 State of being
86 A Jewish dry measure
87 Claudee's name in "His Woman"
89 The erring husband of Mary Astor in "Smart Woman"
90 He is the head of Hollywood's Unemployment Relief Fund (initials)
91 Junior Cochran took this part in the "Patrol and Sam"
93 A machine on which the picture films are wound
95 A bean that is a favorite of Will Rogers
97 He appeared opposite Constance Bennett in "Bouquet"
98 Palm leaves prepared for being written upon
99 A very large bird of Australia
100 Nickname for Oliver Hardy

101 She is a great believer in fortune-tellers
102 A negative connective
104 She appears with Joe E. Brown in "Let's Make It Good"
105 Adverb meaning "thus far"
107 Independent self
110 Where John and Dolores Barrymore spend much of their time
112 George Webb is one
113 She has recently married her handsome physician

DOWN
1 A fabled wing horse
2 Songs or airs
3 Piece of metal on which is cut a device to be stamped
4 Forward, without interruption
5 Moldings consisting of convex and concave sides
6 A vessel of various forms
7 To fasten again
8 Her mother is a Countess (initials)
10 Very small
12 Her last name is Borden
14 A star who became much attached to Jackie Cooper (initials)
15 Furious
16 A measure of length, chiefly for cloth
17 To have a seat
18 A trap
20 Construction of first person singular, present indicative of "to be"
21 Used for holding flowers (plural)
22 To evade
26 Official or appropriate dress
28 A river in W. Belgium
31 She makes a fine team with Jackie Stewart
33 Cessas
35 A horse with great speed
37 First name of director of "Sin of Madelon Claudet"
39 Her real name is Pomares

41 He is busy writing musical scores now
42 A wampas baby star of 1931
43 A suffix signifying "to do or make"
44 Basket or trap for catching eggs
46 A carbohydrate contained in food
47 She was good in "Consolation Marriage"
48 To lift up
50 A mother in "Are These Our Children"
51 More for Beatrice
52 The clown prince of the talkies
54 Void
56 Membrane which unites the toes of many birds
58 Star in "The Man Who Played God"
60 He has adopted a 255 year old child
63 Thoroughbreds (abbr.)
65 The remains of a desolate house, city, etc.
66 Company (abbr.)
70 The objective case of we
72 The four divisions of the year
74 Not far distant
76 She has a most fascinating southern drawl
77 An abbess or spiritual mother
79 She is the bride of Gloria Swanson's third ex-husband
81 To harvest the ripe-plums
83 The King of Spain gave her her name
84 A place in France
85 Shrewd
86 A new name for Thomas Todd
90 An island and its capital
92 Her husband left for the Chinese War front
94 An uncle ( Scot.)
95 Part of the name of lle de France
97 To depress the value of stocks
103 He played in "Street Scene" (initials)
106 What Clara Bow is said to have had

(Fall's flat for once

Lost on the square

Down but not out

Is he upright?

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 73. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.)
Silver Screen's Movietown Topics

THERE were many clashes of temperament during the making of "Mata Hari" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Ramon Novarro and the glorious Greta just about finished the picture, it is said. It all happened when Ramon refused to play the love scenes as written and kiss the divine Garbo, insiders say. A truce was effected and the picture eventually completed. George Fitzmaurice, the director, is breathing without effort again, likewise the studio officials.

BEBE DANIELS had a man arrested in San Francisco when he attempted to force his way into her bedroom at a hotel where she was stopping. Police arrested the intruder and asked him what his motive was. "Can I help it if I am crazy about her?" he asked. He probably will get sixty days in the bastille.

THERE may be nothing to it, but Gloria Swanson has been busy along the Wilshire and Hollywood Boulevards purchasing baby clothes.

ARTHUR LOEW, son of the founder of Loew's theatre circuit, and Adrienne Ames are feeling "that way." When you see one you see the other in Hollywood. This may come as a surprise to his New York friends.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S little daughter takes a daily plunge in the ocean at Santa Monica, regardless of weather.

THEY say Connie Bennett is getting annoyed about the publicity given her supposed $30,000 a week salary. Few know how this large salary hokum gained momentum and so we will tell you. Jack Warner engaged Connie for two pictures to be made over a period of a year. He agreed to pay her $180,000 for the two productions to be made whenever he wanted them made, and Connie signed. A smart publicity man figured that this would be $90,000 a week for Connie since each picture would be made in three weeks and six times thirty-thousand is $180,000. So now you know.

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S family spent the holidays in Hollywood with her. Her mother and aunt have forsaken the Eastern domicile for the movie city.

LILY DAMITA has a new flame in Sidney Smith, the artist. It looks serious too.

FRANK FAY'S home burned down at Malibu recently and when the firemen and Barbara Stanwyck (his wife) walked amongst the burned embers they found a framed photograph of Frank autographed to Barbara, unmarrred by the flames, and the only thing saved. That's be lieve it or not for Mr. Ripley.

SOME one started the ugly rumor that King Vidor, director, and his pretty wife Eleanor Boardman were at the parting of the ways. Nothing could be more from the truth. They are a devoted pair and nasty whispering campaigns only go towards making some heart sick. But, Hollywood is said to have no heart.

IRENE DUNNE has a good looking chauffeur at Radio studios. She thought the boy looked like a good screen bet, so asked studio officials to give him a test. Imagine her surprise when the chap refused to make it and further said he didn't want to be an actor. But it happened.

JETTA GOUDAL won her back salary suit amounting to $34,531.23 from Cecil B. DeMille. Without a doubt Jetta ate turkey for Christmas.

[More Movietown Topics on page 48]

for February 1932
LIFE in Hollywood is a perennial movie plot! The most important things happen unexpectedly, and usually the rainbow appears right over the clouds of acute despondency.

A dramatic uncertainty is Hollywood's keynote. Swiftly moving days string comma-happenings into exclamation-point-events, interspersed here and there with the question marks of those who still wait. A Gaynor or an Ayres is discovered, shoots into the electric spray overnight; hope springs eternal.

So much is dependent upon chance. Opportunity, a rôle tailored to one's capabilities, an auspicious production, public approval, all are fortune's whims. Glamorous things on the right and on the left of one carry others skyrocketing upward; where will that welcome lightning strike next?

Every meeting carries possibilities beneath its casual greeting; each glance is inquisitive.

Spectacular success often has hinged upon some minor event, chance meetings have placed the uncertain feet of the ambitious upon the escalator to greatness.

Lilyan Tashman told me when she was free-lancing that, while she did not deliberately use social life as a means of promoting her career, directors were made aware of her personality by seeing her at parties and premières.

The top-notchers can withdraw somewhat from the social splurge, but it is disastrous for a newcomer to be too exclusive. Her arresting beauty must have opportunity to awaken the influential powers into a realization of her possibilities. Frequently, this occurs in a blinding flash—and a new career goes marching on to glory.

A misunderstood word over the telephone saved a friend's life and kept Ivan Lebedeff from giving up his motion picture career. One evening, when it seemed that he had been following an illusory will-o'-the-wisp, he was packing, his plan being to go to Washington and attempt to attach himself to the diplomatic service. The bell rang. Answering dispiritedly, he heard a Russian comrade who had been doing extra work bid him a melancholy "Goodbye." A moment later it dawned on him that the man could not have known of his intended departure. What could that farewell mean?

Rushing to the other's room, he arrived just in time to prevent the man from committing suicide. In talking to his friend—spurring his courage to carry on—he inadvertently bolstered his own spirits. He, too, was quitting? Aha, was he? Not by a something-or-other! He returned to his apartment, unpacked his trunks, and set his teeth for another try, in a short while winning a Radio contract.

George Bancroft also was leaving Hollywood for good, the arid possibilities of pictures having convinced him that he was a failure. Running into a friend, he accompanied the man to the James Cruze offices, where the other was to pick up a letter. Cruze, then casting "The Pony Express," was struck by Bancroft's husky appearance, interviewed him, took a test next day—and the reservations for the train East were cancelled.

A lonely kid who was getting fed up with playing a banjo in an orchestra drifted into a hotel at the tea hour. There was an antidote to his blues at the table across the room—a beautiful blonde. He asked her to dance; she accepted. And he didn't know until later that she was Lily Damita! A studio executive saw him, liked his easy grace and the character in his young face. But what if Lew Ayres had chosen to drown his sorrow that day at a soda-fountain instead?

Suppose Richard Dix had read another of the stack of novels on his table instead of "Cimarron" that evening when, discouraged at the slumps into which his lagging career had drifted, he reached...
Few Players Laugh at Luck. There Have Been Too Many Careers That Started Just By Chance

Here is Clark Gable—without a contract—playing a cowboy heavy in "The Painted Desert" with J. Farrell MacDonald and Helen Twelvetrees. The right man saw him—Was it luck?

George Bancroft was leaving Hollywood, a failure, when the eye of James Cruze fell upon him. Fate cancelled the reservation itself. And curiosity brought Anna May Wong into the movies. She was an interested spectator on a location set where her cousin was working when Mickey Neilan spied her, studied her and suggested a test.

Feeling as bleak and unnecessary as a wallflower at a party, Helen Twelvetrees finished her first year in pictures in debt, unhappy because of marital difficulties, and considered herself "through" when her Fox option wasn't taken up.

For want of something better to do, she went with a chum to keep an appointment at Pathé, "just for the ride." The casting director strolled through the outer office where she was waiting, captivated by the appeal of the frail, wistful girl with the hint of disillusion in her eyes; her face had that "tired of wishes, empty of dreams" look, defiance had been drained out of it. He visualized her as a heroine whom he had experienced difficulty in casting. I don't know what became of the friend, but we all know what happened to Helen.

Accident is responsible for the selection of Marjorie Peterson for a lead in "The Second Shot," her first really important role in the speaking films. A contract had brought her only insignificant things to do, though she had attained a position meriting respect in the New York theatre. She was arranging to return East, disgusted with the talkies, when a friend asked her to luncheon at the Embassy Club. Ralph Murphy, an RKO-Pathé director, saw her, met her, and questioned her along lines that suddenly changed her mood into buoyancy. There, presented without preliminaries, was the chance that even a contract had denied her.

Ona Munson says, laughingly, that her "accidental career" started when Gus Edwards visited a dancing school and picked her out of the class, encouraging her to go on the stage. Her big opportunities always have dropped into her lap thus [Continued on page 66]
public is interested in their personality as well as their ability. Actors are moody, too, and even more susceptible to certain influences, but their moods are termed "temperament." Unfortunately, that word has come to mean "bad tempered." Too many players have used it in the past as an excuse to indulge a very sour disposition.

Within the walls of the studios, however, these moods are recognized and given consideration whenever possible by producers and directors. If a player works better under one condition than another it is good business to give him his way. Oh, within reason, of course. If the best emoting of an actress is accomplished only after she has had a terrific argument with her director, then that individual tries to be patient about it. He knows she doesn't really mean it. If an actor works best with a few crumbs of praise being tossed his way occasionally, the director accommodates there, also.

The working moods of players are as varied as the performances they give. And, moreover, these same working moods are a recognized factor in the making of pictures at every Hollywood studio.

There's no better way to begin a story than looking in on the Greta Garbo set. Before a picture starts Garbo demands twenty-four hours by herself. Then she locks herself in her house. She scarcely eats or sleeps. She spends those hours getting into the mood of the character she is to portray. She is on the set at nine, and she stops at five in the afternoon. Nothing on this earth could keep Garbo at the studio any longer.

She cannot do her best work with constant and repeated rehearsing. She walks through a scene once. The first "take" by the camera is almost always her best. She is listless and disinterested when the scene is shot time and again. Any stranger on the set distracts her. Usually her director, and her crew, have been with her for years.

Something of a puzzling problem came up in the filming of "Mata Hari." Ramon Novarro, her co-star, does his best work after numerous rehearsals. He becomes better and better as he goes over a scene. However, a compromise was reached between the stars. Garbo consented to rehearsing a bit more than usual, and Ramon agreed to do with much less.

Clara Bow is another girl who cannot rehearse. She throws herself immediately into the rôle, but the spontaneity is gone when she must repeat her scenes several times. Clara never does her best work in the morning. As a matter of fact the lively Brooklyn red-head doesn't begin to feel her best until late afternoon. Directors have found from experience that she works most successfully late at night.

Neither Lew Ayres nor his directors make a secret of the fact that he must have a certain amount of encouragement to give his finest performances.

Russell Mack, who directed Lew in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," says this youngster is without conceit. He depends on the director to make up this deficit through praise, understanding and confidence in him. Lew is extremely sensitive, and he must feel that the man behind the megaphone is his friend. Then he
Some Stars Can Start Emoting When the Whistle Blows, and Some Cannot Work Unless Everything Is Just So

Director Fitzmaurice talks quietly, visualizing the scene, and Constance Bennett listens. Her eyes get dreamy and her 'very soul slips into the character. Connie does her stuff.

Woman Commands." After one of these tiffs Pola would go into her scene with eyes flashing—and do great work. Away from the studio Pola and Stein are the best of friends and have been for years. Neither takes the disagreements seriously.

One very amusing incident occurred during the making of "The Woman Commands." Pola and Stein were deep in an argument, and some rather fiery words were being exchanged. A sound technician on the set took a recording of it. All unknown to the two sparring partners the recording was taken to the studio musical director. A special, and very stormy score was written for it. Then one night when the day's rushes were being shown, that recording was turned on. Pola and Stein laughed harder than anybody.

Health means a great deal to the performances of Ruth Chatterton. She suffers from low blood pressure and frequently has sleepless nights. Under these conditions her work suffers to some extent. While she was at Paramount every effort was made to protect her from small worries and needless [Continued on page 80]
Afraid of Love
Marian Marsh Wants Romance To Leave Her Alone

By Carlisle Jones

Of course there is always a boy along—it is her brother, Edward

MARIAN MARSH doesn't want to "Surrender, Dear."

In Springtime, or other times, this young lady's fancy turns to thoughts of fame and success and a career.

Love, she thinks, would change all that and she doesn't want it changed just yet.

Love, according to Marian, is so important that when it does come to her she intends to put it before all else. She will let it interfere with everything, if necessary, in order to keep it intact. But she is hoping fervently that all the predictions of last summer which point to her marriage within the year, will fail to materialize. There is time for love a little later. Just now she is very busy and very happy with her work.

"I think happiness is the most important thing in life," Marian confides. "And I think that real happiness means love and marriage. Every girl dreams of romance and marriage and I am just like the others."

"If I thought that a career as a motion picture actress meant that I could never have love or marriage or a family, I would give it up. That was why the idea that I would be married within the year startled me so.

"I don't want to fall in love. I don't want to be married until I am older. If that is what you mean by asking me if I am afraid of love the answer is, 'Yes, I am.'"

There is a superstition in Hollywood—they laugh at it on the sets but it is remembered in the drawing rooms:

"A maid who wears a wedding gown Soon will wed and settle down."

Will Marian fall in love in spite of her firm resolve?

And she says it as if she means it. Although there is no known young man in the case, Marian Marsh is giving a great deal of thought to the matter of love and marriage.

Vice-President Curtis is one of the prognosticators who put the Indian sign of an early marriage on Marian. But he was not the first.

When the young actress found that she was to visit New York and Washington as the guest of the Warner Studios, she went to a fortune teller for the first time. She wanted to know about the safety and success of the trip; whether there would be any accidents or failures on her part to live up to expectations.

But the only "bad news," according to Marian, which the fortune teller gave her was the unwelcome information that she would be married within the year. There is the possibility, of course, that the soothsayer may have thought that such a prediction was just what an attractive young girl would like to hear, and so made it. But it was just what Marian Marsh did not want to hear, and she started off on the eastern trip with her mother determined to prove that the fortune teller had been wrong.

In the rush of events which followed in New York, the girl forgot the prediction of marriage in a round of work and gayety. In due time the party arrived in Washington and the little actress was received by President Hoover and Vice-President Curtis.

In the office of the latter is a valuable collection of Indian relics. The Vice-President, himself a descendant of a proud [Continued on page 69]
By Clarence A. Locan

Wallace Beery Fought His Way To His Great Success

WALLACE BEERY, bare-armed in his prize-fighter's rôle in "The Champ," looked meditatively at a scar on his arm, as he awaited his scene in a big sound stage at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"Got it in the circus," he explained, "when I was an elephant tamer. One of the leopards used to come to the bars of its cage to be petted—but one day it clawed, and took out a slice of my hide. Whenever I look at it I remember my lesson—never trust a cat.

"Scars are a good thing for a fellow, that way. They keep him from making the same mistake twice."

Beery ought to know. He carries a lot of scars beside that one on his forearm—scars hidden, however, hidden deep in his soul.

There's the scar he got when he decided to be a big producer and take a movie company to Japan. The war broke out, the movie troupe went broke—and that scar taught Beery to leave producing to producers, and sit tight and be the best actor he knew how.

There's the scar he got when a friend of his coaxed him into putting all his savings into a Hollywood building and loan company. Later the friend embezzled the loan company's funds, and went to prison. That scar taught Wallace Beery that friendship and business mix about as well as oil and water.

There's the scar he got when he and Raymond Hatton scored a great success as a comedy team.

"We went so big," he related, "that it appeared we could take any kind of a story, fill it with gags, and clean up with it. But after we'd tried two or three cheap quickies we were flops. Well—we learned a lot about pictures from that.

"You have to give the public the best you've got—and be damned thankful if the public decides that even that is good enough."

Beery's success today, when [Continued on page 76]
The Toughest

It Requires All of Tallulah Bankhead's Celebrated Poise to Watch Unmoved While the Golden Sands of Her Reputation Run Away

by Elizabeth Wilson

In all dramatic history there has never been anything that equals this tragedy. The greatest actress of the artistic capital of the English speaking world belittled by unknown belittlers. The famous leader of a dozen great theatrical successes demeaned and made small by her own countrymen.

Greta Garbo, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Maurice Chevalier, Marlene Dietrich, and many others, have crossed the sea to come to us and we have received each with open arms. Artists all—to each we have added cubits in stature. We have given them the best in everything—the best scenarios, the best directors, the best studios, the best lighting, the best couturiers, the best advice. But our own Tallulah comes back to a country that should be proud of her only to find herself in the ghastly position of being a red-headed step-child. Now is that nice?

With real step-motherly devotion we have pitched a couple of worn out old melodramas at her that we found in a packing trunk up in the attic, and simply...
Tallulah Falls, in Georgia, gave our Tallulah her name. About these falls the rainbows always shimmer and about their namesake are bright bows of promise reeking with mothballs and Confederate currency. Nobody else wanted them so we’d just give them to Tallulah. And poor Tallulah whose forte is throwing acidulous epigrams across smart drawing rooms, and simply radiating vivacity and vitality, was forced to drag a torn soul through endless reels and reels of impossible banality—Tallulah who has never in her life done anything in slow tempo, except read Proust. Not even a Duse could bring a spark of intelligence to “Tarnished Lady” and “My Sin.” Not even a Bernhardt could bring life to those hackneyed melos.

“Imagine anyone taking a film like ‘My Sin’ as a vehicle for an artiste of the Bankhead calibre,” screamed the London Picturegoer Weekly. “Far better would it have been if Tallulah had stayed in London.”

And these sentiments are echoed all over London from the Master of St. James to the lowly Luigi, barber to the celebrities of Piccadilly.

Make no mistake, Tallulah Bankhead’s success in London was a tremendous artistic conquest. And there for eight years she lived the [Continued on page 79]
When Clark Gable was "On the Road" a Little Actress in the Company Discovered the Charm that has now Captured Hollywood

CLARK GABLE—the sensation of the day! Where has he been all these years? Listen closely, girls, and you shall hear what he was doing before he was a big success, for I knew him when! When what?—you are wondering. Why, when he was the same nice kid, but the world didn't know it. Producers didn't know he was a sensational box office drawing card; directors didn't know he was a swell actor, and women didn't know he was God's gift!

Let's see—it was four years ago, in Hollywood, our first (now memorable) meeting took place in a tea room next door to the Music Box Theatre where I was called to rehearse. Our hero sauntered in while I was sipping a cup of tea, and strictly against my better judgment exploring a mysterious French pastry.

My impression was of a tall, broad-shouldered and attractive person, undoubtedly an actor, hatless, showing light brown hair, and in light tweed golf knickers (the uniform of Hollywood). But the most noticeable thing was his utter nonchalance and complete indifference and at the same time, dominating personality—an unusual combination. He swung himself onto a stool next to me, and ordered cornflakes and milk. I gulped. The tea hour and cornflakes! What manner of man was

In the days when Clark Gable was nobody, he was kind and human, and now his good deeds come back to show to his millions of fans the kind of man he is

Dorothy Jordan and Clark Gable. How strange that so threatening a face could be so gentle

SILVER SCREEN
Dorothy continued. Ordered. Thrilled. Hopped. Then buried. 25. Rarely ate anything rich, and while the rest of us would be complaining "Something I ate" he went right along supporting the pure food act.

Well, I'm getting ahead of myself. Back to the tea shop, I was being so intrigued that I ordered a second pastry, thereby endangering my entire career, only to have him finish quickly, get up, appraise and dismiss me and my pug nose with an aloof indifference, and saunter out.

Back at the theatre again—there he was—evidently also called for a part in the show. Oooh! I thrilled. Maybe I'd have a love scene with him—or—or something. But Fate deemed otherwise. His large part, and my one line (my first), didn't even meet.

Anyway, in my childish way, I worshipped him from afar. One day he offered to take me home. He drove a low low topless sport car of questionable foreign make and vintage. I hopped in and started prattling. It was necessary to yell to be heard. I believe mufflers were an unknown quantity in its heyday.

But being a wide-eyed moron, I asked him, "Do you live with your family?" And waited breathlessly. This would decide the marriage question.

"Yep," he answered, making a quick curve to the right and sending me to the far corner of the seat (the wrong corner, of course). "Any brothers or sisters," I prattled on.

"Nope. Just a wife and a dog." Another quick turn and this time to avoid an oncoming car. Finis to Romance.

Anyway, life must go on—the rehearsals continued—the play opened and Clark Gable and Nancy Carroll were acclaimed by the critics. And I continued saying my one line—until—and here I capitulated entirely.

As understudy I was suddenly rushed into a part—due to the illness of an actress—after the performance had started. There hadn't even been an understudy rehearsal. I was rushed onto the stage. Petrified. New set, new actors, every face a mist. I stumbled out a few lines. Suddenly, a quiet voice at my side said, "Hello, kid. You're Oke—up and at 'em." This complete nonchalance and "It's a cinch" attitude were a godsend. Later on he spent hours coaching me in the part.

He was a strange combination really.

At one time, sarcastic and gruff. At another time, kind and thoughtful. Again insultingly, but always boyish. An overgrown kid really—laughing his way through things—liked both by men and women—hating anything pertaining to the highbrow—at the same time posing a great deal himself. Again, an attitude of complete indifference to the world or the people in it. Then suddenly he would become vital and vehement if something touched home. Always he lapsed into that mocking indifference toward everything. As though he thought for a minute, "Here's something worth defending," and then suddenly decided it wasn't.

A demonstration of both gruffness and kindness occurred later when the company was on route to San Francisco on the Daylight Limited. [Cont. on page 75]
The Career of Fredric March

Greatness Comes Next

By S. R. Mook

Happy days at Great Neck with Mrs. March and the steeds. Fred has a home in Long Island and a future in Hollywood

"The thing that gripes me," said Fredric March as he swung viciously at a tennis ball, "is the way actors come to the screen from the stage and then speak so patronizingly of pictures."

We had been enjoying a few sets of tennis on the court in back of Fred's house. It was his wife's Christmas present to him a couple of years ago—the court, not the house. (His wife, as you know, is Florence Eldridge, famous on the New York stage.) To one side of the court is a so-called "garden"—a strip of greensward with a flower bed at either end and beach umbrellas in the middle under which one may watch players or rest between sets.

Fred had on a pair of soiled white flannel slacks, wool socks and a pair of sneakers. From the waist up there was nothing but Freddie. It's an old California custom, conducive to sunburn and tan. He banged a ball against the side of a wall, where he was practicing strokes and threw down his racket.

"What about the actors?" I reminded him.

"In many cases," he continued, "they score greater success in pictures than they could ever hope to attain on the stage. Yet these same actors who speak so condescendingly of pictures are simply living for the day the studio says, 'Well, we're going to have you with us for another six months.'

"Why shouldn't they? Pictures are just as dignified a profession as the stage. Look at me, for instance. On the stage I was never any great shakes. I hope I would have been eventually, but the fact remains that at the time I was signed for films I had only played leads in touring companies for the Theatre Guild, in stock companies and in West Coast productions. I'd never had a lead in a New York show."

My heart has never been strong. Admissions such as these were too much. I toppled weakly and it took the best part of a bottle to revive me. A bottle of smelling salts, I mean. But, after all, I can't be blamed too much. Whoever heard of an actor from the stage admitting that he had been anything less than a major star in Gotham!

But Freddie's like that. He says what he thinks. But he says it in a quiet way without any fanfare of trumpets to herald his announcements. He offers his opinions merely as opinions—something with which other people may take issue—and not as an ultimatum to be handed down to posterity.

"Have another look at me," he invited.

I strained my eyes and wrinkled my nose. The tennis court was far behind and we were, by this time, in Freddie's dressing room where he was donning his makeup for the rôle of Hyde in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is heavily padded in order to accentuate the difference in appearance between the two characters and to emphasize the fact that after the transformation he increased in stature.

(Continued on page 66)
CONSTANCE BENNETT

CONNIE (Oh yes, we call marquises by their pet names) is just completing her new picture, "Lady With a Past." Ben Lyon has the part for which the late Robert Williams was cast. Lady with a Past and Marquise with a Future—that's Connie.

New Poses of the Picture People
THE way the "Cuban Love Song" should be sung according to Lawrence Tibbett, whose occasional pictures are looked forward to by an ever increasing number of theatre-goers. Since the movie fans have heard Tibbett, Signor Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House probably finds business is picking up...
GARY COOPER

GARY is off again to lands beyond the seas where there are neither ranchos nor bungalows. "His Woman" was completed in time for Gary to sail for Europe, thereby starting the great Gary-Lupe guessing contest—Will he meet her in Europe? The correct answer will entitle the gossip to a poke on the jaw if Gary has his way.
"Over the Hill" as a silent, to the surprise of the producers, turned out to be the most successful film ever made. As a talkie it serves to bring little Mae Marsh back and show the world one girl who was greater than the glamour of the movies, who has lived a fine womanly life, and who now returns for another helping of fame.
THE MAN I KILLED is laid midst bucolic scenes and the stalwart yoke of oxen simply bring atmosphere into Nancy's picture. When Nancy (in the Editorial Sanctum of SILVER SCREEN) saw this picture, she explained about the dogs: The one on the right is a great Dane, and the one on the left is also a great Dane, but the depression got him
In "Touchdown" with Richard Arlen, Peggy clinched her position at Paramount. She is a dependable little movie actress now and a pleasant pathway lies before her pretty feet. She rates the All-American team for football ingenues. Wait for "Second Chances"
When a Star Has No More Contract Than a Lark On The Wing, She Makes “Quickies”

most successful Fox pictures. "Yes," Maureen O'Sullivan says openly, "I was fired by Fox. The last few parts I was given there were pretty insignificant. I did a quickie and right afterwards got a lead with a big company." (She is the heroine of M-G-M's "Tarzan.") "Perhaps I wasn't doing as well as I could at Fox. But I'm not ashamed of having to play in an independent production. When you get fired why not admit it and start climbing again? You never get anywhere by sulkingly withholding the truth from yourself, kidding yourself that you are still on your pedestal." This new attitude of frankness is spreading. Older stars like Mae Murray would never reconcile themselves to their fall from glory. In her own mind Mae is today as big a magnet as she was a decade ago when she was in her prime.

Sally O'Neil and Lois Wilson have effected come-backs via the quickie route. Both had held long-term contracts with A-l studios. Then bad luck overtook them and they hung on by accepting roles in the rush pictures. And finally they were remembered by the powers-that-be and given another chance. Sally, ex-M-G-M is now set at Fox, while Lois, ex-Paramount, is doing nicely at Universal. Sally made a personal hit in "The Brat" and Lois in "Seed." It is to be hoped that their strong initial reappearances in first-class films will be given quick follow-ups.

Lois was partly to blame for her long absence. She is very particular about her roles. She wants to Go Chatterton. Whenever a studio called her and said, "We have a perfect Lois Wilson part" she replied, "Oh, to heck with a Lois Wilson role!" She was sick and tired of being typed as a goodie. "Seed" was not a great departure, but at least it was heavy drama.

Even outstandingly successful actresses are not above doing a quickie now. Helen Chandler found a week or so between major engagements and utilized the spare time to do the lead in "Salvation Nell." She knows that these obscure films are not to be despised.

Have you wondered where [Continued on page 72]

for February 1932
New Faces for the

Ruth Hall
Hall Aboard for Stardom

It was a lucky day for Ruth Hall when Henry King decided to make "Hell Harbor" in Tampa, Florida. A California picture company going on location in Florida—why that was as unheard of as the mountain coming to Mahomet! Anyway Ruth was living down there at the time and when the movie people came to town she asked for a part in the picture and got it. Gee, was she thrilled! Those were grand, glorious days but they had to come to an end, and when Lupe Velez and Henry King and all the picture folks packed their luggage and moved on Ruth simply couldn't bear it. She knew she'd go to Hollywood.

Ruth's real name is Ruth Hall Ibanez. Blasco Ibanez (the author, you dopes) is her great uncle. She was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1912. She is five feet three inches in height and weighs 100 pounds. And the loveliest brown hair and eyes.

Ruth gets a big kick out of watching football games and her favorite author is H. G. Wells. She likes to eat but is very particular what she eats and when she eats—and there've been no complaints about the jagger. She drives a Ford car and wears Paris models. She thinks Ruth Chatterton is the best actress on the screen and William Powell the best actor.

She's under contract to Warner Brothers-First National and will be seen in featured parts in "Her Majesty Love," "Union Depot," and "Manhattan Parade."

Melvyn Douglas
Gloria’s New Screen Lover

Melvyn Douglas was born in Macon, Georgia, way down south in the land of cotton where the weeds are bold and the colonels belligerent.

At an early age Melvyn demonstrated his flair for the stage and became well known as an amateur player. While he was at the University of Nebraska he organized and headed a troupe of college students who, during vacation time, gave amateur presentations around and about the Middle West. As soon as he had his sheepskin tucked securely under his arm he joined a stock company and started his professional career.

In 1928 he was brought to New York to appear in "A Free Soul"—the same play which in cinema form was to make the name of Clark Gable a household word. Melvyn won instant acclaim in this production. The late David Belasco selected him to play the male lead in "Tonight or Never"—which was to be the last production of the famous impresario. Melvyn liked this role better than any he had ever had before—and especially did he like his leading lady, Miss Helen Gahagan. Their love scenes became more and more realistic and—er—passionate. They married.

Samuel Goldwyn purchased the screen rights of "Tonight or Never" for Gloria Swanson, and Melvyn was signed by the producer. He is an accomplished pianist.
Electric Lights

Arlene Judge
Mrs. Wesley Ruggles
to Beverly Hills

Arlene Judge was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, just about the time that Kaiser Bill was sending Czar Nick insulting letters about a little assassination down in Sarajevo (all right then, who do you think started the war?)

She graduated from the Ursuline Academy prep school, and for a year attended New Rochelle College. It was there that she made an important discovery. She had rhythm! Not just a little rhythm, but a whole mess of rhythm, and she couldn't make her feet behave. She danced her way directly from the campus to Broadway. One night a couple of RKO-Radio Pictures' officials were out seeing the sights, and they got an eyeful of Arlene doing her dance routine. They immediately signed her on a long term contract and sent her to Hollywood to play in bit parts and at the same time study for important roles. For six months she studied talkie technique conscientiously, and then RKO chuckled and threw her a juicy plum—the rôle of Florence Carnes in "Are These Our Children?"

Wesley Ruggles, the four-ace director of Radio Pictures, won the undying love of his alma mater with his sensationally successful "Cimarron." As a follow up he was given "Are These Our Children?" and he took one look at the pulchritudinous Arlene and said, "Is this my wife?" And so they were married. And that makes Charley Ruggles a brother-in-law.

Ralph Bellamy
His Fan Following
Now Recruiting. Join?

When Ralph was a little boy his mother took him to see Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz" (remember the scarecrow and the tin-man and the Kansas cyclone? Or are you a post-war baby?) and Ralph was so impressed that he immediately decided to be an actor. But mother had something to say about it so he just kept on going to school. That was in Chicago. In fact Mr. Capone's city is Ralph's birthplace—and the date June 17, 1904. And he likes ties, blue ties.

While he was in high school he ran away from home and joined a Shakespearean repertory company which was touring the Middle West. After that more stock companies and cities and more jobs—everything from leading man to stage carpenter. In 1930 he came to New York determined to crash Broadway. His most important rôle was in "Roadside" and while he was playing this he was given a Hollywood contract, which didn't work out so well, so he became a free lance player. You saw him in "The Secret Six," "The Magnificent Lie," "West of Broadway," and "Surrender." This fourth picture he made for Fox and the Fox executives were so pleased that they coaxed him into a long term contract.

Ralph's pet hobby is collecting old music boxes and he has fourteen of ancient vintage which he has picked up in various parts of the United States.
Eric Linden is the most sensible young man in Hollywood.

Those who don't know him very well have talked and written of his brown, curly hair—his dreaming eyes—his wistful sweetness—and his idealism. They got most of that from "Are These Our Children?", the Radio production in which he is starring.

Eric is a pretty good friend of mine. When I told him that the readers of Silver Screen were thrilled with his first performance for talking pictures and wanted to know something about him, he replied:

"Don't tell them about my hair and my eyes. Tell them I'm human—that I'm trying hard—and that I hope I make a success of myself in talking pictures."

That's his message to you, and you've gotten it straight from the shoulder. But there's a great deal more to Eric than he cares to admit, in his short sentence above. There is ambition—intellect—philosophy—and the power of observation which can come only from a clear and orderly sort of mind.

Eric, at twenty-two, has carved a niche for himself in the Hollywood hall of fame. He has lifted himself up from a mediocre childhood, in mediocre surroundings, merely through looking at something more than a mediocre future. He was raised in New York City's notorious Hell's Kitchen—but he looked beyond Tenth Avenue.

If he hadn't had ambition, vision, intellect, and a real philosophy, he wouldn't be here today.

And if he wasn't sensible, he wouldn't be going ahead in this new world in which he finds himself. Paramount, having seen his work in what we, for shortness, call "Children," wouldn't be wanting him for "The False Madonna." He wouldn't be trying his wings with Richard Dix in "The Lost Squadron." Fox wouldn't be trying to get him for a forthcoming John Blystone production. And Radio wouldn't have him tied up on a five-year contract.

I think Eric is sensible because he has seen some of those on the top rungs topple into obscurity because of their own weaknesses, and has decided not to be weak. I think he is sensible because he has seen "Hollywood heroes," temporarily bask- ing in the light of box office and cashier's office approval, spend money like water, getting nothing but water in [Continued on page 71]
The Aristocrat of the Screen

Kay Francis Lives in a Thoroughbred World

What picture does the word “aristocrat” draw to your mind? I see a grand dame seated on a throne-like chair, holding an ebony staff and surveying her butterfly-world through a lorgnette. However, I believe that is a hang-over from a Robert W. Chambers’ or a Rupert Hughes’ novel.

My editor sees a tall, willowy young girl. The pose of her head, the rounded fleshless curves of her figure, the arch of her instep reminding him of a Kentucky thoroughbred from Mrs. Whitney’s racing stables, and who at the same time looks like a direct descendant of an old Spanish grande.

However, I believe that is a hang-over from his recent reviewing of the motion picture, “Girls About Town.”

If you were asked who the aristocrat of the screen was, who would you name?

I see a whole parade of stars. Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Dolores Del Rio, Greta Garbo, all having claim to aristocracy in my mind, but not for the same qualities.

The editor sees Kay Francis. What does the word “aristocrat” mean?

Our old friend Daniel says, “Aristocrat—one having the sympathies, habits and temper of mind of the ruling class.”

Since I bow to my editor as an authority and you must recognize Webster, let’s see how Kay Francis measures up to that description.

Kay Francis was born Katherine Gibbs in Oklahoma City. Her mother a former stock actress; her father a hotel manager. No aristocracy of birth there. But looking further back we find that her mother was of Spanish ancestry. And, perhaps, here we find the key to Kay’s innate aristocracy.

For aristocracy of bearing, the old Spanish grande made English lords, Italian princes, and Russian barons look like pikers from Main Street. They knew how to carry off things with arrogance; with the pomp and splendor of a—well, a Spanish grande.

For a sidelight on Kay’s regal way of doing things, we have the incident of how she entered the film colony the first time.

Signed to a contract at a salary considered moderate in motion picture circles, she decided that her debut would be as princess-like as a modern American girl could make it. Lilly, the colored maid, who had attended her since childhood—would not do for Hollywood. A smarter maid, a secretary, trunks of smart clothes entained with Miss Francis. And though she discarded some of these trappings after she had settled down—she did make good on that first impression which we all know is the one that counts.

Score one for my editor’s candidate for the title of “The Aristocrat of the Screen.” [Continued on page 77]
The **CLIOQUES**

**That Divide Screen Society**

**HOLLYWOOD** may be the most glamorous city in the world. It may also be the wickedest. I have no intention of going into all that. But I do insist that in the matter of social customs, it has a lot in common with every other town in this broad land of ours.

Back in Manhattan or Four Corners, or wherever your bills are mailed you on the first, you wouldn't expect the minister's wife to invite Joe the Barber to tea, would you? Neither would we.

Social cliques are sharply defined in Hollywood.

Right at this moment, if I were making out a guest list for an informal dinner at the Embassy Club, or at the Brown Derby I wouldn't dream of asking Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson for the same evening. Neither would I think of asking Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Joan Marsh to the same affair, Or Dorothy Lee and Jimmie Fidler. It might be perfectly all right with the guests, but it is just one of those things that a Hollywood hostess avoids. Five or six years from now, it might be the proper thing to do to invite any or all of these people for the same evening. Anything might happen in the interim. It frequently does in Hollywood. That is why one must keep up on happenings in the colony.

I remember, six years ago, when the town turned out to welcome Gloria Swanson home upon her return from France with her Marquis, that Constance Bennett was on hand with Alan Dwan and helped swell the chorus of “Welcome home” voices. She yelled as loudly as anyone there, and seemed an ardent Swanson fan. But that was years ago. Hollywood has changed. Gloria has changed. And Connie has changed. And now the coat of arms is on Connie’s bedstead.

A real honest-to-goodness Hollywood hostess doesn’t have a bed of roses to lie in. So much is happening continually here. She simply must keep her eyes and ears open or she is sure to get in Dutch.

After one has lived in the old town for a few years, the problem becomes fairly simple. One must remember who belongs to whom, and respect the boundary lines that divide one clique from another. That’s all there is to it.

There are some folks you can always feel safe in
inviting and feel honored if they can find time to accept. The whole town keeps "Welcome" on the door-mat for folks like Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, Hedda Hopper and Jimmie Durante. Likewise, when any of them throws a party on her own, the whole town turns out en masse.

If you are ever lucky enough to get invited to Pickfair don't even hesitate about accepting. Even in these democratic days, Pickfair invitations don't grow on every bush. And you are sure to meet some visiting princes or scions of royalty. Maybe two or three. There will be a grand dinner. You will probably be served Spanish foods. And if Charlie Chaplin is present, (he always is when he is in town) he will give his bull-fight pantomime. You won't have any difficulty knowing when Charlie is impersonating the toreador and when he is the bull. It's worth the price of admission alone. After dinner, there will be music from an orchestra, if it's a very grand occasion. And you'll see one of the latest talkies in the Pickfair projection room. If Doug is in an especially jovial mood, he will probably drag out an old-time picture of Mary, or of Charlie. You'll have a grand evening and you'll be in the company of Hollywood's real four hundred. Only those who have Really Arrived get themselves invited to Pickfair. So unless you have really Done Something, you probably won't get to see the inside of this clique.

Perhaps, you would enjoy a quiet evening with Richard and Jessica Barthelmess. You will probably find Ronald Coleman there. Or the Clive Brooks. Or William and Carole Lombard-Powell. Maybe all of them. This select little bunch of friends find each other's society stimulating and all that they need in the way of social diversion. They are slightly highbrow and sophisticated. They go to the theatre, dine and dance together. Whenever their working schedules permit, they play together aboard the Barthelmess yacht. Each and every one of them is a tennis enthusiast. They usually preface their good times at home with a stiff game or two.

[Continued on page 78]
FRIENDS AND LOVERS
Lily Damita gets an opportunity to be gorgeous. And when it comes to gorgeousness, there is no one better than Adolphe Menjou to supply that arrogant, luxurious atmosphere. The picture is really the story of the effect Lily has upon men. The dialogue is charming, the acting distinguished. The finest bit is between Menjou and Eric Von Stroheim when the actors seem to move nearer, and you become a part of the scene.

OVER THE HILL
The children grow up and Ma (Mae Marsh) is left alone. The poorhouse at last takes her in and then Johnny (James Dunn) returns and there has never been in any theatre a warmer welcome. Sally Eilers is glad to see him, too. It is a joy to watch him teach some ideas of decency to the miser, played well by Olin Howland. He finds his dear mother, and kicks over the scrub pail but that isn't what makes your handkerchief so damp.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?
A good boy played well by Eric Linden gets in with a dance hall crowd and the drinking night life. Arlene Judge is very seductive and Eric neglects mother and the nightly glass of milk. He joins a racket and carries a pistol which he finally uses. The trial is a remarkable opportunity for Eric Linden and he is great. A death house remorse scene sets you straight if you were beginning to wish for a little Arlene Judge in your life.

THE CHAMP
Wallace Beery as the old prize fighter and his boy Jackie Cooper. Jackie plays like a veteran and Beery gives a great performance. When the Champ was Champion of the World he loved and married Irene Rich who gives a refining note to the whole picture. The Champ learns to gamble and drink and little Jackie has to look after him. The old Champ will not disappoint the little fellow and when he crumples up the boy will not be consoled. There is one memorable poignant moment.

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE
Paul Lukas is a perfect opera singer and his slight accent helps to make him very convincing. Preston Sturges wrote the play and the picture follows his original excellent script. The girl, Sidney Fox, is charming and looks quite pretty enough to awaken something in the singer which many adventures had never aroused. Lewis Stone and George Meeker are fine and the whole show is delightful. When Lukas sings in the moonlight, romance awakens.
The Joan Crawford picture is another of the companionate pictures. Clark Gable is the man and as usual he is very male and convincing. Joan and Gable make an arrangement which is better than marriage, it seems, until they fall in love. Historians will recall that the basic incident of this plot actually happened to Grover Cleveland during his presidential campaign. It may not make Gable president but it will elect both Joan and Gable unanimously to a high in the screen world.

Richard Arlen is the hero and plays a very dramatic football game and has another struggle as well. He has taught himself that you must win. Then he sees that there are circumstances under which it is a finer thing to take the loser's way. Jack Oakie is his old self again and not trying so much for comedy as for a real characterization and he is successful. Regis Toomey, J. Farrell MacDonald and Peggy Shannon all win but the team loses.

Chester Morris is a college football hero and Alison Loyal (Thelma Todd to you) is the impulsive daughter of many dukes. Chester disgusted with the lack of honor among Wall St.'s magnates turns hi-jacker and robs the rum ship. Well, Big John, who is Fred Kohler, laughs wickedly and takes steps about that. It is all at sea so it makes beautiful scenes. Chester Morris is a forceful hi-jacker and Thelma Alison Todd Loyal is an aggravating siren.

The old rope throwing Will Rogers is Ambassador to a mythical kingdom. The king is ten years of age, and the queen mother is very beautiful. Ambassador Bill teaches baseball to the younger and fair play and bravery. That makes the lovely queen, Marguerite Churchill, trust the uncouth ambassador and so the villain, Seyffertits, is "hornswoggled." Will Rogers makes ceremony seem something to laugh at, and you do.

There has never before been a traveller with a camera who had a world wide reputation that would open for him every door. Every country welcomed him and even kings were proud to have Douglas Fairbanks as a guest. Add to this the charm of Doug's own personality and his great showmanship and the result is pictures of Japan and China, India and Siam that have never been equalled. A fine picture.
FRANKENSTEIN
Rating: Intense
Universal
This picture previewed in Hollywood outdoes "Dracula" a thousand times. In its present form, and studio officials say it's finished, it will give the cold shivers to any audience. It is far too terrifying for general patronage, and instead of bringing women and children into the theatres will drive them away. It is entirely too morbid. Audience screamed at preview, and some women fainted. The film out-horrors the book.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN
Rating: Clever
Paramount
This is the kind of picture that we enjoy seeing. It is comedy in lavish settings, yachts and silks, parties and liquor. If you believe in the vicarious life you can borrow a thrill or two. Lilyan Tashman is good in any comedy and when it has a touch of the risqué, it is her stuff. Kay Francis, Joel McCrea, and particularly Eugene Pallette, are excellent. It is all about a gold-digger's life which it seems leads to purity.

BAD COMPANY
Rating: Good
Rko-Pathé
And still another gangster film—and with still another new angle. But as long as they come as good as this there is nothing to worry about. It's a pip from start to finish. A girl, ignorant of her brother's activities, marries a chap of a rival mob. The gang chief falls for the gal, frames the hubby—and then the fun begins. Plenty of shooting. Ricardo Cortez is at his best as the gang chief, and Helen Twelvetrees is the temptation.

PLATINUM BLONDE
Rating: Good
Columbia
For the first time gorgeous Jean Harlow has a chance to be a lady, after all these reels and reels of being a gangster's moll. She straightway falls in love with a lowly news hound and marries him in order to reform him. But he doesn't take to caviar and champagne, and he keeps longing for a certain sob sister and the good old speakeasy days. A weak plot, of course, but most entertaining. Robert Williams is splendid.

THE YELLOW TICKET
Rating: Good
Fox
Russia in the days of the Czar. Lionel Barrymore as one of the more objectionable Grand Dukes with Elissa Landi being heartlessly hounded. Laurence Olivier is a lad of much promise and as the man of Elissa's choice he sets out to right a few wrongs. Lionel puts him on the spot and Elissa defends her honor. Well it is much better than it sounds and suggests a thought. It seems essential that tragedians be intelligent.

ONCE A LADY
Rating: Class
Paramount
Whatever Ruth Chatterton plays, it becomes by the facile art that is hers, something to think about—to argue over and to study. The present tragic story is about a little Russian girl married into an English family. Since he loves her as she is, obviously he tries to change her completely. And so she tries finding happiness elsewhere. Her indiscretion is discovered and she is turned out into the cold world of diamonds and chilled champagne.
"DELCIOUS"
(You took the words out of our mouth)

JANET GAYNOR and Charlie Farrell have made a new musical picture which is outshining "Sunnyside Up". Janet will make her next picture with Jimmie Dunn.

George Gershwin, famous composer, has written six new songs. One is "Katinkitchka" sung by Janet with the help of the red spots.

for February 1932
Mrs. Joe E. Brown with her comedian husband and Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown

METRO-GOLDwyn-MAYER will bring over several new foreign stars this year. The success of Chevalier, Dietrich, Garbo and Elissa Landi (who started her career in France), started the thought rolling. Further, most foreign players, once they have been initiated into American studio methods prove successful in the world market, because they generally speak several languages and therefore can be used for domestic and foreign versions of their productions, which is a great saving to the studio. And you fans are said to want new faces which is also a reason.

REX BELL is working in an independent picture on "Poverty Row" and Clara Bow sits behind the camera watching her Rex, and advising him occasionally about his scenes. There is a possibility of Rex playing opposite Clara in her first picture for Sam Rork, the producer who has her under contract. She states definitely that she will not make "The Impatient Virgin" for Universal. Rex has signed for a series of westerns. The exterior, or outdoor western scenes, will be made on the Rex Bell Ranch, where Clara lives.

THESE are plenty of Hollywood stars who haven’t been divorced. "Look," he says proudly, "at Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Leon Janney and Silver King."

THE famed Pathé studio, formerly owned by Cecil B. De Mille in Culver City, will become a memory after February. RKO are removing everything over to the Gower Street plant and the Pathé plant will go dark until somebody else comes along and takes it over. Believe it or not, some of the players and technicians who have worked on the lot for years actually wept when they heard the sad news.

HOLLYWOOD has closed down his $1,500,000 Multicolor film plant. Howard never made a dollar out of the huge investment. He says he has $3,000,000 tied up in three pictures as yet unreleased, "Scarface," "Sky Devils," and "Cock O’ the Air." Hughes is the young man who came into the film world and startled it by his lavish expenditures. Now with his oil wells operating on a diminishing scale, and his father’s tool and die plants almost inactive ready cash, such as is necessary in the film business, is lacking. So Howard will rest for awhile, or until his pictures are released and cash starts to roll in again.

Sophia Beticka won a beauty contest abroad as "Miss Poland," and the Joinville studios of Paramount signed her up. Paramount wanted her for Hollywood, but due to immigration laws couldn’t bring her here. Now an old friend of the family, and an ardent suitor for Miss Beticka’s hand, Allen S. Lund, Los Angeles attorney, is going over to France to marry the Miss and bring her back to the United States—which he will be able to do since Mr. Lund is an American citizen. Automatically Miss Beticka becomes one too when she marries Allen. And that makes everything just dandy.

WE CODY tells this one on himself. Monta Bell insisted that his young daughter come home early from moving picture shows at night. The girl remained too late one evening, and when she arrived home, M.F. Bell met her at the door with these words, "I told you I would punish you if you came home after nine o’clock again. Now go to your room." The girl turned away muttering, "I have not done anything wrong. You treat me like I was out with Lew Cody."

IN THE Douglas Fairbanks’ sight-seeing personally conducted, grand entertainment picture, there is a scene of a number of camels and the voice of Doug explains that "They usually come in packs of twenty. This free ad so delighted Mr. and Mrs. Camel Cigarettes that they have put out a national campaign to boost the Fairbanks’ film. Now will Doug walk a mile?

CONSTANCE BENNETT has a chain bracelet which she always wears. Bill Boyd will fire his cook if she doesn’t keep cold chicken in the icebox. Eddie Quillan has played golf for six years and never lost a ball. (There’s a reason—he’s Scotch!) Pola Negri never uses rouge.

Styles begin in Hollywood. Leila Hyams wearing one of the Gaucho blankets.

When Russell Gleason received a collect telegram for $1,52, from a crowd of his young friends in Seattle, Washington, recently, he decided the entertaining contents was worth the friendly graft. Finding at the last minute he could not attend the wedding of a boy he had known since childhood days, Russell sent a wire of regret, prepaid, he says. Shortly afterwards, the "collect" reply arrived, addressed to "Bustle" Gleason, Russell’s nickname since he was ten years old. Here it is: 

WHEN GLASS IN HAND WE MISS YOU STOP X SIGNS THE SPOT OF OUR ROOM STOP USHERS AND MAIDS ABOUT TO FOLD SO TACK ON THAT BUSTLE AND WHIP UP WHERE STOP GROOM STOP DROPPED BY THE WAYSIDE SO NEED A PROXY.

THE GANG.
DONALD COOK was most attentive to Evalyn Knapp while Miss Knapp was in the hospital for two months, following her fall and injury last June. They are still very close friends although Evelyn is strong enough to run away if she wished.

TOM MOORE and Eleanor Merry slipped away to Tia Juana recently and were married. There were no witnesses except court attaches. This is Tom’s third marriage. His first wife was Alice Joyce and his second Renee Adoree. Miss Merry has been in pictures about five years.

BILL BOYD and Dorothy Sebastian have always spent their vacations on board Bill’s sumptuous yacht. But, for a change, they stole away to the High Sierras and roughed it when Bill finished his role in “Suicide Fleet.” The reason for their new mode of vacationing is plain. While Bill was working on his “Suicide” opus, he spent 12 days and nights on board a leaky, disreputable old tub and he quite lost his desire for a vacation on the briny.

PAT O’BRIEN, of “The Front Page”, who played in “Flying High” and wasn’t he good in “Consolation Marriage,” says he comes of a “holiday family.” He was born on November 11, Armistice Day. His mother’s birthday was February 14, St. Valentine’s Day; and his father’s October 12, Columbus Day.

JEAN HERSHOLT, head of the Danish Olympic Games Committee in America, was once a champion bicycle rider in Denmark.

This distinguished group of tennis playing stars made Herbert Brenon’s tournament a great success. From left to right: Leo Carrillo, Nils Asther, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Dolores Del Rio, Herbert Brenon, Cedric Gibbons, Claudette Colbert, and Norman Foster. Sitting: Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels, and Vivian Duncan.
There is no pain too great, no sorrow too deep, no loss too harrowing to keep dyed-in-the-wool stars from carrying on until they’re carried off.

Recently when Barbara Stanwyck was playing in a scene with Adolphe Menjou which showed them galloping on the sands at Laguna beach, her horse was traveling at break-neck pace and the soft sand gave way beneath him. He fell backwards with the actress beneath. Her ankle was severely wrenched—the pain was terrific. In spite of it, she finished the entire scene and then only took time enough off for a local doctor to bandage the sprain. Despite the physician’s warning, she insisted on working as though nothing had happened, saving thousands of dollars for the company and proving herself a real trouper.

Marie Dressler is a veteran player who has weathered many a storm. She has smiled in the face of every disaster that can befall one. During the making of “Min and Bill,” Wallace Beery accidentally clamped down with all his weight on Marie’s big toe. If you watched very closely, you might have seen a tightening of Marie’s lips but not a word was said about what she endured until the film was finished. As it happened, it was no slight accident. The toe became infected and the doctors implored the comedienne to go easy, but Marie shrugged her shoulders and completed her rôle as if nothing had happened.

When studio officials heard about it, they questioned Marie, who made light of the [Continued on page 64]
MYRNA LOY

MYRNA has a new M-G-M contract. She will soon be seen as Christine in the next play of the foremost star of Hollywood. In other words, Marie Dressler's "Emma." Myrna broke in by pretending to be exotic, but now she is being her charming self. Did you see her in "Consolation Marriage"?
This little RKO-Pathé star is making "The Second Shot" with Robert Armstrong and Charles Bickford. Her recent performance in "Bad Company" with Ricardo Cortez has established her as one of the screen's most beautiful women and emotionally gifted as well.
WHEN they made "Private Lives" with Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer, Una Merkel was rewarded for her excellent past performances with a most important part. It is safe to say that no other girl from Covington, Kentucky, has won as many friends in so short a time as this brilliant little actress
JOHN BOLES and LINDA WATKINS in "GOOD SPORT"

We presume the title refers to the pastime of placing the head upon John's immaculate lapel. Linda Watkins' outstanding success in "Sob Sister" cast distinction upon her uncle, Lord Bougham of England, and the rest of the family.
JOAN takes the easiest way from the paper box factory and she takes you with her into surroundings where culture and refinement are house guests, but where the old-fashioned virtues would hardly know which fork to use.
Leon is making a tour of personal appearances after the great success of his "Penrod and Sam." Warner Brothers are very proud of this fourteen year old lad from Ogden, Utah. Leon has safely passed the awkward age and has a distinct charm of his own.
In "Sooky" we see again Robert Coogan in a character similar to his famous rôle in "Skippy." Any fan who remembers Jackie Coogan will realize that the open arms of welcome extended the present juvenile players are due to some extent to Bobby Coogan's talented brother.
GLORIA SWANSON

GLORIA in her current picture has a theme and setting exactly to her taste. "Tonight Or Never" is the story of a very sophisticated prima donna who moves through the glamorous atmosphere of Venice and Budapest. Gloria's joy is not lessened by the fact that Gabrielle Chanel of Paris provided her with a most becoming wardrobe for her emotional adventure.
The little girl who won the Scrambled Stills Contest First Prize is victor over many thousand competitors and very happy about it. Now how about going into the movies, Betty?

cards announcing the players were placed upon the simplest of semi-rigid pages, the whole being bound easily and unpretentiously.

The consideration of cleverness was more than satisfied by the good taste displayed on the outside cover. Here was only a picture and the simple lettering SILVER SCREEN CONTEST but it was the most attractive book submitted. It was lettered and matted so that the straightforward title appeared to the best possible advantage.

The whole exhibit was selected because of the unpretentious form of the presentation which fitted exactly with the spirit of the contest and the magazine presenting it. SILVER SCREEN recognizes good taste as the superlative form of cleverness.

In awarding this first prize to Miss Betty Bandelow, the editors express to her their congratulations.

SECOND PRIZES

Miss Mary Helen Buschmeier, 2026 Grasmere Drive, Louisville, Ky.

Among the second prizes, Miss Buschmeier's entry was unique in the cleverness of the presentation. Her humor makes her exhibit peculiarly charming, and while accuracy she has kept neatness is second nature to her, she alone of all the contestants gave most of the priceless touch of personality.

Mr. Charles Collins, 1857 Muirland, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Collins wins the best place of all the entries received. The excellence of his workmanship and the practical spacing of the architectural features with the modernistic flavor won for him a place among the second prize winners.

Miss Mildred Damush, 1488 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Reflecting The Magic of Hollywood" suggested to Miss Damush a silver screen of mirrors. The screen has three leaves and the carefully arranged stills are tucked into the front of the mirror as a true fan would preserve her favorite pictures. Miss Damush wins a second prize because of the ingenuity of her entry.

Scrambled Stills Contest Winners

Miss Betty Bandelow Wins the First Prize—Congratulations!

3407 Ormond Road
Cleveland Hts., Ohio, Nov. 21, 1931

Mr. Eliot Keen, Editor
Silver Screen Magazine
New York

Dear Sir:

Mere words could never express my extreme delight upon receipt of your letter of the 14th instant informing me that I was awarded first prize for the Scrambled Stills Contest. Thank you so much.

I was born January 9, 1915 at Cleveland, Ohio, where I have always lived. Am a junior at Cleveland Heights High School, and upon completion of my high school course, I expect to attend Cleveland School of Art, where I will study interior decorating. I am very fond of art, in fact it is my favorite subject at school. I also like all kinds of athletics, and love horses and dogs. When I grow older, would like to own a ranch.

I am a constant reader of Silver Screen, and my greatest hobby is collecting photos of my favorite screen stars, making up my own albums, of which I have many. Naturally, you can see that when your contest originated, I immediately entered it, and as I said before, to my extreme delight.

Again thanking you, I am

Yours very truly,
(Sig.) BETTY BANDELOW

P.S. Sending my photo under separate cover.
Mrs. S. H. Henig, 32 Howland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Many fans sent in many fans, but none were so beautifully wrought as the jeweled and lacquered exhibit of Mrs. Henig. The fan opens to disclose the accurately centered pictures and the whole exhibit is most tastefully packed in a protecting case. No exhibit among the second place winners outranks Mrs. Henig’s beautiful fan.

Miss Mildred Ketzeck, 221 Rutherford Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

Among the second prize winners, the beautiful screen of Miss Ketzeck embodied the excellence in taste required. A sensitive imagination had suggested to her that the stars should be against the deep blue of the sky, which gave her an harmonious color combination when the accurately mounted stills were arranged against it. The screen was sturdy, neatly made, unpretentious, and yet, noticeably outstanding because of the many points taken into consideration.

Mr. Henry C. Stowell, 5145 Willowcrest Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif.

The exhibit of Mr. Stowell is obviously an artist’s exhibit and takes its place among the second prize winners. His color sense enhances the excellence of his arrangement, nor is his exhibit without dearness.

THIRD PRIZES

A. DeAndraca, 625 North Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

A. DeAndraca, whose exhibit showed humor, imagination and accuracy, wins a place in the third group. This exhibit was particularly noteworthy for the amusing cover design with its jowal cook scrambling the pot and the rather nonplussed amusing cat.

Miss Marie B. Clark, 6 Randolph Road, Plainfield, N. J.

If for no other reason than the charming way in which each page has been balanced and typewritten, the accuracy carefully checked, and the amusing title given full value, it is evident that Miss Clark well deserves a third prize.

Mrs. R. S. Forio, 7014–13th Ave., S. W., Seattle, Wash.

The panel screen submitted by Mrs. Forio, was rigid, practical and tastefully colored. The base-relief lettering and the silver enhanced the exhibit which won its place through its accuracy and general excellence.

Celia V. Friedman, 610 Lawton Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Friedman’s exhibit was noticeable for the workmanship displayed. While she made no particular effort to starle or arrest the attention of the contest judges by cleverness or unusualness in her exhibit, what she did do she did marvelously well.

Helen M. Gerhart, 117 E. Willow Street, Columbus, Ohio

A third place winner because of the ingenious and extremely compact form of the presentation together with the accuracy and general neatness makes Miss Gerhart’s entry a most worthy one.

Ruth Jackson, 7755 Perry Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Miss Jackson wins a position in the third group because of the manner of her presentation. Accuracy and neatness were carefully considered, but Miss Jackson’s exhibit had certain originality which attracted the attention of the judges.

Lucile Murphy, 11 Perry Street East, Savannah, Ga.

Miss Murphy comes into the money with an accurate, well-labeled collection of answers.

Mr. Adam C. Pepiot, P. O. Box 448, Lima, Ohio

Mr. Pepiot won a third place reward because of the accuracy and good taste of his exhibit. Also, the manner in which he had attached the names gave his whole entry the atmosphere of importance and culture.

Marie V. Smith, 232 Hart Blvd., Staten Island, N. Y.

The beautiful limp leather book of Miss Smith brought to the judges her exhibit in the scrambled still contest in a particularly charming form. The pictures were accurately done and the labels were correct. If other exhibits outdistanced Miss Smith’s in the bravery of their color or boldness of their arrangement, certainly she well deserves a third prize for the dignified manner in which her entry was arranged.

John C. Willsey, 57–51 Eightieth St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Mr. Willsey’s entry was unquestionably as good as any of the third place holders with his straightforward presentation of the correct answers. Good taste and neatness are noticeable in Mr. Willsey’s exhibit. Had he attempted a little more, it is evident that with his excellent taste he would have ranked even higher.

FOURTH PRIZES

The following are winners in the fourth group:

Betty Babcock, Adams County, Orrtanna, Penn.

Geraldine Cazaza, 9358 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Mrs. H. H. Crouch, 538 Greenwood Avenue, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Ellen Jane Cutter, 710 Chestnut St., Meadville, Pa.

Isabel J. Daneker, 55 Circuit Drive, Edgwood, R. I.

Frances E. Dunn, 14 Bellevue Road, Belmont, Mass.

John E. Horner, 105 Broadway, New York City

Mrs. C. A. Latham, 47 W. 8th St., New York City

Wanda Latoon, 409 Hardy St., Oakland, Cal.

Ethel E. Lyman, Box 28, Newbury, N. Y.

Gladys Miller, 2707 Arthur Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Karl G. Recher, 5104 Haverford Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lela Teamer, 417 S. Denby Avenue, Evansville, Ind.

Cyril Willmott, 128 W. 72nd St., New York City

Robert Wolf, 508 Forland St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mollye Baer
881 Eddy Road
Cleveland, Ohio

Bernice Benson
410 Howley Avenue
Abbevile, Wash.

A. M. Bengquist
445 Woodland Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.

Gabelle Blais
12 Summit Ave.
Beverly, Mass.

Bruce D. Brown
836 Columbiana Ave.
Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Lawrence A. Bogner
2934 Euclid Ave.
Fr. Wayne, Ind.

Betty Crane
9924 Longwood Drive
Chicago, Ill.

Rabino B. Day
565 McKinley Ave.
Itham mon, N. Y.

Ruth Ely
590 Dayton Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.

Isabelle Freyburger
1036 Livermore Ave.

Josephine M. Gibardi
117 Stanford St.
New York City

Margaretta Gonzalez
619 Ferry Street
Laredo, Tex.

Agnes S. Gordon
360 E. 9th St.
New York City

Mildred Grant
1218 N. 45th St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Russell C. Haglund
65 McKinley Ave.
Itham son, N. Y.

E. Margaret Hale
102 Guernsey St.
San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. Glenn Halloran
918 E. Victoria St.
South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. Anna E. Johnson
1540 Shelby St.
Youngstown, Ohio

Mrs. Elizabeth Kincheloe
1814 E. Simmons Ave.
Richmond, Va.

Anita Klemm
6338 De Launitte St.
Quebec, Canada

Rams Lovell
13 Prospect Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Doris Mennett
845 E. 28th St.
Portland, Ore.

Charles R. Morgan
2020 11th St.
Upland, Calif.

Elizabeth McQuillen
216 E. 11th St.
Upland, Calif.

Mrs. K. McVeigh
160 Dowling Ave.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Corinne Noble
3144 E. Seventeenth St.
Sarasota, Fla.

Margaret Olson
2460 S. Flower St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Edna Rabago
1048 Spencer St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Innette Pavoloid
700 Whitemore Road
Detroit, Mich.

Genestie Rohnner
912 Hereford Drive
Akron, Ohio

Eleanor Scher
12 Fayette St.
Beverly, Mass.

Grace Temple Shany
2765 N. 17 Tarrace
Miami, Fla.

Yvonne Smith
1376 Blaine Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

Evelyn L. Svedeman
82 Newport St.
Soughgton, Mass.

Herbert C. Tellington
Box 7, Cornwall Apts.
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Gertrude Turner
Bedford Heights, Indiana

HONORABLE MENTION

Mrs. Morgan
845 E. 28th St.
Portland, Or.

Mrs. Gross
Banquet Hall,
Bakersfield, Calif.

Mr. Whitmore
228 32nd Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. A. Atkinson
286 W. 3rd St.
Upland, Calif.

Mrs. K. McVeigh
160 Dowling Ave.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Mrs. M. H. McRae
608 S. Flower St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Vera Olson
845 E. 28th St.
Portland, Ore.

Mrs. J. D. Smith
522 E. 11th St.
Upland, Calif.

Mrs. Smith
65 McKinley Ave.
Itham son, N. Y.

Mrs. M. H. McRae
608 S. Flower St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Silver Screen
N O B O D Y can say "No!" to Claudette.
The adventure of finding this out is really the life story of Claudette Colbert. But let's not go into that.
That "nobody" however, does not include her mother for there was many a "Non, non, ma petite" from Madame Colbert when the little Claudette was a child, and even after the child became a woman. Ah, dear me, yes. And a very beautiful woman she became too.
Claudette was born in Paris of French parents, and even French parents in Paris are quite a handicap to the young idea. Claudette and her family left Paris when she was six years old and I must say that for a person who spent six consecutive years in Paris Claudette knows remarkably little about Paris.
Paris to the infant Claudette was simply a walk in the Bois (and no speaking to the little gamins) each morning and afternoon with a maid and a governess, and a playroom-nursery on the top floor of a very quiet house in a very quiet street. And New York wasn't much better. There were classes in the morning and in the afternoon a walk in Central Park (and no speaking to the rough-necks) accompanied by Mama or a nurse. When they came to the Mall Claudette was allowed to play with her ball—alone. Claudette adores Central Park now especially at dusk when the little lights are beginning to gleam along the roadways, but there was a time when she says the sight of the Mall made her want to give vent to childish shrieks.
Outside the walls of the Park was Life—theftres, movies, hotels, and beautiful ladies who rode in shining limousines and wore ermine coats. Claudette longed to break away and investigate for herself what went on in the great city. But Papa and Mama Colbert had very definite ideas about what little girls should see and know. Theirs was the heritage of the Old World. Sweet, gentle, refined. This noisy America where children were allowed to run wild in the streets shocked them greatly. It was better simply to ignore America and American ways. So little Claudette continued to be brought up as carefully and as guardedly as if she were still in the old country.
Judging from her parents' evident disapproval she began to suspect that the world was a pretty terrible place with wicked ogres standing on every street corner waiting to snatch at innocent little girls. She wasn't exactly sure what an ogre was but she had a vague idea that it was anything that wore pants.
Yes indeed, Mama and Papa Colbert certainly had definite ideas about things. About Boys, for instance. Naturally, every little boy with red corpuscles who had opportunity of viewing pretty little Claudette with her big appealing eyes and long curling lashes immediately fell head over heels in love with her, and started making passes at her with big red apples, homemade poems and candy hearts. But Mama had an eagle eye, and every pass was intercepted.
Claudette's first "date" was when, after months of deliberation, Papa and Mama finally allowed her to accept an invitation to the Junior Prom at Columbia. Of course the fortunate lad wasn't one of those loud, flask-toting Americans. Tut tut! And don't be silly. Henri came from a nice old French family, and the Colberts had known him ever since he was a baby. Not much of a thrill for Claudette. But at least Henri might be a stepping stone. There surely would be other boys there who didn't come from nice old French families and weren't quite so polite. And there were—plenty of them. But not for poor Claudette. For Mama and Papa Colbert both decided to chaperon their own lamb on her first date, and even [Continued on page 71]
Claudia Dell, Rebel Blonde

Bleaching Went Out of Fashion When Claudia Dell, a Famous Follies' Blonde, Made a Hit Wearing a Dark Wig

By Patricia Keats

It was all the fault of a sequin dress. And a brunette wig. If it hadn't been for that sequin dress Claudia Dell might never have been a Follies' girl. And if it hadn't been for that brunette wig Claudia might never have been an emotional motion picture star.

She was only six when she saw the sequin dress and she thought it the most beautiful thing that she had ever seen. How sleek and lovely it was, how it scintillated in the lights with its myriads of magic sparks! In her little girl mind that dress became synonymous with glamour, romance, and the theatre. She must have a dress like that! She must be an actress!

Now don't get excited about the brunette wig. We're coming to that in the due course of time—just like Claudia did. Let's talk some more about sequins. Pretty little sequins doing their best to convey that illusion of grandeur. And pretty little Claudia whose baby blue eyes were simply not missing a single dazzle. The beautiful lady in the sequins stopped singing and the curtain fell. Midst the terrific applause Claudia and her mother made their way back stage and Claudia was told that the sequin lady was her aunt, Claudia Coleman.

Well, little Claudia was never the same after that. Claudia was born in San Antonio, Texas, when her mother was sixteen and her father eighteen, so they were just three rollicking kids together. And it was in San Antonio that Claudia met her famous aunt who was already a well known vaudeville headliner and European star. But soon afterwards business called the Dells to Mexico City and Claudia was put in an English school there which was rather a far cry from sequins and foootlights. The years passed.

But she had been bitten by sequins and there's nothing so insidious as a sequin bite, and absolutely no cure—except the Bright Lights of Broadway. So when Claudia was seventeen she joined her aunt in New York and was introduced to the Right People. Flo Ziegfeld took one look at her lovely blond hair and perfect figure and without even a demur put her into the Follies. Following that came a season in London playing the lead in "Merry Mary." And when that closed she and her aunt went holidaying through southern France, Nice, Monte Carlo and the entire Riviera. One of her dancing partners was none other than Alfonso, the late King of Spain, who knows a pretty face when he meets one out. And, oh, yes, Claudia had more sequins than she could use.

When Claudia returned to New York, Ziegfeld and the other producers made forward passes, but Claudia intercepted the passes and made a dash for California where her mother and father had moved in the meantime. Here Felix Hughes, brother of Rupert Hughes, introduced her to the Right People and right away she was given two pictures to make for Warner Brothers, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

And then came the well-known lull. Claudia was good in those pictures, she was lovely and charming, she was beautiful and gracious, and she was what gentlemen prefer—but she wasn't—er—emotional. It wasn't possible that anyone so delightfully blonde should know the ABC's of emoting.

Voilà, the brunette wig! You thought we had forgotten the brunette wig, but we fooled you that time. We may forget pay days, and birthdays, and holidays, and your Aunt Emma, but we never forget brunette wigs.

Claudia dropped in at the studio to have some new tests made one day and there [Continued on page 68]
At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

You can share the screen stars' secret

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous stage and screen star.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!

Lux Toilet Soap — 10¢
whole thing. "Why should I go around moaning about a bunged-up toe," she said, "I should have everyone coming around me patting my back, offering me sympathy. Not me—not for a million dollars!" It's easy to see that it takes more than a sore toe to put Marie Dressler out of business.

Before starting work on "Montana Moon," Joan Crawford was rehearsing a special dance number created for her by Albertine. She never saw what she suddenly slipped, tearing her ankle. It was a bad sprain. Everybody was concerned and it looked as though the picture would be delayed. Joan insisted that she could make the grade with the use of crutches. She struggled through the many scenes, using them until the cameras started clicking. It took superb courage to let go those crutches for every step without them was agony.

Another player who carried on with the help of crutches was Charles Farrell. During the filming of "Fazil," Charlie's foot was crushed by a horse he was using in the picture. Several bones were broken. He resumed his place before the cameras with his crutches. A nurse was on the set at all times and held them when the cameras were recording, hastening to his side immediately they stopped. Farrell was anxious to go on with the production rather than hold up the picture. Throughout the remaining days of filming, he worked with a nurse at his elbow, you might say—or should I say—at his foot.

Lawrence Tibbett deserves a medal for one of the spankiest examples of what a fellow will endure to keep faith with the public. While he was completing "Cuban Love Song," he fractured three ribs in an automobile accident. No one knew that he was hurt. He was afraid to tell the studio officials what had happened for fear it would leak into the newspapers and create the impression that he would not be able to appear at his best in a coming concert tour.

The day of his accident, Tibbett was called upon to go through a scene in a shell hole where his nose was bleeding. Jimmie Durante had to jump on him in no gentle fashion. Larry gritted his teeth as he saw them coming and doesn't know now what prevented him from fad ing out of the picture. However, he was able to finish his work with the movie was now in a concert platform a few days later with the famous Tibbett bellows working better than ever.

It was in "The Sea Woman" that Dorothy Sebastian came within an inch of losing her life. Only the thought that cameras were grinding and she must go on with the scene saved her from drowning. Dorothy and Al Roscoe were escaping federal officers in a launch. The trash was to explode at a given signal and throw Al and the agents off in the ocean. The explosion took place as per schedule but Dorothy had moved too near the blast. Her limbs were burned by hot oil —the pain was intense.

"I never was so much bravery," exclaimed Carewe in speaking of the incident. "Oil burns are terrible but imagine plunging into the cold salt water on top of it all. She must have gone through hell and there we were turning the cranks and patting ourselves on the back for getting such a realistic scene. That was one shot where acting wasn't necessary. Unfortunately, it was the real thing!"

Richard Barthelmess risked lameness for life rather than hold up the production of "The Patent Leather Kid" which was costing the studio at the rate of $7,000 a week. Strained ligaments due to a fall on the tennis court caused the star intense agony but he went on with the show just the same, as he said, "I'll keep off the doctor's orders to keep off his foot.

Rather than hold up a picture when it was practically finished, Gary Cooper took his life in his hands by leaving a hospital bed where he was lying desperately ill, returning to the studio for retakes on "City Streets."

"Gary was running a high temperature at the time," said his mother, "and when the studio begged him to come over for only two hours which would be needed to complete the picture and send it to the screen, he couldn't resist their pleas. The doctor told him how serious it was and practically washed his hands of the case when he saw Gary getting dressed.

"Nothing would stop the boy. He explained that if he didn't go back for the retakes, it would hold up an entire picture. It would only be for two brief hours, he kept assuring us. Finally he left the hospital wrapped in heavy blankets, was taken to the studio. The two hours passed. Nurses became impatient. The director telephoned the studio. There had been some delays. More scenes had to be re- made. When Gary was whisked back to the hospital, he had worked from nine-thirty in the morning until past midnight that night. He had to be carried from the set to the car that was waiting. I'll never forget how he looked—how limp—how drained he looked. It was a accident in the minute the final scene was shot. Had he remained in bed instead of going back to work, he would probably be well today. As it is, he is on a six months' vacation traveling in Europe with friends and seeking something that I think is far more priceless than art—health.

Many stars have been injured while at work and have been hustled to the studio hospitals for first aid, emerging with bandages, stitches or limps, only to go home to recuperate. But do they do it? Very seldom!

Tom Mix was rushed to the hospital when a cowboy cut his eye and head with a rawhide whip. He was being 博士ent and the cowboy was one of the first to reach his side and help carry him into the doctor's office. Several stitches were taken in Tom's forehead. He walked out with heavy wire bandages around his head.

"Take these ding-dang things off my eyes," snapped Tom after he was out of sight of the hospital building, "send for the make-up man and tell him to put the cut out the cut they won't show because I'm going to finish the day's work or know the reason why."

Robert Montgomery is another who tolerated being bandaged at the studio
hospital but soon got rid of them when out of the doctor's sight. He was struck by a heavy lamp during a scene in "Private Lives." Like Tom Dix, Bob sent for the makeup artist, who replaced the gauze with camouflage so he could carry on.

Mary Nolan was the victim of much unfavorable gossip owing to the report that she was a dope addict. I happen to know that at the time she went to the hospital with a most frightfully bloated sun-burnt back, malicious tongues unjustly attributed the visit to the effects of morphine. Mary Nolan holds the record at Universal studios for working consistently throughout a severe illness in a major role rather than retire to a hospital where, according to the doctor, she belonged.

"Only God knows how she did it," said the physician, and John Robertson, who directed her in "The Shanghai Lady" when this occurred, will vouch for Mary's heroism.

Radio studio stars who have kept the banner flying when according to common sense, they should have stayed at home, are Jean Dunne, who played sunstroke in the filming of "Cimarron"; Dorothy Lee, who laughed when threatened with pneumonia in "Caught Plastered"; Bert Wheeler, who fractured his ribs in a scene in "Peach O''Reno" and insisted on finishing a strenuous dance before allowing himself to be strapped, and Purnell Pratt, a featured player, who ran the stars a good second in surviving the dreadful ordeal of having his eyes almost burnt out when a trick match box proved to be the real thing and exploded during a sequence with Richard Dix in "The Public Defender." Pratt finished the entire scene before anyone on the set realized his serious condition.

Physical aches and pains are not the only torture to be endured by those before the cameras. The mental strain that some of these people at times find themselves subjected to due to private troubles, cannot be exaggerated. Recording instances of professional self-sacrifice.

Pola Negri finished "Hotel Imperial" under terrific mental stress. At that time Rudolph Valentino held Pola's heart. He was dying in a New York hospital and everybody knew that Pola's health was dreading. Rudolph passed away. Pola left Hollywood to be by his bedside. That is why the minute the picture was completed, Pola dashed to New York. It was too late. Rudolph was already dead. Valentino, thinking of the tortured spirit of the dead, endured for months before his death and while his pictures were in the making. There was a couch in his dressing room on which Rudy spent many a tortured hour between scenes fighting ulcers of the stomach and the most painful disorders known to mankind.

Harold Lloyd knows what it is to rise above illness and disaster. So does Mildred Davis Lloyd. Didn't she continue working in a picture when her arms were badly burned in a studio set fire? Lloyd begged her to go home, but she did not heed his advice and as soon as the set was re-dressed, she was waiting for her cue.

**Silver Screen for February 1932**

**Will You Give Me 10 Days to PROVE that I Can Give You Perfect Health and a Slender Body?**

Do you want to take off excess weight? To reduce your waistline, hips, legs? Do you want glowing health, sparkling energy? Do you want to build a symmetrical, muscular development? Do you want to keep physically fit, in the "pink"?

Let Walter M. Hoover, famous oarsman, show you what rowing will do for you—without a racing shell variety—the finest, most enjoyable form of exercise in existence! Try his "Hoover Conditioner" 10 days FREE. A few minutes a day on this entirely different rowing machine will work wonders!

Exercise! It's FUN—and what it will do for that body of yours! Get sensational offer now—without cost or obligation.

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Have you ever swung up the river in a racing shell? It's like hanging on air! Now get this thrilling exhilarating sense of free, rhythmic motion on your home rowing machine No tugging and straining on make-shift apparatus, but the full sweep of the racing stroke, as light or as strong as you want it. Walter M. Hoover, Olympic Champion oarsman, designed the "Hoover Conditioner" for his own use, built it on racing shell lines, "rigged it right" for comfort, made it adjustable to a child's strength or an athlete's.

**SMOOTH, FLOWING MOTION**

The "Hoover Conditioner" is not a make-shift substitute for the genuine "Hoover Conditioner" which\\n
**Sensational bargain now**

**Get the facts before you buy any rowing machine**

**Try it free!**

The Hoover Conditioner for yourself—get the thrill of actual "racing shell" rowing. Convince yourself that this form of exercise is the most enjoyable. Mail coupon or write for full information with details of 10-Day FREE Trial and Special Bargain Offer of LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

**THE HOOVER CONDITIONER, INC.**

22 East 13th Street
New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1923.
The temperature inside the suit on a cool day must be about 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and under the glare of fifty or seventy-five thousand watt globes it mounts. I'm afraid even Menjou would look slightly sweaty in it.

"Hurry up," I suggested, "and let's get outside." After all, there's no tonic in the world—no mental stimulus to equal the air in God's great outdoors. The inside of Fredric March's dressing room at the moment was something different.

"You'll get used to it," he remarked consolingly. "No, what I meant by 'have another look' was 'consider my case.' Do you think if I had lived to be a thousand I'd ever have got a chance to play a part on the stage like I had in 'True to the Navy?' Not in your Aunt Emma's hat."

"We'll leave my Aunt Emma out of this," I observed with dignity. "All right," he agreed amiably. "But personally, I regard my performance in that picture as the best piece of acting I've done."

"It's difference of opinion makes horse racing," I murmured. "I thought you smelled to high heaven in that part."

"That's because you know me so well," he retorted. "You know that I'm not really like that gob and you couldn't look at me on the screen as Ganner McCoy. You kept seeing Fredric March. But I'll lay a bet with you that if you ask someone who had never seen me before what they thought of the guy who played Ganner McCoy they'd say he gave a satisfactory performance."

"You get to develop more rapidly on the screen than you ever could on the stage because you play so many more parts. A successful actor may be kept in one stage part for years. What chance has he to develop. If you should manage to be in several plays in a season, it's because you're in several flops and no one sees you, regardless of how good your work is."

"Go back in time, I'd really had lately: In 'The Royal Family' I was a crazy genius. In 'Laughter' I was an irresponsible pianist who only wanted to laugh at everything but his ambition. In 'My Sin' I was a complete sot of a lawyer who finally fought his way back to respectability. And now, best of all, come 'Jekyll and Hyde'—and would it be too great a strain on you to pronounce 'Jekyll' with a long 'e'? In all the years I was on the stage put together I never had such a variety of parts as I've had in this last year alone in films."

"I accept the apologizes," I said magnanimously.

"Getting back to 'True to the Navy,'" Fred went on, ignoring my burst of generosity, "another reason you didn't appreciate Ganner McCoy was because he was different from the gob you're accustomed to seeing. Most people, when you say 'gob,' think of some guy who's really tattooed all over the place and saying 'dose, dose and dem' exclusively. It's easier to play that way and they're always good for a laugh."

"But there are other kinds. And in my mind's eye I could see a different kind. One who came from a good family—who hadn't gone to Harvard or Princeton, maybe—and who possibly didn't speak the Queen's English, but who still didn't have the tough, illiterate good that gobes are popularly supposed to be. And that was the man you saw in Ganner McCoy."

"Do you—" I began.

"Look at Phillips Holmes," Fred continued.

I glanced around but there was no sight of Phil. "The best work he's ever done was in 'Her Man,' 'The Criminal Code' and 'Devil's Holiday' and in every one of them he was playing characters as much at variance with his own as you could find. Every one of those characterizations was the result of his imagination. I can well imagine Phil studying these scripts, visualizing those boys, figuring out their motives and feelings until he knew what their reactions would be to given situations."

Fred paused and the mental push he had given me set me to thinking of Phil Holmes as he visualized his roles. I could imagine myself reading a book and subconsciously building up the character that I was reading about. But Fred and Phil read about characters and after they form them subconsciously, they go ahead and make all the rest of us see and know these creatures of their imaginations, know them so well that sometimes they actually direct our own lives for us." But Fred was still talking.

"Don't talk to me about the superiority of the stage. I love the stage, naturally, but I'll be damned if I haven't been glad because of the infinite variety of roles offered a person and all I hope is that I can stick around in them for awhile."

And that attitude of Fred's is undoubtedly one of the reasons he's been so successful. He doesn't look down on his work. He took a course in commerce in college and afterwards went to work in a bank. He's got a business man's sane viewpoint rather than the highly dramatic one of a successful actor who sees conditions only as they directly affect him.

He is one of the few actors who has never kicked up a rumpus over his contract. His imagination has been used for the purpose of creating parts rather than visualizing what would happen if he walked off a lot!

Does Luck Rule Hollywood?  

[Continued from page 17]

informally. In her modesty, however, she does not accredit herself sufficiently with her own contribution of hard work after those magic knocks sounded on the door.

Not long ago she got a splendid stage role that changed the tenor of her career, through a little act of consideration. She had been invited to dinner at Pola Negri's home but debated going because she had spent the day at the beach having publicity pictures taken and her hair was out of curl. Being tired, she was in one of those know-what-moods when it doesn't seem worth the bother to go out and pretend to have a good time.

No hostess likes to have a dinner spoiled by last-minute regrets, she reflected. Her absence would make an odd number. So she decided that she would go. Laura Hope Crews was another guest. As soon as she heard Miss Munson's voice, she remarked that she believed she had found the girl she had been seeking for a stage rôle. A success in "The Silver Cord" on the western boards gave the picture producers a dramatic slant on the musical comedy actress that they hadn't suspected and won for her the serious parts for which she had been yearning.

Some one saw Miss Munson and Karl Moxley in a bit at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and asked that she come to the M-G-M studio. She chanced to show up on the very day that tests were being made for Garbo's "Impression." A girl was needed to stand on the side and read the Garbo lines. She obliged, for a small fee. Though she was outside camera range, her mellifluous voice registered, and she was given a screen test of her own, and contracted.

Clark Gable had stormed the studio gates in vain. An eastern and Los Angeles stage success had at last merited a test, which got him a cowboy heavy in "The Painted Desert." But nothing further happened until, three days before he was scheduled to leave for the east, an official saw the "Desert" picture, liked Gable and M-G-M offered him a small gangster rôle in "Dance, Fools, Dance." With the viewing of the first day's rushes, he was handed a contract in a breathless hurry. Some quality of personality clicked suddenly.

The studio where Jackie Cooper's mother was employed as a set musician was testing small boys in a little song and dance. Seeing that the others weren't so very good, Mrs. Cooper telephoned her mother to bring Jackie down and let him try just for fun. And that was the beginning of the unusual youngster's wildfire acclaim.

After a series of quarrels with Universal and years of lackluster parts, Reginald Denny found himself for eight months out enjoying the fresh air. Producers thought they had gauged his capabilities. But some one who knew that he used to sing in musical comedy casually mentioned this fact to Cecil De Mille, who gave him an audition. "Madame Satan" re-instated him.

John Wayne was content with his job as prop boy until his peculiar walk at-
tracted Raoul Walsh's eyes and landed him "The Big Trail" lead. Anita Page was discovered then. When you're a kid whose movie hopes have failed and you're earning your living as a messenger boy, and in a collision between your motorcycle and a picture company's truck your leg is broken, life is liable to look very black. But Richard Arlen's accident happened right in front of a studio. A casting director had witnessed it and had sent Dick to the hospital.

When he recovered he was assured extra work, and thus he got his foothold in the films.

Accompanying a stagestruck childhood companion on the rounds of the agents' offices Helen Chandler thought an ecstatic delight. Not only might she get a glimpse of beautiful actresses, but she could ride in the subway, always a thrill. Arthur Hopkins, casting "Barbara," noticed eighteen-year-old Helen standing outside in the alley. It was raining and she had on half-socks. He called gruffly that she might wait inside. Looking at her more closely, he offered her a small part.

Harold Lloyd flipped a coin to determine whether he comes to Hollywood or not; so did Jack Holt. Al Jolson's act was dull until a negro dresser wondered why he didn't black his face. He did, and went over with a bang. Bessie Love's career was back-sliding: when, at a party, she gave a Charleston exhibition which re-focused attention upon her and started her off to a second victory.

Frozen fingers scared Ramon Novarro into the movies. He was with Marion Morgan's dancing troupe in New York one bleak winter. Cold, and too poor to buy warm gloves to protect the precious digits which he thought would make him a musician, he left, and turned to the screen in the extra work that was still less profitable, in order that he might live in California's warm climate.

A second time luck favored him. His chance came unexpectedly. A picture version of the life of Omar Khayyam, in which he had played, was not released for two or three years, but Rex Ingram saw it at a private preview and sent for the Mexican boy, speeding him on the rapid road to stardom.

Adolphe Menjou, a competent player of bits, who seemed in no way the possessor of distinguished talents, accepted a doctor friend's invitation to dine in a Hollywood café. At a nearby table sat Chaplin... the medicus, who knew the comedian, introduced them. Within a few weeks Menjou was engaged for "A Woman of Paris," which brought his adroit sophistication into sensational notice.

Joan Crawford was seen by Harry Raph in a New York show. Dorothy Mackaill by Mickey Neilan in "The Folies." Maureen O'Sullivan by a director as she ate her luncheon in a Dublin café.

But now, they mightn't be movie stars today.

Searching for a girl to play in the German and English versions of "The Blue Angel," Josef von Sternberg entered a Berlin theatre at the moment when Marlene Dietrich spoke to one English line in the play, "Three cheers for the gentleman who has won the grand prize!" That simple sentence, enunciated at the psychological moment, re-routed her from the German stage to the American screen and her greatest triumphs.

Bob's leg. Unable to ride for many months, he turned to vaudeville.

I
Talkies in Tabloid
[Continued from page 11]

**HEARTBREAK**

Fair

*(Fox)*

It's wartime in Vienna in 1916 (and you just
know there'll be a war). A young officer
(Charlie Farrell) falls in love with an Austrian countess. He kills her beloved brother in battle and she says she never wants to see him again—but she changes her mind at the end of the war. Pretty weak stuff. Madge Evans is the

**LEFTOVER LADIES**

Good

*(Tiffany)*

Leftover Ladies, it seems, are women who have sacrificed matrimony for a career and also find themselves losing beauty and youth and happiness in exchange for independence. Take the girl friend to this and she'll change her mind about becoming an author. Claudia Dell and Marjorie Rambeau are in the cast.

**MAD GENIUS, THE**

Good

*(W. A.ner)*

John Barrymore turns in another impressive performance which holds you spell-bound in your seats. Barrymore plays the illegitimate son of a ballet dancer, born with the soul of an artist, but the body of a cripple. It's a powerful, at times horrible picture, but it carries a big thrill.

**MERELY MARY**

*Ann

Fair

*(Fox)*

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Chaplin play just a little bit too sugary in this one. It's about a poor but proud, who struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay the rent. The little house maid falls in love with him. She inherits a million and he becomes a famous composer, so what more do you want?

**MONKEY BUSINESS**

*Excellant*

*(Paramount)*

In this picture the Four Marx Brothers are funnier than a barrel of monkeys. Their humor is absurd, foolish, silly, and daffy, but you laugh! Look how Groucho goes into his tango with Thelma Todd. Recommended as a first rate blues-chaser.

**NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE**

*Excellant

*(M-G-M)*

This flicker is all about three delight-ful crooks and their amusing adventures with suckers. William Haines is in rare form and will make you split the old sides with laughter. He is aided and abetted in this laugh festa by the famous "Schnozzle" Durante and Ernest Torrence.

**PALMY DAYS**

*Shakespeare*

*(United Artists)*

Eddie "Depression Explorer" Cantor is a riot in this one. There isn't any plot to speak of, but there's lots of fun with Eddie singing songs in an ultra modern dough-nut factory. Charlotte Greenwood helps out in the funny business. If you're feeling low, call on Dr. Cantor at your local theatre.

**SIN OF MADEMON**

Get out your handkerchief. GAUDET, THE chief, girls, for this is an old-fashioned weepie. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. He disappears and Lewis Stone is left to console the girl (Helen Hayes) who has a baby and a lot of disillusion. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother—or something like that.

**SPHIT OF NOTRE DAME**

*Excellent*

*(M-G-M)*

This picture successfully perpetuates the memory of Knae Rockne and still can play and courage. It gets rather sentimental over football and loyalty but you'll like it. In it are a lot of famous football heroes, like the "Four Horsemen"—Lew Ayres, William Bakewell, Sally Blane and J. Farrell MacDonald are the "movie people" in it.

**SUSAN LENOX: FIRST FALL AND SECOND RISE**

*Excellent*

*(M-G-M)*

Garbo finds opportunity and advantage out of this old story by David Graham Phillips to be forlorn, to be terror stricken, and to be utterly desirable. Clark Gable is the leading man and his love scenes with Garbo are the best yet. The plot is nothing to speak of, but you do not realize this as you are completely lost in the charm of Garbo. In fact there might not be any plot at all for you care.

**TWENTY-FOUR HOURS**

*Good*

*(Paramount)*

A great deal can happen in twenty-four hours and this picture sets out to prove just how much. A night club hostess and a gangster and a society couple are involved, and there's a neat little murder and solution. You'll be amazed about Miriam Hopkins as the night club hostess who sings torch songs.

Claudia Dell, the Rebel Blonde

[Continued from page 62]
lack of temperament. She doesn't fuss about Her Art. Her theory is that any role can stand out if it's played to the hilt.

When I think of Bessie Love I almost want to cry! Here is a splendid little actress who can stand before the cameras and put over everything from Little Eva to the hey-hoest part. The Broadway Melody" proved her talkie excellence. She has a wistful smile that makes you want to go knock out a couple of giants. I talked to her the other day and she looks prettier than ever. She did a stage play, a vaudeville tour, and a quickie this last Fall. The tiniest girl in the whole business, beloved Bessie Love!

As for Alice White I'm willing to agree that she needs another chance. Many of us never cared a whoop about her jazz epics. But there is no doubt but what she built up a real following. She, too, made a very successful vaudeville tour this last Fall. Since she tumbled off her pedestal as a First National star she has done only a few quickies. If she ever gets back into the running she assures us that she will discard her flapperisms and show us some first-class acting.

Aileen Pringle made her screen debut too soon. She was the first true sophisticated in Hollywood. Little good it did her in the era of innocents. She should be in demand, for she is one of these women of the world whom we idolize. But her infrequent appearances are in quickies, usually murder mysteries. Oh, Hollywood, it is to laugh! Yet I doubt if Aileen herself sees anything funny in the irony of her fate.

The heretofore despised quickies are to be thanked for bringing back Clara Kimball Young to us. For giving Betty Bronson and Carmel Myers hope that they may reach the heights again, and for giving Rita La Roy and Frances Dade a chance to carry on the work they love. Those two distinguished character actresses, Beryl Mercer and Mary Carr, ought to be kept so busy in first class pictures that they would not have to play in these obscure talkies.

Next time you are blue, giving yourself a lot of condolences, think of these gallant girls who never say die. Let's give them a cheer for keeping their fingers in the movie pie, and hope that they will soon pull out some grand plums!

THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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ON SALE EVERYWHERE SOON
Are These Our Eric Linden?

(Continued from page 40)

return, and has about decided not to do this.

Eric lives a quiet life in Hollywood.

With his adored mother—his father passed
out of the domestic picture when Eric was
only five months old—he lives in a little
cottage on a Hollywood hillside. There
are no servants. He tends to his small
garden himself.

He is not working all the time. There-
fore, he spends much of his time at his
favorite avocation—sometimes he hopes it
will be his vocation—writing. At twenty-
two he has completed three plays, which
have caused favorable comment from the
severest critics.

He has no car. He walks a mile and
a half to the studio. He believes that this
combines exercise and saving—and he
knows that physical condition means a
great deal to success in pictures.

He is not a first-nighter and he is not a
night-clubber.

I found this out when I first met him.

We were working together in “Chi-
dren.” I played the role of a reporter and
had my first close view of him. We got
acquainted and then our lines began
forth to each other. One night I said:

“Eric, I’m stepping over to the Emb-
assy Club. Want to join me?”

“Maybe, after the picture is done,”
was his reply “I can’t show up here
with my mind foggy from a late date.”

Work comes first with Eric. Later we
had the party. But Eric wasn’t going to
jeopardize his future, even for a few hours.

This was a small thing—but it shows the
same traits he displays in putting his life’s
affairs in shape.

Eric has been praised for his emotional
work in “Children.” He has earned that
praise. Joan Crawford once told me that
she considered the greatest of all tributes
to an actor a favorable reaction from the
“props,” the “grips” and the others on the
set. She said that the height of her ambi-
tion was to make the men forget their
work and watch her.

Eric did more than this.

When he had finished reciting the Lord’s
Prayer at the end of “Children,” every
man and woman on the set was openly
crying. They were crying not from the
artificial stimulation of scenes which had
gone before, nor from the stimulation of
illusion. They were crying on bare stages,
with reality all about them.

There could be no finer tribute to the
work of Eric Linden than this.

A keen intellect, a keen philosophy, and
an understanding of life are necessary to
portray such parts.

Brown, curly hair—dreaming eyes—
have little to do with the actor—yet—
with portraying parts—with portraying life.

I think Eric is sensible because he has a
sublime faith in himself and his ability.

Please don’t misunderstand me when I
tell you this. Eric is not “high hat.”

Not in the sense—of the word. I can prove
that to you when I tell you that Eric’s neck
turned beet red and stayed that way dur-
ing the first preview of “Children,” and
that when it was over I had to run to keep
up with him as he fled from the theatre.

At the second preview, a woman tried to
pat his cheek and he would have qualified
as a fullback, for he ran through a broken
field in the theatre lobby and out-distanced
the opposition like a veteran. He doesn’t
care to be pointed at and exclaimed over.
He doesn’t like to strut.

But he does believe that he is a good
actor and likes to have people who think
he is tell him so. He appreciates sugges-
tions, watches for flaws, catches points,
and studies his work from begin-
ing to end. He gets the feel of a part and
carries through with it. He will let no-
thing interfere with his work or with his ul-
timate success. He has that much of an
go, and that kind of an ego. It is as
much a part of him as is his growing bank
account.

That bank account is another reason why I
think Eric is sensible. While others
rising to the crest of the wave are buying
fine houses and expensive automobiles, he
is putting his money away.

“Acting is work,” he tells me. “I don’t
want to have to work always. I’ve seen
some of the world, and I want to see more.
I’m going to pack, some day, and step
around. I’m only going to live once, and
there are a great many places to go and a
great many things to do.”

Eric is the possessor of a creative mind.
He doesn’t want to act forever.

“Acting,” he tells me, “is the mirroring of
other peoples’ creations—a reflecting of
other peoples’ thoughts. There is nothing
creative about it. Some day I hope to
create something which will be worth
while.”

A philosophy like this is unusual in a
young man of Eric’s age in Eric’s position.
I have known young players and young
players, and the main interest they have
in life is to get the picture completed and
go on a vacation. Perhaps Eric is missing
a certain amount of thoughtless fun but,
at the same time, he is building for the
future—and that’s sensible, too.

Howard Estabrook, the writer, recently
won one of the Academy of Motion Picture
Arts and Sciences award for the adaptation of
“Cimarron,” declares that Eric has the
power which may be found in the por-
travels of James Cagney—and that he has
the same whimsical ability of Phillips
Holmes and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Ernie Westmore likens him to Paul
Muni, who has shown a marked ability in
changing faces. Westmore, a make-up
artist, has studied Eric’s pictures—seventy-
five of them—and finds a different emo-
tional register in each. He has dubbed
Eric “the boy of a thousand faces.” Eric’s
work in “Children” backs up this asser-
tion—for he is everything from a loving,
considerate boy to a hardened criminal,
fighting tooth and nail for his existence.

He reveals the many sides of his charac-
terization ability and his marvellous com-
mand of his face, his mind and his
body.

Perhaps—well, more than perhaps—
Eric’s brushing against life has given him
the tools with which to build his char-
acterizations.

Life has been particularly kind to
him. Earlier in this story, the fact that
Eric’s father left his mother when Eric’s
brothers and sisters were too young to contribute to the family's support, was pointed out. Eric grew up haphazardly, for his mother, whom he worshiped, was forced to bear the brunt of caring for her brood. She was governess, nurse—half a dozen other things. Eric's two brothers and his sister helped as soon as they were old enough. All are older than he is.

His mother placed him in the Paul Hoffman school, and there he had the attention of Angelo Patri, the noted educator and philosopher. As soon as he was old enough, he was out selling newspapers. He was, in turn, a messenger boy, a bank clerk, a delivery boy, a travel guide, a clerk, a theatre usher (you probably saw him on Broadway at the Roxy, the Rivoli and Rialto) a dishwasher and a summer camp instructor.

Older people always have been interested in Eric. When he was nine, a kindly instructor in a summer camp taught him to look over the house-tops of Tenth Avenue if he ever expected to leave it. He had the intelligence to heed this advice—and while he was washing greasy dishes, he was looking in the direction of Fifth Avenue and dreaming of the day when he would be someone worth while.

In high school he first had his dramatic urge. He got a poor part in the annual play at DeWitt Clinton High School. He worked so hard that the next year he was given the lead in "If I Were King" and the production still stands as the most successful in the history of that institution.

Later, the dramatic instructor there met him when he was studying English literature at Columbia University.

She was disappointed when she found that he was hoping to persevere a writing career, and urged him to go to the Theatre Guild that very afternoon and apply for work. He did. Elders again were interested in him. There was John Martin, the concert critic—Phillip Moeller, the stage director at the Guild, and Lynn Fontanne. They all helped, and Eric appeared in production after production.

These people helped Eric because they knew that their efforts would be appreciated—and that they weren't sowing seeds of advice in fallow ground.

Among the Guild productions in which Eric appeared were "Valpone," "Marco Millions," "Faust," "Strange Interlude" and "Prunella." Sylvia Sydney made her debut in "Prunella." Then he went to Broadway with "Flight," "Buckaroo," "One Way Street," "Reunion" and "You Never Can Tell." He also played in stock.

After a season with the Berkshire Players in stock, he went with them to Paris. He spent two months on a bicycle trip through Europe, making a point of dodging the places everyone sees and seeing those beauties hidden to the average eye.

He came back from Europe on a cattle boat and immediately was in demand.

On landing he went into rehearsals with "Mild Cassady." Thence to radio, where he was "The Collier Boy," "Dick Trevor the Freshman," and was the first television juvenile. Contracts were still pending when Wesley Ruggles had one of the hardest times in history trying to find a lead for "Are These Our Children?"

Ruggles tested almost a hundred young players. Then he heard about Eric. He sent for tests. Eric passed with flying colors, hopped an airplane, and landed in Hollywood in less than forty-eight hours.

I had invested in a second-hand portable phonograph and was completely absorbed in its creaking out a sentimental ballad. I only had two records. I was oblivious to the rest of the troupe—Homesick and Lovesick—Suddenly a voice at my right, "Pardon me," it drawled, "but what's the chance of persuading you to muffle that piece of annoyance—or give it a chance to see what it can do to another tune?" I turned to give him a withering look—but without much success. "Say," he went on—looking searchingly into my eyes, "are you homesick or something? Because the rest of us aren't and I'm sure I could take up a collection from my fellow sufferers (indicating with one fell swoop the whole car of twenty) and buy you a drawing room where you could work yourself up into a good cry."

I tried to make my usual flippant answer—but the fact that my tormentor was Clark Gable, the words would not come. I resorted to the feminine trick of weeping—I didn't wait for the drawing room.

"Aw, what's the matter, kid?" and he slipped down beside me.

"I'd never been away from home before, Long Island Matron Loses 64 Pounds of Fat

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Mrs. Harold Price of Woodside, L. I., writes: "A year ago I weighed 190 lbs. I started Kruschen—but now weigh 130 and never felt better in my life."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading drugstores throughout the world.

Oh, Clark! Do You Remember?

[Continued from page 52]

KRUSCHEN SALTS

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he reigns as one of the biggest box office faves of the screen, is founded on myriads of experiences like these. He's been through the game—elephant-trainer in a circus, hoofer, chorus man, comic in two-reelers, playing Swedish servant girls in the old Essanay studios in Chicago, studio manager, producer, director, comedian, and "heavy." He's risen to stardom and been "knocked down"—usually by the mistakes of others.

"I've been through in pictures at least three times—but here I am," laughs Beery. "Like the comedian in the show, I always bob up serenely. And I've found that every time I bob up I've learned something from the last tumble—carry scars that remind me to avoid the pitfalls of the last fiasco."

The last Wallace Beery of today, hero of "Min and Bill," "The Champ," and such, is the Wallace Beery personified in his, his own, valuable experience, not only in every branch of entertainment—but in the business of it, too. He knows how to read contracts before they are signed, and how to spell words now that he's learned to spell them."

That's the reason for his historic scrap with the late Thomas H. Ince. Ince had hired him for a role, and had agreed, if the role ran over a week, to pay him a certain amount every day—in advance.

The first day after the week was up, Beery arrived at the studio, sat in his dressing room, and waited.

The director sent for him. Nothing doing.

Finally, Ince came to see what the matter was. "You haven't sent my money over yet," insisted Wally.

Ince was angry—but finally saw the humor of it, laughed, and sent the money.

Wally went to work.

"Just don't take chances on general principles," he told Ince. "I know you're good for it and all that—but I'm never sure of what isn't in my hand."

"And," relates Wally, telling the story, "do you know that a rumor got around after that it was hard to handle? It hurt me with several producers. I learned from that—never make the mistake of being too tough with the boss. Stand up for your rights, but don't stand up so straightly you can't turn off your back."

Beery, in his present stardom, gets great stories. He gets great costs and opportunities. But throughout the years of his early career he was continually miscast—and it was from being continually thrust into the wrong parts that he learned what the right part for him was.

He started as a Swedish servant girl in comedies.

He took up directing—directed Francis X. Bushman and other stars, and made good at it. But even then he felt that there was nothing outstanding in the results of his work.

Essanay sent Beery West to be business manager of the California studios at Niles, California, where the "Bronco Billy" Westerns and early Chaplin comedies were filmed. He tried it for a while. Detail, bookkeeping, handling people, irked him.

"I'm not cut out for an executive," he decided. Again he'd been miscast.

A friend was organizing a company to go to Japan to film some pictures there. Wally got interested, financed the venture and they started out. And then there was a rebellion in Europe. They went broke.

I'm miscast as a producer too," decided Wally, and returned to comedy, at the old Keystone studios.

By this time he was thinking—and thinking hard.

"I remembered the villains I played in Kansas City," he related, "and tried an experiment of mixing that kind of character with a little comedy—a menace that could get a few laughs. In those days villains were always one hundred percent villains—so the idea was new. Well, we tried it—and I talked six days to sell the idea. It clicked. The 'Devil's Cargo' was one of the best pictures I ever made—and established this type of villain with a comedy side. We did more—the public liked them—and I found that at last I'd discovered a way to be human as a comedian or a villain. And being human and natural is the answer to the business. The kids from election school need not apply in the movies. They want absolute naturalness. The comedy villain was a success because every human being has comedy mixed in his other complex natures. It's a very obvious truth to me now—and to producers and the public—but it took long years of miscasting and bitter experiences to find it out.

George Hill, who directed "Min and Bill," "The Big House" and "The Secret Six," says "Beery took a circus performer and made out of him an artist. The depth of understanding in the characters he plays comes from a great knowledge of humanity—a great experience in dealing with his fellow man and delving into the why and wherefore of things. He had a tough time for years. That's why he understands tough characters on the screen. He can suffer because he's had plenty of suffering in his life. He can be natural because he's learned humanity from humanity's best study—mankind."

Beery carries scars—but at last they're paying him dividends.

Do you want to know how Johnny Weissmuller is making it out as "Tarzan"? The March Silver Screen tells all with a firm stroke, not an Australian crawl.
The Aristocrat of the Screen

[Continued from page 41]

When she was four years old her mother took her to New York City. The mother, known as Kate Clinton to the stage, returned to her profession and Kay was sent to school. Her early education was received in convents—Episcopal. Later she attended Miss Fuller’s school at Ossining and from there went to the Cathedral School in Garden City, Long Island.

How do advertisements of schools like theirs read? "Smart Schools for Exclusive Young Ladies," or something to that effect. And so we see that Kay Francis has acquired the background for a young lady with an aristocratic temperament.

After school days were over Dwight Francis, the son of an old New England family, fell in love with her and a swanky wedding at St. Thomas’ New York’s most fashionable church, followed.

Though her husband was well-born and his parents well-heeled with millions of American dollars, there was not much cash for the young married couple. And Kay like a true aristocrat—lived according to their means.

Despite this noble effort the marriage did not go well and with a graceful bow she turned her back and went travelling in Europe.

In Holland she dined with Queen Wilhelmina in the Royal Palace at The Hague. Did she feel in awe of her Majesty? She did not, though she was a bit dubious about the correct fork to select from the array of silver beside her plate. She turned to her royal hostess and asked with perfect composure which was the correct implement to use. Can you see her doing it?

Not with embarrassment. No, just asking the Holland way of doing things. Much as the King of England might have asked King Alfonso if he attended a bull fight in Spain. "Just what do you do when the bull goes the matador? If I were in England at a game of cricket, now I should know."

Returning to New York City she decided to take up her mother’s profession. Kate Clinton at one time was considered one of the most beautiful women who ever played the old Castle Square stock company in Boston.

"A dark-haired, spirited beauty—with fire and verve," is the way one described her who knew her in those days. After her stock days, Kate Clinton became a vaudevilian.

But Kay did not go into vaudeville. Shirley Temple considered the aristocrat of the drama. Kay, being the modern aristocrat, went into the modernized version of "Hamlet." It was considered an ultra-smart production. Adrienne Morrison, mother of Connie and Joan Bennett, played the Queen Mother, Helen Chandler Ophelia and Basil Sydney was Hamlet. Kay Francis played the Player Queen.

Then came a season with the Stuart Walker stock company. Kay played Clinton, Helen Gable, Napolio and Dayton. Stuart Walker is the last word in theatrical stock companies.

It is true at one time she took a course in stenography and spent a few weeks modeling dresses, but I am sure she did it all in the most correct way.

Not that she is the dignified type of aristocrat of my picture of the mid-Victorian dowager. She is an aristocrat of today who goes in for dash and some splash with her haughtiness. But we can see by her life that she lives up to Webster’s definition of the word. She has the sympathies, the inclinations, habits and temper of the ruling class.

And then there is the matter of Miss Francis’s pulchritude. There’s true aristocracy there. Did you ever notice how she holds her head?

West Point trains its cadets to hold themselves as this. Miss Francis’s head is the highest point of the body. And that’s the way Kay Francis holds her head—the correct way. You know how she wears her clothes. The Park Avenue debutante is considered the best dressed woman in the world. And that’s the way Kay wears her clothes, like Park Avenue—not like Hollywood.

After her days in the Stuart Walker stock company she returned to New York, now confident that she could make good as an actress.

She took an apartment with two girls. Lois Long who has just divorced Peter Arno, the cartoonist-playwright, and Katharine Swan who now holds an important position in Paramount’s scenario department.

Though it was only a two room apartment the girls went in for life in a big way. Miss Swan says, "We were a bit hay-wire in those days. Life was very hectic but merry. Now we get out our thoughts toward the theatrical world where our careers were centered, but as no engagements came forth we filled the interim by stepping high, wide and handsome."

"Our apartment consisted of two small rooms but such was our popularity that it was necessary for us each to have our individual telephone. It sounded and looked like the stock broker’s office in Douglas Fairbanks’ picture, ‘Reaching for the Moon.’"

"Dances and parties not being exciting enough we invented new amusements. Indoor Polo held our interest until Kay broke her collar bone."

"How do you play Indoor Polo?" I asked.

"Well, one of the rules is that you must play the game on your knees."

"The night Kay was hurt, there was a four hundred pound, more or less, football star in the game. In the excitement he thought he was playing football and jumped to his feet. Someone yanked at his knees to bring him down—and all of his four hundred pounds fell on Kay."

"Do you think Kay is an aristocrat?"

"I asked."

"An aristocrat in her tastes. I have never seen Kay do an ungrateful thing. She has breeding and poise. She is a bit different—doesn’t make friends easily. Though I do not mean to give the impression that she is high hat because she is anything but that. She is very genuine."

All in all Kay Francis seems to merit the title, "The Aristocrat of the Screen." Don’t you think so?

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Color of my hair...

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The Cliquers That Divide Screen Society

(Continued from page 43)

For that matter, Hollywood has gone tennis. Practically every film player of note has a tennis court in his back yard. And can they play?

Herbert Brenon, director, holds a tennis tournament each year at which he gives trophy cups and medals. The whole colony turns out en masse. His last meet made screen history. One hundred and fifty celebrities were invited to the affair. And over a hundred came. Prominent among the guests were Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilson, Constance Bennett, Buster Keaton, Warner Baxter, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, etc., etc. This was an instance of a successful get-together of cliques within cliques.

If you are by any chance a polo enthusiast, go out to the Riviera Polo Club and watch Jimmie Gleason and Will Rogers play. You can meet a bunch of "star" neighbors in the play. The club boasts some big names on its register—Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe, Joel McCrae, Harry Carey, Claude Graham-White, "Big Boy" Guinn Williams, etc.

The Toluca Lake folks will take you bicycle riding if you get out their way. They ride together, early every morning when the weather permits. Dick and Jobyna Ralston, Francis Dee, Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are charter members. They are fine bicycle players, however, who enjoy a good bicycle ride. Doug and Mary often do. Neil Hamilton often rides to work on his bicycle and it's a good ten miles, too. Zasu Pitts is another player who has won considerable fame with her bicycle.

If you can wangle an invitation to weekend with the Robert Montgomerys, Chester Morriseys, or Reginald Dennes you will get your share of hunting and fishing. Reginald has a spacious mountain cabin in a lonely spot high in the Sierras and the retreat offers all the seclusion and comfort that a movie-fed up personage could desire. All of Reginald's friends and his friends' friends, take turns weekend ing with him.

Golf bugs sooner or later wind up at Harold Lloyd's hilltop home. Harold has one of the finest greens in the state of California. His friends are non-professionals and he numbers among his acquaintances some of the greatest golfers in the country. Before the advent of the little Lloyds, Harold's wife, the former Mildred Davis, was one of Hollywood's best-known golfers. She entertains infrequently now, but her parties are lavish and something to write home about. For his "stag" affairs, Harold makes use of his game room in the basement of his Beverly Hills' mansion. When the crowd is mixed, the party usually ends up with a barbecue.

John Miljan has a large barbecue pit in his back-yard and often entertains weekend guests in this fashion. Neil Hamilton, Chester Morris, Robert Montgomerys, etc., are usually among those present. Wally Beery and Clark Gable sometimes attend. They are great friends of John and chum together at the studio, but Mrs. Gable and Mrs. Beery do not go in extensively for social affairs. Therefore, Wally and Clark are often among those absent.

Anita Page, Junior Laemmle, Mary Brian, Russell Gleason, Lew Ayres and wife Lola Lane, all form an exclusive little clique of their own. If you were able to join them, you would find them playing bridge or making up theatre parties much the same as your friends do back home.

You would no doubt like to be able to accompany Joan Crawford, Ann Harding and Dr. Martin Arrowsmith, with Helen Hayes as his adoring wife Leora in a cinema success you're sure to see. But first read the complete story as it appears in Screenland.

Replete with stirring pictures from the drama, Screenland's Arrowsmith is an outstanding success of the season. From colorful opening through young Arrowsmith's tumultuous romance down to the smash climax on a fever stricken West Indian Island Arrowsmith makes a story of unforgettable memories.

-exclusive-

The Story of Richard Dix's Marriage

Richard Dix, they called him the perennial bachelor of filmdom, but then he eloped! You and I and all of Dix' millions of friends asked who—when—how— ... A star reporter writes a thrilling news scoop for Screenland. His exclusive story appears in the great February issue.

Garbo and Novarro

Two scintillating luminaries of the screen unite in a single picture and February Screenland tells you the whole interesting back-screen story. Just one of the many features in the February issue that will make your visits to the movies more entertaining. Screenland is a magazine you can't afford to miss. It gives you the most for your money.

February Screenland

at all newsstands

ASTROLOGY

Your Horoscope cast by astrologers of 36 years' worldwide experience. Life's Progress, Fortunetellings described. Health, Marriage, Finances, Business Guidance, Events, Changes, etc. Send 25c in stamps and your Birthdate for expert delineation, the accuracy of which will amaze you. Put a 5c stamp on your letter and address to ELYROD STUDIOS, (Dept. 10), 37 Alberme St., Los Angeles, Calif. Immeasurable unobstructed testimonials received.
The Toughest Break in Pictures

[Continued from page 33]

life of the popular prima donna.

At twelve each day when the Common People were making it to the nearest pub for the nite and cheese, the damask shades of Number One Farm Street were ceremoniously drawn, and the little house in Berkeley Square aristocratically came to life. A great lady had opened her eyes. A bath, just so, with pines in it. Her mail, with more royal cut paper than the windows. Personal calls from the gay lords and ladies whose flirtations about are reflected weekly in the Bystander and Sketch.

At two she was ready for luncheon. Tallulah always lunched at the Embassy or the Savoy or at Ivy's. Ivy's is the Algonquin of London and here one meets the creme de la creme (and skimmed milk positively prohibited) of London's theatrical and literary world. After luncheon there would be a fitting at Worth's on Regent Street. Tallulah always bought her gowns at Worth's. Or if there were no fittings that day and no fussing around that hair dresser Tallulah went to the movies. Tallulah is a movie fan of the first water. The first day of a Garbo picture or a Crawford picture would find Tallulah a most rapturous spectator—and she wouldn't be enjoying it alone, for one day she discovered that Napoleon, her little Pomeranian, and Mussolini, her cat, both shared her passion for talking pictures. Good heavens, yes! Napoleon would stalk for days if he were not allowed to see the first showing of Garbo's latest. And as for Mussolini—Well, he could be quite catty about the whole thing.

Or perhaps there was no new picture to see that day. And perhaps it was a beautiful sunny day—oh well, perhaps it just wasn't raining. Tallulah would go for a drive in the Pomeranian Park and what a gala event that was for the natives who would crowd around her car as close as possible for one glimpse of their goddess. Tallulah's car was an enormous Bentley, a limousine, with a coal-vee body finished in dark green. The chauffeur wore green livery. And often Napoleon and Mussolini would go with her, and so would Mrs. Larke, her secretary, and gentle, fresh-faced Edie, her maid. Quite a jolly affair. Londoners called it the "Barkhead Circus," and made it a part of their jolly tradition.

Tallulah never went to teas or receptions. The people she wanted to see came to her. Every day of the week from five to eight was Cocktail Hour at Tallulah's. Her friends drifted in and drifted out, quite sure that no day was really worth living without dropping in on Tallulah. In Tallulah's drawing room one met celebri-ties, authors, actors, authors, and actors, and diplomats, and princes of the royal blood. Here one found a First Baronet, or a third or a ninth, discussing a third act with an impresario. Here one found a sportsman and "boober" (Ah, I've got you there) discussing horseflesh with a beautiful "lepper." (And I've still got you.) Here the Dowager Lady So-and-So passed the olives to a member of the Royal Academy.

But far above the chatter of the M.P.'s and the R.A.s and the H.R.H.s one felt the dynamic personality of Tallulah.

At seven-thirty Tallulah always went to the theatre. This gave her ample time to apply her make-up and be ready when the curtain rose at eight-thirty. I don't have to tell you how the audience received her—you've read that everywhere. About the deafening applause from the gallery and the lobby, and the grand old enthusiastic applause from the stalls which set many a diamond tiara to bobbing precariously. Had this not been so there would have been no salon—no friends, no jives at her "Circus." In Tallulah's own words, "Put me on a lighted stage before a crowded house and I'm myself."

After the theatre Tallulah always went to the Kit Kat Club where she had her supper and perhaps a dance or so with one of the favored. She had a special table, always reserved for her, on the balcony.

Back to her house in Mayfair she would play bridge (contract, my dears, and you'll better be good) until four. Then the third and fourth Barones and Annie Lady So-and-So would call it a day and go home. Tallulah would curl up in bed and read herself to sleep.

What wonder that the Paramount scouts disturbed the hallowed atmosphere of Berkeley Square, and entered the broadest drawing room and signed Tallulah to a movie contract. Here was a sure success. But all the time at the Long Island studio in Astoria the belitiers were meeting, discussing, and molding the parts in babies and shooting widows and orphans.

Ruth Chatterton is given subtle direction—why can't Tallulah be given subtle direction?

No, Miss Shearer is allowed to choose her stories—why not Tallulah?

Marlene Dietrich is given the best of directors—why not Tallulah?

Joan Crawford is given perfect lighting and striking gowns—why not Tallulah?

Could Ruth, or Norma, or Marlene, or Joan with unknown Yankee names set London town all a dither?

But Life isn't just a bowl of cherries too long dropped from the tree after all. For wise old Paramount realized a mistake had been made and now Tallulah has been signed on a new long term contract and been sent to Hollywood. The best writers are busy on stories and adaptations for her—the best directors are being considered —camera and lights are taking on paramount importance.

It's the toughest break in pictures—but no tougher than making Mayfair sit up and beg. Tallulah did that, didn't she? Well, what the hell.

The Modern Sure Way to Get Into the Movies is Told in the March SILVER SCREEN. Are You Listening?
system a well-balanced ration. You cannot deny the body the various elements it requires to maintain itself and stay young and healthy.

When in doubt—drink milk! Skim off the cream and give yourself the wonderful sustaining salts, calcium and the other valuable properties of milk. For milk has practically everything necessary for human food. So, a crazy diet will harm you less if you drink skimmed milk with it. Milk will not fatten if you remove the cream and do not alone interested in having you attain the ideal weight—I am guarding your health and strength as we proceed.

Exercise for normalcy! Eat for normalcy! If you normalize your activity and balance your food to your needs, you may reasonably expect your body to drop in weight to a normal figure. Many people respond quickly to diet and exercise but there are many others who do not lose even a pound on this treatment.

The stubborn cases may be divided into two classes—those who have some organic disturbance—and those whose excess fat may be attributed to temperament. Emotional causes. And this brings us to the important idea of reducing by "burning up" the fat cells.

Emotional stress burns up fatty tissues faster and more permanently than anything else can. And this brings us to the question of how the body is affected. Let me explain this before you rush out and devote yourselves to hysteria in order to reduce. There are many different kinds of emotion, as you know. All of them will reduce flesh, but most of them are worthless in our scheme on account of the accompanying circumstances and evil after-effects on the body.

Anger, for instance, causes a poison to be secreted into the blood from certain glands. This poison irritates the nerves and muscles to a super-normal activity—which gives a greatly increased energy and strength temporarily. The aftermath is that the organs of elimination are unduly taxed in trying to throw off the poisons. If they fail too often it is another case for the surgeon to remove the damaged organ. At least this does not make for beauty.

Extreme sex expression is theoretically a "burner" of fat cells, but more than half the time it has the opposite effect. One reason for this is that expressed sex emotions bring a complacency (to certain types) that releases all tension, causing a tendency to inactivity, to a desire to sit dreaming romantically, enjoying love viceriously in books, and munching chocolates. You know the rest.

The fattest people I know are the most emotional sentimentally. To this type the sentiment itself is all-sufficient whereas it
should be stimulating, energizing inspirational and constructive.

So, the love emotion is too complex and uncertain in its consequences to be of any value in reducing.

An emotion has to be very real and very intense before it burns up fat cells. For our purpose, the best one of all is a driving ambition. When one's whole mind and soul is concentrated on a certain thing and every step of its accomplishment is absorbing and interesting — why, excess fat doesn't linger. Tricks in a dump will have no effect on your weight — you must get all steamed up about something — and stay that way! Start learning something that you just love to know. Take a small corner of ground and turn it into a gorgeous little garden — build it carefully, scientifically — devote yourself to its beauty. Spend yourself on it!

To tire your body when your mind isn't really interested in what you are doing will no reduce you much. Play golf, say, if you can. Seek stimulating people. Lethargy encourages fat and fat encourages lethargy — so this vicious circle has to be broken by some very enlivening desire.

Your mind will drive your body and burn up fat faster when it is stirred by a definite ambition. One woman I know took up politics and "stumped" for her candidate. She lost thirty pounds in the campaign. She told me that every bit of opposition she encountered made her more determined to elect her man and she threw every bit of force and intelligence she had into the battle. Feverish mental activity born of a real desire (emotion) to accomplish something will burn up your excess fat. This is not a new idea. Shakespeare says of Cassius "He hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much." These are extreme illustrations and do not mean that all politicians are thin nor that all thin people are thoughtful. Nevertheless, if you will keep normally active with exercise, and eat no more than you need for health and burn up fat cells with an intense emotional drive, you can be as slim as you like. Once you get these three things in balanced working order you can and will keep your weight at that level.

You should know that exploded fat cells cause an acidity in the body, so when you are losing flesh, you should be careful to eat and drink to encourage alkalinity. If you are drooping weight rapidly you should have a physician watch this for you as hyper-acidity is a dangerous condition.

Lots of times when reducing has injured the health the blame should not be placed on the medicine or method but rather on the lack of skill in handling the resultant acid condition. Your work is not over when the scales register a desirable weight. You should help your body to handle the refuse. Do not trust your own ignorance or a friend's suggestion.

In the absence of expert advice drink plenty of water, drink orange juice, tomato juice, lemon juice — eat greens, such as, spinach, lettuce, water-cress, and avoid acid producing foods.

Now forget that your body is a responsive, grateful, everchanging structure that you can build and mould as you will. How big is your want to?

As every woman's reducing problem is such a very personal and individual matter, write to me if you would like more detailed suggestions.
SPEAKING of silents, Leslie Howard whose delightful work in “Devotion” will be remembered, believes in silent pictures, too. Isn’t that astonishing?

* * *

WE HAVE just talked with Janet Gaynor who is sailing tomorrow over the seas and far away and will be in Rome about the time you read this.

She’s looking well; her hair is more becoming, tight, than it was when last we saw her. There is more enunciation in her conversation than before, which should tell you how hard Janet has been studying. We were glad to tell her that our Janet Gaynor number of Silver Screen broke all sales records and she was politely happy over it. What ever wonderful things Janet sees in the cultured aisles of Europe we feel that it’s a break for them, too.

* * *

AGAIN speaking of silents—Chaplin’s “City Streets” (silent when all screens talked) made more money than “Gold Rush” which was made when all pictures were silent.

* * *

THE papers say Chaplin will film the story of Napoleon.

Did you read two months ago of his plan to return in November to make a number of pictures? Did you see his Ghandi interview? Chaplin is great, and an essential part of being great is to have the knack of publicity. How much actually have you read of G. B. Shaw or Einstein? They have the flair for the front page in addition to their own great talents. We could write a piece right now on Clara Bow’s visit to our office before she even went to Hollywood. She had newspaper quality—and it ruined her.

* * *

WITH every daily paper blazing with Japan-China War details, we sadly remember the war to end war. If you have read “The Good Earth” you know and understand that Chinese mothers and sons are no more eager for wounds and death than we are. We wish Mr. Laemmle would send a hundred prints of “All Quiet on the Western Front” to the Far East. It would perhaps take some of the pep out of the war. An emperor who orders a regiment to death is only one man; and Tolstoy said that any ruler would be quite helpless if the soldiers turned about and started for home.

The League of Nations should order a few thousand movie palaces built in the Orient. A few pictures like “Surrender” would give them pause.

But then we suppose they would fight over Connie Bennett and Garbo.

* * *

“FUNNY you two should elope,” said Billy Bakewell to Lola Lane and Lew Ayres. “It’s our sense of Yuma,” replied Lew.
Give thought to your Rouge to have it NATURAL

Only if the Color "seems to come from within the skin," does Rouge give bewitching beauty . . .

By Patricia Gordon

ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the one rouge of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is Princess Pat — because none other possesses the almost magical secret of the famous duo-tone blend.

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess naturally, shows through the skin, from beneath. It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing through the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood's days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

Give to Your Cheeks the Wondrous Beauty of Princess Pat Rich, Natural Color

If you've used only usual rouge, try Princess Pat. A small thing to do, surely . . . yet startling as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, painty, artificial effect. Instead an adorable transparency of skin texture, enriched so magically that no matter how much color you use it will seem your very own.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give this "More Than Natural Beauty!"

"Duo-Tone" means that Princess Pat rouge is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an exclusive, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical undernote to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to individual need.

A Marvelous Advantage in Selection of Shades. You Use Any or All With usual rouge you are restricted to just one shade — the one that "matches your skin." That must be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge, all eight shades match every skin. Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will — to harmonize with your gown — to be brilliant or demure — to be fashionably different.

Your Complete Make-up in Perfect Color Harmony

Remember that all Princess Pat make-up aids give the famous Princess Pat Color Harmony make-up automatically. This most beautiful of all effects is carried out in Princess Pat almond base face powder, eye make-up and lip rouge.

Today, Be More Beautiful Than Ever Before

Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You'll adore the effect that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-2002
720 South Wells Street, Chicago

Without post or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked:

[ ] English Titian [ ] Square [ ] Medium [ ] Vivid
[ ] Theatre [ ] Gold [ ] Tan [ ] Nite

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State ________

One sample free; additional samples 4c each.

In Canada, 93 Church St., Toronto
There's more chicle in it... that's what makes it better

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and the finest gum you can buy.

Beech-Nut GUM

"Makes the next smoke taste better"
PEPPERMINT - SPEARMINT and WINTERGREEN flavors

Once in a Blue Moon
there's something really NEW DIFFERENT, DELIGHTFUL

NOW—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE flavored DROPS

BEECH-NUT FRUIT DROPS, TOO, 800 California oranges; 1,000 Italian lemons or 9,000 limes from the West Indies—to make a single pound of flavor—that's what makes Beech-Nut Orange, Lemon and Lime Drops so delicious—so refreshing! 5¢ everywhere.
GARBO'S DARING NEW CHARACTER

MARIAN MARSH

STARLET
YOUR search for the elusive lipstick of just the right shade is over! For TANGEE blends with every type perfectly. It is a lipstick of infinite shades, depending upon your own complexion. Apply TANGEE and see its marvelous change of color!

TANGEE is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips... and blends with your own natural, individual coloring whether you are dark or fair or Titian-haired.

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. It is non-drying, non-greasy, and permanent! And because of its unique solidified cream base it actually soothes, softens and protects!

SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder and "The Art of Make-up"
The George W. Luft Co., Dept. S5 3, 417 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick & Rouge Compact for professional and evening use.

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢...
Crème Rouge, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1.
TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1.
TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.
Charlie Chan's Chance

WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins... A mighty murder mystery!
The Opening Chorus

FREDRIC MARCH has worked a transformation. It is not only that Dr. Jekyll turns into the miserable Mr. Hyde, March has carried the idea further. He has transformed the fan army into March rooters, Hollywood into his private field of glory and the writers of these lines into a yammering enthusiast.

NOT all good books are fiction and not all good films are stories. "The Explorers of the World" is the name of a picture made by intrepid souls, and it has for some people more thrills than Joan Crawford can deliver and more appeal than Garbo. Did you know that one of the big money-making pictures of last year was "Trader Horn?" There are many of us who like these out-of-the-usual shots, and this picture that the explorers have brought back, from scenes that are strange and horizons that are far away, delights us. The explorers talk as the scenes are shown and in close-up views we learn to know our guides. The jungles of South America have mysteries for our eyes. We visit the Arctic Circle beyond Alaska and crunch through the ice of Antarctica, stalk lions in Africa and listen to the prayer wheels in Tibet. It is wonderful to see, and Hollywood will not begrudge these brave men the center of the screen they have so fairly earned.

WE HAD our ear to the ground to find out who was to be the next great screen rave, and Miriam Hopkins stepped on it. She has arrived on Broadway in the Fredric March "Dr. Jekyll" picture, and when we say arrived we mean that her name is in the conversation, that her's is the face that looks at you on Broadway, and that she will surely be one of the most talked about players for months to come.

"MATA HAR" sets a new all time record for the Capitol Theatre in New York City. $16,000 in one week.

Under these circumstances the depression does not Mata a Hari of a lot.
STARTING A NEW PARADE
of HITS for 1932!

M-G-M BEGINS THE
SEASON WITH
TWO
SENSATIONAL DRAMAS

WHAT A SMASHING
BOX SCORE in 1931!

THE CHAMP
MIN AND BILL
TRADER HORN
A FREE SOUL
SUSAN LENOX
The SIN of
MADELM
CLAUDET
POSSESSED
(Just to mention a few)
And BIGGER hits in 1932!

Wallace BEERY
The old “CHAMP” himself — greater than ever!

Clark GABLE
M-G-M’s sensational new star
in THE NEW
MIRACLE
PICTURE —
The THRILL
from the
SKIES!

Marie DRESSLER
THE
GREAT STAR
WHO MAKES
YOU LAUGH
and MAKES YOU
CRY BUT, AL-
WAYS MAKES
YOU HAPPY!

HELL DIVERS

of GEORGE HILL
Production

with
CONRAD NAGEL
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
DOROTHY JORDAN
MARIE PREVOST

in CLARENCE BROWN’S
Production

EMMA

with
RICHARD CROMWELL
JEAN HERSHOLT
Story by FRANCES MARION
Adaptation and Dialogue by LEONARD PRASKINS
Additional Dialogue by ZELDA SEARS

directed by
Clarence BROWN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

SILVER SCREEN for MARCH 1932
Don't Fight With Your Mirror

KISS and MAKE-UP

By MARY LEE

Isn't it a thrill to give your face an added beauty with a few deft strokes of make-up? To be sure it is only borrowed beauty, no matter how much you pay for the things you use. Nevertheless a woman without a lipstick has not yet discovered her best friend. The Hollywood stars have studied make-up tirelessly. Some of them depend upon expert beauticians to help them gain the most flattering effects.

The art of make-up is really something like the art of friendship. Life would indeed be empty without friendship—and yet, so many of us impose upon it and abuse its privileges. Just so with make-up. A sympathetic touch of rouge is enough and yet so many women try to put it all on at once, evidently going on the theory that you can't have too much of a good thing. A little boy eating too much candy makes the same mistake, but fortunately he has pains to warn him not to do that again. Whereas, the woman with too much make-up inflicts the pain on other people, and they can retaliate only by staying away from her. She has advertised herself as a person of poor taste, pleased with crude and vulgar effects.

Many women want the refinements of make-up but are ignorant of how to accomplish them. This article is addressed to them.

We should not use make-up unless we really need it, for, if the tiny muscles that reflect thoughts cannot be seen, it tends to kill the expression of the face. The great Italian actress, Duse, used no make-up at all. She wanted nothing to stand between her audience and the full play of emotion in her face. A great woman who was not afraid to be herself.

Joan Crawford gives us a perfect example of how a proper use of make-up can build and change a personality with marvellous results. She no longer resembles the Joan Crawford who first came to Hollywood. She is another girl entirely.

Make-up is such a personal thing. Everything you use should be chosen carefully. The shape of your face and the height of your forehead, as well as your coloring should be taken into account. What so many people do not understand is that make-up has a use in helping the contour of your face. It is not merely coloring matter. So we should not follow fads too slavishly. It is best to adapt them to our own needs.

At the moment fashion says—"pink and white faces to go with the feminine mode." And many a woman strives to obey this at the sacrifice of her own best effect.

Speaking of contours, a pink and white make-up on a round or large face simply adds to its enormity. A very thin face looks ghostly in a pink and white treatment.

To soften the lines of a face, either large or thin, use powder that has the softening yellowish tinge—an indeterminate peach. Garbo, for instance, uses only the very softest shades. Use a lighter powder on your forehead alone to give the face a clarity of expression, to add depth to the eyes, to contrast with your hair, and to make your brow "intelligent looking." Nothing is so feminine as a pale forehead—nothing so unattractive as a dark-skinned brow.

Use a darker powder on the too prominent portions of your face; put it along a full jaw and throat and on a nose that is too large or sharp; put it anywhere you wish to soften the lines or minimize proportion. A few minutes' experiment before your mirror will prove just where to use it best. Wonderful effects can be attained by the use of powders. Have several shades, light, dark and medium. Study your face in daylight and choose the color that looks most natural. For night a more exaggerated effect is [Continued on page 59]
...He takes life's corners on two wheels!

James Cagney in "Taxi"

Honk! Honk! Here comes Jim! Rough...ready...romantic...The fighting-est, loving-est red head that ever skipped a "stop" light...He knows what's what...He's wise to every bright light on Broadway and speeds thru life to love—after a blow-out or two..."Taxi"—a dramatic cross section of life on the wisewalks of New York...Speedy...thrilling...glorious entertainment!

With Loretta Young, George E. Stone, Guy Kibbee

Adaption and dialogue by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright
Directed by Roy Del Ruth

A Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Picture

For March 1932
AENONG the new stars, Sylvia Sidney leads. Joan Blondell and Jeanne Durr rate as the best of the new stars, and after, Gable, Gable, Gable! Garbo leads the older stars. Joan Crawford is very popu-
lar. One feature that is catching on and that you like to talk about is, "Taxi." Montgomery and Norma Shearer
are doing well. Do you like scenes of hate? Colman, Lukas. Do you like scenes of love? Chatterton, Harding are liked by the fans who do not rush. What a great recep-
tion those new shows received—"Pretty Dishonorable" and "White Lives."
Tell all, rest out injustice, correct mistakes, remold the movie world by writing
Love & Hisses Editor, 45 West 46th St. Keep it down to 200 words and the best
letter gets a prize of $15, second $10, next $5.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Let the movies take a lesson from the stage! If they must talk, and act, and live, let them learn these arts from the people of the footlights. Why do I speak so positively? Because I’ve just come from two of the greatest films I’ve ever seen—both of them performed by newcomers to the screen via the stage entrance.

My grandest bouquets go to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Helen Hayes. “The Guardsman,” first starring vehicle of Fontanne and Lunt, was a perfect picture, and there is no written or oral tribute worthy of “The Sin of Madelon Claudet,” Helen Hayes’ first picture, which is in every way deserving of the nomination “a woman’s version of ‘The Way of All Flesh.’”

Long live the movies! And, long live the stage! A great combination, a splendid industry, and a fine art.

Robert Downing

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

Mansfield, Mass.
Why, oh why must we be bored any longer with these sophisticated dramas of modern life? Instead of having to witness the sordid details of life as some people see it we should be made to see the finer, nobler side of humanity. The purpose of moving pictures is to give people enjoyment, not to make them depressed, shatter their ideals, and give them bitter prejudices. Why can’t we strike a happy medium in motion pictures?

About a year ago they gave us nothing but musical comedy farces. Those were refreshing for a while but we got fed up on them. Then they gave us war pictures. After those were exhausted the horrible gangster pictures were heralded in. Now that they are dying out we are being fed on sophistication. Not bad at first—But!


Gertrude Kane

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Linden, N. J.
Let’s have a lot more pictures like “The American Tragedy,” “Street Scene,” and “Susan Lenox.” I think they were wonderful. When I saw Sylvia Sidney for the first time, I fell in love with her. When she smiles you feel as if you could hug her.

Greta Garbo and Anna Harding cannot be compared with anyone else.

Why don’t they give Jean Harlow a break? She has not been in a good picture since “Hell’s Angels.”

I think moving pictures have progressed this year more than any other.

“Here’s hoping they get better and better!”

Winifred Brown

WHAT DY MEAN, PLENTY!

New York, N. Y.
To the professional and amateur critics who persist in denouncing the “talkies,” I submit the following:

Not all individuals have a high enough level of intelligence to enjoy and understand the sophisticated pictures rapidly dominating the screen. For these people, we must still have the hokum so prevalent in the “silents.” Not that they are necessarily morons, but they still think of life in terms of thrills and strong action, rather than mental conflict. An exhibitor, catering to such an audience, and showing such pictures as Ina Claire’s “Rebound,” would be inviting financial suicide.

For those who want the really fine pictures, there are plenty to go around.

Mrs. Jessica Levit

ARMY SURRENDERS!

West Point, N. Y.
Of course, the Lieutenants would like Greta Garbo, no matter how, when or why. I think she has a tendency to pose too much in most pictures—what we’ve been craving is action and we got it in “Susan Lenox.”

Why we all like Greta is more than we can tell—maybe it’s her suave manner or her demure look that arouses one’s emotion! Who knows? Anoher any how she is lovely—we’re for Greta!

Lieutenant H. N. Toftoy

WANTS MANHANDLING!

Cleveland, Ohio
Of all the items written about Clark Gable not one of them has actually given the reason why the average girl is crazy about him.

I’d say that it wasn’t so much the man himself who appeals to feminine hearts but the type he represents. In these days I have yet to find a man who shows real strength of character, driving ambition, ruthlessness, tenderness and sophistication. I shall probably look a long time before I find a man with all those qualifications. Gable has given me an ideal by which all my boy friends suffer in comparison. Perhaps he may unwittingly be the cause of my becoming a parsonimous old maid.

We’ll see!

Helen Reed

DREAM GIRLS

Austin, Texas
What is the spell that this peculiarly charming woman, Joan Crawford, casts over us? It is not a glamour of romance and unrealty—like that of Greta Garbo.

Miss Crawford’s charmed had to be cultivated and accentuated to make her the attractive personality she is.

She conveys—always—to another woman the feeling that she is studying out these charms, is being completely aware of each shade of expression, and is utterly cognizant of her fascination. Each woman watching her believes that she, too, with a little concentrated effort could change her common-place self into a lovely creature of poise, intelligence and sparkling vitality.

No matter how impossible this idea is, no matter that it leads to nothing. It is something to think about—a happy thought!

Mary Jo Tucker

WHOSE IDEAL?

Chicago, Ill.
The ideal movie, in my humble opinion, should contain nothing to cause fright, nothing to suggest fear; nothing to glorify crooks and crime; nothing to extenuate malice, or condone cruelty; and nothing to cause children to ask embarrassing ques-
tions of their elders.

Alma Smith

Silver Screen
SKY DEVILS

The Supreme Entertainment

with

SPENCER TRACY
WILLIAM BOYD
ANN DVORAK
GEORGE COOPER

An
EDWARD
SUTHERLAND
Production

PRODUCED BY HOWARD HUGHES

for March 1932
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Excellent

George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances. He plays the role of Alexander Hamilton, the great American statesman of the eighteenth century. Hounded by jealous politicians, Hamilton goes noble to protect his country. It's even more thrilling than "Disraeli." Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Digges are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Splendid

Parasites)

This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

AMBASSADOR BILL

Good

(Fox)

Will Rogers becomes Ambassador to a mythical kingdom. The king is a delightful ten year old boy; the queen mother is a knockout! Ambassador Bill teaches the youngster baseball and American methods. Marguerite Churchill—the lovely queen—is impressed. She overlooks his lack of social graces and is delighted when he outwits the crafty court minister, Von Seyffertitz.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

Very good

(RKO-Pathe)

Eric Linden—a good boy—gets in with a dance hall crowd. Arlene Judge is the charmer and Eric neglects mother and the nightly glass of milk for her. He joins a racket and finally uses a pistol. Eric gives a great performance at his trial. A death house remorse scene sets you straight if you were beginning to wish for a little Arlene Judge in your life.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES

Excellent

(United Artists)

Douglas Fairbanks is open for the boy. Kings and commoners greet him with equal favor. Add to this Doug's personal charm and great showmanship and the result is pictures of Japan, China, India and Siam that have never been equalled. A fine picture.

BAD COMPANY

Another gangster film—with another new angle.

Good

(RKO-Pathe)

It's a peach! A girl, ignorant of her brother's activities, marries a chap from a rival mob. The gang chief

Maureen O'Sullivan is a fascinating mystery to Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller

and the old Champ crumple up the boy is unconsolable and does a remarkable bit of acting.

CORSAIR

Chester Morris is a college football hero and Alison Lloyd (Thelma Todd to you) the impulsive daughter of many dukes. Chester, disgusted with Wall Street methods, turns hi-jacker. Big John, who is Fred Kohler, laughs wickedly and takes steps to stop Chester. There are beautiful scenes at sea. Chester makes a forceful hi-jacker and Thelma Alison Todd is an aggravating siren.

DEVOTION

A rather trite story becomes a simply charming picture through the graceful acting of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Two of the best actors on the screen, and I wouldn't kid you. It's the old thread-bare plot of the girl who goes to work in disguise for the man she loves. Of course, she's discovered—with the usual results. It's silly, but at the same time quite delightful.

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF

Good

(Radio)

This picture's about a woman who has become a famous coxcomer on the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two daughters to a fashionable and snooty finishing school. When the daughters learn that mother is an actress—well, it's just too bad. Edna May Oliver is perfect as the comedienne and Helen Chandler and Rochelle Hudson are the daughters.

FIVE STAR FINAL

Excellent

(First National)

Here is grand entertainment for you and a picture that packs a wallop. Frances Starr plays a happily married woman with a lovely young daughter who is about to marry into the social register. But on the eve of the wedding a nys tabloid, in an effort to increase circulation, digs up a lurid scandal on the mother with tragic results. Edward

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)
It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

We ALWAYS thought of her as an on-looker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from tapestry," we thought she was joking. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed...

She played *Autria's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last lush chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I can play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and it would even of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could do her credit if I said, "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You mean to say you learned to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game."

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderfully improved method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. 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 any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper, for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Whether you take up piano, violin, cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always practical. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of this course get ahead twice as fast—three times at first—as those who study old-time, plodding methods.

Free Book Explains ALL

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home. This wonderful method has already shown 600,000 people how to play their favorite instrument by note. To prove that you can do the same, let us send you our free booklet which not only describes the U. S. School method, but tells you all about the amazing new Automatic Finger Control.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the average cost of only a few pennies a day to you!

Mail the coupon today, before you forget. Instrument supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1193 Brunswick Building, New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1888)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

1193 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book—"Music Lessons In Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

[ ] Have you the above instrument?

[ ] No

[ ] Yes

Name

Address

City

State

for MARCH 1932
ACROSS
1 She is Mrs. Franklyn Thorpe
6 One of the screen's newest and most popular comedians
11 A Roman poet
16 Featured with Sidney Fox in "MURDERS in the Rue Morgue"
17 Suffix used to denote condition
18 "Delicious" is her latest picture
20 With Lionel Barrymore in the "YELLOW Ticket"
22 Old Testament (abbr.)
23 He's in Radio pictures
25 Connects the head with the body
26 Objective cast of I
29 To exist
30 Opposite Chester Morris in "Cock o' the Aye"
31 Prefix meaning apart
33 A box used in motion picture work (pl.)
37 West Africa (abbr.)
39 Closing words of an actor's speech serving as a signal
42 A side partner of Marie Dressier's in "Politics"
43 The first part of flim-flam
47 One of the most popular ingenues in Hollywood
50 Sensual or bloody
51 A pin serving as a fulcrum for an oar in rowing
52 An exclamation
55 She will be seen in "Emma"
58 A play
59 An island where Lila Lee went last summer
60 A well-known pantomimist
61 He was born on New Year's day
65 With her husband in "The Guardsman"
66 His or her majesty (abbr.)
67 A little Irish lass of the Fox studios
68 Personal pronoun, neuter gender
69 Elongated fishes
70 Forms many plurals
72 Her last name is Garrett
75 In the tonic sol-fa system in music
76 Preparation of meat cooked by stewing
78 Instantly
80 A perennial woody plant
83 Where the sound monitors stay during filming of pictures
87 One comprehensive event in a play
88 To sound with a deep resonant tone, as a cannon
89 Hatchet-faced Isaac in "Over the Hill"
90 Mother
92 A part or character taken by an actor
93 He gave a good performance in "The Star Witness"
94 To curl in dying
96 With Joan Crawford in "The Mirage"
97 A railroad station
99 Her next picture will be "Smilin' Thru"
101 A river in Livonia
102 While Doug is away she takes painting lessons
106 To rub out
108 A series of "Sea Skins"
110 Hollywood's champion hand-kisser (initials)
111 With William Powell in "High Pressure"
112 Frequently
115 Sinful

DOWN
2 To strike a ball causing it to curve to the right
3 A long, pointed tooth
4 The King of Bashan; conquered by the Israelites (pl.)
5 To ramble or wander
6 Star of "The Lost Squadron" and "Secret Service"
7 Bebe Daniels made a hit in this picture (1st part of name)
8 He married Vivian Duncan
9 New England (abbr.)
10 He played in "Five Star Final" (initials)
11 What Janet Gaynor calls her husband
12 She's in "Private Lives"
13 A string of several strands
14 A weapon shot from a bow
15 He has the leading male role in "Lady With A Past"
16 To be due
17 He is now on the stage
18 Egg (pl.)
19 One of the leading producers
20 A girl's name
22 A small, surgical instrument resembling a spoon
24 A disorderly crowd
25 To send forth
26 She plays a leading rôle in "Charlie Chan's Chance"
28 Conflicts
29 A fine actor appearing in "Frankenstein"
30 Star of the "Big Shot"
31 Claudette Colbert's role in "His Woman"
32 Barbara Stanwyck's married name
36 Willie Murrant in "Street Scene" (initials)
37 She won the 1931 award of the M. P. Academy of Arts and Science
39 The frame and springs of a motor car
41 He directed "Arravsmith"
45 Prefix meaning of night
46 Richard Dix's bride
47 Her first name is Nora
52 The high mogul of movies
54 She has a wise-cracking part in "Bad Timber"
55 A German beauty and film star

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Priscilla Bryant

Silver Screen
"And I REDUCED my HIPS from 43 inches to 34\frac{1}{2} inches with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE" —WRITES MISS BRIAN.

PERFOLASTIC COMPANY
41 East 42nd Street
New York City

Gentlemen:
I have been wearing a Perfolastic girdle since the spring of 1925 and measured 43 inches through the hips, 26 inches in the waistline, and weighed 135 pounds. After wearing my girdle for six months, I reduced so much that I had it made two inches smaller, and in one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34\frac{1}{2} inches in hips and 25 inches in waist, but I continue to wear my girdle every day. I always have two, one for morning and one for evening.

I remain always a faithful believer in Perfolastic.

MISS B. BRIAN

"Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley —so many of our customers are delighted with the PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days!

---

Money-Back Guarantee

REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS or your money refunded

The girdle is not infallible, but it has reduced so many thousands of women we do not hesitate to make this unusual offer.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips...and be comfortable too...for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every move you make.

Stand before the mirror—the first time you wear your girdle you appear inches slimmer! You will be amazed at the improvement in your appearance—and surprisingly soon the fat will begin to disappear.

Coupon Brings FREE BOOKLET and Sample of PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

---

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 443 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle; also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day Trial offer.

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

Not one cent was paid for above testimonial
WHY ROMANCE PASSED HER BY ... by ALBERT DORNE

1. MEN ADMIRE HER THE MOMENT THEY SAW HER

2. BUT IT WAS THE SAME OLD STORY! THEY CALLED ONCE—THEN DRIFTED AWAY

3. AT LAST HER NEW SISTER-IN-LAW FRANKLY TOLD HER HOW SHE WAS OFFENDING—

4. —AND HOW EASILY LIFEBUOY WOULD CORRECT HER FAULT

5. NOW SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED —THANKS TO LIFEBUOY'S SURE PROTECTION 'B.O.' IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM

DON'T RISK "B.O."

The merest hint of "B.O."—body odor—ruins all attractiveness. Take no chances. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, purifying lather deodorizes pores—ends all "B.O." danger.

Lifebuoy’s pleasant scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you’re safe from offending. Keeps complexion fresh and radiant. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don’t use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Bros., Dept. 523, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you free.

ASK ME ANOTHER

By Sally Forth

BONNIE: Cadiz, Ohio is very proud of the success of Clark Gable and has been since 1901, the baby having shown a menace at an early date.

Constance Bennett is a New York girl and that’s why they have lights all along Fifth Avenue. She is 26 years old which is a very nice age for a Marquis.

W.C.F.: Jackie Cooper in “Donovan’s Kid” was named Midge Murray, which is a good name, but doesn’t stick as well to Jackie as “Skippy.” That’s what everyone calls him.

INQUISITIVE: Richard Cromwell is 22 years old. He was born in Los Angeles and that’s how he came to hear about the movies. So Jack Holt is a relative? You should be very proud for your relative is about 43 years old. “Maker of Men,” his latest picture, holds up the family honor.

FLORENCE: It was New Year’s Day in Virginia at the beginning of the century when William Haines was born. Twenty-one years later he was working in a hotel office and growing handsomer daily. A moving picture scout invited him to submit his photograph whereupon success and the Hollywood sun smiled upon him and brought forth “Get Rich Quick Wallingford,” his latest success.

SABRA: I am sure that a nice letter to Richard Dix and Irene Dunne would get their photographs for you but, of course, you must enclose the postage. Dix’s new wife is letting him make “The Lost Squadron,” but he has promised Irene Dunne that after that they will again be together. The new picture is called “The March of a Nation,” obviously having something to do with the Chinese retreat. At any rate, every inch of Irene, sixty-four in all, is eager for the moment. We will try to get you a story on Irene Dunne next month and describe in detail her blue-gray eyes, her 115 pounds, and her brunette beauty.

LUCILLE: You ask who was “Clipper” in “Sidewalks of New York.” It gives old Aunt Sally pleasure to tell you that it was Norman Phillips, Jr.

DOROTHY: You will see a little glimpse of Virginia Cherrill in “Delicious,” the Fox Studio at 1901 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, is headquarters for her pictures. The twenty-five cents that they require is simply to pay for the postage stamp and the mailing. The star gives you the photograph.

Genevieve Tobin was a stage girl and cute at it, too. She is a Universal hopeful, is five feet three and one-half inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds. Her hair is light red-dish brown, although for one period they made her bleach it. Don’t ask me about her eyes, sometimes they are green and sometimes they look dark blue, but they always photograph light.

SILVER SCREEN
Which of these BIG PAYING BROADCASTING JOBS do you want?

The Floyd Gibbons Course will show you how to get it in your spare time — right in your own home.

Do you want a position paying from $3,000 to $15,000 or more a year? Do you want to get in Broadcasting — the newest, fastest growing, most glamorous industry in the world today? Then here is a remarkable new method of training that fits you for the job you want — right at home in your spare time — a method developed by Floyd Gibbons, famous “Headline Hunter of the Air.”

If you can talk, sing, act, write, direct, read or sell — no matter what branch of Broadcasting you are qualified for — if you have natural talent, the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting will train you in the Technique of Broadcasting, preparing you to take a high salaried position in this fascinating work.

Your Opportunity in Broadcasting

Broadcasting offers you unusual opportunities for fame and success. It is recognized everywhere as the fastest growing industry in the world today. And Broadcasting constantly needs new talent. Broadcasting is growing — growing so fast that no one dares predict how large it will become in the next few years, or how many more millions of dollars will be spent annually before the “mike” — stage-girling as the figures already are.

Think of it! Four years ago a total of $4,000,000 was spent over the air. Last year, advertisers alone spent $29,000,000, while radio companies spent many times that amount. Many more millions will be spent next year — thousands more men and women will be employed — if they are properly trained. This spells opportunity for you in letters a foot high.

Turn Your Talent into Money

Think of what this means to you. Realize that you can have your share of these millions — if you have talent combined with the proper training. If you can act, if your voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, you, too, can qualify for a job in Broadcasting. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

 Talent alone is not enough to bring you success in Broadcasting — you must have a complete and thorough knowledge of the Technique of Broadcasting. Many well known singers, actors, writers and other successful artists have failed disarmingly before the microphone — while others who were formerly unknown have risen suddenly to undreamed of fame and fortunes. Why? Simply because those who have been successful were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those who failed were not.

That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded — to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new, fascinating home-study Course gives you a complete and thorough training in all branches of Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons’ years of experience in Radio. Now — right in your own home — in your spare time — through this remarkable Course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position. No need to give up your present position — or make a single sacrifice of any kind while you acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andy’s, Graham MacNamees, Olive Palmers, and Floyd Gibbonses, and their future earnings will be enormous.

Complete Course in the Technique of Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Jobs like these often paying from $3,000 to $15,000 a year are open to trained, talented men and women.

- Announcer  Advertising
- Singer  Publicity
- Actor  Musician
- Musical Director  Dramatist
- Script Writer  Reader
- Program Manager  Writer
- Sales Manager  Director
- or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent positions in Broadcasting are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of Broadcasting. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for a big paying job in Broadcasting.

Send for FREE booklet

An interesting booklet entitled “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting” tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. It tells you how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting. It tells you all about our Course and how you can turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your copy of “How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting.” See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now — send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2C27, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

- Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2C27, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.
- Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full information regarding your spare time, home-study course in the Technique of Broadcasting.

Name: ___________________________ Age: ____________
Address: _________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________
Pat O'Brien is a poor businessman. First he bought his tickets to the show and then went on the stage and did his act.

Fifi Dorsay and Lew Cody have solved the depression. They have found that the more happiness they give away the more they have.

Jeanette MacDonald and Myrna Loy, two Hollywood favorites who are always willing to help other people.

The Duncan sisters with Nils Asther, husband of Vivian. The day after they gave this free performance for the poor they were obliged to file a bankruptcy petition.

At the Shrine Civic Auditorium in Los Angeles the screen players gave lavishly of their talents to help the unfortunate. To be constantly applauded and never to be concealed; to be rich in personality and to share bountifully with others—such is the nature of a picture star.

In his sober senses at last, Charles Ruggles is quick to offer his talents in a good cause. Little Mitzi Green seems, however, slightly suspicious of him as she does her trick to help others.
THE most exciting thing this month is Greta Garbo. Greta in New York and hiding behind veils and not talking and having columns written about her and still not talking. Maids in the hotel (St. Moritz) trailed by reporters to find out what Greta had said—sob stories of reporters who were fired because Greta didn’t talk—stories of a woman fencing champion who was supposed to protect her—and jokes and wise-cracks until you would have thought she was somebody of importance. Well, perhaps she is.

JOAN BENNETT engaged to Gene Markey, author and scenarist! Connie gave a dinner to honor the event and as it was the first party of the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise that makes it pretty official. Can’t get out of it now without committing lese majesty.

WHEN Nancy Carroll got a summons for parking her car on West 48th Street, New York City, she began to feel the old Tenth Avenue spirit flow through her veins and she grew madder and madder. In the excitement Nancy gave the wrong name. She forgot her new marriage and instead of being Mrs. Bolton Mallory, she told the officer, that she was Mrs. Jack Kirkland and what he was going to do about it! Sentence suspended. Nancy didn’t even go to court, the judge didn’t dare risk it.

EVERY fan breathed a little easier when word came that Pola Negri passed the danger point in her sudden illness at the Santa Monica hospital. Pola deserves to be talked about and thought about, but not that way.

RUMORS about Pola’s new picture are thick, as it has just been previewed in Hollywood. RKO-Pathé have a great bet in Pola as a song bird. “They say” that Pola’s song is extraordinarily captivating.

Did you know that Vivienne Osborne, who was Clive Brook’s broadminded wife in “Husband’s Holiday,” used to play a native dancing girl on the stage in “Aloma of the South Seas?” And what she can do to a grass skirt!

At the Marion Davies’ New Year’s Eve party Miriam Hopkins was cute in a little Lord Faunlteroy costume. The fans are all for her in “Dr. Jekyll.” She looks, from here, like the next Big Disturbance.

The guests all dressed as youngsters at Marion Davies’ party. Norma Shearer in a blue, little girl’s dress with an enormous bow, Clark Gable as a boy scout and the others in every kind of sailor suit and kids’ rompers. The idea was that such costumes did not cost much and in these times any kind of disguise is welcome—it fools the creditors.

JIMMIE DUNN in town the other day gave a little party at the Waldorf Astoria. When we told him that he was not as heavy as we thought he was, he said that the Fox cameraman had explained to him why this was. It seems that if you had a stereoscopic third dimension screen then the true proportions would appear as they do to the eye. With the single eye that the camera has, the flat effect is bound to appear.

He is charming “in person” and the things he told us about “Dance Team!”

YES, girls. Ramon Novarro is to be a director. The powers that be at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios added the directorship clause to Ramon’s new contract. And, oh yes, we almost forgot. Clark Gable may also direct, and for the same company too. Funny now, isn’t it, how all the stars want to direct? Maybe they want to get revenge and the chance to bawl out others.

Silver Screen’s Movietown Topics

In March we have Hyams winds which blow-ums Leila plenty

FOR MARCH 1932
“TARZAN”

Johnny Weissmuller Gives a Wonderful Performance of the Boy who Lived and Loved in the Forests of the Jungle

By Mary Sharon

Arms that have taught the world the meaning of endurance and strength fit perfectly into the picture of Tarzan.

“THERE’S my man! We needn’t look further.”

All day long the director in charge of the casting of “Tarzan” had been going through test after test of actors who aspired to play the title rôle. All day long he had discarded one after the other with grunts of disapproval rapidly growing more vituperative as the day grew late. Then came a short test of Johnny Weissmuller, a world-famous swimmer. The director’s stern mouth relaxed and with joy in his voice he shouted the decision quoted above. The camera-man breathed a hefty sigh of relief and shelved the other tests before the director might change his mind.

But Director Van Dyke had no intention of doing so. He knew a winner when he saw one. And Johnny Weissmuller, leaping manfully from trapeze to water in his test, gave promise of perfection.

“Tarzan” needed that rare thing—a perfect physical specimen of manhood. And Johnny, who is the greatest swimming celebrity in the world and who has won more medals than he can safely hang on himself, is just that—and more!

This is all the more remarkable when one considers that as a child he fell victim to an infantile disease that left him with a crippled body. His parents put him in charge of a doctor who advised that the child be taught swimming. Gradually the wasted little body began to strengthen and improve. Within four years he was as perfect as a normal child can be. And does he love swimming? If he doesn’t spend several hours every day in the water he feels as lost as the proverbial fish. And today he wins a coveted rôle in the talkies over a group of well-built, successful actors, just because he is a better physical specimen than any of them!

Back in the old days in Chicago, William Bachrach, of the Illinois Athletic Club and head coach of the United States Olympic Swimming Teams, saw Johnny. He was searching for a certain type of swimmer and when he first glimpsed Johnny in the pool, he decided that the boy had possibilities. However, he was there primarily to be shown. So he gave Johnny an unfriendly greeting, something like this:

“Well, you think you’re good, don’t you? Get out into that pool and show me what you’ve got.”

And Johnny showed him and it was good enough to convince Bachrach that he was worth training for big things. The next ten years proved that his judgment was sound. Johnny captured every medal won every swimming championship. It was possible to win. During the following years, and he says they have been long ones, he has been travelling everywhere giving exhibitions. Everywhere, in this instance, means America, Europe and even Asia. And now he is

Johnny has always feared animals and it took more courage for him to let the elephants toss him about than it would have taken for him to swim to Africa.
The love affair of the wild creature of the woods is primitive and delightful. The ape advises Tarzan to stand no nonsense from Maureen O'Sullivan, but Johnny finds that love has made him strangely gentle and very happy.

John Weissmuller, Champion Swimmer of the World

ready to quit because he has found something he likes better.

When I asked him for a rule of success, he told me his best advice for a man is to marry a woman of persistence and ambition, as he did. Eight months ago, you see, he married pretty little Bobbie Arnst and they are still honeymooning. To tell you how pretty Bobbie is I need only mention that she was one of the most glorious of the glorified Ziegfeld Follies girls.

Bobbie was slightly fed up with this eternal moving about. She likes homes and all the things that go with them, and she likes Hollywood. So, when they were pausing there for a vacation, she went out and helped get the role of Tarzan for friend husband. That is, she succeeded in getting the studio to make a test of him after she had succeeded in talking him into making a test. And he won in a walk!

Only a swimmer could have had the right build for the role of Tarzan, because other athletes might be over-developed in the wrong places. The part required a man with powerful enough arms to permit him to swing gracefully from the limbs of trees without showing over-developed neck or leg muscles. Thus it happened that for Johnny [Continued on page 48]
He Got the Habit

Laurence Olivier had a love scene in a play... The play is ended, but Lorry keeps on with the love anyhow.

By Edward Churchill

Get the girl!

With this his slogan, Laurence Olivier has found success.

On the surface, it seems ridiculous that one should devote all his time to being in love and, at the same time, score heavily as an actor, or in any walk of life. The popular belief is that a young man, to be a leader in his profession, whatever it is, must devote himself strictly to business.

Laurence forgot all about his business and devoted himself strictly to the petite Jill Esmond.

Now he has fame. Now he has Jill.

Laurence, or "Lorry," as we know him out here, is twenty-four, is six thousand miles from home, and lives quite happily on a Hollywood hilltop. Jill, born in Great Britain as was her husband, is twenty-three, is the same distance from home, and is just as happy.

Both have contracts with "star salary" ratings.

And both work for the same studio. (You, Norman Foster, and you, Claudette Colbert, who are always separated, read this and find out how it is done—this staying together business). Laurence, popular in London, has scored in Radio's "Friends and Lovers" and in Fox's "The Yellow Ticket," since coming to Hollywood.

He is almost six feet tall. He has a wide, frank smile, comports himself on the screen in the gentlemanly manner which is a part of him in real life, and reminds one of Ronald Colman. He has the moustache, the British accent and mannerisms, the suavity, the gallantry and the superb courtliness which have made Ronald famous. And yet he is not a carbon copy of Ronald—he wants to be different and he IS different.

The resemblance is merely physical.

Jill has been seen in "Once a Lady," with Ruth Chatterton, and has been the recipient of critical raves. She will be seen again soon in "Ladies of the Jury," which is Edna May Oliver's newest laugh-fest. She is most attractive and, if one is to take "Lorry's" word for it, she's a better motion picture actress than he is actor.

The idea was to write a story about Laurence Olivier, but in glancing over my copy I find it's a tale about the Oli- viers, which makes it so much better—just wait to see what's coming. It's a merry little love story. It hasn't been told yet to anyone; so you'll have it first. But before I get into that phase of things, it's best to give you "Lorry's" background.

First publicity said that he came from a notoriously lengthy family of stage folk. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Fact is that he came from a different sort of family entirely, and his father was an Episcopal minister. It was Jill's family (there she is again) which hung up a noteworthy reputation on British Boards.

Laurence, furthermore, was not born in London, but in Dorking, Surrey. His mother died when he was thirteen and today his father is retired. He has an older sister, [Continued on page 62]
Marian Marsh Twinkles

A New Star to Make the Nights Beautiful, if You Spend Them at the Movies

UP SHE goes!
And up Marian Marsh intends to stay.
A very smart lass, this eighteen-year-old blonde who has attained stardom in less than a dozen months' climbing since her debut in "Swengali."

Talk to her and you will immediately realize that she is not one of the flame-and-fade type. It is not only what she says but a peculiarly characteristic forcefulness about her that makes one sure she will continue gaining ground.

What has she got that Betty Bronson, Sue Carol, Mary Brian, June Collyer, Dolores Costello and a legion of other once promising girls did not have? Several all-important factors which are indispensable for permanent screen success.

First, Marian has a thoroughly business-like attitude towards her career. No Hollywood monkey-shirts will be allowed to interfere. No man will make a fool of her. She has sense enough to know that getting good breaks as a starter is not sufficient. She sees clearly what so many never do—that one must keep racing to stay even in the same place in the fans' estimation.

Secondly, Marian has an iron determination. Big stakes are her goal and nothing will stop her. And third, she has an attribute that is positively rare—a great willingness to learn. Just try and teach the average ingenue anything. Go ahead and try!

Quiet and demurely beautiful, given to smiling a little too much, Marian does not look like a deep thinker. But she is. An extremely logical young lady. She fools you in more ways than one. Apparently ultra fragile, she is in reality an expert athlete. A foremost example of a modern maiden fighting her way in the world at a tender age, she declares that her wife's place is in the home and that she will never attempt to mix movies and matrimony. Always perfectly poised in public, she lets go a not-to-be-ignored temper at home when she is riled.

Marian is the most determined young actress I know. The most eager to seize all opportunities for advancement. She recalls that others have had similar fine starts only to fizzle out.

"Maybe I was born under a lucky star," she told me as we tried to analyze her prospects. "But I'd be a fool to sit around, counting on good luck to follow me forever and a day. And just because I am being given top billing now is no reason to lay down on the job. Too many actresses figure that stardom and greatness are identical. They don't bother to learn anything new. Resting on your laurels ends by resting in a rocking chair while someone else takes your place." As you gather, know-it-alls are her idea of very foolish souls.

"I am terribly stubborn at heart," she admits candidly. "If I am wrong I want to be shown why. That might be due to the inferiority complex I had when I was a child. I was the kind of little girl who always had her pencils taken away and her hair pulled by the other children." Gradually I began to wake up to the realization that one has to have self-confidence to get ahead. Not conceit, but a sensible appreciation of what one can do.

"Regarding my work. Good roles have built me up to stardom. It may be that I am being started prematurely. I had no choice in the matter, of course, but if I had I doubtless would have accepted the honor and the responsibility."

Playing leads during this past year for John Barrymore, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, and Edward G. Robinson has taught her much. Now that she steps into their charmed circle and heads her own cast she hopes to profit by what she noticed while on their sets.

"One must be ever on guard against scene-stealers. Usually the older actors, stage recruits in minor roles, are the people who say their lines so as to muffle your climax or attempt to back you up to the cameras. Do you think that they won't try those tricks now that I'm a star?" she asked me hopefully. I replied that anyone who can steal a scene from her deserves it.

"They say that a great woman star must necessarily be ruthless to get on top and stay there," Marian said. "Do I expect to turn into a calculating machine? Lose all my feminine qualities and adopt a hard-boiled viewpoint? No! Nor do I expect [Continued on page 64]
Learning their
They Have to Learn Their Parts Now in the Movies and Each Star Has a Different Method of Memorizing

Ruth Chatterton, being a rather unusual lady in other respects, has quite a unique way of learning her lines that few people know of. When she is hard at work on a picture, and has speeches to learn, she takes a quiet apartment "somewhere in Hollywood." She goes to bed and studies hard. Occasionally she reaches for, no you're wrong, a cup of coffee. Usually she chews gum while she scans the script. I don't know just why the gum should be a help. Ruth doesn't go in for it at any other time, but she says it helps her remember.

The Chatterton lady has a very retentive memory. After studying her lines thoroughly it takes no more than a casual glance at the cue sheet the next day. Stage experience means a lot when it comes to remembering "spils."

Strangely enough, Ruth's leaving her own perfectly good house in Beverly Hills for a Holly- wood apartment, hasn't started any divorce rumors between Ralph Forbes and herself. But then Hollywood doesn't know that Ruth does hie herself to an apartment on such occasions.

Not being in favor of long and repeated rehearsals Greta Garbo is letter perfect in her lines before she comes to the studio in the morning. She studies for hours the night before a scene is taken. Having a slight tendency toward insomnia anyway, it isn't hard for her to keep awake. Often she repeats her lines during long, lonely rambles at night. If it is raining so much the better. Once I saw her striding through the rain on the M-G-M lot. She was mumbling something to herself, and she had that set, abstracted look of a lady-learning-lines.

Come to think of it, don't believe that any person you see, hurrying along, muttering to himself, is a candidate for a nice, padded cell with a hot and cold running straight jacket. It's probably just an actor muttering his lines. That gives me a chance to use James Gleason's famous pun—"Oh, well, a boy's best friend is his mutter."

For some unexplainable reason William Powell turns on the recording of "Boleño" when he learns his lines. A great many stars work best with music—but usually it is soft music. There is something insistent to "Boleño." Few people could concentrate on anything else while this record was being played. Powell prefers it, however, and he is the boy who must learn his own lines.

Carole Lombard, Mrs. Powell to you and me, frequently reads the cues for her husband, and Bill helps Carole in the same way.

Joan Crawford repeats the lines over and over. Between scenes she goes into her portable dressing room

I T USED to be nip and tuck for a star to think up a good excuse to get out of a party. There are, you know, some parties that even stars don't want to attend. Social etiquette being what it is some excuse had to be offered. You just can't say to a hostess that she can take her party and go, you know, with it. The baby had to have the measles, and if there wasn't a baby, Fido had the mange, or the Rolls had whooping cough and had to stay in the garage at night.

That was all in the dim, sweet long ago when studios were very, very noisy and silent pictures were being made. Now that the studios are as silent as an old line politician on the subject of prohibition, and noisy pictures are being turned out, there are cut and dried excuses all ready to be sprung on any occasion.

"My dear, I would love to come to your party, but I simply must stay home and study my lines. That director is so disagreeable if you don't know where to dot every 'I' and cross every single 'T.'"

The hostess expresses regret, and is perfectly satisfied with the excuse. Whereupon the star can stay at home and manicure her fingernails, or shoot craps with the butler in the servants' pantry. Of course, there may actually be lines to learn. Quite often there are you know, and that is a different story. Come to think of it, that is what this story is about.

![Marie Dressler, great actress that she is, is a 'quick study.' Marie's pencil adds a touch now and then as she goes along](image-url)
and refreshes her memory for the next sequence. Visitors on the M-G-M sets, if they're lucky enough to get to visit, have seen Joan and Clark Gable going over their lines together, speaking softly, and sitting on the sidelines of the stage. Gable practically learns his lines in this fashion. He also worked in this manner with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul."

While most of the stars will tell you emphatically that they must have absolute silence when they study lines, Jack Oakie is made of sterner stuff, or something. Having worked at one time on the New York Stock Exchange, not the quietest place in the world, according to the newsreel glimpses of the lair of bulls and bears, noise seems a natural background. Jack could probably go to sleep in the middle of a boiler factory, with a radio soprano shouting "Who's Your Little Whoozit" right in his ear.

Jack usually picks a noisy café to learn his lines. The rattle of dishes provides a nice accompaniment, and if there is a good, lively jazz band around, why, that is just dandy.

It is no unusual sight to see players turning feverishly the pages of scripts with one hand, while they shovel *paté de foie gras*, or maybe corned beef hash, with the other. That is a familiar picture in the Brown Derby, the Embassy Club, or any studio commissary. Most of these would pick another time, and another place, but lines must be learned, and a person does have to eat—even if it's only a lettuce leaf and a down-hearted slice of cucumber with a toasted cracker.

I've even seen beautiful actresses in the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, with an open script on the table beside them. They've usually had that pained look of a girl who is doing her duty—and getting burned sick of it all.

No one is safe when a star is really bound, bent and determined to learn lines. I'll never forget the time I went over to interview a very famous lady at the United Artists studios. I'd hardly got inside the door of her dressing room when I had a cue sheet thrust in my hand. I spent an hour repeating cues, and after that the star had to go on [Continued on page 54]
Moments

No Player Can Show His Stuff Unless He Gets a "Part With a Peak"

Good old "Tol'able David!" This scene made Barthelmes and recently launched Richard Cromwell. Noah Beery had his greatest moment in "Beau Geste"—remember?

One of those questioning college professors heard somebody play The Maiden's Prayer, and it puzzled him no end.

So he sent a questionnaire to every girl in the school to determine what maidens actually prayed for. You didn't have to sign your name, so you could speak freely.

His survey revealed that 97 out of 100 damsels prayed for just two things: Beauty and Love. (The other three didn't get their papers in on time.)

And from a sly word dropped here and a point blank question put there, he came to the conclusion that things are pretty much the same with maidens the world over.

But Hollywood is an entirely different story.

Certainly these little girls would have to be plain hypocrites to pray for Beauty when every one of 'em is equipped with enough to fit out an entire young ladies' seminary.

And as for Love! Well—when personable young men flock about you every time you stick your nose out of doors, love doesn't look like it's ever gonna amount to much in the way of a problem whatever way you look at it.

Then, what is there left in Hollywood to pray for, you ask.

And, according to our scouts, the answer is: A Picture With a Peak.

Yesir! A skillfully constructed, well-directed picture that rises to one poignant, unforgettable scene and offers a player an opportunity to stand in the glare of the spotlight and play that scene for all it's worth! That's the answer to the Hollywood Maiden's Prayer!

They've kept their large, luminous eyes open, these little stars-to-be. They've watched innumerable young actors and actresses soar to stardom on the momentary magic of a Silver Screen.
For March 1932

Clark Gable, the great hit of last year, showed his capacity for menace in "A Free Soul" in this scene with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. It was his peak moment.

single such scene played with amazing perfection. And they'll tell you that the struggling Hollywood youngster to whom heaven sends a picture with a peak—who has the brains to recognize it plus the talent to do it justice—was born with a silver horseshoe around her neck and cut her eye teeth on a Swastika.

Take down that alpenstock for a moment and let's look into this peak business a bit. (But we warn you. One yodel out of you and you're history.) Here's a right pretty little peak, ladies and gentlemen. And why not? Look who's sitting on top of it. Our old friend—pardon, our young friend—Sylvia Sidney. And the name of the peak is "City Streets."

Sylvia jumped into this role a few days after she arrived in Hollywood, fresh from a Broadway stage triumph. An eleventh-hour substitute for Clara Bow, she had little time to prepare her part. Yet Sylvia turned in a performance which a veteran of the silver screen might envy. She recognized her big chance in the scene where her sweetheart (Gary Cooper) visited her in jail and told her he had joined the racketeers—and one glimpse of that scene convinced Hollywood that here was one young 'un who had come to stay.

This next peak dates a bit. But the lady atop it decidedly doesn't. The lady is port, red-haired Nancy Carroll and the peak is a souvenir of "The Dance of Life."

Will you ever forget those moments when Nancy rushed to the estranged, grief-broken hoofer husband (Hal Skelly) who lay drunk backstage, a few minutes before he was to have gone on for his last chance at a comeback? How she pushed him on the stage, jumped extemporaneously into her old place at his side and guided him through the old dance routines she knew so well?

Nancy rose to fame as a result of her beautifully sustained performance in that picture. And if there was a doubt in anyone's mind whether she was a grand little actress, it vanished when she played that tender, touching scene.

And now if you'll please to dry those eyes and clear that throat, we'll on with the mountain climbing.

Ah, what have we here? Why are all these shouting, scratching females crowding about the foot of this peak? I understand. That's Clark Gable way up there, gals, and the guide book says we've reached "A Free Soul."

Clark had appeared in several pictures previous to this one, and, although he always gave [Continued on page 61]
David Manners
is
Blue Blooded
But Don't Hold
That Against Him
By
Grace Simpson

MARY PICKFORD finds him very likable. Loretta Young says he is one of her favorite leading men. George Arliss wants him for a big part in his next picture. Ruth Chatterton admits that she greatly enjoyed having him play opposite her in "The Right to Love." Now Constance Bennett is going to have him for her leading man.

Who is this popular Adonis, who, very evidently, has a way with him? He's David Manners—straightforward, unaffected Dave.

We were gaily chatting together in his bungalow up near the Hollywood Bowl. He was talking in that low, Anglo-Saxon voice about human friendships, about roles he had played, about his mother, about Constance Bennett, about 'jinx' days, about life in general. It was one of those cool, crisp California evenings, with a stiff breeze blowing off the mountains.

I studied young Manners' face as he talked. It was a very presentable face—young, eager and clean-cut. There is something about his eyes that impresses one. Maybe it is enthusiasm. At any rate, he's got the impetuosity to succeed, the knack of making folks like him.

" Tried and true friendships," he was saying, when my mind wandered back to listen to his voice, "that's what this old world needs plenty of. Personally, I love people. And value friendship above everything else. I have made some very wonderful friends since coming here—with people that I really admire—for instance, George Arliss and his wife, the William Seitzers (Mrs. Seiter is Laura La Plante, you know), Mary and Doug, and Helen Hayes who are like family to me."

Constance Bennett accepts David Manners' gesture of friendshipliness and his talented support in "Free to Love".

Ruth Chatterton and Constance Bennett. I guess I've been extremely lucky!
"I am a Canadian, born in Halifax and educated in Toronto and London," he went on when asked to give a sketch of his life. "My excuse for an English accent is that for many years I lived in the great British metropolis and just naturally picked up the broad "A." I'm going to be naturalized because it will make things easier for the studio and all concerned and because I really have grown to like my old Uncle Sam! I hate nationalism, though, particularly between English-speaking countries.

For about two years, now, Dave has been in Hollywood. He came here to do "Journey's End" for Tiffany and has remained. After witnessing his vivid performance in that stirring war drama, First National signed him to a long term contract and teamed him up with Loretta Young for a time. Now he's "farmed out" to Pathé, where the beautiful Bennett will try out her wiles on him for a spell. Naturally Connie came into our conversation.

"Lightning is forever striking around her blonde head," commented David. "People either adore her madly or hate her—no half-way measures about it. Yet, if those in the latter category could know what a thoroughly good scout she really is and how hard she works at the studio, they'd undoubtedly re-act differently towards her. Regardless of what the outside world thinks of Miss Bennett, she is well liked on the sets. I know because I have overheard many [Continued on page 56]"
SALLY of the fighting clan won her way back to the screen and the welcome which "The Brat" received proved there is a warm spot in the hearts of the fans for her. Great plans are on foot, for the little colleen, which you will soon hear of—now "shtop your teasin'"
JAMES shot his way out of the gangster pictures and proved in "Blonde Crazy" that a wise-cracking bell-hop can make friends. In "Taxi, Please" Loretta Young sets his meter clicking and in the "Roar of the Crowd" with Joan Blondell, James is the big noise.
MAURICE CHEVALIER

AFTER "One Hour With You" Maurice Chevalier will tip his straw hat over a roguish eye and make "Love Me Tonight." The gay Frenchman suggests abandon, happiness and love that is lighter than the bubbles that dance on champagne
CECILIA PARKER
and
GEORGE O’BRIEN

LITTLE Cecilia Parker has her first great chance in "The Rainbow Trail." Although George O’Brien stars in this Zane Grey story, the girl from Fort William, Ontario, with the gold in her hair is shining through each scene and sequence. Even the Indians took to Cecilia without reservations.
BILLIE DOVE
and
CHESTER MORRIS

JUST in the dump cart not in the dumps, now or ever! Beautiful Billie Dove is all banged up as to coiffure. In "Cock o' the Air" Billie sets a new record for international beauties. To every emotion she gives full expression and yet she is always beautiful. Try that on your physiognomy!
SEARCH as you will you will not find a more enchanting love scene than the melting moment in "Courage" when Robert Montgomery holds little grown-up Madge Evans. Madge, only back in pictures for a few months, is booked next for "Are You Listening?"
SIDNEY FOX

The little stage girl has been a year in Hollywood and it has been a good year. We burst into applause wherever we are whenever we think of Sidney in "Strictly Dishonorable." When we see her in "Murders in the Rue Morgue" we expect a new delight in shivers.
MIRIAM has made "Two Kinds of Women" and no doubt it is enthralling, but Miriam in "24 Hours" was the kind of woman for us. She was unforgettable, dramatic, beautiful, wanton, kind and as contagious as laughter.
Was there ever a photograph that more delightfully presented Joan of the Wonderful Lamps. She seems to be hearing the voices calling and to be viewing the bright visions which Joan alone beholds. Perhaps in "Grand Hotel" she will find a part to her measure.
LUBITSCH has discovered or, at least, developed so many great screen players that Phil's performance in "The Man I Killed" is expected to show his interesting personality in full vigor. Tragedy is quite the mode and there is always grey despair and grim remorse in Phil's portion. We hope it won't last much longer or he will be the man they killed.
THE whisper went around town that the Swanson picture had a new wonder-man. "Tonight or Never" had a naughty, difficult part for Mr. Douglas, and how he did enjoy it! He has the well known menace and the finest voice for the microphone that we have heard. He is with Ann Harding in "Prestige," and "The Wiser Sex" is coming along. Listen for him.
Paul speaks with a delightful accent which he fights against all the time—may he never overcome it. Ruth chatters perfectly in English of course, but loves to give a charming foreign tang to her words. In "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" they probably compromise on Chinese. In any event it will be sophisticated—this affair of our First Lady—and Art will have another day.
"While Paris Sleeps" is the good old movie theme and everyone is waiting impatiently for Fox to release it. The argument about talking in pictures is going to be settled by bringing out pictures that thrill both in pictorial presentation and in the drama of their dialogue. And this is it, with Bakewell who is good and Helen Mack who is new
THERE is quality about Dietrich that has stolen across from the screen to her audiences until she is one of the most loved players. There has never been a fame equal to hers established with so few pictures. She is physically attractive yet alluringly illusive. She is a proud mother and yet strong men rush to her appealing helplessness. She is Lily in "Shanghai Express" and she is our idea of a woman.
BEAUTIFUL Rose does not meet you halfway. When you push aside the publicity of the million and one aspiring stars to find out about Rose she does not put herself forward to help. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" told us enough about her so that she escapes being a mystery woman. And, if she is in "Back Streets," the Fannie Hurst story, no niche of her talented soul will be longer hidden.
ONCE was the time when marriage for a movie star was looked upon as the last jump before oblivion. Now it is the gesture that marks the normal, well poised and attractively human woman. Being Mrs. Powell has made Carole so grown up and poised that we recommend marrying Bill as a beneficial course for any beauty. After "No One Man" Carole will make "Sky Bride" which doesn't sound a bit like her.
Always in Love

Bachelor Ramon Novarro has Romance in his Music, in his Eyes, and in his Memories

By Viola Ilma

ALTHOUGH our interview was set for eleven, Ramon Novarro apologized, "I couldn't pull myself together and get up before noon. I was at one of those successful parties last night—the kind you hate to break away from even at three in the morning." He took a gold and black cigarette case out of his pocket. "Have one?" then a lighter. His left hand making certain to steady the flame. His eyes were bright...so close. They flickered. The flame flickered. (The interview started with a bright aspect.)

An antique ring on his left third finger caught my eye. "Mr. Novarro, what an interesting ring you have. A la Greenwich Village."

He glanced at his lapis stoned ring with its plain band of gold. "Yes, I am fond of it myself. Our family crest."

"I suppose," said I, "family crests are still all important in Mexico?"

He agreed and added, "Indeed! family, customs and living are quite different from what they are in the States." I interrupted, "Romance also?"

"Quite," he smiled. "It is almost unbelievable."

His definite Spanish accent is most intriguing. He went on, "In Mexico, youth enjoys romance."

Ramon spoke with such tenderness as he said "romance" that I wondered if he could remember his first love. I asked him, "Do you remember the first time you were in love?"

"Ah, my dear, certainly." His legs crossed, his hand on his chin, he more or less whispered, "Let me see. Of course I do. What an angel she was. Her name was Marie. Marie, alas! she was only eleven and I twelve."

Ramon had a sparkle in his eye as he recalled his memories of a girl who was the first to make him feel "that way." He continued, "I was so in love with her and she didn't care about me at all." (Imagine someone not "crazy" about him.) [Continued on page 50]
“Sorrow Was Her Teacher”

Helen Twelvetrees is Successful
Now but SheReached Her Present
Happiness by the Pathway that Dips
Into the Vale of Tears

By
Laura Benham

At present, Helen is gloriously, glamourously alive and happy. She has everything that a girl can desire—a brilliant career in which she is intensely interested—a devoted family—a husband whom she adores and who adores her.

Yet she can hardly believe her good fortune. The scars from the fiery cauldron through which she has just passed still smart. Instinctively she shudders with fear that the present may be only a beautiful dream from which she will some day—any day—awaken.

That is the way youth reacts to suffering, you know. Especially youth which has been prepared to parry the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Nothing in Helen Twelvetrees' childhood or early girlhood augured the violent emotional experiences which she was destined to know.

By her own admission, she was reared to be merely a “home girl.”

“I was born in Brooklyn—which is just a great, overgrown country town. It's not at all like Manhattan.

“My childhood was like that of other kids in every city in the country. I went to grammar school and rode my bicycle back and forth, took part in the usual holiday festivities, enjoyed the customary school-day feuds.”

Helen smiled at the recollection and turned to order our luncheon. By this time we had been comfortably ensconced at a small table in the middle of Rumpelmeyer's. Helen had suggested to the waiter that he give us a quiet, corner location, but he, with an eye to gracing his room with Helen's beauty, had led us to a most conspicuous position.

As it turned out, we ordered Eggs Benedict instead of luncheon, as Helen and I both confessed that we had had no breakfast. It's so easy to sleep late in New York.

"Then, when I finished my elementary education, mother decided to send me to a private school," she resumed. "It was during those years that I decided to become an actress.

"Of course, the family didn't know what to make of it," her eyes twinkled, and for a moment she ceased to be a world-famous motion picture star and became the little girl who was upsetting every precedent of the Jurgens family.

"Mother had never worked at all and father was a newspaper man. The idea of an actress-daughter was just something with which they didn't know how to cope.

"Finally—I guess it was in self-defense, in order to obtain peace around home—[Continued on page 58]
Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

ARROWSMITH
Rating: Great—United Artists

RONALD COLMAN and Helen Hayes are excellent in the film from Sinclair Lewis' book. The story is intelligent, the settings are carefully and skillfully done and there is information in it as well as entertainment. Helen Hayes, though almost new to the screen, has adapted her charm to pictures. The scenes where Colman is a country doctor are delightful. The laboratories are impressive and the plague islands are terrifying. There is drama in the scientist’s search; also in Dr. Arrowman's great love for his wife, who is always second in the day’s thought but first always in his heart.

THE LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE
Rating: Good—Paramount

WHEN bad news and mournful tidings look around for some cute little girl to sit down beside, they select Sylvia Sidney—and who can blame them? Well, tragedy put Sylvia where she is now, and that, if you must know, is the ranks of the greatest emotional actresses. In this picture, when she trims the florist’s window, her beauty dims the flowers. The story tries to make you believe that perfectly innocent people can be railroaded to jail, exploited, shot at and subjected to more double-crosses and injustices than Ireland. Then at about quarter to eleven, when Sylvia and Gene Raymond do get a break, they stop the picture for fear of going blah! Still, it’s a GREAT show.

PRIVATE LIVES
Rating: Delightful—M-G-M

ROBERT MONTGOMERY and Norma Shearer were divorced and then they each found a new mate and were wed. This called for two honeymooners and strangely enough they happened at the same hotel, even in adjoining rooms with balconies—you know how those things are! The erstwhile man and wife run away together before the new partners realize what has happened. The runaways soon quarrel and soon make up and then disagree again. There has never been on the screen a gayer or more delightful comedy. It is the modern kind of movie.

TONIGHT OR NEVER
Rating: Very Good—United Artists

GLORIA SWANSON in the former stage play is caressing and stinging. If the customers want to know the methods of the man-charmer Swanson, here’s their chance. It seems the girl wanted to sing and her voice lacked the soul tones which come only when one has “lived.” The practical little prima donna chooses Melvyn Douglas as her guide to ecstasy and, lo and behold, the next day she sings like a thirty-nine dollar radio set. However, it was pure love all the time and Melvyn turned out to be marriagable, to be the feature of the piece and a great screen find. “Trust Gloria!”

James Cagney! Fightin’-Irish!
“Taxi” is the vehicle for James Cagney’s ride to fame. Menace of a new sort, and love of a new sort, a play that is tremendously thrilling and theatres that are crowded to capacity—the inciden- tals. The whole exciting, terrifying story is made real by hot-tempered Cagney.

GOOD SPORT
Rating: Fine—Fox

LINDA WATKINS and John Boles are the lovers, and a charming pair. John is at his peak and should be given something great. Linda is making good on our forecast and looks beautiful in this story of mis-marriage. John loves her and doesn’t know that she is separated from a low-type husband. She is going to divorce him, but hubbly loses what money Greta Nissen, lovely siren, does not need. So Linda feels she mustn’t hit him while he’s down and she says goodbye to John, who doesn’t understand. When you tear lovers apart, it usually gives Art a chance.

HER MAJESTY LOVE
Rating: Captivating—Warner

As a stage star Marilyn Miller has played before more people than any girl in pictures—how she used to pack them into the New Amsterdam when she was barely twenty! She is a true professional and what she calls a good performance is far above the pretty girls of Hollywood that they do not know the difference. With her in this enjoyable musical picture are Ben Lyon, Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, and Chester Conklin, troupers all. If you like skilled technique, fine music and comedy, see this. Get two tickets—we’ll go with you.

HELL DIVERS
Rating: Excellent—M-G-M

THE air minded will enjoy this Wallace Beery peace-time picture, and if women enjoy he-men on the screen, Clark Gable and John Miljan are here to cheer them. The story shows that a rough guy can have the qualities that compel your admiration, that a big comic dumbbell is not without charm and that situations of danger though made to appear “all in the day’s work” are very stirring. Did you ever notice how good pictures often suggest the newsreaders?

BLONDE CRAZY
Rating: Delightful

JAMES CAGNEY and Joan Blondell are a clever pair. This story is about a racket which is a short cut to riches, and Bert, the Bellhop (Cagney), works a sort of semi-off-color badger game that is not clever enough to give him much of a part. Joan is the O.K. baby and we can hardly wait for more of her. Cagney, like all the good ones from John Barrymore to Wallace Beery, is a true comedian, sensing the time interval of humor perfectly.

SURRENDER
Rating: Excellent—Fox

A GERMAN prison story, with Warner Baxter a prisoner at Ralph Bellamy’s camp. He comes to love the daughter of the castle but when his pals try to escape he has to turn against love. But he is caught and condemned. If you think that Ralph Bellamy as the Commandant will let him off at Leila Hyams’ request, you don’t know Ralph. You will get to know him, however, for he is good; so is Alexander Kirkland.

for March 1932
The spy Mata Hari is supposed to have caused the death of fifty thousand men. Garbo's serious mood makes the character believable.

Greta Garbo’s Daring New Character

By Eliot Keen

"WITH every foot-print a man leaves himself behind."

says Carlyle. With every part, with every rôle, Garbo has left a clear imprint of the kind of woman that she is. Until now, at last, she stands clearly before all who may stop to gaze, to wonder and admire.

Garbo in "Mata Hari" is no more the Garbo of our million legends than was the demi-mondaine of "Susan Lenox," but it is her most revealing characterization. Revealing in the literal sense, of course, but that is not the amazing thing about her. The extraordinary fact is that this woman, who has never been photographed in bathing suit or bath, who has maintained a cool aloofness through part after part, now quite calmly casts aside her seven veils and loses no whit of poise or distinction thereby.

How the writers who have joyed in picturing the Garbo of the priestess cult will have to bite on their typewriters to explain this! How the shrugging ladies of the envious army will cast about for weapons to attack her now!

Already the clamor has begun: "She is just trying
Gone is the Crude Anna Christie—Gone is the Bitter Susan Lenox—In Their Place is the Reckless New Greta

to do what Dietrich does," they are saying.
How little all that means to Garbo!
For her there is only one law.
"I must breathe life into this part," she says.
It is this artistic sincerity that makes her so distinctly individual in each character. And so, when Mata Hari began to glow with the life's blood of Greta Garbo in her veins, it was the normal natural thing for Greta to wear what Mata Hari would wear, to take off what Mata Hari would discard, and to think, speak, and act the courtesan.

Again and again during the filming of the picture Greta's sensitive ear caught here and there a note that was false to the character which was now, in fact, her own. During one love scene when Garbo was in the arms of Ramon Novarro her lines were:

"I love to be held by you. You have youth, desire and adoration." Hardly had she said the words than Garbo raised herself and broke the scene. "I will not say 'adoration'" she said. Director Fitzmaurice sensing, perhaps, the inharmonious quality of the word, nodded his agreement and the scene was taken over. This time Garbo, lying in Novarro's arms, murmurs:

"I love to be held by you. You have youth and desire." And so you will hear it when you attend the picture.

Such an intensity produces great results and makes Garbo inspiring to her associates. Novarro with charming Latin gestures bursts forth with "She is the most wholesome—the sweetest girl I have ever worked with." And Novarro when happy is at his best. So "Mata Hari" is Novarro in a most charming mood.

Few can appreciate the utter simplicity of Garbo. Occasionally when the stress of the emotional scenes became evident, Director Fitzmaurice would say to her: "You look a little tired." Docile as a child Garbo would stop work and take a walk. She always went alone, walking down toward the open lot and around by the dressing rooms, and returning slowly and quietly to take up her scene.

Let those who cannot read with pleasure the great song of Greta's love for her art, pass her by. She is easy to avoid. She will not obtrude herself into your newsreel, nor into your daily paper. But, if one would talk of the great artistry of the screen, he will find that no superlative sentence can run its course without a detour into the solitude that holds Greta Garbo, and bring her out to reign in her rightful place.

for March 1932
the character of Tarzan was a natural. He is Tarzan. He, too, lived a lonely sort of existence as a youth, when he was fighting so hard to win back his health. He didn’t go to school like other kids. He had to skip that and all that goes with it. But he got something that a lot of them miss. And that is perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle, and a certain fearlessness and coolness under fire. Because of this he has been able to perform, without flinching, stunts that would have been difficult for an experienced actor.

Johnny has always had an aversion to animals, especially elephants. He can’t explain it but it’s a very real feeling and he knew that he was letting himself in for a lot of grief when he first read the script of “Tarzan, the Ape Man.” Because he was one of that first scene, the director called, “Now, lie still and let the elephant toss you up on its head!” he obeyed, although the biggest bull of the herd was being used in this incident. It was over with in a second and he was amazed to find that he had really landed on the elephant’s back. But it was a sort of baptism by fire for him, nevertheless!

Johnny says elephants have a lot of sense and when they make up their minds to do a thing they do it. But, at that, you can’t always pin your faith in them. And Johnny ought to know for, due to a slight error on the part of some of the game-keepers, the elephant he almost lost his life, and “Tarzan,” which is his first picture, came near being his last. This is how it happened.

In one particular scene the beast was supposed to carry Johnny’s limp body up from the river and place it on a slippery bank, then back away. Johnny was supposed to be in the scene and all he had to do was remain limp. As an elephant knows about a hundred different commands which mean different things, Johnny kept his eyes closed with perfect confidence. He didn’t even know that anything was wrong until he heard the director shouting words he didn’t see in print. Those things happen now and then with the best of directors, you know.

Johnny could feel the giant beast’s front foot touching his body. It felt all over him and around him—lightly—as an elephant does when it is about to walk over one. And that was all the shouting was about!

The trainer had mistaken the director’s orders and had given the elephant the wrong word of command. It was supposed to deposit Johnny’s body on the bank and then back away. But, instead, it was attempting to pass over him and up the bank. Before the scene was shot the property men had run water over the bank until it was a mass of slippery ooze on which no animal could possibly stand. So, if the animal had persisted in its attempt to climb the bank it would certainly have fallen squarely on Johnny; and it was with this consideration in mind that the extras men were axed out of the crew.

“It hadn’t been for him there would not be a ‘Tarzan’—at least not a ‘Tarzan’,” says Johnny Weissmuller. And what would “Tarzan” be without Johnny? He has brown eyes and a very handsome face.

“I’ve got no use for hippos,” Johnny confided to me. “They are like a lot of people. Don’t know their own minds. They get all hot and bothered but don’t display a little bit of the control that I think is one hundred percent nevertheless. And if you must know particulars, Johnny is quite tall, six feet three in fact, with a dark brown face and a very strong, lean face. The type all girls fall for. But, what is still better, men approve of him too. In other words, he’s an average guy. If you haven’t seen the last of him in ‘Tarzan, the Ape Man’—Not by a long shot!"
Not afraid of the Birthdays Ahead

They know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm...

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of keeping youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them give their own peach-bloom skins the most zealous regular care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties!—keep their skins youthfully smooth and aglow with this fragrant white soap!

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use Lux Toilet Soap!

Surely you will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way. Begin today!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢
Always in Love

(Continued from page 43)

He laughed. "Now it all seems so trivial, but then it was so important! She made me very nervous at the time! It was a shock for her, but I would tremble from head to foot. Everything seemed to go wrong."

We must admit that Ramon started very young in his ability to appreciate beauty. Beauty which he discovered in Marie's eyes.

"Yes," he emphasized, "they were green. And she had the funniest walk, too. It's just like you'd say, 'cute.' I worshipped the very ground she trod on. It was in my home town Durango, Mexico."

He quickly turned the page of his Mexico. Its warm skies and hot sun where his sweetie lived. He began to discuss the difficulties one found in trying even to meet a girl in Durango.

"It's not like America. To visit a young lady is not as one might imagine. No chance of going to theaters with a few chaperones who are definitely attached to the party, no telephoning—are you there?"

The art of meeting a girl is a triumph in every sense of the word. He is to meet the family—a wild fantastic dream to one in love—is a great accomplishment. So I knew that the first thing I had to do was to meet some boy who knew Marie's family.

Ramon was very familiar with these customs. Many-a-guy he must have lived through. His only joy was to see Marie. At church this pleasure was his, he told me.

"I would talk about. Pay no attention to the rites. All I could think was that she would arrive eventually. I would be so impatient, then at last I would see her face. What thirsty my soul!

Ramon continued, "I used to imagine she was praying for me. When she cast a shy glance telling me that she was happy to see me I would get a lump in my throat. Finally I met a boy who knew her father."

So the youthful Ramon formally met his Marie. But meeting Marie was meeting mother, father, sister, brothers and a few extra relatives. Seeing her alone was impossible. Ramon naively invited a bevy of romantic spirits and then realized that looks she used to give him when he called on Marie. It was his first acquaintance with that 'what are your intentions' sensation.

"I would write her love notes and she'd send them straight back to me," he reminisced. In fact that was the proper thing to do. If a girl accepted your love proclamations she was not worthy of the words you expressed in your letter."

He stopped to light another cigarette and then said:

"I still think that it is more thrilling when one has to make a desperate effort to gain the desired attention. The more difficult a girl makes herself the more interesting the chase. Quickness kills romance. In fact in any walk of life, not only love, one prefers the object that is difficult to get. Romance should not be burnt in the bud. Is that not right?" I begged him to go on.

Ramon smiled divinely and obliged. I remember what we heard at Sunday with the other churchgoers.

"I wonder if Marie isn't a bit sorry now. Maybe you've refused a future screen idol or discouraged as idealistic a lover as Ramon?"

At least he girls can learn a thing or two if we analyze a few of Ramon's philosophies about les femmes from what he has been able to observe in this part of the world."

Silver Screen for March 1932 will feature a thrilling story for every ambitious reader—telling how to get into the movies—"Every Stage Door Leads to the Screen"
Hollywood’s Magic Make-Up Is

The Secret of Attraction


In Hollywood, we’ve found that the magic secret of attractive beauty lies in make-up — a new kind of make-up created for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood’s genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and eye shadow are now harmonized in color to give personality and individuality to the various types in blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you in the beauty effect created. Each shade of face powder, for example, is created to some living screen star type. It is a true color harmony tone that blends beauty with complexion colorings. Not just a flat color, but composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never cause Max Factor’s face powder to appear off-color, spotty or powdery.

It creates that satin-smooth make-up which you’ve so admired on the screen... and clings for hours too, for screen stars cannot trust their beauty to a powder that fluffs away.

Proved perfect for you by famous stars of the screen in the severest make-up test known... before the blazing motion picture lights and the searching camera lens... because Max Factor’s make-up is used in every picture released from Hollywood.

Now this luxury... Max Factor’s Face Powder... created originally for the stars of the screen is available to you at the nominal price of $1.00 a box.

Max Factor’s rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow to blend in color harmony with your Max Factor face powder for your type... $0.50 each. At leading drug and department stores.

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead! Find YOUR Type in Make-Up!

Like a screen star, have your complexion analyzed and your own color harmony in the complete make-up created for you by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius, Discover Hollywod’s one way to actually double beauty... Mail the coupon immediately and also receive a copy of Max Factor’s book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up.”

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MAX FACTOR’S SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood’s Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor’s.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1934 Max Factor

Illustration Photo Studies of Max Clarke, Universal Star in “Frankenstein.”

FACING THE LIGHTS
You know that soft, subdued lighting is always flattering... Imagine facing blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun. Think how perfect Max Factor’s make-up must be, for screen stars use it every day as beauty insurance. Now you, too, may be sure of satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up.

Two Tests Prove the Beauty Magic of this Make-up for You

MAX FACTOR—MAX FACTOR STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up,” and personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Include no. 491 or stamps to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________

State ____________________________
Lookout Garbo! Here We Come!

Wynne Gibson
Also Wynnes Stardom in "Clara Deane"

WYNNE GIBSON hails from New York City. Yet she's known as Boston's "stranded citizen." Just because it was her bad luck to open in shows in that city—which never reached New York.

While in high school Wynne was friendly with a group of stage-struck girls. She was toddling right behind them when they applied for jobs in the musical show, "Tangerine." With shaking knees she spoke the speech she had carefully rehearsed in the subway coming down. When the producer heard she could sing and dance he gave her a job—at $75, a week. You could have knocked Wynne over with a chicken's wing! Papa, too, for he unceremoniously hauled her out of the cast when the play opened in Atlantic City. Eventually she convinced her doubting parent that his views about the stage were "too silly for words."

She toured the country as the flapper in "The Gingham Girl" and later opened in New York in "Little Jessie James." [The shelved plays came after a year's vacation in Europe. It was not till "Jarnegan" that Wynne made her hit."

While in this play Paramount discovered that Wynne's five-feet two of piquant charm (she has light brown hair and grey-green eyes) might add a deal of glamour to their "Nothing but the Truth." So she went to Hollywood. She will be starred because of her work in "Ladies of the Big House."

Dorothy Hall
Pennsylvania's Great Contribution

DOROTHY knew what she wanted. All blondes do, they say! Anyway as early as she could remember she was fired with the urge to act. Her parents put thumbs down, for back in Bradford, Pa., where Dorothy was born, the stage is taboo.

It was strategy that first brought Dorothy to New York. Interior decorating was her aim. But months of coaxing softened her parents' viewpoint and finally she was enrolled in a dramatic school. A natural actress she went straight from dramatic school to stock and then to the New York stage. "Seventeen" and "Up the Ladder" were two of her early plays. Followed "The Bridegroom," "White Collars," "Speakeasy" and "Precious." Wide praise was her share for her delightful characterization in "The Love Duel." Her greatest stage role, however, was in "The Greeks Had a Word For It" in which she played a hard-boiled chorus girl. Her characterization was great. The whole town talked about her. Later she re-created the role on the Pacific coast.

Then Paramount claimed her for its own, and "Working Girls" will bring her to you. By way of personal introduction, Dorothy is a vivacious blonde with blue eyes and a smile that—well, it gets you, that's all! She's crazy about tennis and reads biographies and detective stories for diversion.
What would it mean to you to

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?

HAVE you heard the thrilling news? That Seventeen has put youth's own subtle coloring in powder, make-up? That your complexion may have the charm of seventeen tonight? Here's what you must do!

Forget previous disappointments with make-up. Forget the rouges that deceived no one. The lipsticks that made your mouth look—not soft—but hard and old. The powders that seemed to coat your skin as with a mask, clouding natural transparency, discovering tiny lines.

Forget all that. It's in the past. Your complexion's future—is Seventeen!

For Seventeen Make-up comes in Youth-Tone shades. Soft, glamorous tints that bring the fresh, natural glow of youth to your complexion. Shades carefully compounded, by wise beauty workers, to lend your skin the fugitive color tints of the seventeen-year-old complexion.

You'll want Seventeen Rouge. Seventeen Lipstick. And by all means, Seventeen Powder. For perfect results, use Seventeen Creams, to prepare your skin, and leave it smooth and dewy.

Then the make-up. And the glorious thrill—of seeing your own mirror reflect the radiance of seventeen!
Learning their Lines

[Continued from page 23]

ever, the rule is not so rigid. Comedians are allowed more latitude. Spontaneous humor is supposed to be the best humor—and sometimes it is. If it isn’t, the scene has to be “cut,” and costs money. Didn’t someone say there was a depression? Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are successful with the spur of the moment stuff, and after working together for so long, a slight thing like a wrong cue means no more than a new Soviet in Russia.

The “photographic” memory is something you hear a great deal about in the theater. With some players it is a natural accomplishment, with others it comes after long training in stock companies. Constance Cummings, one of the most promising of the 1931 Wampas Baby Stars, can scan a page once or twice and repeat it perfectly. Robert Montgomery, after long training in stock, can do almost as well.

Many of the stars have their favorite spots to study the big scenes. Paul Lukas can hardly stay out of a barber shop when he is learning lines. Richard Arlen retires to his yacht. A yacht is Charles Farrell’s favorite place, too. Edward Woods, being quite serious about it, says that there is no place in the world like a good bathtub. Miriam Hopkins prefers the beach, and “Buddy” Rogers goes home and tunes on the radio.

Gloria Swanson learns her lines with Laura Hope Crews. It was Miss Crews’ training which helped Gloria make such a sensational talking début in “The Trespasser.” Several other stars have sought the aid of this brilliant star of the stage. She also worked with Lois Wilson during Lois’ engagement in “Seed.” It was Mrs. Leslie Carter who assisted Norma Talmadge over the shoals of her first appearance in the “audibles.”

There are many places to go, and many ways to learn lines, according to the stars of Hollywood. Sometimes it’s all just plain wasted and doesn’t mean a good gosh-darn. One set of lines are learned carefully, and the next morning on the set, the director has a brain-storm and changes everything around. Then it is all to be done over.

That’s when that photographic memory business is a nice thing to have around.

How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is “indisposed!” The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an “extra” girl who doesn’t carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can’t afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.
Are you flat-chested?

Do you think your breasts are small or flabby? Yes, in just 30 days, you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them into that firm, shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. The application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid result obtained in just a few minutes each day. Read what they say below. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily you can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust.

**Just Give Me 30 Days**

**Beautiful Breasts for YOU**

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method! Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply daily Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your underdeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My Miracle Cream treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts the lovely things you have always wanted them to be!

**FREE a Beautiful Form**

This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, free! In it you will find the secret of feminine charm and how you can quickly and easily develop the alluring beauty of a lovely full bust. Accept my great special offer at once. Mail the coupon with only $1.00 for your large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my valuable FREE BOOK. Send now, before this offer is withdrawn.

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**PROOF**

"I am the mother of four children, and although pretty young my busts became flabby and started to sag. Now after completing the treatment I have once again achieved for myself that feminine loveliness which I thought was out of my life forever."

Mrs. M. M., New York, N. Y.

"I feel that I must write a few lines about your Miracle Cream method. It is just what you say it is. My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write to me."

Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Ia.
David Manners is Blue Blooded

[Continued from page 26]

an off-stage discussion concerning her.

"After I met her and we had worked to-gether a couple of days, she asked me point-blank if I thought her 'high-bat.' I told her I did not. Instead I thought she was very much misunderstood.

"'That's it exactly!' she agreed. For one thing, crowds have always terrified me. I'm tremendously flattered by them, of course, and I know the fans are responsible for my career. But I do get so rattled I don't know what to do when they demand my autograph or pictures or just surge forward to get a look at me.

"Strange confession, perhaps, for the screen's best posed star to make," said David, "but that's just what she admitted to me. Another time, she brought up the rumors regarding her being temperamental.

"'I'm not, really, or, at least, I try not to be,' she explained. 'Perhaps, that gets around owing to the fact that I won't allow visitors on the set. I don't do that to be termed exclusive. The truth is I cannot work in front of strangers. I've never had any stage experience and they unnerve me. As far as 'snubbing' anyone, I've never intentionally done that in my life.'

"As far as I'm concerned, Miss Bennett is a very democratic person although glamorous to the nth degree," remarked David. "While making this film she would often invite me—as well as other members of the cast—to have luncheon with her and the Marquis in her bungalow. Both Connie and the Marquis have a grand sense of humor and seem made just for one another. That's one marriage that apparently has everything to make it last!"

"Was Miss Bennett easy to act with?" I asked him curiously.

"Extremely so," returned Dave. "I used to say, and I think it was true—that our best was to be awfully happy when you are safely married, and I can stop flirting with you!" Both she and Hank thought that a delicious joke.

"David has played a number of juvenile parts and is a bit fed up with them. "If I laughed, 'there are more forthcoming in the future, something is going to be done about it.' And he insists he's the only person who is going to do it. Being an amateur writer—writing plays and such for a hobby—he might even branch forth and dash off a part and a picture for himself! Seriously, though, he has no false ideas concerning his own importance in pictures.

"After all," he declared earnestly, "an actor is only about fifteen per cent of this business. It is the industry itself that counts. I know I'm just on the threshold and have a good long way to go yet. I am a firm believer, too, that it's the part that makes the actor—that the actor cannot make the part! I would like to occasionally play a role which didn't call for a dress suit or fancy clothes—you know, the sort of characters Percy Marmont used to play. No one can forecast through just what that future is in pictures. For all I know, I might end up by playing a bloodhound in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or 'Claribel Cow' in the Mickey Mouse films!"

"It may sound trite," he went on, after we had recovered from a couple of laughs, "but there's a great fascination about pictures. There's a gratifying response—possibly gratifying merely to man's ego—when I go into the projection room after a day's work to see the rushes run off depicting the part I am attempting to portray. Anyhow, I like it. Premiers are the only things I cannot seem to get accustomed to. You never know what to expect next.

"Already, David has stirred up interest, particularly among the women, by good portrayals in 'Mother's Cry,' 'Kismet,' 'Frenzied,' 'The Millionaire,' and 'The Last Flight.' He seldom reads his press notices unless they give him advice on how to improve his technique. A minor ambition is to some day run a theater and put on artistic, true-to-life productions, whether they pay or not! He is subject to moods. Admits he is a great romantic. He'd much rather be informal and do what he pleases even at the risk of forgetting his "Emily Post."

Our Adonis attends few Hollywood parties. Occasionally, he drops in at the Ambassador for a dance. Oh, yes, he can dance—the tango happens to be his favorite. "I always plan to go to Pickfair whenever I'm lucky enough to be invited and no matter how busy I may be or how tired I am," spoke up Dave. "Mary and Doug have both been very kind to me and have on many an occasion invited me to their home," he went on. "Usually, Mary will manage to have an informal little chat with me during some part of the evening. 'We must uphold the Maple Leaf' she smiles. And that is one fine thing about Mary Pickford—although she seems thoroughly American, she nevertheless has a warm place in her heart for the land of her birth. She loves to talk about her childhood days in Canada. In my humble estimation, Mary and Doug are the finest hostess and host in the colony."

Incidently, David likes his adopted city. 'Hollywood is a bit different from the

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So ashamed of her Poor Complexion
she locked herself in her room!

3 weeks later she had a gorgeous skin—a better figure!

No use! She’d powdered and powdered but still those pimples showed—red, ugly, glaring... She couldn’t keep that date.

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks."

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mother decided that I might enter the American Academy of Dramatic Art. She said that if I was determined to be an actress, I had to have enough training to be a good one.

"I wasn't too enthused over going to dramatic school. I wanted to look for a job at once. But it so happened that I had been attending the school only a couple of months when I was offered a small part in 'The Road to Yesterday.' That was a very valuable element." After a succession of parts of varying importance in several Broadway productions, she went to Denver and played in stock for a while.

She was learning the technique of her trade. The ready gestures, the exits and entrances. She was becoming a "trouper." But there was no soul to her work. She was still a little girl playing with her toys—an adolescent dressing up in her mother's clothes. She was very, very bad, then the parts she played, which happened to be real instead of make-believe. It was during these months that the boy who was later to become her husband entered her life.

Young Clark Twelvetrees, son of well-known stock players, was a member of the Denver stock company, too, just earning his dramatic spurs like Helen. "The two youngsters met, and loved, and married. Theirs was a real boy and girl romance—but a romance that was not destined to last.

Much has been written—more has been said—of the disastrous end to their marriage. Maybe Clark did drink too much—maybe they did quarrel over their careers. They were both then hot-headed, without a thought of practice, and in love, as only extreme youth can be in love.

At one time Clark tried to commit suicide by jumping from a window of their New York hotel—after a quarrel, it was rumored.

But regardless of causes and reasons, the fact remains that Clark and Helen separated. It was the scar left by that wound, the broken dreams and illusions of youth which was to cause Helen to love, that Helen carries to this day. The mark which changed her from a mere player of parts into an actress of depth and sincerity, left her with the fleeting shadow which sometimes catches in her eyes.

She was anxious to leave New York and its upper-class associations. She felt that new scenes, new faces, might help her to clarify in her own mind the decision that she must make.

She signed on the dotted line and took the next train to Hollywood. Then began the most trying period of her life.

Twelve trees was all that was written. Helen summed up: "I'm not sure. But I'm going to try."

"I knew very few people and after I finished work I was always by myself. I hadn't done enough to be a good diva, so I didn't want to meet new men, yet the evenings dragged endlessly.

"I was used to the night-life of New York and the theatre—the strange suppressed excitement of making-up, of walking out on the stage, of scanning the audience in search of a familiar face.

"Then, when the 'Hollywood Ghost Talks,' was released, things seemed worse than ever. For it was not a good film, and I was terrified.

"Due partly to the imperfections in sound reproduction at that time and partly to the rôle that I portrayed, my voice registered with a distinct limp. Everyone said—and I firmly believed myself—that I was through!"

This seemed the final straw to her. Life, which had been so many years hath smiled blithely, showering upon her its most desirable gifts, had turned against her. Barely twenty, beautiful, charming, affectionate, with her marriage smashed and her career in ruins about her, she turned to drinking—substitute for morale. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 10c, 30c and 60c.

"Sorrow Was Her Teacher." [Continued from page 41]
the hands of persons who have never had money before—too much beauty until it loses its charm—too much leisure to be wasted away.

She paused for a moment. Somehow or other, after talking to Helen Twelvetrees you feel that she is one person whose sense of values has not been influenced by a meteoric rise to affluence.

First, because experience has taught her the emptiness of material things if the heart is hungry. Second, I think it is because she never felt the pinch of real poverty. Having a bit more money now than in the past can have no real meaning for her.

Her own flaxen-haired loveliness is such that she need never feel jealous of another woman. Yet, because even that beauty could not bring her happiness in her first marriage, she is not likely to place too high a valuation upon physical charm.

The fact that she is a much more successful woman in Hollywood will not affect Helen because when she is not working she goes away—far away from the temptations of indolence. Besides she tries to allow a regular time to study—to reading the great dramatists, studying languages and music, to both of which she has always felt she possessed the gift which she has set for herself. The goal of real stardom!

"Even though I have been billed as a star, I do not consider myself one," she explained, as we took our last swallows of coffee and prepared to leave. "I think that a person really deserves to be called a star only when he or she gives an infinitely better performance in a role than could any other player.

"That is what I want to do. I want to reach the stage where, when I have finished a part, I will know—and the box-office will prove—that no one else could have done as well.

"Understand, I'm not conceited enough to think that I will ever achieve such a thing—but that is my real ambition—the mark at which I am aiming."

Helen is too modest about her own achievements. Though some of her pictures have not been so good, her own work has always been excellent. And in "Panama Flo," her latest offering, she comes that much nearer to the goal she has set for herself.

"For the ultimate future, I have no definite ideas or plans," she concluded. "I can look ahead only for the next few years and I want those to be crowded with work.

"And when I finish my work, there will always be Frank waiting for me!"

Your eyes, too, may capture love at first sight if kept clear and sparkling this way.

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first... her eyes! Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried Marine. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use Marine freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use Marine. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle today! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write Marine Co., Dept. B, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

Kiss and Make-Up

[Continued from page 6]

if you have an olive skin use no rouge on your cheeks, but color the formularies on your face to your eyes and lips. A clear vermilion lip-rouge is very lovely with a dark skin. Dolores Del Rio possesses this type of beauty. She never rouges and her pale, ivory cheeks accent the color of her dark eyes and add to her fascination.

For tigian and red hair and those brown eyes with red gists in them there is a red-head rouge that seems to blend with the skin charmingly. Red heads should use either a brown or green eye-shadow for either brings out the creamy tints in the skin. This same brownish-toned rouge is very clever for the lips of the red-heads.

Dark haired women will lend interest to their faces by using blue eye-shadow instead of the conventional brown or black. By extending the shadow down on the temple and a more sympathetic expression is gained. Mary Pickford does this invariably and it enhances the sweetness of her face.

Do not use a brilliant lip rouge unless it is the only color on your face! If you have a beautiful mouth use no check-rouge; use eye-shadow the color of your eyes, and powder rouge to fit your mouth (rouged becomingly) be the real feature of the ensemble. This is the art of Pola Negri's make-up. One must decide on one feature and play that up. If everything is played up the effect is merely theatrical.

For the cheeks, if you insist upon rouge, use red cream, for the powder rouge that stays on top cannot be made to look natural. Also it will not last so long as cream rouge blended into the skin and sunk into the flesh.

Have several colors of lip rouge. Have several colors of eye-shadow. Have several colors of powder. Then sit down before your dressing table and embark on the adventure of your life in artistic make-up. Achieve a soft, subtle glowing face and you will find, people with round faces should use this trick.

THE VERY MOMENT THAT HE MET HER

He Fell for Her Eyes!

Make this test! Drop Marine in one eye only... then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!
In "The Man I Killed" Lubitsch used the new camera crane that is controlled by the touch of a finger. The results are wonderful provided the finger is Lubitsch’s

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

G. Robinson is great as the managing editor. Marian Marsh is the pretty daughter.

FRANKENSTEIN This outdoes "Dracula" a thousand times. It is intensely fascinating, yet at the same time too terrifying for general patronage. Not for children or sensitive women. It is too morbid. The film out-horror the book. The acting and direction are superb — so if you don’t mind a few slivers go see it.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS False (RKO-Radio) Good (Warner) Excellent (Columbia)

SILENCE OF THE LAMBS

Gorgeous Lily Damita in a luxurious atmosphere supplied by arrogant Adolphe Menjou. The theme deals with Lily’s devastating effect on men. The dialogue is charming, but the acting distinguished. There’s a fine bit between Menjou and Eric Von Stroheim, directed so cleverly that the audience feels part of the scene.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN Clever (Paramount)

The type picture we all enjoy. Lavish settings, parties and liquor. It is good for several vicarious thrills. Lilian Tashman is excellent in risqué comedy of this sort. Kay Francis, Joel McCrea and Eugene Pallette are all splendid. The story concerns two gold-diggers, one of whom goes "pure."

GUARDSMAN. THE Excellent (M-G-M)

If you are the least bit sophisticated you will be simply crazy about this picture which has been superlatively done by the New York Theatre Guild’s charming Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. It’s all about an actor who suspects that his wife is about to embark on an infidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian soldier and carries on an intrigue with his own wife. What fun! And did she know?

MAD GENIUS. THE Good (Warner)

John Barrymore turns in another impressive performance which holds you spell-bound in your seats. Barrymore plays the illegitimate son of a ballet dancer, born with the soul of an artist, but the body of a cripple. It’s a powerful, at times horrible picture, but it carries a big thrill.

MAKER OF MEN Good (Columbia)

A football picture showing how courage, yellow streaks and such things are developed on the gridiron. Jack Holt is the coach and father of the boy who dislikes being banged about. This lad disgrace everyone but Richard Cromwell, who plays the part. Eventually he upsets and wins their old football game before anyone can cool him off.

MONKEY BUSINESS Excellent (Paramount)

In this picture the Four Marx Brothers are funnier than a barrel of monkeys. Their humor is illogical, absurd, foolish and silly, and do you laugh! Look out for your operation when Groucho goes into his tango with Thelma Todd. Recommended as a first rate blues-chaser.

ONCE A LADY Excellent (Paramount)

Whatever Ruth Chatterton plays, it is something to think about just by virtue of her enchanting personality. The present tragedy is about a Russian girl who marries an Englishman. Although he fell in love with her as she is, he tries to make her over. So she seeks happiness elsewhere. Because of her indiscretion she is turned out into a cold world of diamonds and champagne.

OVER THE HILL The children grow up and Ma (Mae Marsh) is left alone. She goes to the poorhouse and then Johnny (James
Moments of Destiny

[Continued from page 25]

a thorough, finished performance, the view was never seriously obstructed by the flurry of hats flung up in the air. Then Director Clarence Brown selected him to play Ace Wolfgan. Clark played it—and a million feminine fans hit the dust.

Remember his big scene when, scorned by Norma Shearer for being in less than not at all, he strod into her apartment and started the cane-wielding Demanded that she marry him willingly—or else. We knew you would.

Here's a little lady with a bright future who answers to the name of Mae Clarke. The movie that she scored a high spot of “The Front Page.” You are never to be reminded of the scene where, as the little street-walker, Mae leapt out of the window to her death rather than squeal on the weak, pathetic arrested murdered—the only man who had ever shown her either love or respect. Her excellent cume depicted how it was when she was in the spotlight won Mae a noel wreath for her fair brow—and one of the two principal roles in*Waterloo Bridge.*

This was the first time to furnish the lad who pitched his igloo atop this next peak.

He's just a striping, this Richard Cromwell, who proved an overnight sensation in the title role of "Tedable Dick." Dick played beautifully throughout the picture, but it was the young woman's girl, a girl who acted like an angel. And it was her restrained, touching interpretation of that scene in "Ladies of Leisure" where she and the man she loved (Ralph Graves) made their last minute plans for the trip into a new world to begin a new life together—the trip she knew in her aching, broken heart she was destined never to take—that caused most of the pyrotechnics.

Let's stop and doff our berets to this likeable looking lad—James Dunn, who clinched his whole career in the peak scene of his first picture, "Bad Girl."

At the end of that scene where he, the poor husbund, can aside the price, it was and sensibility we knew as the keynote of his character and sobbingly implored the eminent obstetrician to attend his wife, everyone turned in tears to talk cried out: "A find!"

And, last but not least, here's young Chester Morris, who was made by a picture called "Alibi." This movie fan for one, will never forget that Morris boy's performance in that moment when the gangster which we (and the heroine) had loved and trusted from the start, suddenly showed his true colors. And he turned out to be as yellow as the egg of an alkali.

Even the world's best mountain climber wouldn't cut much of a figure on a step ladder. But set him down at the foot of Mt. Everest or the Matterhorn, and he makes history.

By the same token, the talented movie youngster, who along with three or four pictures which never rise to great heights, and never make so much as a ripple. But give this same youngster a picture which offers him or her one big scene—one big moment—and the chances are you will have another name to spell out in electric lights in a week or so.

Now do you wonder that the Hollywood maiden nightly kneels beside her trundle bed and asks high heaven to send her a Picture With A Peak?
How to have LOVELY LUSTROUS Hair
..... always!

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you now wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo with a secret ingredient—something that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glen Shampoo will show you the way. No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely cleanse. It gives your hair a "just-washed"—a rare little bit—outright hardly perceivable. For what a difference looks in one's appearance. Millions use regularly! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty special's secret in its formula. 25¢ at your dealer's, or send free sample.

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He Got the Habit

[Continued from page 20]

Sylvie Olivier, who appeared on the London stage for a time, before going into retirement because, as he explained the critics couldn't spell her given name correctly. An older brother is a rubber planter in the colonies.

Contrary to earlier reports, "Lorry" is neither an old friend nor a protege of the illustrious Colman. He has, in fact, met him only once. Young Mister Olivier did go to school with Ralph Forbes, husband of Ruth Chatterton, however, and the Forbes and the Oliviers are today very close friends in Hollywood. (I say, chappie—what a small place the old maulib is, isn't it?)

Ralph and Laurence broke out with a dramatic rash at about the same time and at ten they were playing, respectively, Cassius and Brutus in their school play. They scorched heavily in this dramatization of "Julius Caesar." Sybil Terry and Ellen Terry and other first ladies of the British stage, witnessed their performances and applauded hearily.

He and Ralph scored their professional triumphs in "The Taming of the Shrew." Laurence, then fourteen, played Katherine. He and the rest of the cast did so well that they were invited to present their achievement at the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of that immortal bard, Shakespeare. Laurence was told that he was "lovely" and must go on the stage.

However, a wave of wanting to be an engineer swept over the school he attended and he joined the public movement toward engineering. When he was seventeen, he got over being an embryo engineer, left school and went on the stage.

He went on the stage, but not as an actor. He was an assistant stage manager, a property man, and an understudy. And, from this point, his progress to leading roles was gradual.

"I got ahead," he said, "by line by line. In each play I appeared, I got one more line than the one before until, at last, I went to London with the Birmingham Repertory Company in a play in which I had twelve lines to speak."

He even went so far as to do research for this role, and he did his work so remarkably—in the face of the objections of the stage director, who said he wasn't real at all—that St. John Irvine, outstanding critic, praised him. This led to a leading role in Tennyson's "Harold" and, as Lorry says, "the young man became quite pleased with himself."

Now Jill creeps back into the picture. He did well in Mister Tennyson's masterpiece and he was given a love scene opposite Jill in "Bird in Hand," by John Drinkwater. He did his love scene well, and so did Jill. In fact, the more he practiced it, the better he got—and she got.

The play lasted seven months. Jill and "Lorry" met in July, 1948. And "Lorry" forgot all about his career. He was broken-hearted when Jill went to America with "Bird in Hand." He realized that that love scene ought to be played over and over again. But he couldn't go to New York and Chicago with the show. Life was just a matter of waiting until Jill came home. Or, so it seemed.

Laurence, in a London Sunday tryout, created Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End."

He thought the play wonderful but did not believe that it would be a financial success. So, when Basil Dean offered him the title role in "Beau Geste," which his young friend, Ralph Forbes, played as a motion picture in America, he accepted. "Beau Geste" lasted four weeks and "Journey's End," later made into a motion picture, lasted two years.

"A very silly thing to do," he said. "But I didn't know."

Perhaps his judgment wasn't very good because he couldn't keep his mind off Jill. He liked the idea of being a star. Something must be done about it. Managing to stick it out in London for a few more months, however, he played with Anna May Wong in "The Circle of Chalk," with Edna Best in "Paris Bound," and with Olga Lindo in "The Stranger Within."

By autumn, however, he couldn't think

Jean Hersolt buys Emma (Marie Dressler) a high brow magazine. Of course Marie wanted SILVER SCREEN
of anything but Jill.

"I managed to find a chance to play in New York," he told me, "and I jumped at it. The show—Murder on the Second Floor—only lasted five weeks.

"But—" here triumph flashed in his eyes—"I got to see Jill.""

After this journey—a junket which deprived him of some laurels which he might have added to his crown—he ended his little game of "hooky" and went back to work. He made a success of his role in The Last Enemy, started putting money in the bank, and made a picture for UFA called The Temporary Widow.

When he was finishing this picture, little Jill decided that she wanted to see "Lorry." She couldn't wait any longer. So she packed up, turned down several New York offers and caught the first boat home. She arrived early in the summer.

On or about July 11, 1930, A.D., Jill and "Lorry" were sitting on a river bank at the country estate of some friends. There were birds in the trees. The grass was green. The river whispered lazily by them. The sun was at its zenith and all was tranquil. "Lorry" suddenly turned to Jill.

"All this gadding about," said he, "is silly. We've got to be married."

"That's a noble idea," replied Jill.

"What?"

"Lorry" counted the days on his fingers. There was work in the oiling, and it looked as if their honeymoon would be "postponed" by the fall openings if something wasn't done shortly.

"Say two weeks," said "Lorry."

"Two weeks," said Jill.

They were married on July 25, and there were TWO bishops on hand—the wedding was very fashionable—and the guests were notable. Followed the honeymoon.

"No more being separated," said "Lorry."

"Right'o," said Jill.

And two very brave young people, both in a profession which is legendary for keeping people apart, made a pledge.

Love laughs at stage managers, however, and the first thing they knew they were working together.

Noel Coward, the young genius, who is a friend of both, asked them to play in "Private Lives." They signed contracts, and the play ran for something more than three months in London. Then it came to New York and they came too. They played in "Private Lives" for three months in New York City.

Then motion picture producers became interested in them. They came to see "Lorry" first, and recommended a trip to Hollywood. He drew himself up gallantly and declared:

"Not without Jill!"

He admits he was a little bit patronizing in this gesture, insofar as he felt that he was the superior person. He virtually asked the motion picture moguls to tolerate Jill. They both took tests. After the tests, the sentiment was reversed. The motion picture folks picked up Jill and dropped "Lorry" like a hot cake.

"Nothing doing!" she exclaimed, when they offered her contracts. "You've got to take Lorry, too!"

This time she was a bit patronizing. You can bet. But the contract signers were not at all opposed to having "Lorry," so they took him, too. And here they are!

Laurence the young man who tossed over several chances for Jill, has had his chance to succeed through Jill, Jill, who gave up everything to be with "Lorry" in London, has everything that she could desire.

It's just one of those fairy-tale romances which sometimes appear in real life.

And you see how impossible it is to tell the story of "Lorry" without telling the story of his Jill.
Marian Marsh Twinkles

[Continued from page 21]
to be disillusioned when my career starts to wane.

"I frankly fail to see why such things must be. The mind is all that actually matters. It can adapt and yet with the body. I believe I can develop two distinct personalities. One, Marian Marsh, the actress. The other my private, off-screen self. Each will have its own sphere of action."

"My father had a strong executive sense and I hope I have inherited some of it so I can run my name in a business-like way. He and my mother started a chocolate candy factory in Trinidad. They did all the work themselves at first. From nothing he built up a good trade. When the World War knocked the bottom out of his market, he moved us to Boston."

"There he became vice-president of a large chocolate manufacturing company. He was to have become vice-president of the candy stores, one of the largest grocery chains in California, when he suddenly died. In his line he built carefully, thoughtfully. This is what I am trying to do, too."

"I can't get the breaks a send-off, you have to keep on getting them."

"So far, even though I am officially a star, I have no say on production. I would like to have as excellent a supporting cast as possible. I don't want to hog the camera, of course, but I feel capable enough to hold all the attention through a lecture."

Marian has one big advantage over most of the other girls. She is a kid, she has a perfect English pronunciation. You think she must have been raised on the stage. But it was acquired painlessly. She was born on the British island of Trinid- which is naturally absolute with her. She took voice placement lessons from Nancy O'Neill, and will run over to the Veteran actress' home for advice whenever a big scene is scheduled."

"Seeing her name in huge letters on the billboards, the talkie, the 'Under Eighteen', has been a real thrill for her. Yet away from the studio she is that other self, Marian Marsh who lives with her mother, Clark (Deb GO Clark), and two younger sisters. The latter two also are in pictures, but have not yet as stumped onto the Fairy Godmother who favored Marian."

"No, she laughed at my question as to whether she had Gone Star, "I most certainly haven't. We've leased a nice house and I am considering buying a car for my self, but that's all. I have no financial problems yet. Not in the big money."

The family takes care of my salary. So far most of it has been needed to support us and for my necessary expenses. When I do get some money I will put it into those safe kinds of stocks and bonds--what do you call them? The type that can't fail unless the country does."

"I don't expect to ever get a divorce. I plan to marry and have a family of my own. I don't intend to be an actress all my life. Five years is enough. That will enable me to make a graceful exit and I will only be twenty-three. Young enough to travel a little before settling down and, of a husband happy."

"Believe it or not, I contend a wife's place is in the home. I should like to dream of running two such contrariwise things as a career and a family at once. Notice how few actresses stay married? Then why our future when the odds are all against your inking of a go both at the same time?"

"Does all this sound like the chatter of an inexperienced girl? Well, it isn't. Marian

By CHARLES ATLAS

They used to think that there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scare-crow. Then I discovered Dynamic Tension. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I make you this amazing offer: At my own risk I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my simple method can make you over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy!

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says she was engaged twice before she was seventeen. That was what she entered pictures so no one has heard of it. She was almost broken-hearted over the second man when he married someone else. Almost, I qualify. She is too self-controlled to lose her head over anyone or anything. Marian describes her professional sell as "a slightly sophisticated ingenue." Her voice is on the rise now. She anticipates a complete change of type in about three years. The fires won't get a chance to be bored with her.

Making seven pictures in less than a year has kept her on her feet, yet she finds time to get in a lot of off-screen activity. Her's is a methodical nature. No dilly-dallying. Instead of mooning about she does what she has to do and so saves a lot of stress and strain. She belongs to a beach club in Santa Monica and whenever she has several days off from work takes a room at the club and spends the hours swimming and basking on the sand.

There is a wanderlust in her. A play-safe one, though. She adores Richard Hal- libourn's books. But when she starts to see the world she'll take along a check book "just in case." It's fun to be on your own in a strange land, she argues, but it wouldn't be so pleasant to get stuck far from home and country.

Her biggest sorrow of the winter is that she didn't get to see a single U.S.C. football game this year. She is an ardent gridiron fan and knows the names of all the important players on the big college teams. U.S.C. is her adopted favorite, except when Notre Dame is involved and then she is all for the Irish.

Marian is the prize ingenue of today, because nothing is too simple. And that's the reason why she is going to be a big star!

"A Bride in a Play Brings a Wedding Day"

Una Merkel is now Mrs. Ronald L. Buria. The marriage which took place New Year's Day proved an old Hollywood superstition, for Una appeared in a bridal veil in "Private Lives" and see what happened!

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Talkie and Movie

Produce new short story ideas, plots, etc. Perhaps you talk with me that we can come together. One writer (V. M.) received $2,000, New York Sun Market. Write me for full booklet, without obligation, HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES to successful screenwriters—Author of FLIGHT, Shadow and Phantom. Address: Write freely, fully and with all confidence.

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66

Silver Screen for March 1932

THE COULD write of roaring "Hell Divers," of tuneful "Dancing Lady," of horrible "Mr. Hyde," or of souls distraught in the "Big House," but they will have to wait.

A masterpiece has arrived by the back door, by the name of "Emma.

THE servant girl problem for the movies is to keep her from stealing the characters.

The drudge 'Emma' finds a way to be happy and that's the Cinderella motif. This time the lowly one is Marie Dresser, our rating trophy winner. She works her way through to happiness and no one who goes along with her will come out of it quite as mean, small and generally objectionable. He was when he started with Emma and the dishpan and the squabbling kids.

We have warned you against unreal Cinderella pieces—"When Street Scene" made a great success, everything pointed to a period of intelligent plays. How then can 'Emma' slip past our barrier and reach this column? (This is supposed to be the first honor of fame) if it has a "dreams come true" idea? The trick was accomplished because "Emma" has some of the rhythm of "Street Scene," but does not confuse itself entirely to the garbage can viewpoint. Because there is a moral to it as there is to every life from "Living Diamond" to Edith Cavell. Because the art of it comes as always from the reality breathed into it.

Emma awakens a new born baby to life by spainting it Marig Dresser. Not once were the old mugging expresssions turned on. In spite of the comedy which was not so funny, Marie kept Emma believable.

The play is about a servant girl who raises the family alone. She is crossed, she is depressed, she is allowed to be happy. She is the poor and the children grow snobbish, but Emma sees only good in them as she scolds and fitches and carries. The scientist, Jean Hersholt, leaves for a member of the family and the family behaves just as mean as any heirs could; which is all very hard on her. She reviews her life and finds that she was happy when she lived a lot of work.

The delightful ending shows Emma with another family to raise, work to do and no time for worrying.

So Cinderella finds that living is best back in the cinders. Life is too disappointing to face. Babies are better to live with than grown-up, selfish humans. Emma goes back into service and a fine photoflop starts across the world to sell the idea that happiness can be found close to nature. Thoreau could say no more.

CHARLES RUGGLES has so many friends that his appearance causes ripple over the house. It is an important sign. El Brendel also receives a welcome in each new part. So does ZaSu Pitts and Eugene Pallette. Their performance is not always star successfully if they found the right play.

Wallace Beery in "The Champ" held the screen at the Astor until Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers" turned him out. He is a great actor and his greatness is not put on with so much, as his three adopted kids bear witness.
One powder alone brings you the Beauty of an EXCLUSIVE ALMOND BASE

by Patricia Gordon

Of all face powders only one has a base of precious almond. That powder is PRINCESS PAT. The usual powder base is starch. There is all the difference in the world... difference that is expressed in your beauty. For when you use Princess Pat, your skin, too, is given mystical, velvety, aristocratic tone and texture that is simply inimitable.

Almond Base gives Exquisite Caressing Softness Softness! The wonderful almond base gives it—as starch base never could. And softness is the most important characteristic of face powder! Princess Pat powder goes upon the skin with an utterly new, adorable smoothness... because each tiny, invisible particle is softer. You actually feel the caressing effect of its different texture. Princess Pat powder has none of the "dustiness" of starch base powders. Instead it lies closely upon the skin and clings longer than any other powder you have ever known.

No 'Powdery' Appearance when there is Almond Base In a way that you will consider magical—and delightful—Princess Pat powder creates the illusion of a perfect complexion. There is no "powdery" appearance—just beauty. The almond base—instead of starch—completely avoids chalkiness. In the blending of Princess Pat shades, colors of supreme delicacy are used... the almond base permits. There is never "hidden chalkiness" in Princess Pat shades.

Instead, the perfectly created pearly hues that are so gloriously beautiful... and youthful.

Almond Base is Good for Your Skin The soft, caressing almond base of Princess Pat face powder possesses an additional advantage. It is of distinct benefit to your skin, keeping it soft, pliant, fine of texture. Princess Pat face powder very definitely helps prevent and correct coarse pores. This instead of drying out the skin, as do "dusty" powders.

Remember, there is Only One Almond Base Face Powder Precious almond used as a powder base is a Princess Pat exclusive secret. To enjoy almond base advantages—ininitely greater beauty, and benefit to your skin—insist upon genuine Princess Pat. Medium weight in oblong box, 81. Light weight in round box, 75c. Shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Ochre, Brunette, Tan, Mauve.

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Please send me free sample of Princess Pat powder.
Cheque □ Flesh □ Olde Ivory (Naines) □ White shade □ Brunette □ Ochre □ Mauve □ Tan
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One sample free, additional samples 10c each

In Canada, 93 Church St., Toronto
The cool, flavorful freshness of Camel cigarettes is purely a natural product.

It is attained not by any mysterious processes, but simply by preserving the full natural goodness of fine sun-ripened tobaccos.

These choice tobaccos of which Camels are blended—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos—are never parched or toasted.

On the contrary we exercise every care and precaution to safeguard the natural moisture which is infused with their mildness and flavor.

That’s why the Camel Humidor Pack is such a boon to Camel smokers—it could do little or nothing except for the fact that the cigarettes we put into it are fresh to start with.

To see what that means in cool, smooth, throat-friendly smoking pleasure, switch to fresh Camels for just one day—then leave them, if you can!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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See radio page of local newspaper for time

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Camels
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ONLY genuine Maybelline can give you truly alluring eyes.

Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant, sweeping lashes. What a difference they do make! They transform eyes into brilliant, flashing, bewitching pools of alluring loveliness—wonderfully expressive.

But such lashes seldom come by birthright. They must be acquired. The NEW Maybelline gives the desired natural effect instantly. With perfect ease too, and without smarting the eyes or smearing. It's tear-proof. Moreover, its continued use tends to stimulate lash growth, ever adding to the actual beauty of the eyes as time goes on. Obtain a package of the NEW Maybelline. Black or brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter. You'll see, after trial, why millions always insist upon the genuine. Perfectly harmless. Send ten cents and coupon for Trial Size.

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Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL
in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Directed by ALFRED SANTELL
From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN
The Opening Chorus

JIMMY DURANTE goes around these days busily denying all rumors that he and Garbo are "that way" about each other. She's only a "passing fancy," declares Jimmy, "whatever Garbo may keep saying."

AFTER all the little prairie towns had shown "Mata Hari" then Hollywood decided to have a gala opening. That's Hollywood for you—six months behind or six months ahead. It opened at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and that master showman topped it off with a gorgeous and elaborate prologue that was something to write home about. Among the celebrities were there Tallulah Bankhead looking simply ravishing in white satin, and escorted by Adrian, the couturier of M-G-M. This marked Tallulah's first public appearance in Hollywood. Norma Shearer looked striking in her new head-dress which she is using in "The Strange Interlude." Of course Irving Thalberg was with her. Ginger Rogers came with Mervyn LeRoy, Marion Nixon with Eddie Hillman, Marlene Dietrich with Joseph von Sternberg, Marlene Marsh with her handsome young brother, Sylvia Sidney with one of her numerous beaux, Lionel Barrymore with the Misus—and so on into the night.

It was advertised that Garbo would appear but the betting was six to one that she wouldn't. She didn't. However, she slipped into the matinee performance the next day and was recognized by no one except Sid Grauman, who saw her as she was leaving. "When are you coming to one of my premieres?" Sid asked her. But the Garbo only smiled. Well, that's something.

WOULD you believe that the gifted Harpo Marx doesn't know a note of music? They're just a lot of little birds sitting on a wire fence to him. But just the same he can twang off original compositions on his harp that bring tears to hardened eyes. The other evening at a party he was amusing himself with a few chords on a dear, old dowager who prodded him, her voice and three chins quivering with emotion. "Dear Mr. Marx," she gurgled ecstatically, "what was the name of the piece you just played?"

"It hasn't any name," Harpo assured her kindly.

"Oh, it must have a name," the music lover insisted.

"All right, then," Harpo said amiably, "call it Elmer."
The magic symbol of great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE
1928 BEN HUR
1929 BROADWAY MELODY
1930 The BIG HOUSE
1931 TRADER HORN

And in 1932

the eyes of the world are again on

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

FOR THE SUPREME THRILL OF
THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

THE WET PARADE

with Walter HUSTON

Dorothy JORDAN • Lewis STONE
Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD
John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE


**HOW TO REDUCE**

The Secret Way to a Man’s Heart is Food; not His, Yours!

By

Mary Lee

You can’t say that Anita Page is not getting somewhere with her rowing.

You gotta bend down, Sister, bend down, Sister—if you want to get thin! That’s the truest thing you ever heard even if it is the name of a popular song. It’s the bend that stretches the muscles and breaks up fat cells. It’s the bend that makes your muscles work to pull you up straight again.

Have the figure you want! Just bend it into shape. Don’t envy Joan Crawford’s slim waist—have one of your own. Just bend down, Sister, bend down, Sister. That’s how Joan got hers. Will I be pulling the wrath of the Crawford fans down on my head if I remind you of Joan’s plumpness several years ago? She was getting noticeably larger around the waist, too—member?

An increasing waist-line bodes evil for the career of the screen beauties. The stars get rid of excess fat in a hurry. And if they can, so can you! The only difference is that it’s bread and butter to them—so they work harder at reducing than you are willing to.

If you would spend less time sighing and hoping and more time exercising, you could “figure up” in no time. Why don’t you make a game of it? All you need is a calendar, a pencil, scales and a lot of will-power.

Weigh yourself every morning, first thing, mark it on the calendar. Then you will have an accurate check on daily results. This is the only way you can tell just exactly what you are doing.

Never forget that a lemon a day keeps the pounds away. Take the juice of a lemon in hot water every morning of your life—with NO sugar! That not only cuts into the fat but it cleans and alkalizes your system—all of which gives you pep. Pin your faith on lemons and you can’t go wrong. Use lemon instead of vinegar for salad dressing. Vinegar is acid—lemons are alkaline in their final effect on your body.

Drink your lemon water first thing every morning and then start in exercising. Loosen up your body thoroughly before you really start to work. Stretch all over. Stretch your legs out pointing your toes like a dancer. Reach up over your head with your hands as high as possible—then lean from side to side as far as you can. Lean each way ten times—arms still overhead. Now bend forward, way down, Sister, if you want to get thin. Stretch down as far as you can reach. While you are all bent over like a hairpin, swing your body from the waist around each way, stretching your arms out as far as they’ll go.

No, that isn’t a pillow in your stomach that feels so unnecessary when you are doubled over. That’s just plain fat in the wrong place.

All right now, stand up and relax. Ready—over again—bend way down now swing from the waist. Stand up. Relax. Repeat this exercise ten times.

Now, don’t tell me that this works up an appetite for a farm-hand’s breakfast. Of course it does, at first. But let’s fool the appetite. The best substitutes for food are water.

[Continued on page 58]
It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!

The Crowd Roars

Starring

James CAGNEY
Joan BLONDuell

with

ANN DAVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and Seton I. Miller

Dialogue by
Glasmon and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory... Grinning at death... laughing at love... Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!... Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it... Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.
ANDY CLYDE—Lovable, comical Andy... in pictures produced by MACK Sennett... a rare combination for laughs.

Don't miss "HEAVENS, MY HUSBAND!"

"Variety makes the best picture entertainment"

THE CHICAGO Daily Times "Inquiring Reporter" recently asked six persons selected at random from street crowds if they liked "double feature" programs in picture theatres. Five out of six said they preferred variety.

Of course. The perfect program is always based on the principle of variety and diversified entertainment. One good feature picture, surrounded by a bill selected from news reels, cartoons, travel romances, sports thrillers and novelties. And always a good comedy! At better theatres—on perfect programs—Educational's comedies provide the stimulating variety that guarantees the best entertainment for you.

HARRY DAVIS—Another popular radio star brought to the screen by Educational. This piano wizard and composer plays and sings his popular hits for you in ALL CHRISTIE'S FAMILY COMEDIES.

Love and Hisses

MORE letters this month than ever before—probably due to depression. It takes hard times to stimulate the mind. Garbo and Novarro as a team won great popularity. And oh, the fusses for "Private Lives," but Shearer and Montgomery came through uncathed. Maudette Bierich's letter to me and J. Edward Story to arrive and she seems doomed forever to be compared with somebody else.

Buckle up your fountain pen—and up at 'em. Send in your letters, both praise of gracious and pious denusions to Love and Hisses Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., N. Y. There are three prizes for letters not longer than 200 words, $15 for first place, $10 for second place and $5 for third.

They Laugh at Love!

Danbury, Conn. O'VE of the most difficult things, it seems to me, to put across successfully on the screen is the love scene, especially when dialogue is used.

If it is the least bit overdue, no matter how the director and actors have labored to make it convincing. It provokes nothing but laughter from the audience. Recently, at a showing of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," during the scene in which Rose Hobart rocked Fredric March's head to and fro in her lap, although it was clearly meant to be serious and even tragic, the entire audience was romping with merriment.

Directors, usually so attentive to even the slightest details, ought to be particularly careful about love scenes, if they do not want them to be taken in a spirit of burlesque.

Edward T. McNamara

He Takes Back His Vows

Cleveland, Ohio I'VE had the wrong impression about the blondes of the screen. I used to compare blondes to gold, hard, cold and unattainable or in other words, a little stuck-up or aloof. But now I know!

A personal appearance of Jean Harlow (at the Loew's State Theatre) which I was fortunate to attend, changed my ideas thoroughly. I expected to find her haughty and high-hatting like some of the other well-known actresses. But boy, she turned out to be a regular kid, cheerful, friendly and all the rest it takes to go with picture stars.

So thanks to Jean Harlow, I apologize to the blonde sisters of the screen.

F. A. Kirkpatrick

Winning Combinations!

Joliet, III. THIS letter concerns the teaming of movie stars.

Of course we fans like the start to team. Surely, for we all enjoy the sweetness of Janet Gaynor with Charles Farrell and the cleverness of Robert Montgomery along with Norma Shearer.

But—that does not go for all the stars. Just think what lovers and critics of the silver screen would have missed if Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo had not appeared opposite each other in that splendid picture "Mata Hari." for the mere reason that he or she teamed well with another star.

So, I say—'tis perfectly O. K. for stars to team, but they should change partners often.

YOU MEAN "APPARENT" SINCERITY

Indianapolis, Ind.

THERE are two things a writer must have to succeed. One is an IDEA; the other is SINCERITY. You cannot write something without an idea and you cannot express it effectively without sincerity. And what has this to do with movies?

Well, just this: When I run low on ideas, I always try to see a good movie; something starring Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, or some other film favorite. When I want to see the value of sincerity— as well as read about it—I see every parting on the screen. For screen stars, as you know, no can more succeed without this quality than can anyone else.

The natural stimulation of the mind, upon viewing a sincere screen portrayal, starts the flow of ideas. The mind, as well as the body, needs exercise and stimulation. "Mind Rhythm" is just as necessary to a writer as bodily rhythm is to a professional dancer.

There is nothing better than the movies to provide new ideas, inspiration, and "mind rhythm" to kindle and rekindle that most vital element that must shine forth from every production of the writer's pen—the quality of sincerity.

Katherine Maurine Hafst

Paging John Gilbert

Corinth, Miss.

AND they say John Gilbert can't come back! I have never enjoyed a picture more than I did "West of Broadway." His work in that picture was wonderful. His deep voice has a way of going over when he smiles and one of his smiles makes one completely forget Gable or Howard.

Why can't Gilbert be given a few good parts in pictures? Parts to make us see the finer things in life; a good refreshing picture. I am fed up on gangster and trial pictures.

Again let me say: More of John Gilbert in better and greater pictures.

Mabel Ramsey Farris

Unhealthy Locality

Marshfield, Mass.

THIS idea of having music playing during the run of a talking picture supplies something that I have lacked. I have the movie house at the corner of Melrose Avenue and South Front Street to curse out the low sound with the cough.

Minnie Frederic

Silver Screen
Lew Ayres
and
Mae Clarke

"Impatient Maiden"

She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by
James Whale

Universal Pictures
Carl Laemmle - President

for May 1932
TALKIES in TABLOID

Each word in these brief reviews is a channel buoy to guide you to the haven of the movies

ARROWSMITH Great (United Artists) Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes are excellent in this film of Sinclair Lewis' book. There is fine drama in the scientist's research work; also in his great love for his wife who is generally scored in the day's thought—although first in his heart.

ARSENE LUPIN Excellent (M-G-M) The brothers Barrymore run through this with masterly case. Lionel as the French police head and John as the celebrated crook. Karen Morley is a charming foil—you'll be seeing her. It is excellent entertainment.

BROKEN LULLABY Wonderful (Paramount) Phillips Holmes has the part of the morale. French youth who kills a German boy during the war. Later he goes to the dead boy's home on a pilgrimage of sorrow, and is met with the added agony of falling in love with the boy's fiancée. Lionel Barrymore is beyond comparison as the German father and Nana Carroll does well as the fiancée. The direction is Lubitsch at his best.

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE Good (Fox) Warner Oland once again plays the bland Chinese detective in this murder mystery which is cut on the familiar pattern. Marian Nixon's talent and gentle beauty abounds him excellent inspiration, and Scotland Yard aids him in bringing the villain to justice.

COCK OF THE AIR Good (United Artists) There are occasional moments of delightful humor in this but there is more liveness than laughter. Howard Hughes made the picture in his usual luxurious manner and Billie Dove's beauty adds further grace. Chester Morris is fine as the man who can't resist her.

DICKIE MOORE AND ELAINE VON are beginning young in "Disorderly Conduct"

HELL DIVERS Excellent (M-G-M) The air-minded will enjoy this Wallace Beery picture, and if women still enjoy he-men on the screen, Clark Gable and John Miljan are here to cheer them. The air scenes are thrilling. Altogether it is one of the most compelling of recent films.

HIGH PRESSURE A smoothly running tale built on "big business" with Bill Powell as a promoter with lots of enthusiasm and energy. At first, Bill, as a drunk, is the screen's finest argument for temperance. He gives a singularly amusing performance, and Evelyn Brent is engagingly sincere as the girl who believes in him.

LOVERS COURAGEOUS Good (M-G-M) This is not exactly what a good depression bowler should see, for the hero's play doesn't sell and he grows poorer and poorer. Robert Montgomery lends a cultural quality to the film and lifts the dialogue to a fine witty level. Madge Evans is charming as his sweetheart, and the very English Frederic Lonsdale is responsible for the story.

DON'T MISS THIS TRAIN! SHANGHAI EXPRESS

Stands alone this month among the serious screen dramas. Marlene Dietrich looks beautiful without a knee cap showing—a fascinating picture.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD! Joe E. Brown, the great gargoyle of humor. Good, too!

SILVER SCREEN
Yet a short time later she was amazed at the progress I had made BY MYSELF this easy home-study way

For months I had been taking lessons from a private teacher. Progressing slowly but surely, I was able to play—able to get the musical goods times I craved.

And then—because of business I had to move to a small town where there was no music teacher. I was in despair. All of the long weary hours I had spent practicing—trying to get something from nothing—were in vain. My chances for ever learning to play were shut forever. I thought it might be years before I could take lessons again, and then it would be too late. My teacher too was sorry to see my musical advancement so abruptly stopped.

And then, while looking through a magazine I saw an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music which claimed that learning to play by their method—in my own home—without a private teacher—was actually as easy as A-B-C. They offered to prove it by a free demonstration lesson.

I could scarcely believe it, and I showed my teacher the ad.

"You'll never learn," she cried, "You'll only waste your money. No one can learn to play that way."

But I was desperate when I realized that my chances for musical good times would be over. I decided to investigate the course. When the free demonstration lesson came, it was a revelation to me. I saw at once that my teacher had been wrong. For here, at last, was a method of learning to play right in your own home—with no outside aid—and in less than half the usual time. It was actually as easy as A-B-C. I sent for the course at once.

These fascinating lessons were like a game. Everything was right before me, notes, pictures, text, everything I needed. Almost before I knew it I was playing real tunes, right from the notes.

Several months later I was at a week-end party in my old town. My teacher was a guest at the party also. When she asked me how I was getting along, I told her that I could now play most popular music, as well as some classical pieces.

"Now play," she said. "You'll have to prove that to me, Bill."

"All right," I said, "I'll do just that." I got up, walked across the room and sat down at the piano.

"What does Bill think he's going to do?" someone asked.

"It's just his little joke," laughed my teacher. "He's making believe he can play."

"That's right," I said. "It's a joke—and a good one."

Right then I swung into the haunting refrain of "Time on My Hands," which is a great hit with most people. I turned my crank and fed them.

"Why, Bill!" my teacher exclaimed, "how did you ever do it? A few months ago you could scarcely read music."

They all fired questions at me. How had I learned in such a short time? Where had I studied? How had I found a teacher? But I kept my secret to myself. In a few minutes they were all begging me to play for dancing.

Later that evening my former teacher asked me again how I had learned to play so well, so quickly. When I told her I had learned solely through the famous U. S. School method, she could hardly believe it.

"Do you mean to say you learned to play at home—without any private teacher—in your spare time?" she asked incredulously.

Then I explained how easy the U. S. School of Music way of learning to play any instrument is. How this famous method makes music like a game—does away with dull tiresome theory and practice—and shows you how to learn in one third the usual time, at only a fraction of the cost entailed by the old slow method.

When I finished she turned to me in amazement.

"All that you've told me tonight has been a revelation, Bill. You know, I'm convinced that the U. S. School of Music would help me too—help me teach others to play easier and quicker."

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument right in the privacy of your own home, without the aid of a private teacher, and at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

You can't possibly go wrong. Everything is right before you—so simple that even a child could understand it. First you are told how to do it—then a picture shows you how—then you do it yourself and hear it.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how really simple and easy this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged to send you a Demonstration Lesson and Exploratory Booklet—absolutely free! No matter what instrument you choose to play, the Free Demonstration Lesson will show you at once the amazingly simple principles upon which this famous method is founded. As soon as the lesson arrives, you will find it will show you just how anyone can learn to play favorite instrument at once in almost no time at all and with a fraction of the cost old methods. The booklet will also tell you about the amazing new Automatic Finger Control.

If you want new popularity—if you want to have a host of friends and be invited everywhere—get these musical good times you've been missing. Fill in the coupon below—at once! Don't delay—you will not be obligated in any way. Instrument supplied when needed, each or enrolls. U. S. School of Music, 1195 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. For May 1932
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Priscilla Bryant

ACROSS

1 She is in "Freaks"
5 Sally Eiler's friend in "Bad Girl"
10 She was Mrs. David Blankenhorn
15 Ling May in "Daughter of the Dragon"
16 She is acting in "Lumpy"
18 A group of islands off Donegal County, Ireland
19 Orderly
21 Before
22 Greta Garbo's daring new character
23 Mother of Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"
24 A nimbus
25 Preposition
26 An M-G-M player
28 She takes the part of a chic New Yorker in "Strangers in Love"
30 To annotate
32 Article
33 His next picture will be "Zombie"
35 Relieve
36 Negative
39 Rip
41 A town in S. W. New York
42 A disparaging remark
44 A Form of "to be" (Latin)
45 East India (abbr.)
46 A New England state (abbr.)
47 Snugly comfortable
49 Apprehend
51 Implement
53 Stop! Hold! (nautical)
56 Her last name is Owen
59 A blemish
62 A quick stroke or thrust
64 A domestic animal
66 Repent
67 Plunder
70 He played the part of Huckleberry Finn
71 To fall in drops
75 In the past
77 Brings forth young
79 The "Seventeenth of March Girl"
80 Pseudonym (abbr.)
82 Moisture in the air
83 A pen (pl.)
85 His next Fox talkie will be "Down to Earth"
87 A diminutive ending
89 She is in "Broken Lullaby"
91 A brief visit
92 In "Charlie Chan's Chance" (initials)
93 Past participle of "lie"
94 He and his wife are making a vaudeville tour
95 One of the cyclades

DOWN

1 Actress and author of two successful novels
2 To deprive of energy
3 Ex-wife of John Gilbert
4 Herafter
5 Missouri (abbr.)
6 Dwell
7 Securing a divorce from Husband Scheuck
8 Note (abbr.)
9 Exclamation
10 Male star rehearsing in "Huddle"
11 A period of time
13 Swimming or like swimming
14 Relating on the mother's side
15 To impel
17 An Irish poet and novelist
18 Belonging to one
20 The common saltwort
21 956 days
22 A burden or duty
23 He is Warner Brothers' "Clark Cable"
24 A theatre circuit
25 Opposite Lew Ayres in "Heaven on Earth"
26 To pay for the maintenance of
27 Demands
28 Mrs. Lew Ayres
29 A youth
30 His latest picture is "The Rainbow Trail"
32 She plays in "Clara Deane" and "The Main Event"
33 Variant (abbr.)
34 Dwells
35 Mrs. Quillian's first name
36 Slang for "no good"
37 Makes brittle
38 An impetuous, fiery warrior
39 A corded fabric
40 She went to school with Janet Gaynor in Chicago
41 "Snoop" in "The Mad Parade"
42 Mrs. Edmund Lowe
43 Disentangles
44 Knotty
45 With the Ralph Forbes' in "Let Us Divorce" on San Francisco stage
46 A dolt
47 Belonging to us
48 The rook
50 A head-dress worn in the 18th century
51 Artificial basin for vessels
52 He is in "Grand Hotel" (initials)
53 Starring in "A Successful Calamity" (initials)
54 Jansen in "Delicious"
55 Sun god
56 Louisiana (abbr.)

(The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle Will be Found on Page 55)
"I reduced my hips NINE inches with the PERFOLASTIC REDUCING GIRDLE"

writes Miss Jean Healy

IF YOU are burdened with ugly flabby flesh that causes unsightly unbecoming bulging lines beneath the new form-fitting gowns, then this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet, or drugs! The girdle works constantly while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing fat with every move you make.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips...and be comfortable too...for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

The Perfolastic will not chafe, itch or irritate the skin, for a special inner surface of satinated 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, every minute you wear the Perfolastic. And one of the reasons the Perfolastic reduces so quickly is that it can be worn next to the skin.

Note our money-back guarantee, reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded. The girdle is not infallible, but it has reduced so many thousands of women we do not hesitate to make this unusual offer.

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 coupon brings you FREE BOOKLET and sample of the Ventilated PERFOLASTIC RUBBER. Send today for 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!
"Hey! skipper! shut off, will you? They're flagging us below. No—not from the celery farms—right below, among those black and white checkers. Must be twenty people—al! warning their arms off. Nose down and let's collect. This is a welcome."

And what a welcome!

"Say! You two imitation buzzards!" says W. S. ("Tarzan") Van Dyke, who can say it as no other can. When'll you learn not to fly over Culver City? For pity's sake—go and jam up reel ends, the same sort of thing."

"Sure! Why not?" says Phil, who is enchanted with the idea. "Who's the judge?"

"Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes."

"You're on Stage 10 at the M-G-M, Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where Phillip Holmes is dragging Walter Huston, in the aisle of a night court—and what a drag that blond young man has! Huston is husky, but Phil has an inch or two advantage in height (you'd never believe it until you saw them together) and, besides, just, outraged love and the scenario of "Night Court" are on his side.

Both of them look plenty damned. Huston's face is bruised and bloody; Holmes has lost the skin off one cheek and acquired a fabulous egg of the popular brew and a contused lump at the side of his blackened left eye. They have been beating each other up.

"Night Court" is the story of a crooked judge (Walter Huston) in danger of exposure by an investigator higher up. To cover his tracks he sends his mistress to an East Side apartment, next door to a taxi-driver (Phil Holmes) and his wife (Anita Page), who innocently picks up a bank pass-book dropped by the mistress and learns of the judge's graft.

Huston has Anita framed on an immorality charge and sends her up. Phil goes to the investigation, is picked up by Huston's henchmen, suspended by his wrists from a ceiling and slugged as he swings backwards and forwards across the room, while his toga is kissed and that he sign a paper exonerating the judge.

On the next night Huston unwittingly engages Phil's taxi. Instead of to his own house he is driven to Phil's, tied in a chair and slugged. In the morning Holmes reads that his prisoner is wanted for murder; his alibi is that he had spent the night tied in a chair, but only Phil's evidence can prove it. Phil's price is a confession that Anita was framed and he drags him to court on those terms.

"God! what a relief," pants Phil, as he finishes a spot of dressing and is allowed off the set for a minute. "This is the first time they've let me be a tough little egg since 'Her Man.' No more manic-depressive stuff—melodrama, my lad, sheer melodrama—and they've even allowed me a sense of humour. Whoops!

"Is it painful?"

"No, just irritating. He fingers his "woods." "It's not collodion. That draws like the devil, but you don't use it near the eye. This is just wax, spirit gun and grease-paints."

As the next shot is about to begin, the cry of a baby splits the silence and totally ignores an assistant's shouting of "QUIET!" and a moan from Director W. S. Van Dyke. If the scenario is to be believed, the baby is Anita's and Phil's, but when a nurse presses it into the Phil's arms the creature yells harder than ever.

"Hey!" says Van Dyke, rattling a rattle, "you're costing us a hundred bucks a minute."

"And if you don't shut up," says John Miljan, "I'll tell the supervisor." Let's leave them to it and go in search of peace. We find it on Stage 10, amongst the million-lensed windows, suits of armour and soft-boxed butlers of an English hunting-lodge set for "Mister and Mistress" which is one of those things which may lapse back into its original title of "The Truth Game," which was the name of the popular Ivor Novello play during its New York run. Monocled Heather Thatcher enters on the arm of Robert Montgomery, who looks about him like an Iowaan entering New York. "Happy?" says Heather.

"Terrified," says Bob.

"Oh, father? You needn't be. If the old fool gets pneumonia tell him to shut up. He loves it."

And so the silvery Heather and the boyish Bob pass out of camera range and up to us. We congratulate her.

"It was amazing, wasn't it? I was in New York, all ready picked and booked for England when the call came."

"Shame!" says Bob. "I'd have landed in a pudding.

"You didn't go."

That Montgomery man is Hollywood's most inexpressible hulk. Fifty paces to the west and we are in Argentina. Forty ripe-looking couples are dancing the tango and every foot touches the floor of feet of cafe. They sway like one jelly-fish. The orchestra spiritually surges and squeezes, but not a sound proceeds from their instruments. "The music will be recorded later."

Let two clips burn her hair, and naturally she makes a silent mad rush towards the camera to thicken the atmosphere to its well-known Argentine consistency.

Joan and Nils

IN THE foreground Nils Asther, in white trousers and a morele tuxedo, a feminine pulse-stirring figure is dancing with Joan Crawford. Joan is wearing one of the new triangle-fronted, backless gowns, a gorgeous affair of black and white satin, with the black ingeniously draped like a corset round where some people believe she should be spanked. Her decency depends on only a narrow loop round the neck. Did you know that Joan has a big mole below her left shoulder-blade?

"If ever you return to New York," croons Nils, "you can teach them the real tango.

"No?"

"I'd rather stay with you," purrs Joan, "and eat lollipops."

"That's good," he tells her, as who would want "Don't let's talk," she continues (he wasn't going to "just listen to the music. Naturally he kisses her, and naturally she gripes him gently."

"Lettie Lynton," the meaningless name of the Joan-Nils feature, is the beginning of a new era for Asther, even though in the end Joan murders him for the tenaciously persistent lover he is suited well to be. Tired out with a hit in "Mister and Mistress" he proved to speak English with an accent, but it is good enough to make the most of it. But the accent is nothing like the Greeks had the same word for it.

[Continued on page 60]
W

HO ELSE

wants to get into

BROADCASTING?

Let FLOYD GIBBONS, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career.
$3,000 to $15,000 a year and more paid to trained talent.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from $3,000 to $15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—Broadcasting needs you and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," a remarkable new course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess, Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit its special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than $20,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spend more millions of talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of the chances this gives you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.

FLOYD GIBBONS School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham Mac/neans, Louie and Andy's, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbons.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique. It prepares you to step right into the studio and qualify for a place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are the Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Real, and Arranging Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE booklet

An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long richly paid profession—to qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon below today.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2 E27, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Name
Address
City
State

for MAY 1932

15
In Eugene O'Neill's great play the characters think aloud. The thoughts are recorded, and then played back, and again recorded while the scene is being acted with dialogue.

**Clark Gable**

with **Norma Shearer** in "Strange Interlude"

How He Plays a Heavy Dramatic Part Which is Utterly Different from Any of His Previous Roles

(Read the Story on Page 52)
ON THE evening of the day Robert Montgomery signed his original motion picture contract with M-G-M, Bob and his wife decided on a celebration. They "did" New York, arriving home at two in the morning.

Until five Bob tossed restlessly about. Then he grabbed the telephone and called the home of an M-G-M executive.

"Did I sign a long term contract with you today?"

He was very angry.

"You did."

"For Heaven's sake tear it up, will you," said Bob.

"I can't sleep!"

GROUCHO MARX has started a new school of philosophy. It's about the only thing you can start in Hollywood these days without getting your feet wet. After five minutes of deep thought on the subject Groucho is firmly convinced that "Beyond the Alps lie more Alps and the Lord Alps those who Alp themselves."

REGIS TOOMEY thinks that Georgia girls are the most beautiful of the species. He was managing the University of Pittsburgh's baseball team when the team went down to Athens to play the University of Georgia, and ever since then he has been completely sold on "Georgia Peaches." In fact he married one.

MADGE BELLAMY is coming back to the screen, after a long absence during which she has been garnering some stage experience. The Halperin Brothers have signed her for the feminine lead in "Zombie," a jungle mystery thriller. "Mother Knows Best" was Madge's last picture.

WHEN Paul Lukas was in New York on a recent vacation he went to one of those little places where you go down steps and ring a bell and a gleaming eye stares at you through a peephole.

"I want to come in. I am Paul Lukas," said the screen favorite.

"Huh, we got enough pa'lookas in here now," was the retort discourteous.

GINGER ROGERS and Mervyn Le Roy, the young Warner Brothers' studio director, will march to the strains of Lohengrin in June, unless something happens. Getting married now has become the thing in filmland.

STUART ERWIN claims that he was born on St. Valentine's Day and he modestly admits that his parents thought him a very cute valentine. But, he adds, he developed into a comic one.

WHEN Tallulah Bankhead slapped the face of Bill Haines at the dinner party in the home of the George Cukors in Hollywood, she lost one good friend but made another. She and Polly Moran have become "buddies" since the occurrence—this in spite of the fact that Polly and Bill have done a brother and sister act out here for years.

Polly was holding the center of the stage, entertaining the Cukor guests with some risqué stories. Tallulah decided to try it too.

"No lady would talk that way," said Bill Haines. Bang! It was Tallulah's palm against Bill's cheek.

Ten minutes later, after a good cry, Tallulah was delivering humble apologies to Bill.
Few, Indeed, Go
Where are the Glamorous, Scandalous Hollywood Rumors of Lovers Ecstatic and Naughty?

Oh for a ruthless sheik! Oh for an arrant lover! Oh to be in England now that April's here!

And oh what are we going to do about the male situation in Hollywood? With the place all cluttered up with Nature's noblemen and a couple of imports from Europe (Hi there, Hank, how do you like being Connie's Marquis?) it's difficult to find in these parts a low lifer who takes his fun where he finds it.

Indeed, the handsome heroes of the silver screen have gone so hopelessly noble that they make honest women of their girl friends and rush them off to a prelate at the first blush.

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Fredric March and his wife (Florence Eldridge). Does his home life lessen his tremendous histrionic ability?

Lionel Barrymore is the Blue Ribbon Winner among the actors in the talking pictures

—well better prelate than never. Nice for the girls, but bad for the magazine writers. Oh for a breath of scandal.

There's an awful pall of middle class respectability about Hollywood. It's depressing. It's stilling. I shudder—and you may shudder too. To think that romance has come to this. Why, in Hollywood, romance is only the name of one of Garbo's pictures. You go into the Brown Derby any evening and find Clark Gable eating spinach with Mrs. Gable, Doug Jr. and Joan Crawford (if they are so wild as to stay up aften ten) quibbling childishly over their lettuce, and Lil Tashman passing the salt to Eddie Lowe. Now wouldn't it be much more fun for everybody if instead of this drab respectability you walked into the Derby one evening and saw Clark Gable in a subdued tête à tête with Joan Crawford, Doug Jr. and Lil Tashman playing "footsie" under the table, and Eddie Lowe holding hands with Mrs. Gable? Now I ask you, wouldn't that be more fun?

But, alas and a phooey, no one has fun these days. No one gets gloriously blind from the fruit of the juniper tree. No one gets thrilled by a contour with undulations and goes deliriously mad for love. Gosh no. Few indeed are they who go mad for love in this burg. Sin and Sex are a couple of sissies whom nobody wants around. Mere shadows of their former selves, and often without a lodging for the night.

Once upon a time, my children, Hollywood was

Lew Ayres and wife (Lola Lane) in his happy and peaceful home surroundings. Would Lew be a more popular actor if he was still a bachelor?
Mad for LOVE!

Can the artistic soul thrive on hearth-stones? Can the actor who is deaf to the Sirens hear the overtones of passion and the harmonics of misery?

By Elizabeth Wilson

George Arliss, whose screen success proves that the public honors talent in actors

inhabited by ruthless sheiks whose mocking laughter rent the early morning air as they ravaged and rode away. Ah, I'm telling you those were the days. No actor was ever seen with his wife then. He couldn't remember who she was. What a merry lot they were, those sheiks, never dull nor noble, and you could bet your diamond necklace that their intentions were strictly dishonorable. They were the playthings of Passion. She tossed them wantonly hither and thither—upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber. Whoops, what abandon. But the dear ladies in the hinterland loved it and packed the theatres. (And the dear ladies in Hollywood loved it too—they were no fools.) Passion was the business of the movie star then, his vocation and his avocation, and often, his ruin. He would rehearse too much away from the studio. With a grand gesture he went mad for love, but he had a heck of a good time on the way.

What a lot of set-ups the movie stars are today when compared with the Don Juans of the last decade. Valentino, of course, was the most popular star of his time. Women and children cried for him and so did Pola Negri. Who, according to box office, are the most popular male stars today? (Women and children and Pola don't cry for any of them). George Arliss and Lionel Barrymore head the list. They are the lads who get the medals and the silver mugs. What would Valentino think of that? Two men old enough to be grandpas and with no more sex appeal than Aunt Emma's home

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier happily voyaging back to France after he has won a fortune as a gay screen gallant

made preserves. Say, ain't nuthin' sacred? Both Mr. Arliss and Mr. Barrymore are great artists, to be sure, but since when have we, a nation of red-blooded hero-worshippers, preferred great actors to great lovers?

The popular young leading men of the day are Fredric March, Maurice Chevalier, Clark Gable and Lew Ayres. Nice boys, all of them. Not a broken heart—or nose—to their credit. Perfect gentlemen with no intentions whatsoever. They make love-to-order on the screen then rush home to the little woman who wears a platinum band. What a

[Cont. on page 50]

John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores, and their baby. John is the modern actor who is happy in his home and wicked on the screen
Robert Montgomery is one of the attractions at the Riviera Polo Field. Bob has played ever since his military school days.

Constance Bennett and her Marquis watch the game. The stars in the audience attract the crowds quite as much as the other stars who play.

HOLLYWOOD has gone polo! The world's most highly paid artists have succumbed to the world's most expensive sport. Stars rise at 6 a.m. on week-days to tussle with a horse, a mallet and a white ball.

Their peers step out on a sunny Sunday afternoon to watch the results of their practice.

It's wildly exciting, even if the industry has no Tommy Hitchcocks, no Eric Pedleys, as yet.

I'm going to take you to two games. It is necessary to take you to two to see everybody, for the camps are divided. There are four clubs all told. The two outstanding, from a motion picture standpoint, are Riviera and the Uplifters. The Los Indios club is made up of motion picture executives, but holds few open sessions, and Medwick, while it attracts large crowds of enthusiasts with a more perfect expression of the game, boasts of no stars on its teams.

We'll visit the Uplifters first, that being the farthest from Hollywood, and then swing back to the Riviera.

We climb into our car and seek out the traffic-teeming Beverly Boulevard, passing through Beverly Hills and Bel-Air and Brentwood, where the cream of the colony makes its home.

The sun shines brightly, gaily, after days of rain, the heaviest in ten years. The fields are emerald, flowers line the roadside in kaleidoscopic beauty as the boulevard to the sea twists and turns and rises and falls at the undulating base of Hollywood hills. Rolls-Royces in green vie with Cadillac V-16's in blue, bright chrome glistening.

We pass the Riviera polo field, making a wide turn, so that we may look down on the concrete stands, gray against the bright green of the turf. We are early and there is no activity. But the scoreboard shows us that
Hollywood Has A New Hobby To Ride

By Edward Churchill

Every Sunday morning the leading stars of Hollywood Society go to the Polo Fields. The Grandstand is the “Diamond Horseshoe” of Hollywood.

The Tigers, with Bob Montgomery listed as number 1, will play the Cowboys, who include John Cromwell, the Paramount director, and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams. That looks interesting.

We continue onward, make the same sort of turn and there discover the Uplifters field, snug in a hollow between the hills, overlooked by the vast estate of Will Rogers, dean of polo players, dean of humorists. We pay a dollar to go inside, and find that we have a box seat. The boxes are interesting, for they bear the names of William Powell, James Cagney, and a score of others. The Uplifters, we find, is very much Warner-First National because Darryl Zanuck, who does all the hiring and firing there, is one of the most rabid of poloists.

The scoreboard reveals that Zanuck and Ray Griffith, once a delightful comedian, now a successful writer and director, and two non-professionals, will play four men from the Army. The Army men, we hear, are very good, and will probably hand the motion pictureistas a nice pasting. It is not long before the thin Mr. Zanuck and the plump Mr. Griffith appear in blue shirts, boots, and hard white hats.

They mount their ponies and do a little warming up, which is fairly interesting, but even more interesting than this is the arrival of some of the stars. Mervyn LeRoy, director of most of the best pictures during 1931, recently separated from Ethna Murphy, appears with Ginger Rogers, who boasts of a flaming crop of red hair. It looks as if she is on fire underneath her small turban. Next comes Jim Cagney, and we begin to wonder if this is the day for red-heads. Behind them is Charlie Middleton, who looks very menacing, being the menace of “Palmy Days” and other pictures. One blends screen and real life on seeing these people, and meeting them. Over here’s Courtenay Terrett, the writer, while, over there, we see Bill Powell and Carole Lombard and Lloyd Bacon, the director.

The teams line up and a ball is thrown into the field. Eight chukkers, of seven minutes, will be played, we learn. At this stage we, as you, are becoming polominded. Our attention is divided. We want to see Zanuck hit the ball and at the same time we want to see who is with Regis Toomey and catch a look at Gavin Gordon, whom we [Continued on page 51]
The Girl Who Changed the Stars

Tossed into the Stream of Hollywood Life Jean Harlow Breasted the Current and Won!

By James A. Whitchel

Platinum! What a word to conjure with. The dictionary says it's only a whitish metallic element—but Webster never saw Harlow. Even so his definition speaks of platinum as "incapable of being fused," and that surely applies to Jean, for in coming to Hollywood she brought with her a new set of standards that upset tradition.

Jean is incapable of being fused. She stands as much apart from the crowd as her hair from the coiffures of her sister players. She does not come over to other people's ideas about living and working; they flock to her side in such crowds you'd think she had invented a successful mousetrap.

But her success is an open secret. She has no mousetrap hidden from the world. She hides no light under a bushel, for that light, the most glorious hair in the world, caps the loveliest bushel on the screen.

Harlow is the girl of tomorrow who has arrived today. She is neither premature with her presence nor too advanced in her actions, yet she is so decidedly ahead of her nearest competitor comparisons are futile. She is, off screen, what every motion picture producer has tried to conceive on his screen—the ultra modern woman.

She embodies all the elements of modernity. Is it not characteristic of our age that youth should own all? Dominate our arts, become our screen idols, motivate our businesses, fashion our fun? Isn't it logical then for a girl who has seen only twenty summers to be at the top of a heap, to which position fully ten million other girls aspire? Ten years ago Jean Harlow skated the streets of Kansas City. [Continued on page 50]
George Brent from Dublin

"He is the Best" — Ruth Chatterton

By Ben Maddox

Have you fallen for George Brent?
Don't be quaint and claim you haven't! He's the very newest gasp in heroes. Experts say so.
Not overpoweringly handsome, this six-footer with the hazel eyes and dark hair. No love maker in private life. But what a grand camera technique!
Gimme! Gimme!! That's what the lady stars at Warners are all shouting when their casts are being made up and the powers-that-be mention Brent's name.
Joan Blondell walked over to Ruth Chatterton's set one day recently, worried over what kind of hero she would draw for her first starring picture. Mary Roberts Rinehart had written "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard" for her, but Joan knew that a really good masculine foil was vitally necessary for the Blondell stellar debut.

After five minutes of watching the goings-on on the Chatterton stage, Joan turned to the publicity man with her and excitedly inquired, "Who is that man?"
She was told that the stranger was one George Brent. She had never heard of him.
"Is he under contract here?" Joan continued breathlessly. "Well, then, I want him for my leading man!" The publicity man is wondering if Joan has a lot of pull, for only five days later he was called into the front office and informed that George Brent had been assigned the lead in her picture.

Had our Miss Blondell been up on studio gossip, she would have heard what Ruth Chatterton had said.

George was given the lead in Ruth's "The Rich Are Always With Us." And at the end of the first day's shooting the aristocratic Chatterton was in an unparalleled state of enthusiasm.
"Where have you been all your life?" she demanded of her modest hero, going trite and almost flattening an already broad A in her ardor.

To those close by, Ruth confided, "He is the best leading man I have ever worked with in Hollywood. A splendid actor! Perfect in his lines and in the business of his part. It is a pleasure to work with such a fine performer. He has given me the most perfect day I have ever had before the cameras!"

Note the recurrence of these rare-from-the-lips of a star adjectives: perfect, splendid, fine. And recall the worthy actors with whom Ruth has worked.

George Brent is thoroughly experienced on the stage but it took Hollywood six months to realize that he is an irresistible Irish gentleman

Barbara Stanwyck is one up on both Ruth and Joan, though. That girl positively has an "ear" for news. She had George as her lead in "So Big" before they got wind of him. Now, having completed the Blondell picture, he is to play opposite either Constance Bennett or Kay Francis.

Perhaps you are curious as to what this apparently remarkable fellow is like, and wonder how he is taking his rapid rise. When I heard so many bouquets being tossed his way I, like Ruth Chatterton, wanted to know where he'd been all his heretofore obscure life.

I found him in a tiny dressing-room at the studio, waiting to be called for work. He is just twenty-eight, but looks and talks older than the average Hollywood actor that age. An intelligent, self-contained man thoroughly trained in the mechanics of acting.

He is not, I soon discovered, a novice. In fact, whatever rôle he may be given by [Continued on page 56]
TIMES have changed. No longer can little Genevieve of Timbuctoo come to Hollywood, serve as an extra for a brief space of time, and hope to rise to stardom.

Statistics (and we have to wax technical for a minute) tell us that in five years not one extra girl has reached stardom.

Hollywood has no use for amateurs any more. The talkies have definitely and for all time killed their chances. Professionals are in demand. When looking for new talent, the producers and their satellites comb the New York stage. There they find exactly what they are searching for—youth, beauty, talent, and most important of all—brains! And what a magnificent combination. Brains and Beauty.

So if you are longing for a career upon the screen, don’t pack your nightie and jump upon the train bound for Hollywood. Instead hire yourself to the nearest dramatic school and learn stage technique. If you are really ambitious and sincere in your efforts and if—and this a big If—you show promising talent, you may eventually find yourself performing on the stage. The theatre may be operated by a small community or art group, by a stock company, or, if you are one whom the gods love, by a real New York company, but, if you are professionally connected with it console yourself with the knowledge that you are on the road that leads to screen stardom.

Peggy Shannon, the new leading woman on the Paramount lot, told me when she was playing in New York in a dramatic play, shortly before she captured Troupers all; Miriam Hopkins, Vivienne Osborne and Phillips Holmes while making "Two Kinds of Women" for Director De Mille. (Left) Ruth Chatterton to reach Hollywood had to step gracefully over many laurel wreaths won on Broadway.
Leads to the Screen

If You Want to Face the Cameras of Hollywood, You Must First Face the Footlights of the Stage

By Dana Rush

The theatre was bred into John Barrymore, but theatre folks have to make the pictures. Karen Morley is a stage girl with a great picture future.

All a stage player has to do is practice a new make-up, a new voice, a different pace in acting and then she's a beginner in pictures like Peggy Shannon.

That was trick number one that I learned of stage technique. There were many more ahead of me.

Peggy Shannon, advertised as Clara Bow's successor, but for a head of lovely auburn tresses is as unlike her as Gary Cooper is unlike Lupe. She is a languid type of beauty, slow in speech and movement and never quite sure of herself.

When playing in the Broadway production, "Life Is Like That," she was about the only member of the cast who did not boast that before many months she would be signed for the movies. Peggy not only admitted she had no prospects, but laughed at the idea that she would screen well. However, though the Cinderella extra girl has disappeared, there are still fairy god-mothers or in this particular case, fairy god-fathers, who look out for pretty girls who are wise enough to prepare for their coming.

It was while Peggy was playing in "Nappi," in a New York theatre, that Clara Bow and Paramount decided to part company. Scouts of that company were sent out to find some one to take her place. As the popular hunting grounds of the scouts are the New York theatres, Walter Wanger, then the production head of the Eastern studios of Paramount, attended "Nappi" with his pretty blonde wife, Justine Johnston.

Before the curtain went up, [Continued on page 53]
The Best Bette in Pictures

By James Marion Fidler

FOR years Bette Davis has followed a rainbow, seeking the fabled pot of gold at its end. At times the storm clouds have been so heavy the rainbow disappeared, only to return when the storms blew over. And now Bette is at the beginning of the end of her quest. The pot of gold is at her feet and for the next several years, unless new storms come, she will pluck from that pot enough of the precious metal to provide luxuries for herself and her mother for the balance of their lives.

Bette is the charming young person you saw in "The Man Who Played God," or perhaps you saw her before that in "Seed," "Way Back Home" or "Other People's Business." She is a New England girl and all of her life she has been very poor—so poor that when she went to New York to study for the stage, she was able to afford only four months with John Murray Anderson and might have been forced to discontinue had not that far sighted dramatist recognized rare talent and given her a year's tuition free of charge. She remembers struggling days in New England, in New York and later, in Hollywood—such struggling days that when she was asked why she recently rented a furnished home she answered, "Because I have never had enough money to accumulate furniture."

After an inspiring but not financial success on the New York stage, Bette was signed to a motion picture contract by Universal. With her mother, who is divorced from her father, she went to Hollywood with high hopes, certain that she was nearing the end of her rainbow.

Instead, she was cast in a picture titled "Bad Sister," in which she essayed the rôle of a wallflower. To make the part more convincing, she was badly gowned and lights were thrown on her face in such manner as to heighten the suggestion of unattractiveness. That picture established her immediately in the minds of company officials as a most unpretentious young girl.

They asked one another why the New York office sent her to Hollywood. Directors lost interest in her and it was only by good fortune that she won a bit in "Seed." Because the director was already convinced that she was a poor prospect, she was given scant attention during production of that picture. As a consequence, she was shunted to the background and her most important scenes were cut to flashes.

Following "Seed," officials evidenced such a complete lack of interest in Bette that she was never used in another Universal picture, but instead was loaned to other studios. "I was heart broken during my first year," Bette admits. "I am very susceptible to encouragement and confidence, and the complete disinterest of Universal hurt and dejected me."

At the end of a year, the company released Miss Davis from her contract. Hollywood immediately branded her a failure, which Hollywood often does in similar cases. Bette packed her belongings and prepared to return to New York, but before she departed, she answered a telephone call to visit the Warner Brothers, studio to be tested for a rôle with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." Fifteen minutes after she met the celebrated Arliss, she was chosen by him for the part. On the strength of her excellent work in his picture, she was signed by Warner Brothers to a newer, more lucrative and generally better contract than her previous Universal agreement.

Now she is happy again, and a happy Bette Davis is indeed a revelation. Older than she looks, but younger than she talks, she is a curious combination of child and woman. She is not only beautiful, but she bubbles with charm and good fellowship. She bears a striking likeness to two other famous stars. Her eyes and nose and forehead are astonishingly like those of Constance Bennett. Her mannerisms and way of talking are remindful of Olive Borden. Such comparisons displease her, not because she dislikes...
Players in Springtime

GEORGE BANCROFT

A BIG Hollywood fish in the trout stream. George Bancroft is having a high time in the High Sierras of California. His next picture for Paramount is called "The World and the Flesh," a Russian story with our Miriam Hopkins playing the lureski of the fleshski.
NUMBER THREE—Marlene Dietrich. There is a refinement in the lines and relative size of her features which makes Marlene’s face appear exquisite to the point of delicacy. Hers is not a robust beauty but it is particularly appealing and is a graceful setting for tragedy. The chiseled jaw line and the articulated nostrils tell a story of character to each observer.
NUMBER FOUR:— Norma Shearer. No doubt Norma is one of the most intelligent girls on the screen, and hers is the type of mind that recognizes the emptiness of baubles of fame and the lasting joy of home and baby. All of which seems to show in this lovely mouth and in the calm and sane gaze with which her grey eyes look out at one.

NUMBER TWO:— Madge Evans. There is a breath of flowers and happiness about her loveliness. She is beautiful in the sense that a rose is beautiful. There is no line which does not seem to express youth, nor any plane or surface without charm for the eye of the beholder. Such a face is created to inspire deep...

NUMBER FIVE:— Joan Crawford. Drama-face! Dramatic Joan! She can pose for a still portrait with the same riotous abandon that puts her through her screen pictures. To look at Joan is an inspiration. She breathes ambition and belief and flings her beauty into the face of every motion and dominates them all. Joan of Arc must have looked like this.
BLONDE girls have been getting it all their own way in pictures, but now that Gene Raymond has come through with his great performance in "Ladies of the Big House" the yellow hair peril is distinctly masculine and long may it wave—yep, natural, and he is too.
THE Crowd Roars" is a logical title for a picture with Joan Blondell and, sure enough, that's it. The little Joan person is blonde, beautiful and has that intimate "just you and me" atmosphere which made her's the most sympathetic part in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." She is the star of "Miss Pinkerton," which is the picture from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story.
<p>MELVYN DOUGLAS <br/>Below is Melvyn Douglas and the smiling Lupe Velez. In "The Broken Wing" he is an aviator and when his plane crashes in the little Mexican town ruled by Lupe's bandit sweetheart it is just too bad for Melvyn's heart action.</p>

<p>LUPE VELEZ and MELVYN DOUGLAS</p>

<p>Below is Melvyn Douglas and the smiling Lupe Velez. In "The Broken Wing" he is an aviator and when his plane crashes in the little Mexican town ruled by Lupe's bandit sweetheart it is just too bad for Melvyn's heart action.</p>

<p>LUPE VELEZ and LEO CARILLO</p>

<p>Making a scene in "The Broken Wing" and using the new kind of film which permits the players to work in comfort without being toasted by the tremendous lamps they used to have. Lupe is hot enough without that, goodness knows!</p>
"POLLY of the Circus" furnishes Marion Davies with many great opportunities, but one of them at least is so moving and emotional we wonder that no one has ever before realized the screen value of words of love.

HAVE you ever wondered what they talk about up there on the narrow perch just before they take those terrifying leaps in mid-air? See the mike which hears all, and beautiful Marion whose "Polly" will set your heart swinging from the trapeze of tears to the net of laughter.
This is a set in "Grand Hotel" but not a scene. The actors are posing together for an informal off-stage shot, to show that they are not consumed with jealousy nor oblivious to the fact that they are the greatest collection of talented people ever cast together. The Director, Edmund Goulding, in center at top beside Joan Crawford. Lionel Barrymore resents something. Lewis Stone turns his disfigured face away, while John Barrymore and Wally Beery take it as it comes.

Garbo is Grusinskaya, the disease when she finds the man, Kringelein, who makes friends with Flammchen and the Baron—Joan Crawford and John Barrymore.
Little Fiammchen, as played by Joan Crawford, will become the most talked of rôle in the play. Here is Wallace Beery, the German Freysing, discussing terms with the little light o' love.
JOHN DARROW

We have been watching with interest the on-coming John Darrow—ever since "Hell's Angels" in fact. His work for Radio was refreshingly masculine and his appearance in "Fanny Foley Herself" and "The Bargain" won him a considerable following. You'll be seein' a great deal of him in the months to come.

WYNNE GIBSON

If you remember "Ladies of the Big House" you will recall the wonderful performance that Miss Gibson gave. It burst prison walls and got her a nice part in "Two Kinds of Women" in which she was the other kind and achieved a degree of tipsyness that was just enough and not too much, and you know how hard that is to do.
ONE of Paramount's young men is Tom Douglas, and in his part in "Sky Brides" he continues the work so brilliantly begun in "The Road to Reno." The bit that Tom had in "Broken Lullaby" was intense and convincing. He was the German boy who was killed, or the Lullaby that was Broken, as we say now with the new title "Bad Girl".

WHILE Sally Eilers will be a very important part of the Fox production "Disorderly Conduct," along with Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy, for us she still is "Bad Girl" and her excellent performance in "Dance Team" we recall with delight. Sally is that slight and willowy figure of a girl the debutante world loves.
The Talented Screen Women Express their Culture in their Costumes

Constance Cummings as a triple threat. At left, in her new sports dress of smooth, dull-tone wool in its daring combination of red and white with tiny lines of deep blue in the trimming. In center, Constance in a unique frock of India material. The design is executed in nut brown and white. At right, she wears a revealing water-blue evening gown, with a glittering circled cape of sequins much favored by the Parisian designers this Spring. Constance varies the model by having one side droop over the shoulder, like an old-fashioned bertha, while the other frankly forms a sleeve.

Elissa Landi looks as if she just stepped out of one of Goya's paintings as she reclines on her window seat in this informal dinner frock of black Spanish lace. Maybe there's a duenna lurking in the background, for Elissa's looking pretty haughty in her tiny lace hat and infinitesimal shoulder cape. Elbow-length lace mitts carry out the old-world ensemble.

Lovely Wynne Gibson smilingly plays the hostess in this dignified Princess gown of gleaming white taffeta (very new) lavishly embroidered with motifs of silver threads.

Joan Bennett, looking demure and modest in her new Spring suit of roughly woven tan wool. The collar and jabot of her tailored white satin blouse peek out shyly. Joan's trig little sports hat is of brown reindeer cloth, a suede-finished fabric very popular this Spring.
Harding is ready for a busy day in this midnight blue corded wool coat that partly silhouettes her slim figure. Contrasting powder blue corded wool fashions in flattering wide revers. A clever rough straw turban and high-heeled kid opera pumps of midnight blue complete her costume.

Carole Lombard nonchalantly says "envy me" as she relaxes in the warmth of the desert sun at Palm Springs in her luxurious pajamas of lustrous tea-rose satin. The wild-rose, all-over design is carried out in a luscious pink and the low-cut bodice is the same color. A black velvet girdle encircles her waist with the correct amount of savoir-faire and a three-quarter length coat is waiting to be donned in case the sun proves too hearty.

No wonder Maureen O'Sullivan is smiling so prettily. For she's decked out in a snappy little yachting pajama suit of bright green and beige smooth wool. This is a striking color combination much in evidence at the fashionable watering resorts this year. A scarf of the same materials protects her throat from the sea breezes and a perky little bow of hunter's green keeps her hair from flying.

This cleverly cut dress in smartly striped hunter's green and white crêpe, with an adjustable scarf tied carelessly at the throat, is worn by bright-eyed Jill Esmond, who hails from Merrie England but is now making pictures in our own Hollywood. With it Jill wears a white crochet beret with a perky little bow of hunter's green.
News Pictures

Ben Lyon and the Missus and the fat little Barbara Bebe. The baby looks a lot like her mother, doesn't she? She's on her way to be christened and she is five months old.

Lily Damita, escorted by Sidney Smith, arrives at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood for a premiere. To see and be seen.

When Tom Mix married he picked a circus girl—Mabel Ward—so home now is incomplete without traveling rings on the lawn and sawdust in the coffee. Things have been happening fast with Tom lately. He nearly signed off entirely with appendicitis, then he started riding again in films ("Destry Rides Again") and then he got an up-side-down wife. But Tom keeps his saddle through it all and the affection of nine million youngsters.
Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Bobby Arnst) greet their friends as they pass the microphone before entering the theatre. Johnny's "Tarzan" is expected to start a rush of champions towards the cameras.

An adoring fan gave Marlene Dietrich a gorgeous silk scarf and she wore it to the party. It has Marlene's name embroidered on it. Perhaps this will start a fad and you can put your name on your garters and undies, safe in the knowledge that Marlene does it.

Jackie Cooper is staying up late to see the premiere of Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," to pick up a few points on love-making technique.

The mike listens, the cameras click, and the premiere waits while the very ladylike Norma Shearer smiles at us, confident that no one has a gayer orchid than hers. How becoming that clipped hair!

There is a new girl in town. Out at Universal Studio, Miss Tala Birell, former Viennese stage and screen star, and Luis Trenker, Alpine mountaineer and director, greet Carl Laemmle, President of Universal.
A GREAT part of the success of "Taxi" was due to Loretta's charm and her determined handling of Cagney. While it didn't control the little scrapper's pugnacious spirit, it gave Loretta that serious quality which best brings out her appeal. "Hatchet Man" was just a waste of Loretta, but "Play Girl" may have the great chance in it which she deserves.
SEVENTEEN years in Claremore, Oklahoma, were quite enough for little Rochelle Hudson. So she ditched high school, and following in the footsteps of her home town boyfriend, Will Rogers, she picked on Hollywood. Well, why not? Will made a great success so.

"Oh, yeah!" muttered the girls back home peevishly. "Hollywood is just pining for our Rochelle. Rochelle purchased a pair of ear-muffs and drowned their din, with the result that she is now that almost forgotten rarity—a Hollywood Cinderella Girl. For all unaided she fought for a screen test and by her ability and charm won a long term contract with R-K-O.

Small bits were her share at first. Soon came an important part in "Fanny Foley Herself" and then the choicest plum of all—a fat rôle in "Are These Our Children?" With this came recognition.

Rochelle is five feet three inches in height and has dark brown eyes and hair. She speaks French fluently and has just a trace of Southern accent.

She admits she's simply crazy about acting, but while this part of her Hollywood life may be "great fun," she's got her darker moments. For Mamma came along and insisted that Rochelle keep up her school work, tough luck.

EVERYBODY agrees that Mary's legs are swell. She's a great little actress too. And when it comes to beauty—well, all you've got to do is look at Mary's auburn locks, laughing brown eyes and five feet two of pulchritude to know that the girl's all there.

She's got brains, also. Uhuh! S'truth! Way back (in 1924 or 5) Mary went to Columbia to study psychology and romance languages. All her friends in those old days wore long hair and soulful looks. Mary was a bit on the dreamy side herself.

Fortunately for us, however, she loved to dance and soon found a tasty niche for herself in "Rio Rita." Like all good Ziegfeld students she went to Hollywood and did her darnedest to make good.

The road's been tough but Mary has stood it well. Came small parts in a number of pictures and recently she was cast in Warners' "Union Depot" and "A Little Church Mouse."

Those long-haired days at Columbia have been left far behind. Mary's learned how to play again. She adores parties, horseback riding and dancing. But she wants you to understand that no matter how gay she gets she's still true to her first love—psychology! Don't forget that, you wisecracks, who judge a girl by her legs!
Elissa Landi and Alexander Kirkland in "The Devil's Lottery," Kirkland is the young man Hollywood is watching. He attracted attention by his performance in "Surrender."

JANET GAYNOR and her mother and husby Lydell Peck are vacationing for three weeks at Palm Springs, in the desert, and Janet is getting a good coat of tan before starring "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Janet has just returned from a three months' vacation in Europe. Oh, for the life of a movie star.

NANCY CARROLL inherited red hair and a grand sense of humor from the Irish Lahills. When asked by an interviewer once what her life's ambition was she tossed off gaily, "Oh, I'd like to be shot at ninety by a jealous husband."

WHEN Fox gave George O'Brien a new contract and a short vacation he rushed to New York to celebrate with Marguerite Churchill, who is starring in a play on Broadway. George is always "falling in love" but this time it looks like the real thing—though they make pretty good imitations these days.

DESPITE all rumors Marlene Dietrich has no intention of returning to the Fatherland any time soon. She has just rented Pola Negri's beach house at Malibu and is preparing for a long, hot summer. Bebe Daniels is her landlord.

ANY Dvorak and Leslie Fenton are going places together. Phil Holmes and Florence Rice are seen everywhere you look. And quite easy on the eyes they are too.

Loretta Young has everyone guessing. Is it or is it? Some say it's Herbert Sondheim (one of Gloria Swanson's early marriage interlocutors) who will lead Loretta to the altar, the robins nest again, and there are those who say the lucky bridegroom will be one of the Raphael boys, who is loaded with luck. He sings to her while they dance at the Coconut Grove and it's just too sweet for words. Herbert doesn't sing, and he can't croon, but when Loretta's with him she doesn't seem to mind. And Grant Withers who only yesterday it seems was "my life, my love, my all" with Loretta is now muchly attracted to Peggy Joyce. Yes, the Peggy Joyce. Grant and Peggy met while he was on a personal

appearance tour in New York and immediately they fell for each other. Grant came back to Hollywood—and Peggy decided she'd take another look at the Gold Coast. And are the yokels talking?

A LADY who wanted to learn about pictures walked onto the "Symphony of Six Million" set at the R-K-O studio and was simply amazed to see about fifteen little children sitting around tables. The school for blind children" scene was being taken. "Mercy," exclaimed the visitor, "where do all these children come from?" "From the stork," answered Irene (poise) Dunne pleasantly.

in Central America, Paul Lukas will appear opposite her and Richard Wallace will direct.

DESPITE the fact that Renee Adoree will be discharged from the sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona, this Spring, she cannot pursue her picture career for a long while. After leaving Prescott, she will have to reside in a high altitude—and Hollywood is only a few feet above sea level.

DID you know that Tom Mix fought in three wars? He did. Spanish American war, in China during the Boxer rebellion

Janet Gaynor, her husband Lydell Peck, Charles Farrell, and Mrs. Farrell snapped at Palm Springs, California, where Janet is acquiring a very becoming coat of tan and with the British army in the Boer war, at the siege of Ladysmith. During the World War he did recruiting service.

WILLIAM B. LEEDS, the young tinplate millionaire, may have been Raquel Torres' escort while she was in New York, but Charlie Feldman, the handsome attorney, was at the station waiting for her when she returned to Hollywood. Yes, Charlie and Raquel are still engaged.

JOAN CRAWFORD is crazy about fried apples. But don't send her any through the mail.

OLIVE MASSA Gary Cooper is due back in Hollywood just any day now. While over in the African jungle he shot lions and lions and super lions (whatever they are) and he floated up and down Cleopatra's Nile, and made whoopee in Egypt in the
TOWN TOPICS

from page 17]

The real schoolroom of the Hal Roach "Our Gang" kids on the M-G-M lot. Three year old "Spanky" and Pete the Pup are only permitted because of Mrs. Fern Carter's appreciation of their photographic excellence.

Van is one of those rabid nature lovers who can pronounce every word in a seed catalogue, and whose idea of a good time is potting about with flora and fauna. Now, when the local gentry got into the habit of parking their Rolls in a bed of tulips or backing into a rare Iris Germanica Van got mad. He proceeded to lock half of his gate so that no one could drive in unless on horseback. One night he heard the chugging of a motor in his driveway and in a great rage he flung open his door and demanded to know what scoundrel had broken his gate down. But it was only pretty little Bobbe Astor (Johnny Weissmuller's wife) in her cute baby Austin. When the French general said, "They shall not pass" he wasn't talking about Austins.

THEY say that Lupe Velez and Ben Finney danced the best tango in Hollywood. Perhaps it was through her exhibition of skill in this hotly-tosy dance that Lupe found herself invited to play an important part in Maestro Ziegfeld's newest musical, "Hot Chai!"

SHOOTING on "State's Attorney" has been indefinitely postponed until John Barrymore gets his profile healed. John was in a terrible automobile accident recently and was pretty badly bruised.

ANDY CLYDE and Lucien Littlefield are most deceptive. They play middle-aged men in pictures and they are both handsome young Lotharios.

THE late Lon Chaney's son has given up the plumbing business and become an actor—much against his mother's and father's wishes. Radio is making great plans for his debut picture. Noah Beery's son has signed up with Universal and papa Noah is quite proud.

M-G-M is now busy making "Limp'y," which is Jackie Cooper's next picture. With Chit Sale important in the cast. Instead of making this picture on a studio set M-G-M has rented a house in Culver City and furnished it from attic to cellar. Despite the fact that the house is in the midst of a thickly populated neighborhood, and that it was Saturday afternoon, not a single kid or grown-up was hanging over the fence watching Jackie make his picture. It's an old, old story to Culver City.

DIRECTOR VAN DYKE, who recently completed "Tarzan" for M-G-M, has built himself a home in Brentwood Heights.
Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

Clive Brook and Marlene Dietrich in "Shanghai Express"

George Arliss and Bette Davis in "The Man Who Played God"

James Kirkwood and Joan Bennett in "She Wanted a Millionaire"

SHANGHAI EXPRESS
Rating: MARVELOUS—Paramount

The return of Marlene Dietrich has been eagerly awaited. This picture has a different quality from her former films and, due to the war in the East, has a timeliness which has helped the box office. Fundamentally, however, it is grand entertainment.

"Shanghai Lily" is a lady (concerning whom there is no uncertainty) who had once upon a time truly loved Clive Brook. In fact she still loves him but unforgivable chapters in her life kill her hopes. Clive risks his life for her, and she returns the gallant gesture, which shows that their memories linger.

This romance is a very small part of the picture; in fact the lovely Marlene is but a small part of the picture. For the rush-rushing train and the wonderful atmosphere of far places capture the interest and hold the attention. The good old melodrama of Warner Oland as a Chinese bandit seems authentic of the East, and the train moves steadily onward to finally reach a place in your regard that is unique. Director von Sternberg has made a wonderful picture and Dietrich is greater than ever.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
Rating: FUNNY—Fox

WILL ROGERS is the Yankee with no culture but a lot of wit. He goes to Europe on business and a large part of the action takes place on the ship. This gives Joel McCrea a moment or two with Peggy Ross, who looks pretty good and seems to be due for a career. Dorothy Peterson is the wife of Will Rogers, and her performance is delightful. The return of Jetta Goudal, as a vamp employed by the business rivals, is a welcome touch.

If Rogers is not quite as funny as he has sometimes been, he is always entertaining and full of surprises. We never think of Will as an actor. His own personality dominates the roles he plays, so it was startling to "hear" him disguised as the crystal-gazing bearded prophet. You will hardly know him.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD
Rating: FINE—Warner

GeORGE ARLIS, in this picture from Gouverneur Morris' story, is a great concert pianist who falls under the family curse of deafness. Arliss, quite in character as the elderly matinee idol, resents his affliction but is saved from despair by learning lip reading. The park adjacent, viewed through field glasses, reveals many dramas. He reads the lips of the hopeless as they tell their troubles one to the other, and before long he is secretly sending them help. This is naturally very surprising to them and Arliss gets a lot of fun out of playing God instead of the piano. One day he reads his fiancée's lips and then he discovers how human he really is. Bette Davis is the girl, and is good. Arliss is remarkable. He makes the picture seem much more important than it really is.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT
Rating: EXCELLENT—Fox

Get out your comfortable shoes with the low heels, for you'll probably have to stand in line two hours before you can get inside the theatre to see this one. It's ACTION in caps and italics. They used to make pictures like this in the old silent days.

Spencer Tracy plays an ambitious young motorcyclist who believes that honesty is the best policy. He nobly turns down bribe money from bootleggers and runs in a swell looking dame who saves him when he gives her a ticket for speeding. But the gal turns out to be Sally Eilers, cherished daughter of the local big shot, who goes in for society and class, and at Sally's instigation he has Spencer demoted.

Spencer burns at the injustice and starts chiseling with a vengeance. There are gangsters and society girls and raids, and the grand pay-off comes when Spencer finds Sally in the room with a dead man. Ah, revenge at last! There's a swell ending. The entire cast is splendid with bouquets going to Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy. And don't forget little Dickie Moore who has the most important part he has had in his brief career.

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE
Rating: FAIR—Fox

JOAN BENNETT looked so appealing as "the daughter of the poor," and then, later, as the winner of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest, that Spencer Tracy's love for her was quite easy to believe. He made it convincing, too! James Kirkwood was the millionaire who bought his beautiful wife and then guarded her with such favor that his mind cracked under the strain—at least that is the only explanation we have for his idea of feeding Joan to the great Danes.

The picture has many interesting scenes and, taken all in all, is a very entertaining setting for Joan. Una Merkel has a nice part, although her desire for a boy friend seemed overworked. Joan Bennett is very pretty and conveys a timid, gentle quality that is attractive.

THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN
Rating: GOOD—Universal

LEW AVRES is a serious young man. It is this seriousness that gives him pictures interest and gives every plot situation in which he finds himself suspense and drama. It also makes attractive Mr. Avres one of the best bets among the younger men.

He tells the charming Mae Clarke that his love is greater than any biological urge. To give in would make them both "just a couple of police court cases," he says, voicing the most modern thought of the Moderns. Sex is something, but it is not all.

The young doctor (Lew) cannot get married because he has not enough money while he is serving his internship in a hospital. Mae does not want to wait. They part. If we tell you that Mae is stricken and rushed to a hospital where her life is despatched of, could you tell us who the smart young doctor is who performs the successful operation?

Incidently, the picture makes you understand a little about the microbe battle that ceaselessly goes on. However, Lew has the microbe that Hollywood needs. He is SERIOUS.
Is 29 an age to DREAD?

Screen Stars know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no!

"I’m 29," says Anita Stewart. "But I don’t dread my next birthday a bit. No woman needs to look old if she is willing to take sensible care of her skin. Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin."

"I’m 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. Women on the screen, of course, must keep their youthful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary! For years I’ve used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than ever."

Countless other lovely stars agree with these two favorites!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood’s 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap, which is so beautifully white no other soap can rival it! It is the official soap in all the big film studios. You will want to try it.

"I am 29..."

Esther Ralston

"I am 29..."

Anita Stewart

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢
Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

WAYWARD
Rating: Excellent—Paramount

Once in a while they give Nancy Carroll a part that reveals the wonderful little actress that she is. This story is the old one in which the chorus girl charms the rich boy and "friend mother-in-law" breaks up the marriage. She over-reaches herself when she hides the fact that pathetic little Nancy came back home one night and was turned away. When husband Dick Arlen finds this out, there is a kiss-breakup that puts the picture away among your pleasant memories.

The picture shows that Nancy is really a fine little actress with a wonderful voice, and that when she wants to she can dominate. Pauline Frederick, as the mother-in-law, gives Nancy her chance to become ascivasive. Dick hated his role.

PRESTIGE
Rating: Fair—R.K.O-Palace

While this picture is more of a Melvyn Douglas picture than it is an Ann Harding picture, Ann does have her moments. Adolph Menjou is the fly villain. The whole story is concerned with some outpost of France and our hero is left to rot among the primitives. His wife, Ann, goes to him and awakens him in a realization of his moral decay. When the villain has almost completed our hero's degradation the memory of the prestige of the white race claims him. Not the picture best suited to Ann.

THE HATCHET MAN
Rating: Good—Warder

We must say that Edward L. Rothson succeeds in making his Hatcher Man good dramatic entertainment, and we were prepared to do some hatchet work ourselves. He makes this long executioner quite human and not by conflicting desires. Leslie Fenton, who is our favorite young man menace, entices Loretta Young, the young wife of Robison, from her husband while the Hatcher Man is about his appointed calling. If Chinese dialect alone sameace bores you, be assured that there is no pidgin-English in this.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM
Rating: Excellent—United Artists

Three girls, Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are gold-diggers of a highly professional sort. The story of their friendship for one another, and their plans and battles as they use the money of susceptible men, forms a story that is light and delightful.

Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"

HELL'S HOUSE
Rating: Good—(B.F. Zeidman)

This is Junior Durkin's picture and so far as the characters which they play are concerned. Junior has the loyal-thought ignorant part and Pat has the unpleasant job of double-crossing the boy. He goes noble at the end, if that fixes it with you. A villain who glories in his baseness is always good company, but a man who does the dirty work and still is charming is hard to take. Notice Bert Davis in this—for she has caught on. It is the story of the inside of a reformatory for boys and is ghostly entertainment, but entertainment none of the.

THE SILENT WITNESS
Rating: Fine—Fox

This is a murder story with a trial scene. It marks the first appearance of Lionel Atwill on the screen and he is a distinct addition to the limited number of gentlemen in pictures. The plot of this story is so good that you do not have to pretend or hasten. You really do not suspect the logical murderer. It is interesting for one reason, because the court is an English be-wigged affair. Thoroughly entertaining.

FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD!
Rating: Delightful—First National

There isn't a child and there isn't a very exciting fire, but BOY is there a fireman! Joe E. Brown is the lad who loves the ladders and the hose, and there are a couple o' girls that Joe has a hard time saving "for" to and, true to his profession, they are burning. Evalyn Knapp is the sweet and good girl and Lillian Bond is the little siren.

If we tell you that Joe is a baseball player with natural talent, and that there's a wind-up that is worth the price of admission, you will think it's a baseball picture, or if you consider Joe as an inventor of a fire extinguisher you will still not be entirely right—for Joe is a comedian.

The laughs are plentiful enough to keep you happy and there is plot enough to keep up the suspense. A fine, clean and decent humorous picture. Good boy, Joe.

Lillian Bond and Joe E. Brown in "Fireman Save My Child!"

Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"
Try Seventeen Youth-tone Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . if you would

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT

LIPSTICK
in the smooth-spraying texture, the youth-tone coloring, that you've always wanted! Moisten your lips before applying, and the lipstick becomes indelible. Three shades.

ROUGE
in Youth-Tone shades, to match the soft tints of Seventeen Lipstick. The smart cases match, too, making a purse ensemble of charm and distinction.

POWDER
that is radiantly different from ordinary powders!
Two weights of powder create a variation of color tones, giving an effect of youthful transparency.

Watch Seventeen's coloring bloom again in your complexion

The most exciting beauty discovery you ever made is contained right here on this page! For here is news of make-up preparations — based on a new ideal — to accomplish results that you never dreamed make-up could accomplish!

Seventeen is their name. And the name explains their purpose — to reproduce in your complexion the actual color tones of seventeen!

All the glamour — the soft, natural tones — the subtle, elusive tints — are there. Seventeen even found a way to reproduce that delicate transparency of youthful skin in powder! (Seventeen calls this principle Two-Tone.)

Don't be satisfied with ordinary make-up any more. Don't tolerate harsh lipsticks that have none of the lure of youth . . . rouge so artificial it can deceive no one . . . powder that often seems actually aging to the skin.

Try Seventeen! Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for quick, youthful beauty. And use the refreshing Seventeen creams daily to keep your skin youthfully soft and supple. Prices will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

—Your Chance to try Seventeen!

Maison Jeubelle, Dept. 141, 247 Park Ave., New York
I enclose 25c. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.

Name:__________________________
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break for you and me if sometimes they would forget to rush home to the little woman and would stay into an orchid boudoir and shout "Tonight or never!" But these paragons of virtue never stay, and certainly never shout. They wouldn't answer the phone if Garbo called, and they wouldn't go mad for love if Dietrich moved into life. Oh dear, dear! All of which, of course, makes them extremely poor copy. I'd as soon write about the Rover Boys.

Freddie March has always lived an honest and upright life and his courtship and marriage to Florence Eldridge was highly respectable. Florence was a capable actress on the New York stage but when Freddie heard the call to Hollywood she abandoned her career and like a dutiful wife accompanied him. Freddie doesn't live in style, he contents himself with a few luxuries, puts his money in the bank, and spends his evenings at home. And what would Vanna think of that?

There are rumors that Maurice Chevalier once led a rather assiduous life in the old country and "Miss Verlaine" is still famous and wink mysteriously. But whatever sheik Chevalier may have been in France, in the United States, worse luck, he is simply a good husband trying to make a living. His visits here are as fraught with excitement as sponge cake is with sponges. Madame Chevalier (the former Yvonne Valle) accompanies him whenever he makes a social appearance, which isn't often, as he seems to prefer to sit in his hotel suite and figure up how much money he can make off of his next concert tour. He rarely uses that million dollar smile ostage. He hasn't been in the tabloids since he discovered Antarctica, which is a disappointing record for a Parisian.

Clark Gable, the great menace of '31-'32, is the only one who has any money left of stock. But here again we have a man who loves his own fireside. He may push the girls roughly about on the screen and sock Jean on the nose and swipe a temper cut to Norma's chin, but Mrs. Gable never shows any bruises or signs of wear and tear. At any rate, he's as docile as a lamb. Although Mrs. Gable is ten years his senior they seem to be a most congenial couple who enjoy simple pastimes. Tip up here are always those old meanies (hangovers from the golden age of indiscretion) who say that it's merely a publicity stunt. Maybe—and maybe not. In this goldfish bowl life, if you have any, will find you soon or later.

There was some hope last year that Lew Ayres and the leggy lovely with the flappers, might go in for ravishing, break up a few hearts and homes, and become a first class sperner of women. But he fell in love with and married her. He was too far off to the minister, lost his fire and passion, and became just another leading man. He goes mad—but alas, goes Yuma!

The situation gets more and more melancholy. Here are Chester Morris, Richard Arlen, Robert Montgomery, Neil Hamilton, Charlie Farrell, Regis Toomey—all of them swell, swell, swell, but it doesn't do you or me or Clara Bow any good. These lads are nice home-bodies who wind the clock and put the cat out at night. Even John Gilbert and the others whose playmates, has settled down in the cool of the evening with a profound weariness of the world and women. Isn't it discouraging?

I hate to think that we women are getting so intelligent that we don't appreciate great lovers any more, and I hate to think that our movie stars are getting too philo-matic and respectable to make great lovers any more, so why not let's blame the whole situation? Shall we sit around with cigarettes and wonder can anyone run up a temperature when steel has dropped to 45? And how can an actor sink himself into a fine frenzy when he's wondering if he'll get a salary cut? And how can anyone go mad for love when a breach of promise suit costs so senseless, especially if he's a woman.

The talks are higher mentally than the silents were. (Rin Tin Tin was a start.) The screen city, now populated by talented beauties, can no longer furnish the sexy, glamorous troubadour of yesteryear.

Yes. The Pale schoolmarm of Oskaloosa once could read the great lovers, sure of a blush or two, but now she will find more thrills in reading "The Rape of Shanghai" by the Nipponeese, or perhaps Gary Cooper will tell about "How I Yelled in Africa."

The Girl Who Changed the Stars

Speed, always speed. Today her swift limousine transports her from peak to peak—airplanes lift her into the skies and from coast to coast—television, radio, telephones carry her voice and image to the ends of the earth—and the ends of the earth listen attentively!

There is only one background for Jean Harlow, and that is the world. She is, like no other, the adaptable actress. The perfect cosmopolite—a product of a new age to come. And our girl, in a day and learn the visitudes of an idol's life. For it is punctuated with exercising, interviews, lunches, balls, teas, lectures, dances. She never rests, she never relaxes and yet she looks as if she had stepped from a mould at any time of the day.

These girls moderately what she likes, thinks nothing of dicting and yet her figure is the despair of a million adoring girls. She talks to hundreds of people a week, entertains and is entertained, and her conversation never lags a moment behind the newest witticisms, the latest news, the most popular philogies.

A Helen to launch a thousand airships (remember "Hell's Angels") she combines the pulchritudinous traits of a Godiva, who rode the streets of Coventry, with the ingenuity of the lady from Troy. Orchids keep arriving at her door by the hour because of her. Gifts pour in by the bucket from those who never lets up. And does Jean tire of it? She loves it. She eats it!

She is as cordial as a creditor. When I saw her last in her suite at a hotel in the Sixties, she had been through an ordeal of interviewers—who women who wanted to know about her "inside life," which she assured them did not exist. They asked her about her life, drank, smoked. They turned her over and over in their questioning like a piece of beef at a barbecue, and prodded them, thinking that savvy, gossip juices would be transformed to be transmuted to italicized words.

But she is always the winner, for Jean, according to all reports, is unapproachable one without inhibitions, whose motives are all above board, whose movements are free and clear as the south wind.

One of the most thrilling traits is her ability to disguise anyone of affected mannerism. She is perfectly dashing and a woman of marked distinction, but her looks may be changed into an appallingly sophisticated. She can be snooty with the best of them and chummy with the rest of them.

In her modern apartment in New York, gowned in her usual black silk Lanvin, scented with Guerlain's Shalimar, platinum hair framing her face, she sits with red enamel, looking for all the world like something that might well have descended from another planet, she suddenly loosen her hair from a variety of circumstances—conspiration to that of the little girl in Kansas City.

"Can you blow smoke rings?" she demanded of me.

I never blew a smoke ring in my life. I never thought about it until that moment. But when Jean Harlow asks you if you blow smoke rings, you blow smoke rings.

"Of course I do," I replied. She handed me the cigarette she held in her hand and I put it in her common mouth. Then she knotted down on the rug, knelt in that magnificent piece of black silk that was her dress, and turned up her face.

"Now blow rings at me and I'll show you a trick," she told me.

As I said, I've never before thought about smoke rings, but my lips formed into a circle about the tip of the cigarette that Jean had smoked and a moment later there issued from me, much to my own surprise, not to mention the cigarette's, a perfect smoke ring.

It floated lazily in the air, a perfect life ring of smoke, wavering slightly in the warm breeze of the room, when suddenly she seemed to spy Jean. Without an instant's hesitation it gravitated slowly toward her mouth, which was half opened, and then, to my great wonderment, floated back again, and I thought I saw the expression of delight and surprise in her face.

The secret of Jean's trick, of course, was not the magnetism she exerted on the ring. That she could do better than that, so that there was only one path for the poor little ring to take—and what a path!

And in another moment her parlor tricks were stored away and she was talking about herself, her future. She wants parts that are at once comedy and drama. She thinks Bing Crosby is marvellous and doesn't think anything of Russ Columbo. She doesn't mention Rudy Vallée. She had a cat called "Gabe" who was the only animal she had, and she gave it her own nickname, and a Great Dane named "Bleep" because he was bought on a rainy day. She's not in love now.

She likes orchids so much that at the opening of "Hell's Angels" in Hollywood everyone sent them to her, and to please them she wore letters of orchids that stretched across the front of her wrap and startled Hollywood into a new style, even though she was doing it as a joke.
The CHARM of Lovely Beauty is Created with the Magic of This NEW MAKE-UP from HOLLYWOOD

How to accent your charm and gain new beauty with color harmony make-up for your type

Max Factor's Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

95% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's

The lovely pastel tints of the blonde... the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brunette... the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette... the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead... each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satiny smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty... yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satiny smooth effect... for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

Ruth Hall, Warner Bros. player, and Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, using the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder to blend beauty with her brunette colorings.

Max Factor's Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle... in shades to blend with your face powder... fifty cents each. Purity, guarantee, with Good Housekeeping Magazine's Seal of Approval in each package. At all drug and department stores.

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!
Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up. Accept this priceless beauty gift by mailing the coupon now.

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Please send me a copy of your 96 page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up,"... the personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

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Eyes
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Green
Brown

Hair
Blonde
Light Brown
Dark Brown

Complexion
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How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident!

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn’t carry Mido!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed. And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Mido just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Mido is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can’t afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Mido.

A TIP FOR PRODUCERS

We go to galleries to see beautiful art and to concerts to hear beautiful music. We do not go to Astoria to look at the city dump, nor to boiler factories to hear their clamor.

Let us be thankful for the pictures like "Tarzan" which give us a new conception of physical strength and a new setting for the mystery of love.
Stage Door

[Continued from page 25]

Peggy was looking through the peep hole of the curtain at the audience with another member of the cast.

Peggy whispered, "Oh, there's Justine Johnston, the former movie star.

The other girl said, "No, there's Walter Wanger. They tell me he's a powerful movie man. I'm going back to put on a fresh make-up."

Wanger saw Peggy—but why go on, you know the story.

Miriam Hopkins has also had her schooling in the theatre. She traveled by the same route as Peggy Shannon. The Music Box Revue, Irving Berlin's girl show, gave Miriam her first chance. But unlike Peggy, Miriam knew what she wanted and having obtained her B.A. in musical shows, she turned to the legitimate plays for her M.A. degree.

However, because she had reached featured roles by the musical comedy route the producers refused to consider her seriously. But she continued to pester agents and producers until one of them weakened and she obtained a part in "Excess Baggage."

She was an overnight success. From then on, it was not necessary for Miss Hopkins to go seeking a job. It was while playing in "Lysistrata," the immortal classic, which gleefully shocked Broadway one summer, that she received an offer for the screen. Paramount cast her for the important role in "Best People."

On the strength of her performance, made possible because of her training on the legitimate stage, she won a long term contract.

Miriam, in speaking of her success, said, "It was through a bad cold that I stumbled on a trick of the business which has been a great aid to me in putting over comedy roles. I was playing in 'Lysistrata' and contracted one of those summer colds. I was frantic, as my voice would crack now and then and send my speaking voice a key higher in range. But it couldn't be helped—and I had to be obedient when my voice became a high treble the audience shrieked. As the situation called for a laugh I decided to keep my voice on that high pitch."

For Bainter, a star of the theatre, was replacing me in the cast. She had attended the performance to become familiar with the rôle. After the play she came back stage. I apologized for my cold and the squeak in my voice. She said, 'My dear, that's one of the tricks of the business, comedy should always be played in a higher key.' So you see that's something I learned in the theatre which I would never have discovered in the movies. We have no audience to teach us our mistakes in the movies—for when the audience finally sees our work it is too late to correct it."

On the other hand, the screen has a technique all its own. Ruth Chatterton, before she entered the movies, had many years of stardom on the legitimate stage. Yet she told me on one occasion that she found the screen demanded a shade of difference in timing and a toning down in emotional work. She gives credit to Emma Jannings for teaching her motion picture technique.

'The talkies may have robbed the movies of the romance of the old hit-or-miss days, but they offer a broader highway for the truly ambitious. Histrionic ability challenges more beauty of the flesh. It is a boulevard of glory for the attractive, talented girl who is wise enough to acquire a little knowledge of a number of things and—stage technique.
Hair

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NO NEED to pay high prices to keep hair waved! Wildroot Wave Set gives a longer-lasting, natural wave. A pure vegetable product... contains no gun or sugar... leaves no white flakes. Easy to use—good for your hair! Excellent for resetting—makes permanent waves last longer. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

Don't let high prices fool you! You can't buy a better wave set at any price. Insist on genuine Wildroot Wave Set. Generous sizes at drug and department stores, hairdressers, toilet goods counters everywhere. Send 10¢ for big trial bottle. Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. S.S.S., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Put professional snap into your dance by this remarkable new scientific method—the Danceograph—in 6 easy lessons. Send only 75¢, 50¢ for complete course, 3 days trial-money back if not satisfied.

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Some Women Always Attract

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Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Silver Screen for May 1932

Polo Crazy

(Continued from page 21)

Dangerous game, polo. And Bob is out there, having the time of his life, with his opponent, Quinn, trying to ride him away from the ball.

"A good poloist should have eight mounts," my informant continues. "A fresh one for every chukker."

But there's a Tracy, eager spectator, is one of the players now and then. He has just started the game and is making headway. But Quinn is out there, plays so perfectly that his horse seems a part of him, I think.

The Tigers are leading the Cowboys when Bob sees Beserik. Bob has two goals to his credit. So Quinn gets two.

More glances around. There's J. Farrell MacDonald, who looks like the late Knute Rockne.

"Most of the stars play for the love of the game," I am told. "Some of them just pretend, however, and have their pictures taken in pretty white pants on horses they're afraid of."

I can believe that. I know several.

A bit later Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have boxes at Riviera. They are not in evidence, but Johnny Mack Brown is. It's his birthday. And, well, the lanky director, is playing a great game. John's fellow-director and friend, Richard Wallace, who did the Chatterton pictures for Paramount, is watching him. John specializes in putting George Bancroft through his paces.

I miss the Gleasons. Both Jimmy and his son, Russell, are enthusiastic players. Ralph Forbes, husband of Ruth Chatterton, and a star, is learning the game and will be seen on the Riviera field in the big games. Jack Holt, I am told, used to play, but it was too expensive.

Costs a lot of dough to play polo," says my informant. "Membership is about $500. ponies cost $500 apiece on an average. clothes cost about $150. Upkeep on a pony is about $75 a month."

I go.

John Cromwell has five horses, Forbes has three, Montgomery has three, Roach has eight. Will Rogers has his own field and fourteen ponies. Zanuck has eight. Clark Gable hasn't bought any horses yet. He is just learning the game. The studio doesn't like polo, but have little time for it.

Cromwell pounds the ball over for a goal and the stands go wild. Dave Manners grins widely and George Archainbaud says:

"That's placing it."

Big Boy Whitsell whips down the field.

"Yes, sir," says my informant. "Rogers, with a two goal rating and Hal Roach, with a three goal rating, started the interesting pastime six or seven years ago."

I am informed that the executives and writers who make up the Los Indios group are Griffith, Zanuck, Michael Curtiz, Vic Entrench, both directors, and Lucien Hubbard, writers. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., practices now and then, but has been too busy to do much.

"Riviera is one of the finest fields in America," says my friend. "In fact, there are four fields here."

I daily increased. Bob Montgomery narrowly misses a spill going over the boards at the edge of the field, and the crowd gasps. Seventh chukker, now, and the GUIs and the GUIs, and the Tigers tean, or holster, or whatever tigers do when being defeated. The shadow of the grandstand creeps into the field, and women and children see the game from the balcony, using field glasses.

Glancing around me, I see Edward G.
Robinson, beaming jovially. I expect to see him "pull a rod" and shoot the horses, but he seems to be enjoying himself immensely. Jesse Lasky has a box, but isn't here today.

"Look at that Montgomery boy ride!" explodes my friend. "The horses get as much fun out of the game as do the men."

I am looking at Alan Rinehart, son of the novelist, Mary Roberts Rinehart. He is a rabid enthusiast.

It is almost over now. During the half, Eddie Robinson has waved hello to David Manners and Connie and her Hank have bowed to the right people while mere nobody has looked on and marvelled. Polo is socially correct. One says hello and waves to only those within the charmed circle.

Last goal. Tigers, 8. Cowboys, 11.

During the last few minutes, the Cowboys have made a great spurt.

The warmth has gone out of the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun. The horses are wet with sweat, the riders are tired. They come in slowly, glad of their fun, glad now that it is all over. Hand-clapping, shouts of approval.

Those in the stands rise, wave goodbyes, gather wraps.

"Great game, Bob!"

"You're a riding fool, Big Boy."

Two people carry on a conversation:

"Just a bunch of movie people, trying to show off," says one.

"Anyway, they play as if they meant it!"

Personally, I agree with the second. It's a great game, a gentlemanly game, a fascinating game.

The sun's behind the hills now. The Santa Monica mountains are growing gray, shadowy.

Cars start, the stands are deserted, the last blue-sweatered, white-sweatered, rider has left the field. Exhausts roar. Purple Packards and brown Duesenbergs and green Cadillacs streak towards the boulevard. The fence sisters desert their posts.

Traffic tangles. Homeward bound in an endless chain of automobiles, honking, blaring.

Come on, let's hurry. Sunday dinner's waiting.

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THE ANSWER
TO LAST MONTH'S
CROSSWORD
PUZZLE

55

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MARLBORO PRIZES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING

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Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

$500 in Cash
(150 Prizes)

No cost to enter this contest. There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: Marlboro — America's Finest Cigarette.

Send as many examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Closing Date — Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

Judges — R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris, Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist, and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

Winners to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples or undertake correspondence.

*Double Prizes* to Marlboro smokers. Anyone is eligible to win any prize. Believing, nevertheless, the cultured good taste which awakens an instinctive preference for Marlboros will reveal itself in the handwriting of Marlboro smokers, we offer in each and every case to double the prize when, as, and if, the winning answer is written on, or accompanied by, the front wrapper from a package of Marlboros.

Marlboro — Plain or Ivory Tipped. Successful cigarette of successful men. And smart women. Don't delay your try at double prizes. Send your distinguished handwriting to Philip Morris & Company, 119-0 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
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I do for others, I correct every defect. I develop healthy beauty. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that one can be given beauty. So matter how long your hair, so matter how pale, so matter how thin, every woman can be transformed. Those results write us that results are most beyond belief. Yet every Lucille Young beauty is said to and now is about to act for all that. That in what I can accomplish for your salvation is in everything. Sending for free trial, I am sure. 

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No long waiting. In a few days done your skin. End pimples, freckles, Blackheads, whiteheads, mostly skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, results your skin is actually saved. 

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You can try all of my beauty aides—just the one you need only without risking a pocket. I send you to make my plan prove that I can take any degree of beauty and impart beauty fast. 

And I Teach You Fascination
Your physical beauty is not all, I give you, too, the meanings of secrets of fascination. I throw this priceless gem in my secret recipe book. "How to Fascinate." In one hour you will learn many things you could not discover yourself. 

TOMORROW AND RUTHER CHATTERTON is THE TOMORROW Good (Paramount)

Ruth Chatterton is a lovely lady married to a man who does on horses. Her urge for a baby is gratified after she has a remarriage but affair with Paul Lukas, a crying fellow. The dimax comes when Lukas saves his child's life. He goes away after leaving Ruth to her domestic loyalties.

George Brent from Dublin

How BLONDES hold their sweethearts

Men stay in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powder shampoo that sets light hair ash-blonde with new lustrous beauty—keeps hair gild, bright and radiant. Gains back real blonde color to stringy, faded light hair without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles instantly into a frothy, searching foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stulates hair roots, leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettable alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores.

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The most exquisite perfume in the world. It sells at $12 an ounce—$5.50 for bottle containing 30 drops. 

Rajee's Flower Dews are the most refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers by school.

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(The odorist of perfumes)
A single drop, weeks, Herrera economy. Never anything like this before

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peeping over a rock in the Grand Canyon you will find Roscoe Arbuckle, that popular gazing artist. Cecilia Parker is the beautiful young thing who has to be rescued by George O'Brien—or else!

TAXI
Excellent

The racket in this story concerns the thrilling battle for supremacy between the Consolidated Cab Service and the independents. As a cab driver, Cabby shows all the belligerence, quickness, and ingenuity he has. He is no better than the heart throb.

THIS RECKLESS

Buddy Rogers does an excellent bit of acting in this story where all the "young things" are selfish and unkind to their doings parents one minute, and sweet and tender the next. Richard Bennett rates well as the father, and Frances Dee and Peggy Shannon lend adequate support.

How to BEAUTIFUL!

LUCILLE YOUNG, 35, Lucile Young Bldg., Chicago, I.

Ah, how much is your hair worth today? Reach out, now, and get your wonderful FREE OFFER and Booklet. This coupon I only tell you I am interested. It does not commit me in any way.

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WARNERS will be easy for him, because he has played more than three hundred differ-

ent leads in stage shows! Now it becomes

why Ruth Chatterton was so surprised at the excellence of his characterization. I very seriously doubt if any other screen actor has such a new and fresh aspect every time he enters the stage and leaves in every way his free trial of my beauty aids. Remember, you have something else—absolutely nothing to send. SO TO-DAY!

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So ailing, thin... nervous

She couldn't even stand the radio!

Now 4lbs. heavier—feels fine and dandy

WAS there no escape for her? No relief from steady loss of weight, from weakness, constipation, poor complexion? Sick and afraid—no wonder she lost control of her nerves. Actually got to the point where even the radio upset her!

But help came. And today she's "another" woman—peppy, good company, lovely to look at. And "nerves" a thing of the past! But read her letter:

Tells amazing secret

"I had been ailing for some time. Often constipated, my skin dull and sallow and losing weight continuously. You can imagine how worried and nervous I got. I simply had to have quiet—even the radio was more than I could stand.

"I don't know where I would have ended up if I hadn't read in the paper about Ironized Yeast. It peppe me up real quick. Soon my bowels were regular and my complexion fresh and clear. I also gained four pounds. There is no praise too high for this wonderful body-builder." Mrs. B. Palermo, 7043 S. Hermite Ave., Chicago, Ill. This letter is only one of hundreds of equally splendid reports from Ironized Yeast users.

Good news for you!

Man or woman—you, too, no doubt have been discouraged about your health—fearful you never could overcome under-weight, nervousness, constipation or skin and stomach disorders. But why can't you? Thousands once thin and run-down, owe new health to Ironized Yeast!

Ironized Yeast contains a seven-to-one concentrate of "beer yeast", Seven pounds of this rich, imported health yeast—scientifically cultured by foreign experts—are required to make one pound of the yeast concentrate. So valuable, so vital—is this concentration process that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

But Ironized Yeast is more than a weight-builder—more than a nerve tonic. It helps enrich and purify the blood! That's because it is scientifically ironized—treated with three distinct kinds of tonic iron. Thus when you take Ironized Yeast, your whole system is benefited. Every cell in your body seems to respond to its vitalizing effect!

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The genuine Ironized Yeast is triple-tested—by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college. But remember, in order to gain its test-proven results, you must use the real Ironized Yeast. Don't take chances with counterfeit "yeast and iron" preparations which may disorder teeth or upset stomach. Flatly refuse any package not marked "Ironized Yeast". Don't put any tablet not marked "I.Y." in your stomach.

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New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form
How Older Stars Play Girlish Parts

They keep their complections so young—Brigade of Wrinkles. Now the same secret preparations that keep them young may make yours look younger too—Your Look Younger! New Beauty Overnight! Or There's No Cost For sixty years, Dr. C. C. Poirier, at 335 W. 42nd St. to famous Stars, may secret preparations keep them youthful in looks. Dr. Poirier has pioneered the use of the same preparations for large part of Silver Screen. Thus method of new beauty overnight—new youth, even when health by natural treatments remains vain instantly, capable of producing a noticeable improvement in skin. Blemishes vanish, freckles become less. Dry or oily skin gets normal. Sunburn, muddy skin turns clear, rust, yellowish.

Send No Money When you call his office, Dr. C. C. Poirier, Youth- Blemish Specialist, special prepared sample is given free. After use, if not satisfied, money refunded. No cost. Dr. Poirier's No-Cost Beauty Offer. No obligation. No cost. No risk.

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Unlucky in Money Games, Love, or any other pursuit? All your troubles are due to your MYSTIC AMARILLA RED LIFE BUTTON. Send 25c today, and receive a genuine MYSTIC AMARILLA RED LIFE BUTTON. Your troubles will disappear, and YOU'LL HAVE LUCK! poster yours now. Send 25c to Dr. C. C. Poirier, 335 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Ask the nearest Drug Store.

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How to Reduce

(Continued from page 6)

MORE pleasure in having a pretty figure and being admired! We girls may just as well admit to each other that all the good things of life are pretty empty and tasteful unless men—or some particular man—thinks we are very attractive. (Goodness, I hope no man reads this.)

But when THE man looks at you in that lingering, approving way, it sends little shivers of happiness up and down your spine, doesn't it? Huh? What's the slight pleasure of satisfying your hunger in comparison to that?

Never forget that everything in the world has its price. Everything costs us something. And none of it is easy to pay. But who wants an easy job. Courage, fear, ambition and the will to do are the things that make your character dynamic and worthwhile.

A star in Hollywood (one of your favorites, by the way) told me that she made a practice of reckoning the cost of anything she wanted—not necessarily only in dollars—but also in energy, prestige, time, or even the emotional cost. Then having decided what she would have to pay she asked herself, "Is it worth that much to me? Do I want this particular thing badly enough to pay the price?"

If she decided that she was willing to pay the cost she never complained as she paid it. "For that is such poor sportsmanship," she said. "If I make a bargain with life, I stick to it and go through with my head up.

So, if you have decided that you are 'going through' with the job of getting thin, then do it with good grace and don't complain.

English women keep fit by walking. It's the smart thing over there. We Americans are reminded by Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and other Europeans that walking is a fine art. Do get in a long walk every day if you possibly can.

I've never seen an American woman who was an habitual walker. But in every city you find the fashionables equipped with walking shoes, vagabond hat, sport coat and a walking stick. With some of them it's just sport, but lots of women in New York do race around the reservoir early in the morning.

At seven A. M. on that well-known cinder-path in Central Park you're liable to run into famous athletic stars or J. P. Morgan.

In Hollywood, Garbo does most of her walking on the beach. But she has been
The Best Bette in Pictures

(Continued from page 26)

the thought of bearing resemblance to such beautiful ladies as the Misses Bennett and Borden, but because they players being in

It helps your figure and broadens your

outlook to get up an hour or half-hour
carrier and run for a brisk walk. Now,

I know the old saw about your not liking

worms well enough to get up early. But, so

some of our swank East Side people around

out their “morning’s morning” you might
discover something besides worms. If you

don’t a millionnaire, of course, and least,

for health and firmness. Stick to it.

The world seems very genial early in

the morning. There is a sort of understanding

among people who are like the morning well

enough to get up and out into it. Besides

being such a happy thing to do, walking

seems to harden up a fabby body better

than most anything else.

At a certain fashionable health salon in

New York, there is a treadmill where you

may walk for miles without moving from

one spot.

This same luxurious establishment has

a series of rollers turned by electricity and

a plum client may stand between them

reading a book while the extra inches are

rolled off her hips.

Then, too, certain reducing garments are

good when you wish to reduce some particu-

lar part of the body. It’s just a question of

what suits your own case. So, do write

me if you want any special advice. I ad

helping you solve your problems.

But what would I do, do it with faith,

and a high heart.

Go in to win! And don’t get discouraged.

When all else fails just bend down, Sister,
bend down, Sister, if you want to get thing

ROMANCE COMES TO

THE GIRL WHO HAS

Clear, Sparkling

Eyes!

Read how the stars of stage

and screen keep their eyes

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only. . . . then note how clearer, brighter and

larger in appearance it very shortly becomes.

And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Nils is pleased, but not without some regrets. He had got so used to being grace-fully unemployable. "Hollywood," he says, "is the land of the siesta without the siesta." Now the Metro lion roars and Nils is jumping through the hoop. I have known Irving, the Thalberg, himself, that Nils is asterisked for stardom within six months.

Norma and Clark

O’NEIL’s next door Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are working in "Strange Lady in Town" too in be-cause they are recording those famous asides of Eugene O’Neill’s (the real thoughts of each character heard only by the audience) and the process is a secret. But to us a secret is only a challenge to find out. I can tell you how it is being done. The asides are first recorded, in a lower-pitched, monotone. distinguishes them from dialogue, and then played back on the set during the action and so re-recorded sandwich amongst the dialogue, while the players keep their lips still. Clever, these Eugenes.

Novarro and Some Co-eds

THE set for "Hiddle" is a railroad train and in the corridor Ramon Novarro, the college hero, is being given the rush act by Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Martha Sleeper. Two Yale men sit on the side-lines to see that nothing happens that wouldn’t happen in college life, and for that matter what wouldn’t?

En Passant

As WE leave the lot a strange coverge passes us—an electric wagon towing a sound track tied to a camera car which in turn is secured by a four-inch steel bar to an Austin roadster, and somehow once always felt there was a way to make those things go. It is an English Austin, which is smaller still, with a red-and-black fabric body; right-hand curb. and a quite gear change. Bob Montgomery, with his head under a swinging bomb microphone, is curled up in the thimble-on-wheels, hav- ing done something with his long legs—perhaps left them at home. Nora Gregor, his leading lady in "Mister and Mistress," is red and black pajamas, is perched on her body with her legs dang-ling over the side. "Get off this car," says Bob, for the bene-fit of anything that knives are being for a beetle. "I’ve said all I want to say to you. Get off." "I won’t. You’re going to listen to me . . ."

And so the imitation of a dinosaur-walking-backwards passes out of sight, and when you see Austin on the screen apparently speeding along a country high-way you will know it never did.

As THE plane roars away we pass over the "Limpy" company, working on loc-a-tion in a side-street. Chic Sale is driving a one-horse street-car and the horse does not even have a bridle. Take a studio is next door, where things are happening that something ought to be done about. I wonder if Mr. President Tinker would be interested. What do you think a young lady being flung at Lillian Bond. Joan Bennett is unjustly accused of murder. Ralph Bellamy is sending little Tommy Conlon to a reforma- tory.

Myrna Loy

MYRNA is draped in front of the door to the stage on which they are shoot-ing "The Woman In Room 13," and for all her black velvet gown with its big ermine collar and bow she has to wait just long. But until the little red light winks out and lets us in. David Cox, the designer who is to blame for the home-breaking effect of the gown, is standing by. They are hoping the creation will be approved, and I am afraid it will be.

In at least one respect Myrna is the most remarkable girl in Hollywood, not merely because she does not look like herself but because she looks utterly unlike herself. The Myrna Loy the camera, catches, ob-lique-eyed, heavy-lidded, sensuous, feline, does not exist off the screen. The Myrna Loy waiting in the sun for the red light to wink out is the trekked, dry-humoured, green-eyed in a pale, undanger-ous way, and would look perfectly natural in a kipper ties on a bicycle.

"I know how you feel," she says. "I’ve just finished a picture at Metro with Neil Hamilton. We’re together in this, and when I saw me for the first time without make-up he didn’t recognize me. He says I look like an Easter egg, anyway."

"You’re a bad lot in this picture again," "Oh, yes," but I keep it hid under instead of the seductress. I only kill a man. Gilbert Roland is the victim and Elissa Landi, Fox’s most persecuted heroine, gets blamed for it.

Elissa Landi and Neil Hamilton

ELISSA, as we find when the red light winks out, is wearing brown trousers, a Russian blouse the colour of an oyster with metal buttons ingeniously made concave for the camera to dazzle us with. That’s why I stayed for the second time since she came to Hol-lywood. The other time was when she left for a holiday in England.

"Any time," she says, "you can get savable dialogue, and after the stuff I’ve been given to do it’s more than a relief—it’s a pleasure."

"All set... places please... Quiet... turn em on... Speed it..."

When you see this on the screen you will think Elissa is sitting at a piano, but she is not. The piano’s works would leave no room for the camera, and all un-known to the deluded audience (satisfac-tion or your money back) there are no ele-gant mahogany legs under the music rest—not even a keyboard—only a wrest and a few wooden blocks. In these uninspiring legs Elissa Landi and Neil Hamil-ton speak the longest and snappiest dialo-gue sequence I have heard on a movie set. Pola Negri and Paul Scobie sit it out between takes of "A Woman Commanded."

"I won’t play. It sounds like a line."

"It is a line—leading up to a proposition."

"Are you the kind of gentleman that makes propositions to ladies?"

 print this... I’ll find out. And will you marry me? Stop me if you’ve heard this before."

"That makes the twenty-seventh propo-sition. Do you know, there’s a girl in the Middle West who holds an all-time record
for proposals. She had over a hundred!

"She's probably a good cook."

"Yes, I think so."

"Then that settles it. Anyway, seven's a lucky number." "It is in a crap game." "So it is eleven—how about eleven o'clock on the morning of the seventh?" "But I don't want to marry you." "Why?"

"We're so happy as we are."

"I know what it is. He plucks a pencil from her hair, not because he's a connoisseur but because she's a compositor. Can that cause him to stop his work?" "Marriage is a whole time job."

"But you wouldn't. And I want to feel you belong to me. Will you give me a kiss?"

"With pleasure." She does.

"Think of having one of those for breakfast, every afternoon—another of Bill's liberties—and that the extra at the end of the row is other than Pat O'Malley, once a popular and lightly-paid leading man, now glad to earn seven-fifty in a crowd."

Joan Bennett Goes on Trial

MURDER is a fashionable preoccupation with producers these days. There is at least one on every lot, and Fox being two. Noel Madison is the victim in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," and Joan Bennett the heroine falsely accused. Lillian Bond is the cause of all the trouble and Skeets Gallagher and Zsa Pitsi are comedy radio announcers in the court room. If so, what with the trial of Agatha Christie's mystery drama, blame it on Bill Howard, the director, who delights in describing his stories that way.

All reports to the contrary, this picture is not an adaptation of the Ruth Judd case. Howard only attended that trial to study court procedures, and now he has a judge on the set to keep him straight. So far the trial judge has been the best technical director of them all. He lets them do what they like and doesn't even suffer.

The rough stuff in "Vivienne Ware" is all over. The knives have been duly thrown at Lillian Bond and swept away. Howard is doing a shot of policemen sending out descriptions over a switch-board; there is not a soul in sight; but I spot that the cops doing this work are in blue uniforms instead of the regulation khaki shins, and breeches—and another of Bill's liberties—and that the extra at the end of the row is other than Pat O'Malley, once a popular and lightly-paid leading man, now glad to earn seven-fifty in a crowd.

Ralph Bellamy and Doris Kenyon

THERE are similar tragedies on the Fox lot. Amongst the extras sitting in the juvenile court room are Jack Phillips, formerly assistant casting director on the same lot and erstwhile owner of all extras, and a woman stock in stock with Ralph Bellamy. Now she is trying to avoid Bellamy's eye as he sits at the end of the row, although he recognises her. He affects not to, because she obviously hopes he won't. Etiquette is like that in Hollywood.

"The loveliest and most fascinating extra on this stage has fair, curly hair, big round eyes and a wet little mouth. Four years old, his gaze is fixed on the creamery, mature beauty of Doris Kenyon, sitting at the bench with Ralph Bellamy—as well.
it might, for she is his mother and this is Kenyon Sills' first day in pictures at seventy-five per.

Court rooms are the big crop out West this month. M. G. M. contributes two, Fox three and Radio, Paramount and Universal one each. In every case but one the charge is big and well earned. I am sure this was going to be a cheery spring!

In the 'Young America' courtroom Ralph Bellamy is leaning on his elbow, examining his hands, the rumpled hair, modelling his manner to the life on Judge Blake of the Los Angeles juvenile court, even to drooping his Gs and jetting his syntax, in the friendly manner these juvenile judges have which makes you tell all so that they can sentence you more.

Just now he is giving the works to fourteen-year-old Tommy Conlon, and I want to warn you now that though Doris Kenyon, Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy and Beryl Mercer are also in the cast, the picture is put on a plate with parsely round it and handed to Tommy. He is the hero who saves the dog's life, steals medicine for his dying grandmother and money for his sick pal and winds up by capturing a maniacal lady named Leslie. His heart-hardened foster-father's store—and doing it all in the nick of time!

**Spencer Tracy**

**ONLY one thing more can detain us on the Fox lot and that is worth waiting for—to wit, one Spencer Tracy, he-man and humanitarian. Spencer has taken up polo and says he now needs a press agent who can convince horses. Up to now the animals have been pretending to stand back at him, summimg him up for what he is and then leaving him on the ground while they go and play ball by themselves.

1. I told one of the horses to my wife and all she says is she often falls off a horse herself. But me—when I fall I fall.

This morning Big Boy Williams was showing me how to sit on a horse so you can't be unseated, then he threw his two hundred and two hundred pounds at me, just to show me.

He showed me.

Spencer limps away to show Kenyon Sills the gold-fish in the fountain and in a few minutes Hollywood is as happy as a toy farm and the Universal studio is a short dive to the north.

**Maureen and Mickey McGuire**

It HAS to be short, for there is powerful scent of bacon rising from Stage number 5, and there never was an Irishman yet who could resist the aroma of bacon.

And glory be! "It's our Maureen O'Sulivan, the one who can't say 'eenin' it, and they famishin' electricians sittin' round vultures for every piece of bacon, it's coming from the pan, an' me riskin' me neck in the air here dat-in, but we're as crazy divil, we're not here we're there.

Kurt Neumann, once assistant manager of Universal's brace of theatres in far-off London, is now the man for "The Information Kid," and just when Uncle Carl Laemmle is looking for him to bring home the bacon here he is having trouble with it.

It's a tricky shot. But by the time the camera has got back to the pan the bacon is cooked too much to be used with up with some other subsequent shots, and has to be replaced, and by the time the sequence has been shot live five times everybody on the set—including us—is eating bacon sandwiches. While I think of it, I want to record the considered opinion that "The Information Kid" is the best picture now in production in Hollywood. Well—maybe not absolutely the very best ... but anyway the bacon is good.

Removing a hunk of sandwich to do so, Neumann gives orders for the next scene. Mickey McGuire, the Kid himself, in two semi-smoking, bowlered shirts and an even ditterier pair of corduroy breeks, crawls through the kitchen window and up the piano. The director has trouble with the scene too, but the trouble is that once young Mickey has put his teeth in a pie he can't stop.

"The Information Kid" is another talkie stolen by minnows. It is the story of a crooked jockey (Tom Brown) who pals up with a kid as wise to the race-track as himself in order to make his bet. It seems to be Mickey's picture, and I want to know when they're going to give that Irish colleen a break.

**Tala Birell**

SOMEHOW we find ourselves in the capital, pear-shaped arm of Tim for Tala Birell. Maybe it was aneesa. Far- don us, Mr. Brown.

The scene is a peaceful village in the Arizona Territory. "A Wild Horse is a Flame." Nothing whatever seems to be happening, but anything or nothing it is at the last Information Kid, Tala, one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, is a girl without gaitery, or sadness, or desires, or any strong emotions except those of the heart. She is like any exquisite Servais vase, which the producer takes down when he needs it, but which is as happy doing nothing as something. She is the proud daughter of a bank, an exquisite Servais vase, which the producer takes down when he needs it, but which is as happy doing nothing as something. She is the proud daughter of a bank, an exquisite Servais vase, which the producer takes down when he needs it, but which is as happy doing nothing as something.

She tells us that she is her American debut, that she has given up tennis because of a similar but differently located reason, that she never goes to parties, reads a great deal at home and misses Vienna. An unusual sort of girl, you would say, and she is. But, and here is the catch, she mentions Zola's "Nana," which is to be her first starring vehicle. As a child star she was very well paid, her mother was forbidden, and she thought the heroic immoral. Now she thinks her lovely and unfortunate.

"It will set your type," we suggest.

"I will never be a type," she says, quietly, amiably, as one would say it will not snow. Dietrich would have spat out the dental, and Garbo would have probably said: "I go one."

It IS a short hop over the sugar-cone hills to the Radio studio and one of the strangest sights in a city which has outrgrown astonishment. Lining the road are all the study gates, sitting on the foot-boards of parked cars, on the curb and on the ground, are sixty or seventy poorly dressedmarkedly Jewish types. There is no one who can tell one from another, or who can tell whether they are more proud or less prouder of the picture they have seen. A half-hour before, they were at the movies, seeing many of them wearing rusty derby hats, then they have been sitting there all night following on the floor of the studio as called in to do a day's atmosphere in "Symphony Of Six Million," the tale of New York's Ghetto. None of them knows the picture, or even the picture was finished some time ago.

There is something cruelly sadistic about passing from that scene to the luxurious night-club set for "State's Attorney." But that is movies. There is no heart big enough nor pocket
deep enough to take care of the Holly-wood underworld.

John Barrymore and Irving Pichel

AfFer the first shock of the contrast, the movie makes one marvel at the memory of that company of underdogs from the mind. An Hawaiian orchestra of eight guitars and ukuleles is mounting ceremoniously. On the stage dancer is illustrating just why Douglas Fairbanks went to Tahiti and Queen Mary stayed behind. Three hundred extras in evening dress are dance, singing, dining and winning. Irving Pichel, gangster proprietor of the club, is leaning on the bar. John Barrymore, his attorney, is at a table with Helen Twelvetrees, who is wearing any of those triangular-fronted black gowns.

The scene is set for a prohibition raid, and here it comes. Now, personally, I have never been in one of those things, but nothing will persuade me that every one of those three hundred extras has not been in several. They seem to know exactly what to do. When uniformed figures appear at every entrance and an unsympathetic voice says, "Every gun is loaded and every person in the place is pinned," every ex-tra on the set does nothing of the sort.

Meanwhile Irving Pichel continues to lean on the bar. A gangster in whom Barrymore divies to the men's washroom. An attorney cannot afford to be pinched by an ordinary foot-flat. Helen Twelvetrees is so indignant her girl-friend can be sprung before she's judged.

Twenty minutes by the clock it takes for the police to quell the riot and the army, and, over an hour to clear away the wreckage so that they can all go through it again. While that is going on, a situation that illustrates that an attorney cannot in a washroom need only whisper to the police-captain in charge to be slipped out the back way, a free man without auble character.

This Barrymore's picture, the story of how an attorney, for his own amusement, defends a girl being tried for an im-morality charge, secures her release and then installs her in his own home to show that justice is the slave of oratory, of how he rises through gangster clients to be the state's attorney, and how his shady clients and finally bars his own career to a jury in order to exonerate his Helen, facing another and this time a framed charge.

Bankhead and Bickford

O N THE Paramount lot next door there is thunder and lightning and all around Tallulah Bankhead is in action— as one might say "Vesuvius is active," or "Aetna is awake." The reverberations include a phonograph which plays all day long between the shots. Our Tallulah must have her stimulus and her tenancy of Billy Haines' house is the best tribute ever paid to the Yiddish theater. The thunder includes a deep and continuous pur-ring, for "Thunder Below" is the best vehicle the Alberta Cloud-Burst has ever had.

A fast tempo is Tallulah's métier, and Richard Wallace is giving it to her. Even off-stage she talks like a runaway locomotive—marvellous if it's a tre- mendous story the script was changed three times before we started and I've got Charlie Lang who photographed Ruth Chatterton in pictures all right Dick I'm coming." She joins Richard Wallace, her smile of confidence indicates her belief that she has a great director; we feel it is easily the most colorful in current production. Occupying an entire stage it consists of a seven-roomed house and garage somewhere in Central America where Charles Bickford, her "husband,"

and Paul Lukas, his "friend," are prospecting for oil for a big U. S. company. The walled garden is a mass of brightly-colored vegetation—lilies, banana trees, hanging vines, the garden of the flowers, and rich green grass. Gorgeous parapets and love-birds complete the tropical en- semble, but if it were not as unnatural as it is beautiful Tallulah, swathed in silk, black jacket and white trousers and a sea-green robe, lying on a cot in the garden, with a mosquito net around her

A property man shuts off the phonograph—playing "I'm Just A Prisoner Of Love," for this particular time-claps his hands at the love-birds to startle them into silence, and the scene begins when Wallace calls, according to his invaluable custom: "There you go. "Susan!" calls Bickford from behind the garden wall. "Susan!" He comes in at a gallop, dirty, dishevelled, with no soles to his shoes nor sleeves to his shirt, short pants, torn legs and arms and several days' growth of beard. No wonder they know him in Hollywood as "Bogeyman Bickford."

"Wal! Is it yours?" He tears off the mosquito net in the manner of a caver-nman cleaning through a bridal veil.

"Here's one way you can tell . . . well? Who is it?"

"It's you all right—a little louder, maybe —a little wilder—" He kneads her hair as if it were broom. "You or your hair, your arms are whiter."

The speech seems to suggest to him other items in the catalogue calling for imme-diately investigation. But Tallulah flies and the Bogeyman plunges after her Richard Wallace shouts: "Haul! He always does at the end of a scene, but to Bickford in pur-suit of Tallulah it seems peculiarly appropri-ate.

"Hooey!" says Bogeyman Bickford, when we tax him with being temeramental. Just by the casual chuck he had said a few minutes previously. I'll work. I've done more work since I left them than I ever did with them, but I'll pick my own parts. And that's another thing! They call me diffi-cult because I've got enough money from hogs and whales and gas to turn down a picture job if I don't like it. Hooey!"

Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins

S IT his vehement, or what, that blows us on to the set for the Bancroft production, "The World And The Flesh," which used to be better named "Red Harvest?" It is a box-car load of aristocrats, liberty-bound from blood-crazed revolu-tionary Russia. Alan Mowbray is there, and George E. Stone as a terrified banker, and John Deering as one armed officer. Men and women, the women all wearing peasant clothes over their own, and some of them are wearing their entire wardrobe on their backs, and have in that box-car (if you believe the story). Miriam Hopkins is wearing three step-ins, three chemises, four petticoats, two nightgowns, an evening gown, a mink wrap, and a hat. And she is under a rough peasant dress which hides her wealth and identity. She doesn't show us but we are well bled enough to take her word for it.

Miriam is playing the role of a fashion-able countess. All the best cars are bad lots these days. Poor Ann Harding will have to keep the one her husband.

Carole and Walter Byron

CONTEST is half the charm of studio touring. On the next stage Walter Byron is doing a little gentlemanly seduction over a cup of coffee for the benefit of "Simms In The Sun," which you can do by cross-breeding titles. [Continued on page 61]

Silver Screen for May 1932

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Silver Screen for June on Sale May 8
Paramount used to have two unmourned titles, "Dancers In The Sun" and "Sinners In The Dark"—they may still have them.

Walter’s objective is none other than Carole Lombard, and by heavens—is she?—yes; she is; she’s wearing another of those gowns with too much front and not enough back. This time, so I am told by a girl- friend contracted on the set, it is of plowers-egg-blue georgette and applique silver, fancy that.

Walter’s line is a good one and non- copyright. He asks the girl to feel his pulse and then impresses her hand in it. When she demands to know where he keeps his pulse he answers that he is all pulse when she is around. Next, nor Walter or any of the other characters, because it is too early in the story. Whatever happens, it should be advertised as "pulsing."

Wynne Gibson

STONE’S throw away—if you can still throw a stone—Russell Gleason and Frances Dee and Carole Lombard are all engaged in a "Wishful Engagement" with a dance, and off-stage Wynne Gibson (she plays the title-role "Clara Deane" and it is her picture) is getting ready to ship to the coast for "E. O’Brien" for trying to blackmail Frances with the story that her real mother, (to Witt, Wynne, in person,) is an ex-contraict. Wynne appears at the age of two hundred and makes up as a prematurely aged woman is miraculous.

Among the bit-players is Florence Britton, the girl who played Juliet to Gleason’s Romeo (with scruffy knees) at the Oakland Grammar School when they were ten and eleven, and the girl who moreover defied the fiesseone Sam Gold- wyn and threw his contract back at him for not keeping her working. As Florence is the daughter of a film stud, and makes up as the Frisco gas and light company she does not have to keep the home fires burning, so Sam’s money was no object.

To me, that quietly, heterogeneously populated set epitomises Hollywood and I’m content to let it go at that. Skipper! take the bet! próximo! They’re going to get the Girl Friend, go to the Coconut Grove and forget it.

On Location

CAN ANYBODY in Hollywood forget pictures! Not this young feller, any- way. At the Grove, bright soapbox spot of the best people of the world we’re being turned away because the place has been taken over en blee by a movie company, when a red- headed girl with a red coat talks out of the side of his mouth, shouts: "You there! what’s off the set? C’mon in and get busy. He means us, so in we go, and—believe it or not Uncle Caro in two minutes we are dancing and dining at the expense of Universal, and a whole lot happier than the rest of the company who have been working there in the same clothes for 18 hours flat.

They are shooting scenes for "The Cohens and Kellys" and "The Man Behind the Scene," Charles Murray, Esther Howard (the new Mrs. Kelly), June Clyde, Edwin Maxwell, Louis Alberini and John Roach are at one table. George Sidney and Emma Hunt (the new Mrs. Cohen) at another. The radio an- nouncer draws attention to Tom Mix, Sid- ney Fox, Genevieve Tobin and Boris Karloff, typical guests of the Grove, and other tables. (Trust Uncle Carl to make them all Universal’s stars).

Oh well, to make a night of it, breakfast at the Brown Derby and watch Wal- lace Beery swallowing fried eggs whole. And so—high-ho-o-o-o to bed.

Well...

(More next week)

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by an Easy Simple Method successful in 29 different ways. Good list $2,500, but I will let for alluring figure. Develops Noses, Neck, Arms, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulders, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Shoulder, Should
Last Call! Offer to be withdrawn!

10 Exquisite Toiletries that would cost you at least $8.50 if bought separately

The famous Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, which has amazed and delighted hundreds of thousands of women in recent months, is about to be withdrawn from the market.

This is the last time this offer will be made in the columns of this magazine. To get these ten store-size Milaire beauty preparations for 99 cents and postage, you must clip the coupon immediately, fill it in, and mail it to us without delay.

Remember! These are not sample-size packages. They are all full-size packages. Therefore, the same quality as you would expect to find in your favorite store, at the suggested retail prices listed in this advertisement. But instead of paying $8.50 as you would if you bought each item separately, you get all ten of these exquisite preparations for only 99 cents and postage, provided you fill in and mail the coupon before this offer expires.

Let us remind you that hundreds of thousands of these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages have been sold in the last year, and that women from all over America have voluntarily written us, expressing their amazement and delight at the truly remarkable bargain this Treatment and Make-up Package represents.

All This for 99 cents plus postage

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, not affected by moisture and very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

$1.00 Milaire Skin Toner and Freshener—in addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astrigent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hand or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Coconut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superficial alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals. Make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room.

5c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

99c plus postage

Send No Money
Merely Mail Coupon

Coupon
For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

Name
Street
City
State

Silver Screen—May, 1932
THE EAR we have to the ground has heard the thrilling sound of John Gilbert's footsteps returning from oblivion. When John's rather dazed and stumbling steps were growing fainter and fainter over the hill of the movie world, we shook our heads in despair. We remembered the boy of "The Big Parade" (the most successful film he ever made) and we recalled the dashing young man of "The Flesh and the Devil," and mourned that the public should be so cruel to one who has served it well.

He was the martyr to the first poor apparatus of sound. When we talked with him at the time of his greatest fame, he referred to a piece we had written. "You called me 'impish,'" he said, smiling. And he was. Now he has written his own play. If he fails, John wants to take all the blame.

We recommend that he learn from his erstwhile sweetheart, Garbo, the value of silence and shun personal publicity. Let the play do the talking. His brilliant talents have been obscured by "kiss and tell" rumors. And now that Jack has lost his smile of confidence perhaps the public will like him again, for, it seems to prefer gravity in heroes, we have discovered, and we are no Sir Isaac Newton.

OVER at Mr. Zukor's house they have Fredric March's great picture this week—great from the standpoint of inspiration, and we suggest that you go get your share. The title is "Strangers in Love," but don't let that deter you. You will see Stuart Erwin, dumb as usual, and at first you will grin and say "That's Stu." As the play goes on you will like him more and more and his great performance will be the one that you bring away in your memory.

Isn't that great?

Success is still something people can have.

EVERYONE enjoys listening to perfectly spoken words. Seeing and hearing the speaker at the same time affords a thrill for picture patrons which the radio cannot supply. In "Polly of the Circus," Marion Davies, in perfect English, which is neither distorted by accent nor dressed up with Harvard "A's," repeats the glorious words of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:"

It is the high spot in the picture. Foreign players fear long speeches. Here is a new chance for our own stars. Is it too late to put such a speech into "The Miracle Man"?
if you really knew about
PRINCESS PAT
powder you'd
surely try it—

here we shall try to give
the facts—read carefully

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 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
is that it stays on longer. Every woman will ap-
preciate this advantage.

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

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

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

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

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat pos-
sesses 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, planct and
naturally lovely.

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

Princess Pat has been called “the powder your skin loves
to feel.” It is a most apt description; for the soft, vel-
vet texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and different.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual
advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

get this Week End Set
— SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this season and life
(costs). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge,
Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes.
Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago
Dept. A-2055. Envelope and 2¢ for which send
me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name: 
Street: 
City and State: 

PRINCESS PAT Ice Astringent acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.
'I've switched to CAMEL S because they're FRESH''

Once a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels' ever-growing ranks of friends.

Maybe it's because her throat is more sensitive than a man's that she's so quick to grasp the difference between the mildness of this air-sealed cigarette and the stinging bite of parched or toasted tobaccos.

Blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

These cigarettes are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

Camel Quarter Hour
Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour
National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time
Silver Screen

Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood

June

Norma Shearer

Vote for the Most Beautiful Girl in Pictures

Gold Medal Ballot in this Issue
There's more Chicle in it...that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM
Makes the next smoke taste better

“And this line...shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette.”
“How do you figure that out?”
“I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better.”

There is something NEW under the sun
DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE flavored DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.
ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS

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

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN PEGGY SHANNON SPENCER TRACY TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL

SILVER SCREEN FOR JUNE 1932
Gloria Swanson's new baby is a seven pound girl and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Farmer are glad of it. A daughter of Gloria starts on the front page and probably will inherit the knack of keeping there.

After much sizzling Weldon Heyburn (Fox's Clark Gable) and Greta Nissen up and got married last week in March. They met for the first time while making "The Silent Witness" on the Fox lot, and haven't been sensible since. The really unique part of the wedding was that neither had been married before—just a couple of amateurs. When Weldon first came out to Hollywood about eight months ago he used to burn up the long distance wires calling the girl he left behind in New York. And then he met Greta. That's Hollywood.

Mrs. Vincent Astor says that Randolph Scott is the handsomest male in Hollywood. She thinks that Paramount should have him play opposite Marlene Dietrich. What do you think?

Listen!—

Marlene Dietrich in a turtle neck sweater attending the fights for the first time and getting so excited she bobbed up and down. Her (?) von Sternberg not so excited.... Noel Coward, the playwright playwright of London, being greeted noisily by Maurice Chevalier, Tallulah Bankhead, and the Four Marx Brothers in the Paramount restaurant. Tallulah kissed him but Maurice is so American now that he only shook hands.... Carole Lombard getting bottles out of the ice box she keeps in her dressing room shower—milk bottles.... Noel Francis getting hauled into police court by an irate cop because she "sassed" him when he tagged her for over-running a stop signal. Said the cop to his chief: "I only wish it was possible for the judge to give me permission to spank that girl for the way she talked back to me." Noel is your face red?.... Loretta Young at a local hospital with a bad cold.... Kay Francis attending the preview of her latest picture "The Dangerous Brunette" and being chased by children who wanted autographs.... Conde Bannister rushing across the RKO restaurant to greet Joel McCrea who has just returned from Honolulu.... Mary Nolan getting into trouble again with the Law and being sentenced to thirty days because she failed to pay salaries to the employees in her gown shop.... Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield attending opening of local night club (When are you going to announce it, Dorothy?)

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HOT WEATHER FASHIONS! HOT CRAWL!

Sixteen Beautiful Candidates for Silver Screen's Gold Medal

COVER PORTRAIT OF NORMA SHEarer BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

THE
GREATEST
CAST
IN STAGE
OR SCREEN
HISTORY!

JOHN
GARBO - BARRYMORE

JOAN
CRAWFORD - BEERY

LIONEL
BARRYMORE

GRAND
HOTEL

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

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

An EDMUND GOULDING production

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!

Silver Screen for June 1932
GIVE HIM AIR!

Sapulpa, Okla.

W ithout a doubt the producers have been lately giving us good pictures, elegant entertainment, real works of art.

Our interest in the movie theatre is for entertainment, to escape from reality, dull surroundings, uninteresting people and every-day happenings. We go to thrill to tales of adventure, to tender romances and good old-fashioned drama filled with hoopla and heart throbs.

We all do those things said to be characteristic of our modern age, but when we go to the movies we want to relax and forget ourselves, most of all we want to forget the jazz-mad life for a time, even though it be only for a couple of hours.

Many we have something in pictures other than so much modern divorce, gangsters and vice.

The movie public is not fickle. We always have and always will pay our money to be enchanted, to be lifted out of ourselves for a little while. We stand by any personality that continues to be interesting, that continues to develop, one that pirs naturalness, imagination and study into his or her work. Give us more pictures of adventure, romance and beauty, less realism. Gable and Garbo get our nickels any time and any old place.

G. A. Davis

HAIT TO GLAMOR!

Bakersfield, Calif.

I would like to appeal, through this letter, to the people who are always critical of almost everything the screen has to offer. They are intelligent and their criticism is often to the point, but they are a very small part of the American movie-going public.

Perhaps if these people looked around them instead of at the screen they would see faces, old and young, brightened with interest, with laughter or with tears. They would see tired men and women forgetting their troubles and living their dreams in watching the unfolding of a drama before them. They would see young girls, tired too, with eyes intent, themselves forgotten, living by proxy a well-ordered life or a romantic moment. The beautiful boudoir, the sunken, scented bath, the Rolls Royce at the door do not feel them for an instant, but it's swell to be taken out of the two-by-four room, the tenement, or the crowded flat for a brief hour or two.

The super-critics squawk and yowl and make wisecracks in comfort. They are not hungering for glamour. The laundry-worker, the mechanic, the chambermaid and the waitress with aching feet haven't the time nor the background for "glamor," but as long as these workers support the movies they will be given what they want, and more power to them!

Em. Y. Diman

STUFF FOR DREAMS!

Lynchburg, Ohio

A lmost hidden by the current wave of skepticism, there are a few of us who still believe in love and in marriage with benefit of clergy; who still pursue the rainbow in search of romance; who can still sit through a picture that has in it neither gangsters, murderers, monsters or racketeers—and enjoy it:

We (no doubt adulled to as “home bodies”) eagerly anticipate and enjoy such a picture as "Daddy Long Legs" or "The Cisco Kid" or to go farther back, "Sunny Side Up."

Those of us who are not in a position to inhabit night clubs or to tread the outer rim of civilization in search of adventure, offer up heart-felt thanks to the producers when such a picture as one of the above named appears and we are reluctant to leave the theatre after viewing it and thus break our enchanted dream.

Let's see more of that gay bandit, Warner Baxter, and of others with his acting ability and common-people appeal.

Lee L. Frost

SHE LOVES!

Dayton, Ohio

A s a stenographer most of my time is spent in an office. My ears have become attuned to the ringing of telephones and the noise of typewriters. Is it any wonder that I love the movies with their beautiful people, gay songs and sophisticated repartee?

Such wonderful stars as Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett, Lionel Barrymore and many others make me forget that I am tired. I forget the office, typewriters, telephones and everything unpleasant. Nothing matters but this world of make believe.

The movies are a life-saver for me and I love them and I am thankful for them.

Elizabeth Fitzgerald

TEARS OF HAPPINESS!

St. Louis, Mo.

G RETA GARBO and Ramon Novarro may be big attractions on Broadway and the leading theatres of the country, but does the working class appreciate their pictures? No—and no again. Pictures have done more good toward the education of the poorer class than anything else in this world. The working class wants to see pictures taken out of life. Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House" was a great success. You could see tears in everybody's eyes and hear a storm of applause after the finish. Not since the days of Norma Talmadge have I seen an actress with so much natural ability. I admire Greta Garbo's playing. I love to hear the sweet voice of Ramon Novarro, but their plays are only productions for the upper ten thousands, people who get a thrill watching the movements of a dancer or feel like in Heaven when Ramon Novarro puts his arms around Greta Garbo.

Dr. George S. Danziger

ISN'T BOSTON DEBUNKED?

Boston, Mass.

I HAVE solved the problem of the producers and from now on if they follow my advice I am sure that we will all enjoy the pictures better. Here it is:

In our own lives we hope for lucky breaks and pleasant days. When we go to pictures we enjoy the reassurance that there are such things as winning numbers, inflexible honor, and integrity because if these things are still alive, perhaps tomorrow we will get a break ourselves.

John W. Bean

Silver Screen
FOR FIVE YEARS the talking screen has waited for-

Barbara STANWYCK

"SO BIG"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dressed tight to The Head; Shimmering and Scintillating With Style.

By Mary Lee

Frances Dee brushes her hair until it is shining and beautiful.

Since the show, "The Greeks had a word for it," made such a hit Greek influence has been noted in hair styles and dress styles for evening. One wonders if Greek sculpture was Antoine's inspiration for the rows of flat lacquered-looking ringlets—yes, the same ones I wanted to count, but they got too numerous.

One grand looking head had the hair all pulled to the left side, plastered close and slicked like a peeled onion. Then the ends, in those flat little curls about an inch in diameter, were in two curved rows on that same left side.

He had many lacquered wigs which were slipped on like caps. They were simply ravishingly lovely. Apparently there is still a battle for supremacy between short and long hair. It seems to be about fifty-fifty.

Then, just to show us that he could break rules as well as make them, he piled a model's long hair up on her head in a huge Spanish comb effect—and the audience stormed its admiration.

A daring treatment was a ragged fringe of half-curl ed uneven ends entirely around the head—sort of a new version of the wind-blown bob with a slick crown. Don't try that one unless you have a flair for chic—looks dangerous. But it was effective on the slim model who wore it.

A familiar revival was the "coronet" (a braid around the head like a coronet). Remember when this was Marie of Roumania's and Elinor Glyn's favorite hair arrangement. For evening, Antoine makes the coronet braid stand up in a lace effect, the hair being stiffened with some solution.

The lacquered wigs are bound to be popular at watering places and beaches where heads are dipped in the ocean and the pursuit of pleasure leaves little time to get hair dressed. Simple isn't it, just to slip on a
perfectly coiffed wig and rush to dine and dance? Antoine also showed a metal-cloth, piqué evening gown whose trousers ended in two long trains. Lilian Tashman wore this model when she made personal appearances here in the East.

But read this and weep! Antoine did not show a single marcel or finger wave—not one! But there was a lovely, old-fashioned figure-eight at the nape of the neck finished off snugly-draped hair that was parted in the middle. Apparently the old dictum holds true—arrange your hair BECOMINGLY.

The set-looking wave is gone for the nonce. Maybe it will come back but it’s good-bye now. Without the help of oils, hair must be especially silky and luxuriant. It must be beautiful in itself. This is causing a rush to the salons of hair-specialists. Note that I did not say “hair-dressers.” But the girls are rushing to get their heads cared for because hair-health is hair-beauty.

Instead of saying, “I want a marcel and I’m in a hurry,” they come in and say, “I want a hot oil treatment and plenty of vibrator.” For no amount of brilliantine will give that soft, shining depth of healthy, naturally lustrous hair. Brilliantine is used besides. But just as make-up is more effective on a good skin, brilliantine enhances the loveliness of hair that is in fine condition.

You can do a lot for your hair at home. But, will you? Well, you’d better—or else! The Ogilvie Sisters care for some of the most distinguished heads in Paris, New York and Washington.

Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Ann Harding all pay special attention to the health of their hair. All actresses realize that lovely hair is one of the major points of their feminine appeal.

Lillian Gish, whose moonlight-colored dresses delighted audiences of “Uncle Vanya” and drew from them many Ohs and Ahs, used to trip consistently once a week to the Harper Method Salon in Los Angeles. In fact, she started me going there—and I, too, grew an enviable head of silky hair.

But, whether you go to a salon for treatments or take them at home, the point is to keep them up until you have accomplished real results. Almost everything that is sold to grow hair and correct dandruff will do what it promises if you do your part.

With a little patience and energy you can accomplish wonders in your own bathroom and backyard (for the backyard’s equivalent in sunlight and air). Thorough rinsing is one secret of shimmering hair. A few times or a week, a rinse brings out gleams in your hair that you never suspected were there.

But, remember that good circulation is what brings new life to your hair (from the inside). So massage your scalp vigorously. Don’t rub it, move it round and round with firm fingers. Hold your head over the basin and rush it to it.

Brush up! I mean that literally. Brush your hair straight up—the opposite of the usual way it lies. This exercises the roots and is the beginning of accomplishing the Parisian styles of Antoine, for he swirls the hair on the scalp in every conceivable way.

Brush, brush, brush! Besides stimulating circulation, it actually POLISHES the hair. If you could see your hair under a microscope you would be astonished. It looks like a line of tiny scales, in fact, that is what it is. When the tiny scales are toughened up they do not reflect gleams of light, there is no sheen.

Brushing helps to keep the hair clean between shampooing—and it doesn’t hurt a wave nearly as much as you think. You can pinch your wave back in with your fingers if you still insist on having one. It’s head, you win! And no fools.

5. ROMANCE REGAINED

SWEETHEART, YOU’RE EXQUISITE TONIGHT—TALK IN LOVE WITH YOU ALL OVER AGAIN

FLATTERER, I DON’T BELIEVE YOU—but keep on saying it!
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
Will Rogers is the Yankee with no culture but a lot of wit, who is traveling abroad with wife and daughter. The story is based on Booth Tarkington’s novel, “The Plutocrat,” and in it we meet John Barrymore as the Lord, and Joel McCrea as the snobbish young playwright. Dorothy Peterson is excellent as Will’s wife and Peggy Ross does well as the daughter.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT
Spencer Tracy is very convincing as a motorcycle cop who can’t be bribed. Trouble comes when he gives Sally Eilers, daughter of the local big shot, a ticket for speeding. Spencer is denoted. He smarts at the injustice and becomes a chiseller. The entire piece is tremendously exciting and the cast, including Dickie Moore and Ralph Bellamy, should be handed a few bouquets.

FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD
There isn’t a child and there isn’t a very exciting fire, but boy is there a fireman! Joe E. Brown is the boy who loves the ladders and the hose and the GIRLS, and does he keep them burning! Joe shows his prowess at baseball, and his talents as an inventor, and also his ability to make you laugh heartily.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD
Three charming blondes, Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell have the last word in Zoe Akins’ entertaining story of professional gold-diggers. Lowell Sherman directed and plays a part as well, and David Manners comes in for a good share of the love interest.

THE HATCHET MAN
Edward L. Robinson contributes his usual excellent performance as the tongue executioner who is torn between conflicting desires. Loren Young is the ardent bride and Leslie Fenton is the young man who dares to snatch her away from him. There is dramatic action aplenty in this. See it if you like a new kind of thrill.

IT’S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS
Young Doug Fairbanks, because of a minor incident of bravery on high seas, finds himself hailed by frenzied millions when he reaches terra firma. He receives the adoration meted out to Lindbergh. His marriage to Mary Brian gets smashed by publicity, rights itself during a quiet spell and then goes on the rocks again because of more publicity.

THE IMPATIENT VIRGIN
Lew Ayres, a medical student, is in love with Ma Clarke but they can’t marry until he earns real money. Mac is eager to live, but Lew tells her not to be impatient—sex is not everything. They part. Then Mac gets ill and is rushed to the hospital where Lew performs a successful operation, and there is a happy reconciliation.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD
George Arliss is the famous concert pianist who falls under the family curse of deafness. He is saved from despair by learning lip reading. In this fashion he reads the lips of strollers in the park opposite his home and “plays God” to those in trouble. Arliss is excellent and so is Bette Davis, who plays his fiancée.

NICE WOMEN
Frances Dee decides to marry wealthy Alan Mowbray in order to help her hard-boiled sister, Sidney Fox, financially. But Sidney pulls a fast one and marries Alan herself, thereby leaving the poor clerk, Russell Gleason, heartbroken. Not so “nice” of Sidney, but she gets away with it because she plays her rôle delightfully.

WAYWARD
There are many entertaining scenes in this fairly old story of the chorus girl who charms a rich man, only to have her marriage broken up by a degrading Norwich-in-law. Nancy Carroll dominates in what might be termed a pathetic rôle. Richard Arlen is splendid as the husband and Pauline Frederick makes you hate the mother-in-law.

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS
The circus girl (Marion Davies) has an accident and is taken to the home of the preacher (Clark Gable) to recuperate. Naturally they fall in love, but when Marion hears that her background is detrimental to Clark, she sups and leaves, planning to kill herself while doing one of her stunts. There is one terrible moment of suspense before—the happy ending.

PRESTIGE
Ann Harding has only a few moments worth recording in this story of the degradation of a white man on primitive soil. Adolphe Menjou is the sly villain who lures Ann’s husband (Melvyn Douglas) into a mental abyss. However, Ann arrives in time to reawaken in her husband a wholesome respect for the prestige of the white race.

THE SILENT WITNESS
A logical mystery story. The scene is laid in England and the bewigged English courtroom sequence lends additional color. Lionel Atwill contributes a fine, gentlemanly performance.
The action takes place on a train, on which we meet Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook, who had known and loved one another years ago. During the long interval of separation Marlene had earned quite an uncertain reputation for herself. We meet various fascinating characters as the train rushes on and the action is melodramatic and exciting.

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**SHANGHAI EXPRESS**  
**Marvelous**  
**(Paramount)**

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**THE LOST SQUADRON**  
**Splendid**  
**(Radio)**

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

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

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**THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

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**LEILA ALNAR**  
**MINNA JENNE**  
**ANNA DOUGLAS**  
**DOROTHY MAN**  
**NEAT RERERAMA**  
**ENID RALPH**  
**HALL AT**  
**THEY HERE I**  
**AN BELIEVE IN**  
**TEAR CLEAN SLUR**  
**ESE ETRI COSY**  
**L KNO UTCOLS**  
**AVAST SEEMAA TACHE**  
**BAB REROS SRE**  
**RE FLEDGED BY**  
**PICK POE JOMA**  
**ONEIL PSEUD VAPOR**  
**S STYLOD RORSO**  
**REZASUR CALL LW**  
**LAIN FRANK SYRA**

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A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE
By Priscilla Bryant

ACROSS
1 Part of title of talkie that has an all star cast
6 The rose-red, ruby spinel
11 Last name of M-G-M's famous talkie
16 Every talkie star has one
17 A girl's name
18 A window somewhat like a bay-window
19 Guy Kibbee is fine in this talkie
20 She has leading role in "The Hatchet Man"
21 In England, a former court of jurisdiction
22 An acid fruit
23 Her latest picture is "Beauty and the Boss"
25 No good (slang)
26 A prophet
27 Nickname for Edward G. Robinson
28 Joan Crawford's husband is one (abbr.)
29 Carol is her last name
32 Residence (abbr.)
34 Manuscript (abbr.)
36 He is splendid in "Emma"
38 The young of an equine animal
41 Old Testament Measure (abbr.)
42 She had a robot dancing partner while filming "Dancers in the Dark"
43 She appears in "The Silver Cord"
44 An iota
46 Bore or brought up
47 The title of Tala Birell's second picture
50 He puts on a singing specialty in "Hell Divers"
51 Disconsolate
53 To steep or soak
54 She is delightful in "The Man Who Played God"
58 Encourages
60 A prank
61 She is now working on "Night Court"
62 He has a feature role in "The Woman in Room 13"
66 Contract for renting
67 She is on a vaudeville tour
68 A mystic ejaculation
69 Prefix indicating dawn or beginning of an epoch
70 A volume of maps
71 To beg
72 In "Strange Interlude"
73 To set in motion

DOWN
1 Gross (abbr.)
2 Value
3 The first man
4 She has the lead in "Amateur Daddy"
5 Proceedings
6 She is in "Lena Rivers"
7 Three vowels
8 She played opposite Lew Ayres in "Heaven on Earth"
9 She is in "Westward Passage"
10 Clay used for making saggars
11 Loaned by Paramount for "Night Court"
12 A mountain nymph
13 To pile up in successive layers
14 Early English Text Society (abbr.)
15 Mrs. Wm. Seiter (initials)
16 The (Fr.)
17 Masculine pronoun
18 Her last name is Gould
29 He is now rehearsing in "Hudlile"
31 Exclamation of disgust (pl.)
33 Where the sun rises
34 He has a part in Garbo's new picture
35 More lucid
36 Flimmchen in "Grand Hotel"
37 A mineral spring
38 Once a New England breakfast dish
40 A refined woman
45 A newcomer from Hungary
46 She is in "The Truth About Hollywood"
48 Director of "The Cheat"
49 To shoe again
52 A play
53 To force or keep back
54 Degree of moisture
55 The dye indigo
56 Quickly (Fr.)
57 Previously mentioned
59 Glucinum (abbr.)
60 An exclamation of disappointment
61 Universal is hoping she'll become another Garbo
62 A river in the Tyrol and Bavaria
65 A belt or girdle

(The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle Will be Found on Page 11)
CURIOUS: Your particular favorite, Janet Gaynor, is hard at work on "The First Year," which was Frank Graven's memorable stage play, and your Aunt Sally can tell you right now that it will be a great success.

JIMMIE: Hold off on the lamentations. The westerns are coming back. Ken Maynard almost single-handed has brought the horse operas into good standing again. Fox has already made "The Gay Caballero." And according to the publicity departments, your movie theatre will soon pulsate to the drum beat of hoofs.

RUTH: Beautiful Joan Crawford is co-starred with Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton." Your suggestion that Clark Gable play with Joan again and repeat the charm of "Possessed" suits us, but Mr. Thalberg, who is doing very well, has ideas of his own.

MARIAN: Just as your letter came in I heard that Melvyn Douglas had been given as fine a part as you could wish for him. In fact, he will play the leading role opposite Garbo in her new starring picture "As You Desire Me." After one plays opposite Garbo, life is empty, for there is nothing more to hope for.

RIGHT AS RAIN!

Unusual events make up the life of Joan Crawford. Now she will be loaned to United Artists for the tremendous part in "Rain."

for June 1932

ERASE needless hair INSTANTLY with Bellin's Wonderstoen DRY METHOD

WONDERSTOEN, the DRY METHOD for the removal of unwanted hair, easily, pleasantly and economically. Just rotate the pin's disk lightly over the skin and unwanted hair disappears instantly, leaving the skin petal-smooth. Wonderstoen contains no oil-smelling sulfides or injurious chemicals. In use over 22 years. Millions of women are happier for the use of Wonderstoen. Physicians prescribe it. Wonderstoen Facial (for oil-skinned and upper lip) $1.25. Wonderstoen de Luxe (for arms and legs) $3.00. On sale at beauty counters. Also sent direct on receipt of price (add 10c with each order).

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to become a popular musician this delightful, simple as A-B-C way

STOP cheating yourself out of musical good times. Stop thinking that learning music is nothing but one grueling session of monotonous exercises after another... days, months and years of difficult technique and dry-as-dust theory under the thumbs of a private teacher.

Don't let others talk you into believing anything about such things. It's ridiculous—absolutely! And we've already proved it to the complete satisfaction of over 600,000 enthusiastic students who have learned to play their favorite instrument right at home—without a teacher.

You're Never 'n Hot Water
Take a look at the above diagram. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, it's every bit as simple as it looks. First a note—then—a letter. Plenty of clear instructions tell you how each bar is played—lots of diagram pictures show you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. Everything to make learning a joy. Nothing to make you lose patience. In fact, the U. S. School of Music has made the reading and playing of music so simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

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Your first thrill comes with your very first lesson. For you are given a piece with a real melody to play by actual notes. From easy waltzes, heart-throbbing ballads, stirring marches, sparkling sonatas, folksongs in short order. No standing still. Progress is rapid. You become a capable performer months sooner than you could ever expect to the old-fashioned way.

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How can you be content to sit around at party after party and listen to others do all the playing—see them showered with admiration, attention, invitations—when your life-long ambition to become a popular musician is now so easy to realize. Get in the musical "swim" yourself. Watch the singing, happy crowds gather around you as you play the latest syncopation. Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play "when," "where," and "what" you like for your own amusement and the entertainment of others.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special talent. Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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for June 1932
ON THE WARNER LOT

WILLIAM DIE-TREECE blows up with a bang that sends both his big handsrocketing about his head. In his agony he has even turned off those huge white gloves in which legend insists that he, eats, sleeps and bathes.

"My friend!" he means, in the tone which is obviously the German for pig dog, "this scene is so easy!"

And so it is. A Viennese street—the Ringstrasse—has been built on the Warner lot. The square, the sidewalks, everything under the purple hills forever just about to topple over on to this pink-and-white studio. A grip is swilling the street with a hose. As far as he pleis his artistic rain the usual Californian sun evaporates it. Han- som cabs, horse broughams, Renaults, Rolls Royces, minis and assorted pedestrians weave a lazy Viennese warp in the street. A Dachshund supplies a Hohenzollern on the side.

The scene is the interior of a jeweler’s salon and of the street viewed through its glass door and windows. And jawohl! it is so easy.

Powell and Kay Francis

INSIDE the shop the proprietor and his assistant are reverently putting bracelets to bed while a private detective assures them that the Viennese Pinkerton never fails. Cabs, cabs and pedestrians do their weaving outside. As the detective reaches the exit, Andre Lugat drives up and alights. The Apel is sitting open the door with a flourish, city bells ring out a chime, the detective bows out abashed, three kinds of horn blow and assign the street William Powell begins the coup which brings him back into the screen love-life of Kay Francis and causes "Jewel Robbery!"

So easy. Dieterle has five signal lights to operate, five sound effects to time, four speaking parts to supervise and six separate sets of action to watch. The hit player di- ing the jeweler rôle has only three lines—and this is the fourth time this morning he has muffed them.

"My friend" rumbles Dieterle, "all you have to do is think. Once more please."

Team horses in the shafts of a carriage block Lugat’s path. The chimes ring out four seconds too soon. A pedestrian extra commits the capital offence of staring through the window straight into the camera. Dieterle typhoons into the street.

"Please please!" he implores, "this scene is so easy!"

When "Jewel Robbery" reaches the screen, before Kay Francis shows us again how a good girl can pluck, even branded Powell from the burning, there should be a cross-title reading: Directed by force of suggestion.

GEORGE ARLIS

BY COMPARISON with anything else the "Successful Galamity" set is an oasis of peace. And so it should be, for the President of the United States is about to give an audience to George Arliss. The set is a replica of one of the famous oval offices in the White House. The President is Oscar Apel, but it is unlikely that any audience will ever know, because he keeps his back to the camera and an irrevocable make-up man has given him a toupee which exactly duplicates the Hoover haircut.

George Jenner, for twenty-seventy years gentleman’s gentleman to George Arliss and proud of his resemblance to Mr. Hoover, burned to play the part. But the studio would not let him. So few presidents drop their sashes.

One reason why this set is so peaceful is that nothing is happening. In his blue suit and toupee Apel is sitting at the desk. He is to thank Mr. Arliss for his survey of the European bond situation and at the stroke of ten Mr. Arliss is shepherded in by Mr. Jenner. At the stroke of four the admant Mr. Jenner will shepherd him out again. The oldest star in pictures has a contract like that—and a man to see he keeps it.

"This is our cue to go. Yesterday Helen Wills, Lord Byng and Lady Byng visited the set. Today visitors are barred while the production catches up. Who said democ- racy?"

Bette and Guy Kibbee

WHERE Al Green is directing "The Dark Horse" there is an appropriate political atmosphere, and seven versions of Guy Kibbee in the title rôle—one in the flesh and six in the form of life-size figures. "I’m sick to death," says Bette Davis, "of seeing you around here and there. Here would be all right, but there and there and there—it’s too much."

"Vote For Hicks!" exhorts a banner on the office wall. "Vote For Hicks!" says Pat- nants affixed to the effigies of Kibbee. "Don’t we all!" asks Kibbee, following my eyes. I suspect his picture of being satirical. It tells how, when the gubernato- torial candidacy is deadlocked, Beete Davis gets high-pressure Warren Willman out of jail to manage Kibbee, the dark horse, into the governor’s seat. Most of the political dialogue is by a gentleman named Lee who also causes an annual holiday.

My two favourite studies in Hollywood are Warners and Radio, because Universal sits next to Warners and Parma- mount next to Radio, and if you ever travelled round them all by air, automobile or shoe- leather you’d know what I mean.

With seven miles between them, two together is a cluster.

AT UNIVERSAL

HERE John Stahl is shooting "Back Street" and Edward Kahn "Radio Pa- trol." Forty miles away on location, Mr. Hitchcock is care- ers avoiding the errors of shooting, drinking and smoking in the "rural town of Death Valley," but we won’t trouble.

IRENE DUNNE

"Back Street" is Fanny Hurst’s and no relation to "street scene." The action covers thirty-two years, back to 1909, and we’ve happened in on one of the low numbers. Irene Dunne in an Empire hat, gown, mink-skin vest and a furtal of Carhart’s dry goods and trimmings store, fumbling empirically with George Meeker. Her "father" Paul Wagner is in a chair somewhere behind the gown. Her "mother" Jane Darwell, (Mrs. Schmidt in person,) is in a rocker on the sidewalk and June Clyde is fidgeting in the foreground, plainly suf- fering from spring, or adolescence or something. If John Boles were here the cast would be all present and accounted for, but obviously can’t be because Irene is or will be his mistress. There is a wile, too, in the cast, but hers is a bit: mistresses rate higher in motion pictures.

This living-on-the-loose business seems to run in the Schmidt family, for here is our June, no more than a telephone operator already asking mamma what “assault” might mean.

"A word," says mother sternly, "I never want to hear you say again." They kept them ignorant like that in 1909.

"Katie says," says June, "that you can make a man marry you. If—But we girls shall never know how to make a man marry us, for Mamma Schmidt sits June on the ear and bundles her upstair to bed. I’ll bet a dime—well, a dollar—this piece tells what happens to young girls of twenty- seven who start learning about life.

Before we pop next door give a look at the authentic pre-Ford gasoline bugs in "Kurt Shunder’s bicycle shop" with single- cylinder motor, rubber-shod wheels everything, rebuilt from a patent mix of paper parts, in a Sears Roebuck catalogue. I always knew there was another use for those things.

LILA LEE and BOB ARMSTRONG

The girl who packs the most jitters in Hollywood today, and who, of course, is herself is Lila Lee. This her first day’s work in eighteen months and here she is redubbing as Robert Armstrong’s wife in "Radio Silver Screen"

Camera over head—Paramount lot.

Fascinating Survey of the Activities of the Studios As They Were April First.

By Donovan Pedalty H.S.G.
Patrol. "How do I feel?" says she, "I feel more jittery than a jello. Don't I look it?" She does not. Happy, fresh, young and appealing she is. If Lila does not come back bigger than her boxy and dashing, omen. Curiously, there is a line significant of this in her dialogue. Bob Armstrong and Russell Hopton, after a hard night in one of those police cars which have to keep a man listening to a cadavrous voice saying: "Calling all cars—at Main and Fourteenth—a murder," are playing poker in the Arrstrong flat and waiting for a late supper, or maybe an early breakfast. Lila brings it on a tray, sets a peaked police hat jauntily on his round, shortish, middle-aged shoulder and cries: "Oo! look at those three queens." It is Russell's turn to laugh as he draws his hand down and suggests calling "Aw sit still!" says Bob, "we can soon get rid of this skirt." "Try and do it," returns Lila plunging into his lap, which is exactly what she said to the fifty million germs in her indispensable lungs, and fifty million germs found they could be wrong.

PARAMOUNT AND RADIO CASTING through the Paramount and Metro (new, fox-hunting [background]) we draw blank. The "Horse Feathers" set is boxed in and closely guarded. The Four Marx Brothers suspected all visitors of their gang, and I believe the Hollywood shops are all sold out of joke books for the same reason. At Radio Ann Harding and her "Westward Passage" unit have been packed off to Fox because reporters are pestering her about her divorce and hardly anybody ever goes to Fox. Well, what do we care? Let's go to Fox. We're all old fox-hunters together.

AT THE FOX STUDIO THIS studio is living a double life. Warner Baxter's "Man About Town" is being filmed by day and the James Dunn-Peggy Shannon feature "Society Girl" by night. We get a welcome to the Baxter set, and an invitation to the Jimmy-Peggy shindig but nary a peak at "Westward Passage" than as a fact, few of the Foxites know it is being shot on the lot. Ann never wrote them a letter about it. An Embassy ball is full flight, bloom, or swing, for "Man About Town," and if you can imagine a vast room in red velvet and gold leaf and a throng of ladies in dancing gowns you have the wrong, but because whatever this film is it is accurate and everybody who has been to an embassy ball is in nothing in a bam- sodatorial ladies are too ample or angular to be daring. You can't be daring when there's no risk.

Baxter and Two Ladies WAIT a minute. Here are two, at least, who take risks every time they let themselves be seen. Very Montenegrin in a bit of black lace and Karen Morley in white velvet, silver sequins, and a white coat trimmed with silver fox. They are able to get rid of that animal. But can you imagine blonde Karen in white and silver? What a risk she took!

Nobody can listen closely to a story when a tzigone orchestra is playing "The Blue Danube" but from Baxter that it is all about a spot of bother between Karen and Conway Tearle. Warner falls in love with her, but Conway found her first, and when she murders somebody (Conway I hope) he (Warner) confesses to the crime instead of arresting her because he is a U. S. secret service agent masquerad- ing as a man-about-town and they act that way in love? Is that all clear? It's a good time, isn't it?

Warner is receiving some of his salary in kind these days. Yesterday he drew nine cups of coffee and nine filet mignons—one each for the scene and eight for retakes. Tell that to the Senate, Mr. Brookhart.

Make a note of that date with the "Society Girl" and let's push on to Metro tonight. The sun has a nasty habit of sinking quickly in these parts.

ON THE M-G-M LOT METRO is in the throes of "Prosperity," "As You Desire Me" and "After All," and "Prosperity" is just around the corner. What a story that is! I don't know who wrote it but I'm sure it should get a raise. Marie Dressler, "mother" of Wally Ford, and Polly Moran, ditto of Anita Page, 

"Wally and Anita fall in love and get married, Wally loses his job with the gas company and moves into Polly's with Marie, blow the roof off the place, comes back only to turn off the gas, pulls a real estate deal and comes back again in time to save Marie from jail and Anita from dispossession. The most Polly can possibly say is: "Well! I always knew you had it in you but I never thought it would come out."

Polly, Marie and the Young 'uns A WE walk in, the wedding is about to begin—if Polly and Marie will ever stop arguing. Polly doesn't pin much faith to this marriage and has had "P" put on her daughter's wedding silver—"P" for Praskins, Lucy Praskins, daughter of Mrs. Praskins, and furthermore she has sent for her own minister, and so has Marie and now the two derelical gentlemen are eyeing each other. It becomes obvious that Wally and Polly are looking for an empty room, and a drawing room carpet, and there is a strained hush on the assembled guests. Ten minutes more and Gershavitch and Wally and Anita will slip out and be mar- ried by a justice, which is exactly what they do.

Joan and Little "Paddy" PROPOS, Wally's daughter Paddy was free the other day and Joan Crawford gave her a white coat, hat and gaiters. "Joan's such a realist," was Paddy's quaint comment. Actually, the gift was a reward. Joan had to cry in "Letty Lynton" she heard little Paddy was on the lot and sent for her. When the child ran to her, hugged her and said "Oh, Joan! you're such a darling-darling!" the required tears sprang naturally and plentifully.

They held Paddy on the sidelines while Joan cried her way through the scene. She is a secret service agent, they say, and kept meaning "Oh Joan! don't cry—don't cry! But they tell me it was a great scene.

[Continued on page 64]
In the story Garbo is Zara, a dancer, mistress of Salter (Erich von Stroheim).

"Why GARBO is GREAT"


Told to Patricia Keats

A young bride, stolen from her husband, becomes a famous Viennese cabaret dancer. Garbo and Albert Conti.
Silver Screen's Movietown Topics

Sweet college graduate reading about Silver Screen's favorite — Helen Twelvetrees.

If Marlene Dietrich was the kind of girl who sent in "My Most Embarrassing Moment" to the local newspapers she'd probably get five dollars for this one. After the gala premiere of "The Wet Parade" Von Sternberg—and she waited at the curb for Josef's Rolls while the peasantry ogled. When it finally glided up Marlene and Josef climbed in in impressive silence. The engine did one chuckle and stopped cold. Nothing that the embarrassed and flustered chauffeur did could persuade it to start. Minutes passed, horns started tooting, the cars of the Neil Hamiltons and Walter Hustons, etc., were being held up, and the peasantry began to giggle. Out jumped Von Sternberg and ordered the chauffeur to get in with Marlene while he took the wheel. No go. Finally the car behind them and a couple of cops had to push them out of the way. The peasantry howled with glee.

The natives were rather startled the other evening to see Tallulah Bankhead rattling along Hollywood Boulevard in the rumble seat of a world-weary Ford. Tallulah, the exotic, Tallulah the mysterious, Tallulah the woman. Ha!

Platinum nail polish, turtle neck sweaters, white drawing rooms, Olympic berets, and English accents—that's Hollywood.

Sylvia Sidney has bobbed her hair. She and Ann Harding were about the only two girls left in Hollywood with really long tresses and they both emphatically stated that they meant to keep them long. But a fan magazine said a few disparaging things about the Sidney coiffeur, so, just to be obliging, Sylvia got herself a bob.

Polly Moran has a way of upsetting very dignified parties. But still Hollywood hosts and hostesses continue to invite her. Perhaps they like to have their parties upset. Several weeks ago she was invited to a most umpty-umph affair where the guests affected English accents and extreme boredom. There was a musical program—you just knew there would be—and a local dowager began to warble an aria from "Madame Butterfly." Just as she hit high C the indomitable Polly dashed across the drawing room and put a lily in her hand. "Someone should have put that lily in your hand long ago dearie," said Polly sweetly.

Dorothy Jordan mourned the closing of the Paramount New York studio although she works for M-G-M. She says she has always had a secret desire that Paramount might "borrow" her for an eastern production so that she could see the Empire State Building and the Follies.

In "Horsefeathers" the one and only Groucho Marx plays the rôle of a college president. Zeppo Marx is his son who has been a freshman for four years. Harpo and Chico are half-witted half-backs on the football team. The day of the big game, with the score tied, and one minute to play, Harpo is carrying on for dear old Kale when he spies a skirt in the grandstand, and away he goes a-chasing. The pigskin is not the skin that Harpo likes to touch.

[More Movietown Topics on page 54]
Are They Leap Year Ladies?

When a girl earns more money than her boy friend, must she do the proposing? What do the stars do?

By

Elizabeth Wilson

AND what are YOU doing about Leap Year?

Are you exercising your prerogative of proposing to your favorite young man, or are you simply passing the buck? (And you might pass me a couple, too, what with the depression et al., I could bear it).

Perhaps you are waiting to see what Hollywood does. Hollywood having established itself as fashion leader, Mexican divorce leader, polo leader and leader-go-gallagher, it is but natural that at this great moment all eyes should turn towards Hollywood.

Four years ago, come Leap Year, I was writing an “advice to the lovelorn” column for a New York syndicate, and every mail brought in dozens of letters from little Susies down in Odessa and little Ellas up in Syracuse asking me if it would be all right if they proposed to the boy friend. I must have given a lot of wrong answers for there were more divorces than ever the next year and I was transferred to the “My Best Recipe” department. But come Leap Year, 1932, the old urge to meddle possessed me and I thought it would be fun to see what Hollywood is doing about proposals, as it would be right down my alley, so to speak. There are two cats down my alley, too, with sound effects.

Do girls in Hollywood propose? Do the men propose? Or do they get “that way” without benefit of words? And don’t you wish you knew?

Looking over the list of who-married-whom this year I discovered “Una Merkel—Ronald Burla, January first, 1932, Tia Juana, Mexico. Witnesses: Mr. and Mrs. Merkel.” The very first day of Leap Year! And Mr. Papa Merkel! Well—if that didn’t look suspicious! In fast tempo I beat it to the Merkel homestead up in Outpost, in the hills behind Hollywood. It’s a beautiful California home, furnished attractively and comfortably, and has a spacious drawing room with a huge fireplace and a gorgeous terrace that overlooks the hills where everything is green and restful.

Until four months ago, Una lived with her Mother and Dad in a Hollywood apartment and had to share the neighbors’ radio and early morning hilarity. But after she married Ronnie they bought a house and now they all live together as congenial as Easter bunnies with a bunch of carrots. When I arrived Una was washing out her husband’s sox—just an old housewifely custom. She rinsed the suds from her hands, shook mine, led me to the terrace, poured me a cooling drink.
and patiently resigned herself to expect the worse. Una has met snoopy reporters before.

"By the last census," I began, "there are sixteen thousand more women in California than men. With that batting average any girl who manages to get herself a husband these days is darned lucky... or clever. Don't you think?"

"That odor you smell," said Una sweetly, "is dog meat. The white folks are having chicken for dinner—fried chicken, and hot biscuits and honey."

"Romance," I began all over again, "is a beautiful thing. And so much simpler than it used to be. When mother was a girl she used to have to sit around with her tatting until some young man gathered up the courage to go down on his knees and say, 'Darling, will you marry me?' Nowadays the knee ceremony is dispensed with entirely and it is the girl who—"

"Hope you don't mind the noise," Una interrupted. "Dad is having a summer house built for me out in the back yard and in it I'm going to have a barbecue pit—though, heaven knows, the Merkels and Burlas will never be able to afford anything more luxurious than hot dogs. Would you care to see it?"

I gritted my teeth and held fast to the arms of my chair.

"Romance," I began again with a wild look in my eyes, "is a beautiful thing. Now Una, dear, won't you tell me about yours? Then—we'll go to the dogs."

Una smiled reminiscently and looked as sweet as a cherub. "I don't go to many parties," she said, "but I have a few friends out here who aren't connected with pictures and every now and then they have a crowd in for the evening and I go. At one of these parties last November I met Ronnie and [Continued on page 53]"
"Not that! Not that!" cries Wallace Beery.

RUMORS!

False reports, like flaws, blow across the picture world, upsetting the reputations of the innocent.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Wallace Beery is dead! . . . Gloria Swanson’s daughter is a cripple! . . . Garbo is secretly married! . . . Jackie Cooper is a midget! . . . Such "lugs," or false alarms, must have caused you loyal fans many a heartache . . . until you read in Silver Screen that they weren’t true.

There’s scarcely a day that Clark Gable isn’t said to be separated from his wife, involved with a leading lady, the father of numerous secret children by numerous secret marriages, ill, or something. The only thing they have failed to say about him is that he is normal.

"Wallace Beery is dead!" That one was originated by a fan’s misunderstanding of a statement over the ether. Prior to the Hollywood premiere of “Hell Divers,” a radio announcer said: “Wally Beery dives in a spectacular sea thrill.” A listener caught the remark as “Wally Beery dies,” telephoned his friends the sad news, and within an hour every newspaper and syndicate service in the city had called the studio. Denials could not crush it. "They’re trying to keep it quiet!"

Stories fly about concerning Lupe but every day she gains in popular favor. Lupe Velez with Melvyn Douglas in “Broken Wing.”

People decided. Next day many newspaper headlines mourned the actor.

Last summer an excited voice called an editor and asked, "Is it true that Janet Gaynor committed suicide an hour ago?" Through Janet’s mother it was learned that the actress and her husband were at the Bowl symphony concert. Only spite could have started that senseless one.

Frequently, Garbo is reported dead. Mary Pickford was the victim of the “Mark Twain” exaggeration gos-
sip. About a year ago a friend called me and expressed concern that Ruth Roland had been killed in an automobile accident. Later Ruth's cheery voice reassured me. And there had been no accident.

During her illness in Paris, Gloria Swanson's death was rumored. People said, "We know for a fact that they are using a double in pictures claiming to star her, to continue to cash in on her name." For even following her return to Hollywood and work, the air bristled with that "double" notion.

A resemblance to a titled foreigner caused Jeanette MacDonald some sleepless hours. Europe insisted that she was dead! When she dashed over there to prove herself alive, many believed that she was her own self's double!

Jackie Cooper was the victim of one of the meanest rumors, but his own pictures dispelled it.

Everyone is talking about Garbo's new contract. Will she sign or not? Will it be $10,000 a week? ($7,000 now).

“Jackie Cooper is a midget!” No other rumor has occasioned so much discussion. It all started with a "crank" letter sent to Walter Winchell, columnist, by a vaudevillian who claimed to recognize in the boy wonder a midget with whom he had acted many years ago. The printed letter was preceded by an editorial explaining that it was a sample of the "freak" confidences that pour in to every writer. But many people, hastily skimming the paper, read only the letter, passing over the explanation in smaller type.

Naturally, Mrs. Cooper was upset. Less experienced publicity men might have launched a campaign of photographs showing Jackie playing with his neighborhood gang, to counteract it. But, rumor-weary, the M-G-M crowd just grunted, and sat back and listened while the war waged. It kept his name to the front, and they knew that the closer inspection of Jackie's screen self which it invited would dispel the erroneous idea.

"Anita Page is engaged to Jimmy Dunn." One columnist quoted the young actor in an indecisive moment, stating that he couldn't make up his mind between Anita and Mollie O'Day, adding that he couldn't marry anyhow, as he hadn't enough money.

Reading that paragraph aloud one evening, her eyes ales of lightning, 'Nita said, "When I meet this young man, I shall ask him, first thing, 'Have you got that [Continued on page 66]"
Dreams Come Through

Ann Dvorak Dreamed That Some Day the Right Man Would Come Along, And He Turned Out to Be Leslie Fenton on St. Patrick's Day.

By Carlisle Jones

LET'S make it snappy,” suggested Leslie Fenton to a grinning pilot as he climbed into place in a Stinson cabin plane at the United Airport, Burbank, California, beside Ann Dvorak. “How long does it take to get to Yuma?”

For weeks Fenton had been “making it snappy” for Ann. It began with the young man asking the young lady riddles, and was climaxed one night a few weeks later by him asking her to marry him. She knew the answers in each case.

So, on St. Patrick’s day, Ann Dvorak, nineteen-year-old daughter of Anna Lehr, former stage and screen actress, and of Edward McKim, actor, and Leslie Fenton, screen villain and riddle expert, were married in Yuma, Arizona, and prepared to live as happily as Hollywood would let them, ever after.

Ann’s mother had the advantage of Ann’s friends. She had twelve hours’ notice of the girl’s intentions. The friends, while not altogether unprepared for a marriage as a climax for what was obviously a whirlwind courtship on Fenton’s part, did not expect it to culminate on such short notice.

Twenty hours before their marriage Ann finished her fifth talking picture, in support of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Warner Studio. There is a justifiable suspicion that both Doug and Director William Wellman were in Ann’s confidence, because the final scenes in which she appeared were made first on that busy Wednesday and Ann was permanently excused from further calls during the production.

She walked, calmly enough, to her dressing room and submitted, with apparent composure, to an interview.

“What,” asked the interviewer, reading from a written list of questions, “do you think of domesticity?”

“It’s fine,” said Ann slowly, “if it doesn’t dominate you. I mean, if you don’t let it interfere with everything else you want to do. You see I—oh,” [Continued on page 56]
Success Chains the Wanderer

By Donovan Pedelty

Wallace Ford is making good in Hollywood. But the other side of the sunset has always held for him an irresistible attraction. Will a happy home and bushels of fatuous fan letters hold him?

The true story of Wallace Ford, the tale that chills the blood, is not what happened to him but what very likely will.

Thirty-three years old, an actor with a future unmistakably foreshadowed by "Possessed," "Freaks," "Are You Listening?" and "The Wet Parade," Wally Ford started life parentless, penniless, nameless, friendless, literally fought his way from meal to meal and found the journey led to a Beverly Hills Mansion and a long-term contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

And so what?

That's what you, and you, and you, and I too want to know after reading the tale baldly told, as it has been by some writers. Darn it! Gable humped logs, George K. Arthur rode the rods, Boris Karloff starved for meat while washing gravy off other people's plates. That's over. They and Ford are now somebodies. What then? Who cares about the dead-and-buried past except for what effect it may have on the future?

That's the point. It is the one missed by every other student of the phenomenon "Ford." Clark Gable's log-humping is an etching on the wall of a room he will never reopen, Boris Karloff has forgotten how it feels to be hungry.

But Ford's past is still alive! A load of dynamite that at a spark may blow him back into rags.

Wally has arrived—but can Hollywood hold him? His wife would like to know too.

Never until now has Wally known what it means to be safe, to be rich and to be anchored to a mantel-shelf of his own. Now that he has got it, will he gratefully put his feet up on it—or have they grown too used to the road, the rods, the freight yards and the occasional hearth which was always somebody else's?

I found a slimly lovely woman brooding about it in the drawing-room of a Beverly Hills house, draped like a mermaid on a settle, with tawny, wavy hair tumbling over her shoulders.

"There was the time he ran away to Florida," she said. "We were doing well on Broadway, saving money and living quietly on Long Island. Then Wally walked out, bought an old Cadillac and announced he was going to Florida. What could I do? He went. He was away three months—but he came back that time."

"And what a time I had," said Wally later. "Stopped off in every town and walked around all day. And do you know what was the kick? I never met a soul I knew. I never got a friendly word I didn't have to win from zero. It was like old times." Wally's eyes gleamed at the recollection.

"Paddy" busted in on my tête-à-tête with Martha Ford, the aforesaid mermaid.

"Bed," said the mermaid. "You're in disgrace."

"I ran away," explained five-year-old Patricia Ann Ford calmly.

"We just found her—ten blocks away. Took us and the police two hours."

"But why?" I asked Paddy.

"I wanted to know things."

"What things?"

"Oh! I don't know—any things. I like you. What's your name?"

"You see?" said Martha. "This is the third time. Once she was away all night. It's in the blood—hers and Wally's. I love my home, my family, my friends and my fireside, but this curiosity about things, strange places and new faces, is a lust in some people's blood. It can split a home like any other lust. It's like living in a drama, with the third act curtain not yet written." Martha Ford, daughter of William Haworth the great actor and dramatist, talks brilliantly, pictorially. But she is sincere.

The curtain rang up on this unfinished real-life play—tragedy or romance as it may end—twenty-three years ago at a lonely farm in Manitoba, where an orphaned boy called Sammy Jones did [Continued on page 58]
I F EVER there was a town that, on the surface, appeared to be Arcadia it is Hollywood. Flowering eucalyptus, acacia and pepper trees line the streets. The sky is blue, as a rule, and the sun bathes everything in a golden light. You drive down Hollywood Boulevard and a dozen times between Vine and Highland friends shout cheery greetings to you from other cars. Nothing is hurried. Poverty, apparently, doesn't bother anyone because tomorrow you may be riding the crest of the golden wave yourself. Your girl friends rush up to kiss you (if you're another girl) and your men friends pump your hand and slap you on the back (if you're another man). It's all just fine and dandy—on the surface.

If ever there was a town, in reality, that isn't Arcadia it is Hollywood. For no sooner are you gone, than your girl friends pick you to pieces and your men friends riddle you. Fun is made of you, behind your back. Your work, your clothes, your mannerisms are torn apart and left bleeding where they fall.

I doubt that there are two people in Hollywood who have harmed others less than Joan Bennett and Gene Markey and I doubt that there are two people in Hollywood who have been crucified to the same degree and with less cause.

Despite the fact that her name is Bennett—and Bennett in Hollywood has come to mean Temperament with a capital T—Joan is one of the easiest going people
Joan Says: “Yes!”

By S. R. Mook

I've ever met.

When she first came to Hollywood her name was linked with John Considine, Jr.'s and presently they were spoken of as engaged. Joan was pictured as a heartless interloper. John, you see, had been engaged to Carmen Pantages before he knew Joan and Joan was credited with having come between them. She didn’t.

A broken engagement was no news. But if the sharp-shooters could ring in a third party and make a triangle of it, it was a tidy tidbit. So Joan Bennett’s name was rolled around on the tongues of her friends and enemies in a manner far from complimentary.

Actually, what had happened was that Mr. Considine had written Joan a note asking her to accompany him to a preview one Sunday night and, in his own words, “That’s how it started.” Joan is pretty, she is sweet, she is intelligent and witty. A man doesn’t often run across such a combination in a girl. And Mr. Considine fell in love with her.

Miss Pantages, too, is pretty. She has lived here practically all her life and has many friends. Joan was a newcomer—she had few. So the Pantages advocates went around damning Joan.

Joan went her way, ignoring the thrusts and slanderous remarks being made about her. I think Mr. Considine really loved her but he has one of the most jealous dispositions in the history of man and life shortly became a nightmare for Joan.

After a year and a half of that sort of thing, Joan decided she had had enough. She told Mr. Considine she didn’t want to see him again. That should have ended it—but it didn’t.

She was working on “Many A Slip” at the time and, considering herself free, she accepted an invitation from Lew Ayres to dinner. Mr. Considine heard about it and raged. A few nights later, Joan invited Lew to her home to dinner. While they were at the table, the doorbell rang. The butler was shoved aside and an outraged Considine pushed his way into the house.

Things were patched up but the affair never ran [Continued on page 56]
In Kirkland's beautiful home in Santa Monica. The previous occupants were friends of Garbo's and the wall of the garden had a secret door built into it for Garbo to enter unobserved.

An Artist to His Finger-tips

By Wick Evans

Alexander Kirkland’s heart is in painting although his performance in “Strange Interlude” is the talk of Hollywood.

During lunch—but despite the fact that he was besieged on one side by an interviewer and on the other by a “still” cameraman from the studio, he enjoyed himself as much as we did.

He admitted that this business of being interviewed and photographed in the approved “Hollywood manner” was all new to him. And, unashamed, he admitted that he was getting a great kick out of it.

Kirkland is the sort of fellow who always gets a great kick out of life. Not that he is the breezy, hearty, back-slapper type of person. On the contrary he is the sort who has the capacity for a great deal of suffering as well as for “having fun,” but it is all in a quiet, intense, natural way. Which brings us, gentle reader, to the rather amazing things that Alexander (Bill—so his mother calls him) Kirkland has done in his not-so-long career.

To begin with he was born in Mexico City, Mexico, the favorite and only son of a barrister who decided to practice in Mexico because of his familiarity with the language. His (Bill’s) grandfather was Rear Admiral Kirkland of the United States Navy.

Until the time he was fourteen years old he never spoke English, learning his lessons in Spanish and speaking French and Spanish at home.

His later education was acquired at the Taft School, Waterbury, Conn., but he left with the obsession of becoming an actor, an ambition [Continued on page 59]
A GALLERY OF THE FAMOUS

DOLORES DEL RIO and JOEL McCREA

IN HAWAII during the filming of King Vidor's gorgeous "Bird of Paradise," Dolores, as a dancer, shakes off the conventions and blossoms out in the spirit of the South Seas, while Joel catches one of those Hawaiian orchestras while it's young.
SKY BRIDE" recalls "Wings" which did so much for Dick. Virginia Bruce is the girl whom Florenz Ziegfeld describes as one of the three most beautiful girls in the world, and that's covering a lot of territory.
TALLULAH BANKHEAD and DIRECTOR RICHARD WALLACE

THE tropical setting of "Thunder Below" explains the netting behind which Tallulah reclines. Richard Wallace has done a great piece of work in his sympathetic direction. Will the great potentialities of Tallulah be realized this time?
UNIVERSAL'S new imported beauty brings with her a Vienna reputation as a stage actress. Her first picture will be "The Doomed Battalion." If she doesn't click it will be too doomed bad! After that she will be starred in the title role of "Nana." Surely, we can trust young Carl Laemmle Jr.'s batting eye—we'll Tala the world!
SIDNEY FOX

SIDNEY is getting to be very important on the Universal lot and the next thing you know she will be a star in her own right, in fact the picture starring her is tentatively named "Art and Styles." In the meantime McClelland Barclay, the famous artist, is painting a portrait of her. Sidney's performance in "Strictly Dishonorable" is a cherished memory.
A PREMIERE

Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway arrive to be cheered, photographed and microphoned.

Walter Huston, Neil Hamilton and Mrs. Huston pause on the red carpet to say "Hello, Everybody!"

The first night of Hollywood. The assembled Chinese the
The new discovery, Robert Young, with his mother and sister. He received a baptism of fire as the fans recognized and applauded him.

Wallace and Mrs. Beery leave their new family at home for the big night. Wally is the most popular radio announcer in Hollywood.
"CONGRESS Dances" is a German film that has played fifteen weeks in London and many months in Berlin. All Europe has succumbed to irresistible Lilian Harvey. She is English and has refused many offers to come to Hollywood. The picture is an operetta of exquisite musical theme and charming vivacity.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and MARY PICKFORD
just before Doug sailed for Papeete, Tahiti, in the South Seas to film a Robinson Crusoe sort of story, not a travelogue. Mary is busily planning her new picture, "Happy Ending."
MARIAN NIXON and JAMES CAGNEY  in "Winner Take All," the latest barrage in the great Cagney offensive. "The Crowd Roars" was a typical Cagney success, but "Winner Take All" promises to be the best yet.
Rochelle Hudson favors this one-piece suit of royal blue jersey for her daily swim, but enhances the simplicity with smart applique designs in white and blue.

What color? This beach outfit with the oh, so chic shorts worn by Adrienne Ames, comprises a blouse of pale blue and trousers of bright orange, in a new rough cotton weave.

Adrienne nonchalantly balances herself on the arm of a beach chair giving us a fair enough view of her tomato-red jersey backless swimming suit, with wide shoulder straps.

An attractive yachting costume also worn by Adrienne. The wide flannel trousers are a golden brown, the blouse white crépe and the wide belt is of bright green leather.

Hot Weather
Marge Evans goes in for "roughie" pajamas of—guess?—bath toweling! The sweater is in violet and white stripes, and the trousers are a rich plum color.

Arline Judge looks distinctly modish in this decorative bathing costume of red and white jersey. The back is cleverly cut out and the red belt and piping add an interesting touch.

Anita Page likes her daily dip too much to allow for furbelows, so she dons this severely simple stocking-knit bathing suit of bright green, with narrow white canvas belt.

The Washington Bi-centennial is responsible for this dashing pajama suit of red, white and blue jersey sponsored by Adrienne. With it she wears a beret and matching scarf.

FASHIONS! Hot CHA!
Who is the prettiest girl in pictures?

In a recent issue, Silver Screen published the portraits of "The Most Beautiful Six in Pictures." These were selected by critics familiar with the screen girls. We have received a number of letters commenting on the selections, even criticizing our choice and demanding justice for their favorites.

Silver Screen has therefore ordered a beautiful solid gold medal to be presented to the most lovely girl. Below is a ballot which will enable you to cast a vote for the girl whose beauty you believe to be above all others. Obviously, we mean photographic beauty, and we ask you to vote for the girl who appears to you most beautiful on the screen of your own theater. For after all, it is how she photographs that determines her fate in pictures.

Here is an opportunity for you to do something for your favorite screen beauty. In her effort to please you she studies, rehearses, works, diets and exercises. Now you can show your appreciation by mailing a ballot for her.

There are absolutely no conditions to be fulfilled. Every copy of Silver Screen this month has a ballot and anyone may vote.

This contest is opened only to the girls who are in pictures. The beauty contest winners sometimes seen in the news weeklies are not eligible as this contest is primarily for the lovely girls of Hollywood. The contest closes midnight, June seventh.

It will make the winner very happy to receive this gold medal and to be proclaimed "The Fairest." It will be treasured by her all her life and you will receive her lasting gratitude.

Silver Screen has the largest newstand sale of any screen magazine and therefore the beauty selected by this contest can feel that she has been selected by the largest jury in the world.

On the adjoining page are some portraits, but you can nominate any screen girl you like irrespective of whether her picture is here or not.

The medal is of 18 kt. solid gold and represents an idealistic figure holding a scroll. The conception of the sculptor shows the Goddess of Beauty, who keeps the names of those superradial creatures who have adorned the pages of history. The reverse side of the medal has the ancient, poetic inscription which you may remember appeared upon the golden apple that Paris gave to Aphrodite: "To the Fairest." Below this will appear what name?

Who will be the Queen of Beauty? What tremendous interest there will be in her hair, her eyes, her coloring?

Will she be blonde or dark? That is for you to decide.

Fill out the ballot below and mail today.

---

Gold Medal Editor,
Silver Screen,
43 West 43rd Street,
New York City.

I vote for

She is the most beautiful girl in pictures.
IMAGINE your movie idols' surprise! They have discovered the stage! Check up one good deed to Old Man Depression. With studio production cut down, there aren't enough film jobs to go around. And, suddenly, it seems that there isn't a stellar soul who has an ounce of stage-resistance.

You no longer need come to Hollywood to see the stars in their flesh. They are coming to you, just as fast as they can! Beverly burghers are forsaking the chosen city to do four shows a day in vaudeville. Many are appearing in full-length plays. It's not a confession of declining movie popularity now. Rather the star who doesn't rate at least a couple of "in person bids" considers himself a flop.

The list of those who are taking a fling before the footlights, and of those who plan to do so as soon as they complete current pictures, reads like Filmdom's Who's Who. Everybody's doing it!

Salaries for plays are not so large as studio wages. But for vaudeville the remuneration is grand.

Here are some of the pay-offs: Eddie Cantor got $8,500 a week for several months at the Palace Theatre in New York; the Four Marx Brothers drew $10,000 a week for their recent vaudeville appearances; Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay split $8,500 between them for their Palace engagement; Jackie Cooper will be rewarded with $7,000 per Saturday for the act which he and his mother do; Pola Negri was paid $5,000 the first two weeks she did her five minute sketch, and almost that much for succeeding weeks! And Maurice Chevalier was paid $15,000 for one week at the Los Angeles Paramount.

Ziegfeld's smash musical comedy, "Hot Cha," is featuring Buddy Rogers (at $1,050 a week) and Bert Lahr, who co-starred in M-G-M's "Flying High" last winter. In his off-stage moments Buddy manages to lead an orchestra, the "California Cavaliers," at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, at a salary of $1,500 weekly, plus 50% of the covent. And, in addition, he will be broadcasting three times a week over NBC, making his own announcements. Jeanette Loff, another cinema player, is singing with his hotel orchestra.

Referring to "Hot Cha" again, Lupe Velez is being paid $5,000 weekly by Ziegfeld as the show's foremost exponent of sex appeal. And Marjorie White, for the past few years a singing comedienne for Fox, furnishes much of the pep in "Hot Cha." June MacClay's blues voice didn't get much of a chance in Hollywood after she did "Reaching for the Moon" with Douglas Fairbanks. But she is the crooner de luxe in Zieggy's show.

Two Helens who came from the stage to conquer movie audiences are at last back in Hollywood. Helen Hayes and Helen Chandler left us at the height of their popularity to spend the past winter on the New York stage. In "The Good Fairy" and "Springtime for Henry," respectively, they gave many of their new talkie fans a big thrill.

Lois Moran, trained in the studios, has been leading lady in Broadway's cleverest musical satire, "Of Thee I Sing." It's still going strong, so perhaps you'll be lucky enough to hear her render the song hit "Who Cares?" Lois threatens to master grand opera before returning to Hollywood.

Leslie Howard has been crowding the fans into his personally produced play, "The Animal Kingdom." Don't miss it if you get to the Great White Way. Of course, you'll find those delightful stars of M-G-M's "The Guardsman" in the consistently sold-out "Reunion in Vienna." It's a grand play.

Fox didn't treat Marguerite Churchill right. She packed up and went back to being leading lady of a Broadway melodrama, "The Inside Story." Marilyn Miller's $100,000 per picture arrangement with Warners was too stiff for that concern. She will star in a summer revue in New York.

Paramount dispensed with a flock of its "sweet" heroines. Now these assertedly insipid girls are getting stage experience which will enable them to make screen come-backs. Fay Wray starred in "Nikki" on Broadway last season, and is now back in pictures. Jean Arthur went into the stock company cast of the snappy show "Lysistrata" at the Riviera Theatre in New York. (Miriam Hopkins' last stage rôle before definitely going movie was the same one which Jean essayed). Mary Brian has been on the road in vaudeville, and June
on
TOUR

"Personal appearances" add greatly to the popularity of the players. The stars are on their way to your theatre.

By
Ben
Maddox

It was because Jean Harlow broke all attendance records "In Person" that she got her new wonderful contract with M-G-M.

Collyer, still another ex-Paramountee, teamed with husband Stuart Erwin in a personal appearance act.

Al Jolson is at work on his first talkie in over a year, having been interesting his fans in his musical "Wonder Bar."

West Coast fans have been seeing their favorites in plays, too. Although there is more prestige attached to doing a show in the East, some stars feel that they are more likely to get talkie offers by making their stage hits right in Hollywood.

Edward Everett Horton is the most successful local draw. He introduced Laura La Plante to the footlights in a recent production. She later guest-starred in Seattle's stock company. Bebe Daniels' debut at El Capitan Theatre brought out the screen's most famous people. She has been singing over a national hook-up from the East since that engagement. Hubby Ben Lyon spent the springtime in vaudeville.

Between pictures Joe E. Brown regularly gives his California fans a lot of laughs by appearing in stage comedies, and he gets $6,250 a week for occasional vaudeville jaunts. Colleen Moore started her come-back climb this spring by acting in her first legitimate show, "Church Mouse." She was scared to death when [Continued on page 62]
THE LOST SQUADRON
Rating: Fine—Radio

This is a Richard Dix picture with Joel McCrea in a good part. The men get together on a picture lot renewing friendships formed when they were aviators in the war. The director arranges to kill one of the flyers in order to get a thrill for his picture, and the gang sees to it that justice is done. Von Stroheim is the most excellent director. One of the delights of this intense picture is Dorothy Jordan. Richard Dix is excellent, as is Bob Armstrong. See it for air thrills and real suspense.

SO BIG
Rating: DELIGHTFUL—First National

The Barbara Stanwyck fans, of which there are legion, are in for a merry evening when they see “So Big.” It’s taken, you know, from the Edna Ferber novel of the same title, and let it be said to the credit of the producers that it has not been changed in the least. The plot is so simple that you can’t find it unless you put on your spectacles, but what care you for plot when you have Barbara being her most natural and unaffected self amid bucolic settings that are thoroughly delightful.

Tersely, the story deals with the struggle of a brave pioneer woman with the soil, how she finally makes it pay with the scientific use of fertilizer, and educates a son to become an architect. The first part of the picture contains some of the best comedy of the season: Barbara in her funny furbelows (Chicago’s idea of style in the quaint 80’s) arriving in a tiny country town as the new schoolmarm; Barbara at her first basket supper and church social, etc. Perhaps too homely and leisurely for sophisticates, but anyone who has ever lived in a country town will rock with laughter.

There is a splendid supporting cast including the new “rave,” George Brent, adorable Dickie Moore, Bette Davis, Hardie Albright and Alan Hale.

DANCERS IN THE DARK
Rating: Good—Paramount

THE taxi dancer is Miriam Hopkins and the saxophone player is William Collier Jr., in Jack Oakie’s orchestra. The dance hall is the hangout of a crook, George Raft, and he is good! The saxophone player falls in love with Miriam and she comes to love him so much that nothing else matters. Oakie doesn’t believe in the girl, and so sending Collier away, he tries to break up the romance of the dancer. Miriam Hopkins is beautiful and appealing and knows her hot numbers, too. The plot has a climax and the whole thing is very entertaining. Did you know that Miriam will be starred next, and with Lubitsch directing?

THE MIRACLE MAN
Rating: Good—Paramount

YOU don’t have to be so terribly old to remember the silent version of “The Miracle Man,” which brought fame and fortune to Lon Chaney, Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson, and also brought buckets of tears to the old eyes. The story is practically unchanged—it still shows the four city crooks who through chicanery make a “miracle man” out of a kindly, spiritual old man who lives alone on the outskirts of a small religious village, and who with his pockets full of gold are ready to make a getway when they discover that they have souls.

Their gradual reformation is still a beautiful thing and so is the miracle of the little crippled boy, played excellently by Bobby Coogan. Sylvia Sidney, as the girl in the gang, is miscast and Chester Morris is not as convincing as was Thomas Meighan.

John Wayne does splendidly by the Lon Chaney role, and Ned Sparks, as the fourth crook, who specializes in watches, gives plenty of laughs to the first part of the picture. Hobart Bosworth, as the saintly patriarch, and Irving Pichel, as the scoffing, blasphemous father of crippled Bobby Coogan, are excellent.

THE CROWD ROARS
Rating: Terrific—Warners

The audience went with James Cagney around and around the Indianapolis track at 104 miles per hour and liked it. After we had decided that the auto hadn’t a thrill left, and had transferred our thrill department to airships, Lost Squadrons and Sky Devils, we found that the old race track still had the risk and roar that animates a picture. This particular play is good from Cagney’s angle for he has a chance to be menacing and is, but particularly the piece is kind to Eric Linden, Joan Blondell is in it and Ann Dvorak and they do well. There is a quality about uncountable, crazy daring that suits the untrammeled Cagney. He is a gangster in spirit, makes his own laws for his own life and always delivers an intense, enthralling picture.

YOUNG AMERICA
Rating: GREAT ENTERTAINMENT—Fox

FOLKS, meet the successor to “Bad Girl.” And what a grand picture it is. You won’t miss this if you have to sell the baby’s crib. It’s all about the trials and tribulations of adolescence, with Tommy Conlin and Raymond Borrago, nephew of Director Borrago, playing thirteen year old kids. They rob a drug store to provide medicine for poor old Granny Beryl Mercer and land in the juvenile court facing Judge Ralph Bellamy himself. Enter Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon, a young married couple, who decide to adopt Tommy. There’s a lot more plot with Spencer and Ralph getting to some swell scenes, and both of them giving the best performances yet, which is saying something if you have been keeping up with the meritorious work of Messieurs Tracy and Bellamy. Fox won’t have to send out an S. O. S. to Wall Street anytime soon if they continue to make pictures like this one. Good stuff!

(Above) Mary Astor and Richard Dix in “The Lost Squadron.”
(Center) Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie in “Dancers in the Dark.”
(Right) Ann Dvorak and James Cagney in “The Crowd Roars.”

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ALIAS THE DOCTOR

Rating: Good—First National

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is the doctor and the way the operation scenes were handled is being talked about in all the studios. You think you see, but really you do not see anything. There is a plot to do with the laws of men and the finer, grander things of the heart. Marian Marsh is lovely and capable. We do not believe that Dick will gain much standing with this one, but the sincerity of the whole thing and the artistic fashion in which it is worked out make it a pleasant dramatic story to see.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION

Rating: Excellent—Radio

DO YOU remember what “Humoresque” did to your heart strings in the old silent days? Well here you have it up to date, minus all the sloppy sentiment, and as beautiful and as sympathetic a picture as you have ever seen on the screen. Fannie Hurst is the author, but in this case the biggest praise goes to Director Gregory La Cava who has handled the story in a deft and inspired manner. It is the simple story of a Jewish family on the lower East Side in New York—the famous Ghetto.

A young Jewish boy (Ricardo Cortez) has become a great surgeon through sacrifices of his family, but he does not care for money, and is interested only in serving humanity. His socially ambitious brother and sister coerce him into a “society” practice and they move to Park Avenue where he becomes a “fashionable doctor,” and gradually forgets the clinic and the lame girl he loved (Irene Dunne) in the Ghetto.

His father dies during an operation that he performs and he realizes that suffocated with wealth and flattery he has become a rotten surgeon. He loses faith in himself but Irene Dunne restores it, and once more he returns to the Ghetto and humanity. The entire cast has been selected with extreme care, but the honors go to Ricardo Cortez.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU

Rating: Perfection—Paramount

MAURICE CHEVALIER is the young doctor husband and Jeanette MacDonald is his wife. Roland Young is the husband of the careless lady, Genevieve Tobin. The gay Frenchman sings. After a noble resistance he falls for Genevieve and this indiscretion he confesses to his wife. She uses Charles Ruggles to prove that she too has a wicked life—all that makes for merriment. It is delightful, cultured, almost risqué and the songs are gay and musical. Ernst Lubitsch directed and this is supposed to be the talking version of “The Marriage Circle” but about the only resemblance is that men are tempted and lovers must quarrel. It was our best show this month.

MAN WANTED

Rating: Delightful—Warner

IT’S so grand to be gay and rollicking again after all those sad pictures. Not a murder, or a jury, or a crook, or a reporter, in the entire film—can you bear it? You just bet you can. Why when Una Merkel and Andy Devine get started you’ll laugh so loudly the usher will have to put you out. And what a fiesta for the Kay Francis fans. She has never looked lovelier and never worn such charming gowns.

Kay is perfectly cast as a young society woman who is editor of a “smart” magazine which has been handed down by her family for years. She is married to a young blue-blooded polo player (Kenneth Thompson) who spends his evenings entertaining charming ladies of the Social Register. David Manners comes to the editorial office one day to sell a rowing machine and stays on as Kay’s personal secretary. He rapidly becomes a partner in the company—and falls madly in love with his boss, though he’s engaged to Una. It all gets straightened out pleasantly without a single shot.

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER

Rating: Very Funny—M-G-M

BUSTER KEATON is the star of this piece and he does not rely on his reputation as a comic, he makes his own reputation as he goes along. You’ll never believe until you see it that “The Cardboard Lover” could be turned into such a field day for Durante and Keaton. Gilbert Roland is the lover from whom Irene Putcell is to be protected, and Buster protects her even to fighting a duel for her, and such a duel! Polly Moran is good old Polly and Mona Maris is thrillingly lovely.

SCARFACE

Rating: Very Exciting—United Artists

DON’T say that you are tired of gangster pictures until you have seen Scarface, this film will go down in cinema history as the best gangster picture ever made. And superlatively speaking, it’s the best acted, best directed and best produced. And why Will Hays and various state censors should go thumbs down on it is more than we can see. It does not glorify the gangster. For the first time on the screen you see him for what he is, and you hate him.

The picture opens with the murder of a gang leader by Tony Carbonite (Paul Muni) who works for Lovo (Osgood Perkins), a big shot in gangdom. Tony visits Lovo to report the shooting and gets an eyeful of the splendor of the apartment and of Lovo’s girl friend (Karen Morley). Tony is a stupid fellow but he has sense enough to know how he too can get a swell layout and a beautiful blonde.

From then on you see the inside workings of a cruel vicious gang which boosts Tony to the top of the heap, only to drop him in the end leaving him sniveling cowardly in his death agony. Howard Hughes has chosen a perfect cast for his great opus, and there are “bits” that will be talked about for years. Paul Muni carries off top honors, but you are also going to hear much raving about George Ratt, Tony’s henchman, and Ann Dvorak, his beloved sister.

(Above) James Durante, Buster Keaton and Polly Moran in "The Passionate Plumber."

(Center) Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in "One Hour With You."

(Left) Marian Marsh and Richard Barthelmess in "Alias the Doctor."

for JUNE 1932

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Men of the MIKES
Radio and Pictures are Inseparable. Hollywood Calls to the Air Entertainers.

The Woodbury presentation features Tito Guizar on the Columbia network. Can Hollywood overlook such a romantic possibility?

Harry Barris is an ex-rhythm boy and his comedies have proven a success. He has been given a contract for six Christie shorts.

THE sister arts of Radio and Pictures have found that they have one audience and only one. The great army of listeners of the radio includes the sixty million fans who support the motion picture industry. Under these circumstances the exchange of artists brings to the radio field the most talented players, and brings in exchange from the microphones and radioland, singers whose glamorous voices will add tremendously to picture entertainment.

Among these Harry Barris is the latest success. Bing Crosby's Educational comedies delighted all those who had enjoyed his singing over the radio. Both these artists followed in the footsteps of Rudy Vallee whose radio success led him to pictures. In fact, negotiations are now going forward to secure Rudy to play the lead in Warner Brothers' new picture, "Crooner." Bing Crosby is expected to star in a new Paramount picture which is being adapted from "Wild Waves," the novel by Rian James.

The dividing line between the stage and the screen disappeared definitely with the overwhelming screen success of Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Helen Hayes and now the dividing line between screen and radio has been wiped out. There is one tremendous audience only, with unlimited golden laurels to bestow.

Morton Downey, featured on the Camel Quarter Hour, has already made a number of pictures.

Walter Winchell of the Lucky Strike Dance Hour, the columnist who tells all, and first, has received a Hollywood offer.

S I V E R  S C R E E N
Which star is 19...
which is 39?...

Screen stars
know the secret
of keeping
youthful charm

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

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

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

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

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

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

LUX
Toilet Soap
10¢
"Why Garbo is GREAT"

The whole world wants to know if "As You Desire Me" will really be Garbo's last picture.

By Patricia Keats

(See Frontispiece Illustration Page 16)

ON THE sun-drenched shores of the Pacific, midway between San Diego and Carmel, is the quaint little village of Laguna. There is a narrow stretch of beach with sand that does not squish, and then tiers and tiers of hillside where the natives, artists and intellectuals have built their little rose-covered blue and green and yellow cottages. Here they paint sunsets and write deep thoughts about Life and the eternal mysteries of the sea.

Laguna does not like strangers. But when a movie company from that wild Hollywood drops in occasionally "on location" Laguna simply shrugs and endures it. An Italian setting was needed for Garbo's next picture, "As You Desire Me," so M-G-M moved the company to Laguna for several days to take shots of the Pacific, which looks more Italian than the Adriatic, and the little village which simply radiates sunshine and happiness and spaghetti.

Everyone in the company seemed affected by the warm southern beauty of the place except Melvyn Douglas. Mr. Douglas was frowning. Just at that moment Mr. Douglas would have gladly given up Laguna, the entire Pacific coast, Hollywood and the state of California, and practically anything else you might have set your heart on just for one good look at Broadway at theatre time, a cold snap in the air, millions of lights, taxis careening perilously around corners, glamorous ladies in scintillating gowns escorted by sleek gentlemen in high hats, the orchestra tuning up in the pit, the overture, the first act, applause, and Miss Helen Gahagan, his beautiful and talented wife, and himself taking curtain calls. All Easteners feel a nostalgia for Broadway at theatre hour at some time or other. They just can't help it. But Mr. Douglas was feeling particularly glum because he had just seen himself in "The Broken Wing" the night before.

"On the stage," he said sadly, "if I give a bad performance it is soon over and done with and completely forgotten, but on the screen it'll follow me around from city to country to continent for the next fifteen years. I certainly haven't done anything to be proud of on the screen yet—and what pictures—what—"

"But you like your part in 'As You Desire Me' and you like Pirandello and you like Garbo. Tell me all about it," I suggested quickly before he would have me crying for Times Square too.

"Briefly, it's about Zara (Garbo) a cabaret singer in Vienna who is the mistress of a famous author, Salter (Eric von Stroheim). Zara is a beautiful and gay creature of the earth, earthy, but as the picture opens she is beginning to be satiated with life. Tony (Owen Moore) sees her one night and finds she is the wife of his best friend, young Count Bruno (Melvyn Douglas).

As a victim, perhaps as an adventure, perhaps because she believes it herself, Zara accompanies Tony to the little Italian village where lonely Count Bruno has waited ten years for the return of his beautiful young wife Maria. Only a few weeks after their wedding the unfortunate couple had been torn from him by some band of soldiers, and for ten long years the count has looked for her and prayed for her return. In the quiet peace of the little country village Zara forgets the worldliness of Vienna and finds her soul. Whether she is the long lost Maria—or just Zara, girl of the streets—you never really know. Pirandello, as usual, lets you draw your own conclusions.

"Since I have been in pictures," Mr. Douglas continued, "I have never met any one as interesting as Garbo. I expected a cold, haughty woman who demanded this-and-so and got thus-and-so by means of temperamental outbursts. But instead I found a charming, emotional girl suffering with one of the worst inferiority complexes I have ever seen. I had heard that the great Garbo refused to rehearse scenes, that she went through the scene one time, and accepted no criticisms or suggestions from the directors or fellow actors. That, too, was all a mistake.

"Garbo rehearsed one scene with me a dozen times or more and with utter simplicity accepted every suggestion that Director Fitzmaurice made. To me she is like a little cell feeling her way along, every step of the way, always using her emotions—never her intellect. That is why she is a great actress. She doesn't mean to be aloof or stand-offish. She is just so timid and sensitive that she doesn't know how to be friendly. When she first came to Hollywood someone probably hurt her deeply and she has had to set up a defense mechanism. Is it true that she has never been interviewed?"

"Five years ago before she became famous the reporters had a racket at her," I said.

"Well that's probably what's wrong with her," Melvyn Douglas was most sympathetic. "She doubtless had the same interview with that famous woman who interviewed me. He was quite dirty and [Continued on page 55]"
ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED?

Are you flat-chested?
Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? Now it is so easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

Just Give Me 30 Days

YES, in just 30 days, you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them into that firm shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. The application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid result obtained in just a few minutes each day. Read what they say below. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily you can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust.

Beautiful Breasts for YOU

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My Miracle Cream treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts the lovely things you have always wanted them to be!

FREE a Beautiful Form

This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, free! In it you will find the secret of feminine charm and how you can quickly and easily develop the alluring beauty of a lovely full bust. Accept my great special offer at once. Mail the coupon with only $1.00 for your large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my valuable FREE BOOK. Send now, before this offer is withdrawn.

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Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only $1.00. Please send me your large container of Miracle Cream with Complete Instructions. Also your new FREE Book.

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Address........................................................................
Town....................................................State...
The MICROPHONE PARADE

By Edward Churchill

The microphone parade is the most heartbreaking, the most glittering, the most glamorous spectacle in all Hollywood. It is a twenty-five foot procession of stars, writers and executives in front of a vibrating instrument located half-way between the sidewalk and the gorgeously decorated entrance to Grauman's sprawling magnificent Chinese theatre.

While approximately five thousand fans, lining the sidewalks, the forecourt and the entrance of the theatre, look and listen, a master of ceremonies intermittently halts the parade, singles out greatness and asks it to say a few words over the microphone. While greatness broadcasts through loud-speakers to the admiring multitude, while inspirations rise to nearly brooding stations to be hurled out over the ether, near greatness passes by unobserved, unsung.

In all Hollywood, no greater, more significant, more public segregation of the famous and the comparatively unknown is made.

To be chosen to "speak a few words" is soul-satisfying. To be unnoticed is heartbreaking.

In this issue Silver Screen is giving you a most unusual photograph snapped during the premiere of "The Wet Parade" at the Chinese Theatre, which is managed by the husband of a woman, Sid Grauman.

Taken by Ted Ross, from sixty feet above street level atop the parapets of the building, it shows the crowds held back by ropes and police on both sides of the street: the cars of the stars arriving at the curbing; the battery of cameramen; the great throng of people at the entrance trying to get a glimpse of the famous in spite of admonitions to "go inside the theatre, please." (Do not block the entrance; the sacred roped-off sections of the forecourt, the lights which send tall white pillars into the skies, the master of ceremonies and microphone.

But a picture can't give you the cross-section of human souls. And there is no time when souls are so thoroughly bared before the public than at such an opening, from the time the first star has arrived until the lights have been turned out and the crowd files from the oriental pile of concrete.

Practically every star of major magnitude attended the opening of "The Wet Parade." At least three pages long would scarcely give you all the names.

Wally Beery was master of ceremonies, introducing Jimmy Durante, the greatest of today's comedians, Dorothy Jordan, who reveals herself a superb dramatic actress, Walter Huston, and other members of "The Wet Parade" cast. During the intermission, Grauman displayed a real bar behind which three bartenders served real beer.

During a sensational prologue, pigeons were released at the rear of the huge auditorium and flew over the heads of 2,000 people to alight in a cage during the wedding scene. There were a thousand and one spectacular thrills.

On all sides there was always out-towners gasping and speculating. "There's Ginger Rogers. Isn't she fascinating. Who's the little fellow with her?" (Mervyn LeRoy, the director, who is always with her these days). "Doesn't Mrs. Wally Beery look splendid? So young." (Mrs. Beery did look splendid, but the excluder was pointing at Fay Wray, who is Mrs. John Monk Saunders).

"I'd like to know who those men with Nomura Shearer are." (One was Irving Thalberg, her husband, pink cheeked and happy—the other Doug Shearer, her brother, the greatest sound man in the motion picture business). "And that genial, fatherly looking man—" (Louis B. Mayer, dear lady). "Isn't she cute—and he looks so distinguished." (Wes Ruggles, director of the immortal "Cimarron," and Arline Judge, one of the sweetest girls in pictures).

That's the microphone parade. Of the two thousand who enter, a hundred are called upon to say something to the milling mob.

Some of these great have been tramps. (Wally Beery and Wally Ford, the latter one of the outstanding bits of the day, who is marvelous in "The Wet Parade"). Some have been obscure housewives (Vina Delmar, the authoress). Some have been factory workers. (Neil Hamilton). Some have been office boys. (Thalberg and Leroy).

They have touched the mantle of fame while ten thousand tramps, housewives, factory workers and office boys watch them and listen to them as they play leading roles in the microphone parade.

But let's narrow this thing down, go from the wide panorama to the individual, and give you the cross-section of one person who passed before that microphone, happy, flushed, triumphant. With him, watching proudly, were his mother, Mrs. Margaret Young, his brother, Joseph, a hit player, and Florence McKinney, the Paramount sensation.

The young man was Robert Young. He is twenty-four years old. Thirteen months ago, he was as nobody as you and I—well as I, anyway.

If you want the true story of a premiere, a real understanding, a clean line of contrast, hang on to his words.

"Bob," I said, "no matter where you are during the show, I wish you'd meet me during the intermission and tell your sensations.

He did meet me. He was trembling, dry-eyed, nearly wet-eyed.

"Gosh, Church," he said, "I'm in a dream!"

He was.

When "The Gauche" and "The Rogue Song" were given their premieres, Bob was one of the five or ten thousand who lined the sidewalks, harried by the police, who gaped at the stars that glinted as they went into the theatre.

On this night he was playing a leading role.

A boy Cinderella, who had, thirteen months before, given up all hope of motion picture fame! Who had attempted to crash no studios to see what they looked like with a mob of sightseers!

"I ran around the studio all day, in a fog wondering what I would do, could do, and if this was really happening to me," he said, "as the premiere crowd milled about us, staring at him, in the forecourt of the Chinese theatre. I kept trying to tell myself it was true. It isn't true yet."

A short time before this, in the microphone, during the parade, he had said to the ten thousand:

"I have a lot of things to say—I can't say them now.

No, he was telling me what he had wanted to say.

"At four o'clock this afternoon, I looked at my contract. I had signed it exactly one year ago today. I hate to admit this—but I kissed that contract!"

Cinderella Bob not only plays, with exceptional ability, the lead in "The Wet Parade," but he will have the lead in "After All" with Margaret Perry, for Metro. If his rise has been too sudden for you to realize who he is, I will recall that he had a bit in "The Black Camel," for Fox, was the young doctor in that beautiful picture, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and had a small role in "Hell Divers."

"For eight years, I tried to be an actor," Bob continued. "I got a job in the stock company of the Pasadena Community Players. I clerked in banks. I was a mill hand and a tailor. But they meant nothing. I wanted to be an actor."

"Fame is a funny, a terrible thing. Years ago, when I stood watching Doug Fairbanks, cheered on all sides, go into the theatre to witness the premiere of "The Gauche," those who milled about me pushed me aside. Tonight, those same people would push others aside to say 'hello' to me."

On all sides, people continue to stare at Bob.

Greatness chats with greatness. Fame welcomes fame. Jewels glitter in their rivalry. There is laughter, gaiety on all sides.

(Continued on page 59)
Are They Leap Year Ladies?

(Continued from page 10)

he asked me for a date the following week. After our first date I knew that something very important was going to me. I had never before thought of marriage in relation to myself—I've always been so happy with Mother and Dad that I just never gave it a thought. But, one day, I proposed to Ronnie, do you? Why if you only knew how many times—why, then, this is terrible. I know that after all the scheming and plotting, and the grandeur and expense of it all, the only thing that was getting done was getting married. Tomorrow is your mother's and my anniversary. Personally I'd like a double celebration. So the next day we went down to Tiles & Tum, say—a minute—no, I didn't, by any chance, think that just because Dad was along that it might be—no.

"Indeed not," said I rushing for the nearest exit. I've heard tales about fads and shooting down in them that Kentucky mamas and papas, you know, that's why I'm not—let's put it on the mausoleum shelf. "You ruined my story," I shouted back over my shoulder, "but I still think you're about the grandest women I've seen around Hollywood, and as long as you make pictures, going to the cinema will be a personal pleasure."

On my descent to the village I heard voices in the new building. I thought it must be the charming Neil Hamiltons, so I dropped in—an old lancetted Hollywood custom.

"Believe it or not, I am not looking for a wife," said Mr. Hamilton. I said, "something much harder than that—I am looking for a Hollywood wife who will admit that she proposed to her man."

"It proposed to me," replied Mr. Hamilton with his usual delightful buoyancy.

"And it wasn't even Leap Year—but how she jumped!"

"Why Neil Hamilton, you know I did no such thing. Why, why,"—Elsa was awfully cute when she spatters.

"Answer the phoning darling," the head man cooed. Then as Elsa still studding left the room he took by the arm. "Come with me, sweetie, and look at the fish and I'll tell you all about it," he said.

"By the way, goldfish nearly wrecked my marriage before it was even a marriage," said Elsa.

If Elsa had been me, I would have sent in a new batch of fish. But Elsa was one of the choicest goldfish girls in the United States of America.

I watched the goldfish play and Neil went on with his story.

When I first met Elsa Winner she was a matinee idol at the Toledo theatre and a very beautiful and efficient one I assure you. And she knew a lot of efficient and successful people, too. My psychology classes, that's why she liked me. I was a lowly actor in her theatre and I didn't have much difficulty memorizing my lines as I never had more than three to say. With so much time on my hands I hung around the manager's office and Elsa got used to having me around and decided that she'd like to marry me. I didn't have a penny and the next week when my three lines were cut to an exclamation, I was determined that the theatre would have to get along without me. I tried to get ten professions in the next six months—being most successful at selling advertising for a Jewish newspaper.

Finally I landed back in Toledo just as penniless as when I left. Well, to make a long story short—and Elsa might find us any minute now—she decided that she had too much pride to marry a bum and that my only possible chance of ever amounting to anything would be on the stage, so having reached these sage conclusions with her usual efficiency, she took me to a local clothing store and outfitted me from head to toe with two of everything so that I might make a personal appearance at all the casting offices along Broadway. Of course she bought my ticket and gave me spending money. After the customary chair warming and shoe breaking experiences in New York I landed a job in 'The Ruined Lady' in which Grace George was starred.

"It wasn't much of a part but I repre-sented all day, every day, and the salary held for a very long time—about four years. I've sung that song many a day, so I wired Elsa that her investment was paying dividends and to hurry on to New York and I'd make her a perfect wife. Now this is where the goldfish enter. Right before the second act curtain of 'The Ruined Lady' I had to cross the stage and offer my arm to Miss George. I said, 'May I take you to dinner?' Well, the thoughts of Elsa arriving the next day had me all excited so that night my mind was wandering until I reached the arm to Miss George—I said, 'May I show you the goldfish?' She slapped my face, the curtain was rung down, and I was fired."

"I really didn't propose to him!" Elsa had discovered our nook. But I was on my way.

This wife business, I meditated, was getting me no place. The best way to find out about the propositioning girls in Hollywood would be to cross the field to the polo field where the best bachelors are to be found this season. Sure enough there was Randolph Scott, the very newest Big Moment in Hollywood, and the latest "find" on the Paramount lot. All the little Hollywood gals are making eyes at Randy—Po-la Negri started the fad, Lupe Velez ended it, and now poor Randy longs for a little peace and quiet, so he swings a mallet at the polo field while feminine hearts flutter at a distance. Randy is fairly new to pictures—but not to girls, as he was once a football star at Georgia Tech and later at the University of Virginia. And he is one of the Randolphs of Virginia, if you care about such things.

"How many Hollywood girls have proposed to you this year, my lad?" I enquired.

"Not a one," said Randy cheerfully. "'I'm afraid I haven't any sex appeal." (If Mr. Scott would read the gossip columns in the daily papers his fears would be allayed.)

"You needed a great help," I groaned. "Well, anyway, if a girl should propose to you, and she has a perfect right to seeing it's Leap Year—what would you do?"

"Oh, I'm not sure. I think you should propose to her and if she has the perfect right to seeing it's Leap Year, then I would marry the girl on the spot."

(Continued on page 55)
More Movie Town Topics

[Continued from page 17]

WHEN Joe E. Brown played Milwaukee on his recent personal appearance tour he easily became the local hero. He drained a two quart stein of beer in fifty-seven seconds and brought the beer drinking championship back from Detroit to Milwaukee. "Too bad, it was only near beer.

THEY'RE putting Lew Ayres through some rigorous paces on the Universal lot these days, getting the young star in trim for his next picture, "Olympiad," in which Lew has to turn athlete in a big way. Sprinting, leaping, vaulting and all that sort of strenuous thing are taking a few pounds off and putting a few muscles on the lad. Which isn't a bad idea, Mr. Ayres.

THE latest film star to turn author is Tom Mix whose "Sagebrush Philosophy" goes on the market late in 1932. The first hero of the sunset-trail films has won a decided reputation for his sagacious sayings and has been persuaded by his friends to publish them. Mix is working during the day on his adventuous "Westerns" for Universal and writing on his book at night. Must be hard for the "little woman"—the brand new Mrs. Mix.

FOLLOWING the completion of "Night World" Mae Clarke threw a pajama party at her home and invited all her old pony associates who were in Hollywood. There's nothing ritzy about that I'll Clarke gal—she's as much fun now as she was a few years ago when she was a Broadway chorus girl.

A FAN writer was rather startled the other day to see Chester Morris eating a whipped cream salad in the Paramount restaurant. Chester, the two-listed, broad-shouldered, square-jawed hero!

Bessie Love (Mrs. William Hawks to you) is ums booful baby. The lovely Greta Nissen and her new husband, Weldon Heyburn.

JIMMY DURANTE has sent the Missus back East to pay up the mortgage on the Durante homestead in Flushing, Long Island. Nice old Hollywood dollars.

LUNCHING together on the First National loc, Ginger Rogers, Mervyn LeRoy and Ward Morehouse, New York columnist who has sold a play to the Warner Bros. Ward paid the check and left and Mervyn and Ginger didn't seem to mind. That one has been going on for a long time now.

DICKIE MOORE, the pint size picture starlet, has a new leading lady, the fascinating, devastating Dietrich. Little Dickie was the first person signed to play in "Velvet," Marlene's next picture.

Did you know: That Oliver Hardy was graduated from the law college of the University of Georgia? That Joan Crawford often gets bored at parties (as who doesn't) and slips away and drives for hours in the moonlight, all by her lonesome? That Thelma Todd refuses to be photographed with bare feet? Smarter with the footies, Thelma? That Richard Arlen has the biggest bed in Hollywood and has to have special sheets made for it?

Frank Albertson, who has an important part in Novarro's football picture, "Huddle," was ordered to remove a ring he wore before close-ups could be made.

"No football player would wear a ring like that," shouted the director. "Take it off."

"I, but," quibbled Frankie, "it's my mother's wedding ring and I'll have bad luck if I take it off."

The director snorted. Frank removed the ring. Half hour later they took Frank away in a stretcher with a smashed finger and several other disorders.

FAMOUS in Hollywood life, the Brown Derby Restaurant has seen many interesting sights, but none funnier than this. During the run of the Gleason's show at a Hollywood Theatre recently, Louis Chiradelli, of San Francisco, came to visit James Gleason, and went to see their performance. Monte Blue joined them, and the four proceeded to the Brown Derby to eat.

James Gleason had gone to the dressing room in the theatre in a white sweat shirt, and when he removed his overcoat in the restaurant, he made an apologetic remark, "I'll put you at ease always the gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Chiradelli, removing his coat. Without a word, Monte Blue solemnly removed both coat and vest. Across the room sat Harpo Marx. Without losing a moment, he sprang to his feet, saluted the Gleason party, and took off his trousers!
Are They Leap Year Ladies?

(Continued from page 53)

"Shaw contends that woman has always exercised the prerogative of proposing marriage because her cleverness in catching her man is so beautifully covered up that he is never aware of it."

"What's this, what's this?" Jack Oakie asked joining us. "Are you talking about my old friend, Oh Pshaw—one of the Pooh boys? Look me over, gal, look me over!"

Mr. Oakie was indeed nothing short of a symphony in yellow. No pedigreed polo pony would ever dare to sneer at Mrs. Oakie's little boy, for he was dressed like a young aristocrat all ready to have his pictures made for the Sunday newspaper.

"You look like a canary," I said. "But you smell like a horse—a well bred horse of course. But tell me, Jack, have the girls been busy proposing to you this year?"

"Nix. The pretty little things all heard that Oakie took a cut this year—and they're afraid that I might accept. If you know of anybody who can keep me in the style to which I was accustomed before the depression you might send her around. But don't bother. I've got Miss Ev and I've got my mag and these here Hollywood gals don't know what they want or where they're going anyway. If you want to meet my ideal gal come over and have lunch with Miss Ev and me sometimes." (Miss Ev is Jack's mother, she used to be a school teacher and all the kids called her Miss Ev—so Jack does too.)

I found Joel McCrea on the RKO lot where he is completing "The Bird of Paradise" with Dolores Del Rio. I put my question to him.

"Oh, if a girl proposed to me," said Joel. "I'd just be amused. The best way out of such an awkward situation would be to laugh it off, don't you think? No man would want to marry a girl who was so effeminate as to propose to him. I haven't had a single serious proposal this year and I'm not expecting any. I'm not the type girls go mad about—I'm not glamorous, nor handsome; why I'm not even a good actor. Why should any girl want to propose to me?"

"Well, girls, why should you? No, no don't tell me. Let me guess.

All I've got to say is that Leap Year is a big disappointment. Proposals are getting as scarce as red hearts with luscious verses on St. Valentine's Day. No, life isn't as much fun as it used to be. Quick, Henry, my barouche.

Why Garbo is Great

(Continued from page 50)

That is what Melvyn Douglas thinks. Another actor who has been associated with Garbo in several pictures thinks differently. Just for the sake of mystery he wishes to be known as Mr. X. And Mr. X thinks Garbo is having a grand time, that she is crazy about making pictures, that she does not give a plugged penny for a farm in Sweden, that she thoroughly enjoys her own private and sacred niche donated her by the worshipping American public, and that she may demand more money in June but she won't refuse to sign a nice new contract.

"Mr. Douglas may be right, and then again Mr. X may be right. But we shall see, we shall see. And it won't be long now.

Corinne Griffith in England has proven as great a success in talking pictures as she used to be in silent films. Her new picture is "Lily Christine," the Michael Arlen story.
Dreams Come Through

(Continued from page 22)

you know what I mean. I wouldn’t like marriage to interfere with all my plans for the future.”

The interviewer’s suspicions were aroused then too.

“In love?”

“Dreadfully,” confessed Ann. “And for the first time. I’ve been too busy before.”

They dropped the subject there and Ann said good-bye to the little group of friends who always appear in players’ dressing rooms at the close of the production of a picture.

“I’m going shopping,” she announced.

“I’ve got to have some clothes.”

But what she really needed was a trousseau.

The young people met for the first time, so far as they can remember, on New Year’s eve, just two months and seventeen days before their marriage. It was a casual meeting without much reaction on the part of either. They met again when the cast assembled for the picture, “The Strange Love of Molly Louvain,” a picture in which Ann plays the title part and in which Fenton supplies the villainy.

At that time an epidemic of riddles and plot puzzles was sweeping Hollywood. Fenton, who writes as well as acts and whose stories are in a number of newspapers, showed him to have an O.Henry knack of twisting situations, was particularly fascinated by these riddles. Each new one related to him was received with obvious delight and once the solution was at hand Fenton would say:

“l must tell that to Ann.”

The truth is that Ann wasn’t very good at the puzzles but she was very good to Fenton. It wasn’t long before Leslie needed no riddles as an excuse to monopolize the girl’s spare time. The villain and the heroine of “The Strange Love of Molly Louvain” had obviously become interested in each other. Fenton appeared daily on the set, whether called for work that day or not and a serious romance developed under the very eyes of the cast and crew of the picture.

At the moment, Ann Dvorak was one of the most interesting figures in Hollywood. Known as a protégé of Joan Crawford’s, whom she resembles in many ways, Ann had tried for more than two years to get her chance in pictures. Even this powerful influence and the admiration and friendship of many other luminaries had ap-

darently failed to get her farther than the studio dance chorus, which she had joined at sixteen when musical comedy pictures were in vogue.

Thrashed but not discouraged, Ann tried to break away from the chorus work, where she had been made an assistant director, by getting work as a script clerk. That didn’t succeed either. Her mother, formerly a leaning woman in the same company, had remarried and retired from the screen and no longer could help the girl get a start in pictures even if Ann had wanted to try for it.

Then suddenly, with that perseverance for which the film colony is noted, Ann was given a test for an important role in an important picture which Howard Hughes was to make, known as “Scarface.” She didn’t know, when the good news was brought her by the part, that within the next few months she was to make picture after picture, that her name with its difficult spelling was to be featured, or that romance waited just around the turn of the new year.

Her name is really Ann McKinn. “Dvor-

Rak” is a family name, adopted when at sixteen she decided to make her way professionally without using either her mother’s or father’s names. The name has weathered personal changes and is permanent with her now.

Leslie Fenton is English born and Irish educated. His ancestry begins with Robert Fitch of Robert’s day an ideal marriage date. His screen characterization, most of them of un-

desirable husbands, thoroughly dissolute young men, hitches a serious and highly intelligent persona.

He has remained a bachelor for all of his twenty odd years—he told the Yuma marriage clerk he was twenty-six—but his answer to a questionnaire query as to his views on marriage was:

“I don’t believe it an impossible state for any one with imagination.”

Both Ann and Leslie have plenty of imagi-

nation. Both look upon their career in pictures as a means to an end, that end being a chance to enjoy their earnings by devoting their time in some future years to writing, traveling and studying.

Both are thoroughly practical young people, well schooled in the hardships of their chosen profession, yet both are frankly, practically, completely, overwhelmingly in love.

On his birthday, a scant week before their marriage, Fenton brought a present for Ann. She accepted it and she accepted him.

“Make it snappy,” Fenton said to the understanding pilot who has carried many fiances to the altar on that romantic sky ride to Yuma, Arizona, and back.

And the pilot did.

Joan says: “Yes!”

(Continued from page 25)

smothly. It couldn’t with a man of Con-
sidine’s temperament. And Joan is a girl who shies away from unpleasantness. All she asks is to be permitted to live her own life in her own way. I remember once I was spending the day at Constance’s beach house. Joan was there, too, with her baby and the baby’s nurse. I started making notes for an after-

noon Constance and I went for a walk up the beach. As we came out of the house there was Constance in a baby’s land in front of the house, playing with the baby—Joan’s baby.

When Joan was thrown from her horse last summer during the making of “She Wanted A Millionaire” and spent three months in the hospital, Conside was still making determined efforts to see her. On one occasion when I was visiting her, a box was brought. “Open it, will you?” she asked, “and see who they’re from.” I opened the box, found a bouquet of old-

fashioned flowers, and a card from Con-
sidine reading: “For remembrance. I only wish we were just starting and there was nothing to remember.”

Then the romance with Gene Markey started. She had known Gene casually in New York and had met him a few times at parties in Hollywood. Card from Con-
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sidine reading: “For remembrance. I only wish we were just starting and there was nothing to remember.”
Charlotte Henry, the leading lady of "Lena Rivers," is only eighteen, but she's from Brooklyn and that makes a difference.

was in the hospital he sent her flowers a couple of times, as did nearly everyone else in Hollywood.

After she left the hospital he 'phoned to ask if he might call. I'll never forget that afternoon of his first visit. I, knowing nothing of the momentous event portending, had dropped in for a few minutes. Joan was in a dither. Weeks before she had ordered a new negligee—a peach-colored crepe trimmed in fur—to wear while she was convalescing, but it had never been delivered. Now, suddenly, she had decided she must have it to wear that afternoon.

The firm from whom she had ordered it was politely regretful but they couldn't possibly finish it in time for her to wear that day. She was furious but to the saleswoman who had disappointed her, she only said, "I'm very disappointed. I'll be well before you finish it and then I won't need it." Which only goes to prove the truth of the saying, "A soft answer turns away wrath," for the negligee arrived shortly before Mr. Markey.

And that gentleman was so entranced with Joan's loveliness and wit, instead of staying a few minutes as he had planned, he remained for hours and was hours late for another engagement he had previously made. A few months later their engagement was announced and Joan was congratulated on having landed the most elusive, the most "eligible" bachelor in Hollywood.

Gene has been reported as engaged or at least more than a little attentive to at least a dozen Hollywood belles, but chiefly to Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire and Lois Moran.

Gene is an attractive chap, well versed in the social graces, more than ordinarily intelligent (he is a playwright, a poet, and scenarist) good looking and possessed of a droll humor. Being single and unengaged, it was only natural he should take girls out being successful it was natural he should take out girls from his own station. Had he been seen around with extra girls he would have been a riddle in Hollywood's eyes. Being seen with the girls he did take out, he must, according to Hollywood, be in love with them. Hollywood simply cannot conceive of a disinterested friendship.

As I have said, Gene is a gentleman. If he denied an engagement, he was a "heel," a cad. If he didn't he was getting himself into hot water. All he could do was say nothing and take it on the chin.

It is a pleasure to be able to write that after the turbulence lives both of them have led in Hollywood, everything is, at length, smooth sailing. He gave Joan a gorgeous sapphire surrounded with diamonds for an engagement bel, and there has not been a discordant note to mar their happiness since they became engaged.

On March 16th, they were quietly married in The Town House—"the apartment building where they first fell in love. Only a few close friends witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by an elaborate wedding breakfast. Joan was in a vision in a rough white crepe trimmed in Alencon lace with a jacket of the same material trimmed in white fur for her bridal bouquet was fashioned of lilacs of the valley and white orchids.

After the ceremony, Joan did what was one of the most gracious and at the same time spontaneous things a person has ever done in Hollywood. A crowd of perhaps three or four hundred people had gathered outside to watch the guests go in and out. Most stars try to appear unconscious of such thongs. Joan, instead of tossing her bouquet to the guests, stepped out onto a little balcony and threw it to the crowd below who had come to see her.

Shortly afterwards, she and Gene left on a motor trip through the northern part of the state.

I know that you who read this will join me in wishing them the Godspeed and happiness they both so richly deserve. Selah!

---

James Cagney's "Winner Take All" picture has a wallop and a couple of left jabs as well. And is he in condition?

---

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Success Chains the Wanderer
[Continued from page 23]
chores for Miss Newton, 65 years old, and 400 pounds if she was an ounce, and her forty-year-old son, sour, bratty, and silent. On the night on which the curtain rises, Sammy was out in a blizzard chopping wood for the stove. As he brought it in, his numbed fingers dropped it—and a grim voice from upstairs told him to go out and cut a switch from a cherry tree. This was the routine of a beating. Sammy cut the switch and brought it to the back door. He lay in bed. She was ill (with dropsy, as he later realized) and her son had driven the buggy twenty-five miles away for a doctor. They were alone together.

"Right then," says Wallace Ford, "I realized that she couldn't move, that I could, and that for me to take a beating was ridiculous. I dropped the switch and walked out towards the railroad tracks.

"My feet were frozen when I flagged a train and school and never will. But Fate gave him an education.

It was in Winnipeg that he first discovered that there is not always an engine driver handy to thaw out frozen feet, and that a homeless boy without parents or references has to fight for every bite of food.

To Sammy Jones, the boy without a country, the war meant but one thing—a chance to eat. Recruiting officers laughed at his eager prayers to be enlisted. His muscles were impressive but his stature was not.

Nevertheless the lad enlisted—at a fashion. He hung out his sturdiness and acquaintance, knowing by the nickname "Peep," who had met Sammy during the harve
ing season on the farm, had joined up with the first draft and was now dossed with hundreds of others in the armory, waiting for uniforms and orders. Masking—boldly, Sammy now shared his bunk and stood in line for army meals.

"One night," says Wally, "I found that everybody but me was in uniform. The colonel stood at the head of the dining hall, reviewing the line as it went down to the mess-room. I wondered if I could get by My empty stomach told me I could. My stomach was wrong. I got thrown out on my neck.

The man who picked up the out-flung Sammy to give him another chance was Wallace Ford, not this Wallace Ford but the first and only authentic Wallace Ford. Young Jones, a tough little street-corner egg, and too quick for his years, was polished, educated, a brilliant conversationist but a "gentleman bum," a man who would not lift a finger to help one else. Sammy told him all above, he conceived an instant, unreasonable but consuming admiration for each other. Ford taught Sammy as an older brother might have done, and Sammy loved Ford as a younger brother would have loved him. Most of what the actor has today in the way of education—and I can assure you it is consider able—he owes to the teaching of this gentleman bum.

Some things might profitably have been unlearned, but it was necessary in the pattern Fate was weaving.

Chance brought Sammy a job as an usher for a show in which he received at fifty cents a performance; learning that the extra men on the stage, the spear-carriers, earned two dollars a week, he chafed at being left behind and joined them and was soon doubling both jobs at fifteen a week.

When dish-washing gave out or the company broke cold Ford and Sammy bought a train and pushed on. At Council Bluffs the association came suddenly to a tragic end. The succeeding hobo must reach the rods when the train has exceeded the speed at which it is safe for the train-crew to swing up into the cars. Invariably Ford would sit in the young Ford, got his first lesson in handling coaches, and also learned the first lesson in fighting between the wheels, running doubled up under the accelerating cars and leaping for the chain. On the train to Winnipeg, he was asked to lend his pal a hand when he saw him slip and fall, to be instantly cut in half beneath the metal wheels. The train sped on, carrying young Ford, Sammy, the best and almost the only friend he ever had ever.

To Ford, Sammy raised the noblest possible monument. He took his name, and was respected by every hobo that ever existed. At Kansas City Sammy, now Wallace Ford, joined another repertory company. Another year of alternately tramping and starting made Ford ambitious. He'd heard that actors work all the time on Broadway, and he went after it. His first big break was the kid rôle in "Abraham Lincoln." In it he flung three seasons and left him broke again. The Jewish jeweler in "Abie's Irish Rose" brought him $120 a week, three years' work and romance. He met Martha Haworth, nineteen-year-old daughter of William Ha worth, the great playwright and née of Joseph Haworth, the famous Shakespearian actor.

The engagement scandalized the patrician Haworth family. An actor in "Abie's Irish Rose"—and not even sure of his own name! "I'll marry him," answered Martha, "even if he were the king of England." The conditions were perhaps even harder. Wally insisted that Martha give up all ambitions to be an actress, "I've never had a home," he said, "and I've got a fancy to have one now."

"Bad Girl!" brought Wally to Los Angeles and the M.G.M. studio, Morda to a Beverly Hills mansion and me to her drawingroom.

"What sort of a man is he?" she repeated. "He's not a man. He's a piece of quicksilver, well-cut and clever and gloomy, never the same, really, still.

Wally burst in from the golf links. "Hello, there! Say, mate, I've gone two miles in snow-shoes!"

"Have you ever," asked Martha gently, "walked two miles in snow-shoes?"

"No, but it would be grand to, wouldn't it?"

"Curse you!" she told me, "These shoes are great, aren't they?—big and solid, and settled. We're here for good, aren't we honey?"

He left me manfully persuading himself; and Martha, wise, wide-eyed, watchful Fire Chief over the powder magazine in Wallace Ford, tending off sparks and stamping out smoke. Wally had a hunch that might blow him back to wanderings.

If she succeeds, Hollywood will keep a fine actor and a great guy.
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Next Issue of 
SILVER SCREEN 
On Sale June 7

The Microphone Parade
[Continued from page 52]

The big bang booms in the forecast. 
The intermission is over.

"It isn't real," repeats Bob, "Why, 
Wally Berry congratulated me. Jimmy 
Duranee jabbed me in the ribs. Louis 
Mayer waved." 

Bob and Florine and I bid each other 
haity farewells.

"A great boy, this Bob Young," I think, 
"He has everything—but he hasn't become 
impresed with himself. He's at the top 
of the heap. Let's hope he stays there."

The forecast is now almost deserted. 
I decide I want a drink of water. I go to 
the fountain almost in the center of the 
forecast. Stamped in the cement are 
the imprints of famous hands and feet. 
Scrawled in the cement are famous names. 
Some of these names are beginning to wear 
a little.

At the fountain a man, solitary and 
alone, is drinking. He pauses, turns his 
face to the light.

He is tired and rather sad. He turns 
away, walks dejectedly into the theatre.

He is a man who was famous five years 
ago—a star among stars—lit and dined and 
cheered. He, too, worked for two 
years and a half. He had passed unnoticed in 
the microphone parade.

Cross-section of two souls, Fame and 
glory and unbelievable success—and heart-
break.

The microphone parade!

An Artist to His 
Fingertips
[Continued from page 26]

that dated from the time he saw Ricardo 
Bell, a famous clown, in Mexico City.

He made his stage debut in "R. U. R.," 
a New York Theatre Guild production. After 
that he signed a contract with the 
Theatre Guild and appeared in such plays 
as "Yellow Jacket," "Wings Over Europe," 
"Month In France," and others.

He spent several years in Europe, on the 
stage, painting, writing, and in 
musical comedy.
country to get aboard the tender, as there was a vacant stateroom for him.

He did. The stateroom to which he was shown was one of the most expensive suites on the boat having, as Kirkland puts it, "a sunporch with geraniums and things."

Realizing that there must be some mistake, but wishing to return home so badly that he didn't care much what happened, he kept the suite, which, because of its comfort, soon became the haunt of all the "exclusive" on the boat. Life was one party after another and Kirkland, without a dinner in his pocket, was beginning to "feel the irons of the brig" being wrapped around his legs when, on the last day out of New York, money arrived from his lawyer to whom he had previously cashed but which had not answered because he was away on a vacation.

When he concluded his contract with the New York Theatre Guild—his months abroad had been previous to his contract with them—Bill came to Hollywood, via the Panama Canal, for a rest.

He doesn't like to say it because people refuse to believe him, but motion pictures were not his motive in coming to California. In fact he had been hoping to get a job at Santa Barbara while he was there. It was on the last few days of his vacation that he met James Ryan, an agent, who persuaded him to go to Hollywood. Together they went to the Fox Studios where a test was made. As a result Alexander Kirkland has become another "find." (although he hates being called that) for Fox. His personal likes and dislikes are as natural as the man himself.

His hobby is painting. His favored subjects are pretty girls and seascapes. He swims, rides horseback a lot, and plays a small part in the smart and缩短 highball glasses and a pipe, reads biographies, and has no time for modern novels, so called.

He lives with his mother in his colorful Santa Monica home and spends most of his spare time there.

He has a beautiful sense of humor, and, even more valuable, the ability to laugh at himself, even when he is being photographed with his shirt off. His laugh isn't a guffaw, but rather a slight chuckle coming from a real appreciation of what is funny.

He is generous, sometimes to a fault.

He wears his clothes with an "air," not that he does it intentionally but he possesses the physique and quiet good taste that make women turn and look at him on the street.

He is sincere, genuine, and very real.

You'll see him in "Surrender," "Charlie Chan's Chance," and "Devil's Lottery." Of course you won't recognize him! He'll do lots of other things for you, such as causing you to go forth from the theatre mumbling in your whiskers, "who was that fellow—he's grand."

May I make a prophecy? Watch this fellow Kirkland. He's going places ... and you'll be seeing him!

Those Rumors!  
(Continued from page 21)

Hollywood scrape! Of course it wasn't true.

A star lunches with her leading-man, a wife dances with her husband's pal. Enough to show the ball rolling off to the hinterlands. A bit of carved Phillip Barry chatter over a bridge table grows into a typoon of talk.

The Rumorites (I mean, Rumanories) seem determined to separate the young Fairbankses, the senior Fairbankses, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Janet Gaydon and Lydell Peck, the Dick Clarkes. "Trouble" was supposed to have started between Doug and Mary when he entered the English golf tournament in a boat.

When Miss Colbert works on one coast and her husband across the continent, their devotion bridges the gap, through the gossip's laugh a deliberate tone.

The Forbes-Chatterton marriage has been their despair. Ralph and Ruth live together when they want to, and apart when they get on each other's nerves or when she is learning a new role, and quietly resume conjugal life, and neither pays the least attention to the fall of a broad temperamental, parted them.

Because she was summoned home to work before her husband, Lilian Tashman was said to be leaving George and Low-End. My dear eluding! Their first vacation together in years! Eleanor Boardman accompanied King Vidor on a location trip primarily to quiet those all-is-not-well remarks. On the day that Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert were wed, bets were actually placed in the colony as to how long it would last. Gossip, as much as their own clashing temperaments, parted them.

So prevalent is the divorce accusation that while Alfred Nagel contemplated a trip to New York he announced it three months in advance, adding, "So people will be forewarned that we are not separating..."

On the other side, Mrs. Chicago relatives expressing pique that she hadn't advised them of her forthcoming marriage. That was the first she knew of it
Silver Screen
The First
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Silver Screen for June 1932

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it today, and see how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, softy silken and radiant golden light! At all drug and department stores.
During the studio shake-ups a year ago it would have required a merger a minute to make good all those that were in the air.

Constance Bennett, a storm center for the rumor gales, has learned to smile them away, developing a cactus coat of indifference. The "feud" between her and Gloria Swanson was enhanced considerably by table-talk. Connie preferred, amiably, that nothing be said. But it chanced that she was loaned to Howard Barthsellows for a picture at the time that Gloria was making a film at Pathé, and gossip had it "definitely" that one star had to be sent away while the other worked on the lot.

On the other hand Hollywood distributes its more kindly rumors with a generous gesture. After all, the ancient law of compensation demands it. And so—as the copybooks of our schooldays intuitively remind us—and so shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Thus, for instance, we find a group of enthusiastic picture people eating dinner at the Brown Derby, knowing little of the character of the food they are eating, so busy are they discussing the "amazing rushes" taken of "a Colonel and a girl," foreign star Marlene Dietrich in her first American made picture, "Morocco." Dinners at the next table listened eagerly to the jerkily explosive expositions of approval. They, in turn, commenced discussing Marlene's "alluring beauty" and "tremendous talents." Before morning all Hollywood was hot.

A glamorous newcomer had been successfully launched on the nightly waves of rumor. And before nightfall the entire countryside was eagerly waiting for Marlene's first screen appearance.

Joseph von Sternberg, Marlene's great director, in his more modest moments will also give Dame Rumor due credit for his own initial launching. Some years ago when Joe was struggling for his niche in the Hollywood world he came to one another that here was a "find"—a man with inspiration and directorial genius. The whisper was quickly passed down the line. Within a few days the heads at the luncheon tables at the Algonquin and Sardi's in New York, and at Henry's, the Coconut Grove and the Montmartre in Hollywood got into a tangle, that is, emerged. "Do you know," came the rumor from coast to coast, "that Salvation Hunters is the greatest picture ever made?"

Soon the newspapers throughout the country were buzzing with the rumor. Opening night of "Salvation Hunters" was a gala even. But it left the critics in a quandary. Either they were wrong or the picture was wrong. And yet "they" had said:

"The public was not at all squeamish. It placed thumbs down on the picture and Salvation Hunters became the most sensational flop in history. In one week it was purchased by every movie theater in America. patrons had been more than generous to Joseph von Sternberg. In fact they put him on the cellular list. But then nothing he has ever done has been looked forward to with so much anticipation and hope. Ah, yes. Sometimes Dame Rumor and her numerous offspring can be very kind indeed. Very kind indeed!"

She met her public face to face!

Others who have won applause for their Hollywood plays are Virginia Valli, Bessie Love, Richard Arlen, Leo Carrillo, Kay Johnson, Gilbert Roland, Gavin Gordon, Nance O'Neill, Shirley Grey, Irene Purcell, and Lilian Bond.

Ruth Chatterton personally directed and financed one of the most interesting California plays last April. It was dubbed "The Poppy" and let her into the limelight of Broadway. Their ability to work together on a comedy with such a title ought to squash those separation stories! Rose Hobart was his leading lady.

After time out for stage work, Madge Bellamy and Stanley Smith are once more before the cameras. Maybe you saw Madge in one of the road company presentations of "Strictly Dishonorable."

Pity poor little Miss Benson! Her vaudeville wages are only $2,000 a week. She claims that she feels like a downright pauper whenever she thinks of Jackie Cooper's $7,000.

The rise in rating that movie stardom brings is illustrated by Chic Sale's doubled stage salary. He asks and gets $5,000 a week when he occasionally goes back onto the boards between talks.

If Alice White's record-shattering vaudeville tour does not do her into Hollywood running, it means that she is really blacklisted. But she has been holding in $2,500 a week on this tour. Jean Harlow's personal appearance act was banned by the critics, but she collected $3,500 every Saturday for it. Everyone criticizes a platinum blonde. Jean's hair is oh—how this conspicuous young siren is recompensed!

Victor McLaglen, who is now England bound to make a picture, and his partner, Charles Judels, have done a few weeks at $6,000. Lilian Tashman made personal appearances in the East recently at $3,000 a week. Estelle Taylor's established rate in vaudeville is $8,500 a week. Louise Fazenda commands $7,000 a week.

Roscoe Arbuckle began his long hoped for picture come-back by a personal appearance in a Hollywood theatre. He was a stage act in twenty leading cities in conjunction with the showing of his first talkie. Other comedians are doubling pictures and vaudeville—such as Charles Chase, Benny Ven- del, and Roscoe Attes. Harry Langdon's wax face has become almost a steady treat for variety-goers. Laurel and Hardy have scheduled two months of English vaudeville for this summer.

Three ladies whose long-term contracts expire this winter have now headline short stage acts at higher salaries than they got in Hollywood. I refer to Dorothy Mackaill, Evelyn Brent, and Fif Dorsay. One of the opening day of Fif's engagement at the Palace Theatre in New York, she flashed her Canadian French temper. They told me to snap up out of it or else. She's been extremely dociie since.

Studio talks having become infrequent, the two-a-day has been back to Grant for another round. Plan is to let George (Fif and Sue are the only two in the cast that do an act together), Blanche Sweet, Esther Ralston, Mae Murray, James Hall, Harry Green, Leon Janney, Lillian Roth, Armida, and Michael Torre, Lisa Basquette, Lew Cody, and Mary Nolan.

Stills more recent departures from Hollywood go good. The new black-and-white made by Jack Mulhall, Hoot Gibson, Owen Moore, Sam Hardy, and Glenn Tryon. Anna May Wong has an act arranged to start after
she finishes a picture with Richard Dix. Zasu Pitts and Johnny Hines were ready with a joint effort when a Los Angeles cafeteria made an unusual proposition to Zasu and Thelma Todd. It is paying them $1,000 weekly apiece to enact a comedy nightly for the edification of the diners. They work inside a glass cage—shut the noise of the shuffling trays and dishes from the mikes. Their skills are broadcasted as an advertisement to lure patrons. High powered advertising, what? Fanchon & Marco, who control the longest chain of presentation acts in America, have been starring Ruth Roland, Betty Compson, and Arthur Lake. These three stars drew big salaries. Ruth is now back in California, after a forty week tour, to make an up-to-the-minute serial. Betty signed a year’s contract which precludes her doing another picture until February, 1933.

If you’ve not seen your secret sorrow yet, just concentrate and he or she will be along! James Dunn (commanding $2,000 a week), James Cagney, William Haines (the latter commanding $6,000 a week), Polly Moran, Conrad Nagel, and Joan Marsh—all under long-term contracts—were sent out by their respective companies on lengthy tours.

You’ll not see Clara Bow, though! Because she’s too shy! Yes! I happened to be with her one afternoon in San Francisco. She had to take a bow on a stage that night and she was so nervous she couldn’t eat, think, or do anything but worry.

All sorts of complications arise when the stars leave home. Believe it—or see Jean Harlow announced when she tripped off the train to give Broadway a thrill, “I’ll have to advertise for a young man to take me to dinner and to a dance. I don’t know a soul here.” Imagine the volupturnous Harlow in the big city without a single boy friend. Go ahead, I can’t.

It strikes me that the quaintest try at vaudeville is the joint act of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore. You’ll recall that many years ago they were man and wife. Divorced and happily wed to other mates, they have teamed for their stage work. At first they tried out a playlet called “A Marriage Has Been Arranged.” Ironically enough, that little number flopped!

Diana Wynyard, a new M-G-M discovery. Can she take Garbo’s place?
Over Hollywood

[Continued from page 15]

"You can't go in," says the guarded old watchman, dragging a monitory chain over our radiator.

"And why not?"

"Miss del Rio is practically naked, and she doesn't like visitors."

"That's why we're here," we say, fresh from our victory with Garbo. And that's a funny thing, isn't it, about picture titles? There was Garbo all dressed up in "Dolores del Rio," and here's someone else, in a picture misnamed something else.

Well again.

"Okay," says the gatekeeper; I suspect he was testing us. One gleam in an eye and we should have been out.

A hardened visitor to movie sets of Lon-don, Paris, Nice and Hollywood, in seven years I have seen none so breathtakingly beautiful nor so unforgettably bizarre as this exotic scene. Conspiracies in the foreground Busby Berkeley, ace dancer director of Hollywood, prances in a blue sweater and converts with a megaphone King Vidor, the director, in a plaid. This rhythmic ritual is beyond him.

I'm wrong about the girl. She is Josephine Ramon Dolores del Rio, who looks crazily like her that she duplicates her dresses and rehearse the star in every film she makes. Dolores in person is a curiously covering in a polo coat and a folding chair behind a tree. We shall see why when they start to shoot.

A tall bronzed figure, periphrastically dressed in nothing but a strip of canvas and a headress runs forward, leaps across the magic circle and picks up a conversation off-set about his new outboard-motorized power boat. Light-eyed and white-teethed, he looks like Al Jolson about to bellow for Hoagy, but it is not. It is a King Vidor recognizable as a Hawaiian stalwart, and "barely" in right. Scars on his feet and ankles tell how he has been learning to climb coconut trees.

The rehearsal over, while the Hawaiians shiver in coats and blankets, grips a paddle and describes the winding round the "Hula Girl" of the Polynesian shore. She does not, "Parade" do but it is a King Vidor above the wind and Dolores looks out of hiding. A maid polishes her limbs with oil. She is now wearing nothing but the scintillant ruffled skirt of the set and the wind blows it from her neck. That lei will cease college audiences. However often it may seem to be about to swing it never will, because a kid-joy make-up artist glued it to

Robert Young

The problem on the "After All" set is how Robert Young could cast a coming-upstairs shadow on a wall without coming upstairs. This is important because the carpenters intended to build any. After a long discussion Robert solves it all by marking time in a crouch in front of a lamp and gradually straightening up. Clever, those Young men.

Myrna Loy and Margaret Perry are in this picture too, but I can't stop to find out what it's all about because I've got an idea and it won't wait. You know nobody has ever been or will ever be allowed to have a visit with Miss Garbo. Miss Garbo is working? It's for the same reason that they put skin round sausages—if you knew all about them you wouldn't be so surprised.

But there's a way on to a Garbo set and I think I've got it. This is the method: you take one coat, one vest, one collar, one tie, and throw them away. Roll up two sleeves. Luck in the vicinity of the door leading to Garbo's stage. When another man in shirt-sleeves goes in, walk behind him.

Garbo Herself

It WORKS. I get a vision of Eric von Stroheim in a flaking dressing gown and red silk pajamas. He is standing in a sumptuous but gloomily furnished library, swinging a cane and angry enough to use it. Garbo, in a low-cut black velvet gown and a silver wig, is acting drunk and de-fiant in the doorway, with Oscar Moore in evening clothes standing possessively behind her.

I dare not ask questions, but I judge that Greta is leaving one for t'other.

"You're Zara," says Von, in a voice the novelist loves to call "thick," and you'll stay."

"I'm going," says Garbo on the 36-foot diapason. Von pulls a gun. "I'll shoot you first."

"You haven't the nerve."

Bang! Garbo sways and clutches her arm.

"Your nerves," says she, "are very bad this morning.

"And what do you want?" says a cold voice.

"Me," says me, "You mean me? I'm looking for my collar and tie."

"Get out of here."

I get. But I get a scoop. And the damndest thing is I can't find my collar and tie. Studio cops don't wear 'em, so there's a chance I might get them back some day. "Garbo," as John Gilbert may have said before me, "is worth a collar and tie."

ON THE ROAD TO OLD PATHE'

One night in every Hollywood year there is a Big Wind. This is it. Down the darkening, wind-lashed Washington Boulevard you can almost see the Culver City buildings bending. Two messages await us at the gate: one is for the storm, "Society Girl," will not be functioning tonight; because of the storm, which is what King Vidor was praying for, exteriors will be shot for "Bird Of Paradise" on the old Pathe' lot down the road.

Let's go and get goggles and a ringside seat. Hang on to the top of the roadster, will you, and if it blows away let go.

One thing about wind is that it lets you listen for your landmarks. A mile away from the local tavern round the circle with cottonwood and pour over it an evil-smelling mixture of crocose and wood alcohol. "All set, darling," shouts Berkeley above the wind, and Dolores looks out of hiding. A maid polishes her limbs with oil. She is now wearing nothing but the scintillant ruffled skirt of the set and the wind blows it from her neck. That lei will cease college audiences. However often it may seem to be about to swing it never will, because a kid-joy make-up artist glued it to

Silver Screen for June 1932

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Stillman's Freckle Cream

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove Freckles. Dept. 21 Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

Have You Voted for the PRETTIEST GIRL in PICTURES?

(Ballot on page 43)

Help award the SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL for BEAUTY

Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea

GROUPED round the square, on the ground, in the doorways, on the platforms, are three hundred Hawaiian men and maidens, their brown, rounded, shining things barely covered by grass skirts, their necks garlanded with coloured leis, their hair decorated with little coloured feathers, their eyes fixed on a circle in which Dolores del Rio is swaying in an abandoned hula.

The crowd chaus, shouts, claps hands, and sways in perfect, intoxicating rhythm.

Cunningly hidden in the trees, fifty arc cast shafts of twisting light and shade over the exotic scene for "Bird Of Paradise." The sweeping forms form a hollow square. The trees bend and thrash in gusts of wind. If the fruits were native instead of cane they would take off and beat the air mail to New York.

Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea
Silver Screen for June 1932

Dolores where it is most needed.
She takes her place in the centre of the ring of pictures, and we notice an interesting point of good direction. There are a hundred dusky beauties on the scene, but Dolores, the glamour queen, faces are in the distant crowd. These near the cameras are plump, straight-sided, in striking contrast with the fashionable, hourglass figure of the Mexican beauty.

The chant begins, the drums throb, the crowd sways and Dolores—Dolores no longer, but Luana, the Princess of the Hawaiian Islands, enters into a maiden dance. "He! He! Hey!" chants the chorus, and continues with something that sounds like "how! ho! ho!" The scene means, I am told: "He who will come and dance with me shall be my mate." Watching and listening, caught up in the pagan spirit of beauty and passion, it is almost difficult to refrain. I cannot for the love-life of me understand why the entire tribe (male section) does not stampede and make her a polygamist.

Evidently they know their island etiquette. There is more to come. The girl is a most graceful performer, so gracefully, so expertly, so captivatingly to Luana and makes her kneel, invokes the gods and steps back to bring the sacred fire. The song swells to a louder and more intense key. The dance begins and a slim, shining maiden writhes in a dance that cousins love to cut. A torch fires the magic ring and flames leap round to close Luana.

Then comes Joel, six feet of ardor unashamed, leaping through the light and shadow of fire, to snatch up the maid and leap on into the forest with her, doubtless murmuring: "Mine! all mine! Oh! Joel how well you become..." 

"Once more please."

Careless of dinner, sleep, appointments, even the straight of life, they dance on, hop, hop, hop into the night it may take us, intoxicated, transported, leaping into the wind and watching a round, yellow Californian moon sliding up into the velvet sky to complete the magic of the mise-en-scene.

This time the scene is cut before the end and Dolores is trapped in the circle, surrounded by a two-foot palisade of leaping flames. Her costume is fireproofed but Dolores is not. She awaits rescue and is finally rescued, though the fire is out into the "forest," which unfortunately is alive with grips, electricians, courting extras and mere spectators.

Intermission is called, and the Hawaiian men and maids rush for the coffee-and-hamburger stand at the gate.

But what interests one this, the glamorous maiden to another that "you want to go to the Biltmore. Who cares if he wants to go to the movie."

"Art! gee honey! Don't you see? I gotta be a blonde in the Marx picture, and you know that means five hours in the beauty parlors!"

Now how the spell is broken. Maybe after all, movies are only movies. Let's go get some sleep. Tomorrow we can see all over our Hawaii. There may be a real Santa Claus but one may still hope for a Luana.

Old Home Week for Nils

Nils Asther, playing the Russian nobleman with Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton," at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, has a rôle he's perfectly at home in. He lived in Rye, N.Y., the setting of the Astor family estate, appearing on the stage and in pictures there. Incidentally, one of his first big roles in America was as the Russian prince in "The Cossacks." Clarence Brown, directing "Letty Lynton," "discovered" him for the "Cossacks" rôle.

---

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Reduces the danger of causing injury to the eyes. Many an eye has been injured by glasses being forcibly removed. Eyeglasses must be removed with utmost caution.

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Place glasses on table. Hold glasses on sides of face. Press firmly on arms of glasses in the palm of the hand. Then slowly slide glasses down. Remove with care.

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Many famous men trained in this school are now receiving handsome salaries in the broadcasting field. Many are radio engineers, radio program directors, authors, editors and editors of radio publications, inventors of new ideas for radio, etc. Lists of famous men trained in this school will be given on request. For information write:
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J. E. SMITH, Inc., Dept. 111
National Institute of Radio Technology, Washington, D. C.

THE EASTERN RABBITY

Route 1, Box 214
New Freedom, Pa.
THE Ann Harding, Harry Ban- 

nister divorce interests everyone. 

Ann is so beautiful that one ex-

pects her to "walk in beauty" 

without ugliness in her surround-

ings, and free from discordant events. So 

when we find that unhappiness has 

lodged with her, crowded joy from her 

fine home and even disturbed her pleas-

ure in her child, we are glad that open, 

decent action has been decided upon. 

It is so very easy to temporize, and so 

very difficult to grasp the full possibili-

ties of the moment. 

Perhaps they will find that the won-

derful thing in life has been lost. In 

that case, they can fall in love again, be 

engaged and marry again, sure of hap-

piness at last. Or are we talking like a 

Janet Gaynor picture?

THE reason given for ending the mar-

ried life of Harry and Ann was pitiful-

ly inadequate. Ann's greater fame 

cramped Harry's career, it was said. 

Harry evidently does not know the 

powerful advantage of a handicap. We 

have seen men rise to great heights be-

cause of the qualities developed in them 

by their fight against a handicap. We 

once saw a girl with only a stump of her 

left hand folding handkerchiefs in a mill 

and holding her own. Edison, deaf, con-

quered sound and gave us the phono-

graph. Thomas Beek tells how his 

friends advised him to change his name 

before starting on his writing career. 

But he didn't. He made them like it. 

Good old handicap!

An artist has to be beaten by adversity, 

starved for food for his soul, thirsty for 

the taste of fame and gasping for time, 

and then when it is impossible, a lovely 

thing will be born and all the handicaps 

will be found to have been helpful, push-

ing, inspiring forces. Corot painted, in 

a barn, pictures that had to be good, be-

cause he was hungry. He could take it! 

Remember the author of "Bread Giv-

ers," who scrubbed floors in a hotel to 

keep alive while she was writing her 

book. We always liked the incident of 

her being entertained after her success, 

as guest of honor at the Writers Club, at 

a banquet in that same hotel.

Perhaps "Westward Passage," Ann's 

new picture, will show us a new Ann, 

blessed with the handicap of a broken 

heart or something. Or are we talking 

like a Garbo picture?

Enough to make your hair curl. Ann Harding has 

renounced marriage, waved her hair and in "Westward 

Passage" plays a divorcée for the first time.
CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES
this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your Costume

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

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

WHY Different Colors of Costumes Demand Different Shades of Rouge

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

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

Marvellous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

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

get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

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

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Enclosed find 25¢ for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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City and State.....................................

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The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

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National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

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ROSES, LOVE and SHOT GUNS, HARPO MARX

9 KINDS OF FRIENDSHIP IN HOLLYWOOD
TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M hit!

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

Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S production

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

Letty Lynton

with
NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE
From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes
The Story Behind Their Wedding — by Albert Dorne

SUCH A SWEET BRIDE -- AND BOTH SO MUCH IN LOVE!

WHO WOULD EVER DREAM THAT ONCE SHE NEARLY LOST HIM?

THE FIRST TIME HE CALLED, SHE WAS THRILLED -- HE, TOO! BUT BEFORE THE EVENING WAS OVER, HIS INTEREST COOLED

TIME PASSED ...... HE DIDN'T COME BACK ...... SHE WAS HEARTBROKEN, ONE DAY SHE CAME AND CRIED ABOUT IT ON MY SHOULDER

I KNEW THE TROUBLE, SO I TOLD HER GENTLY HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDED

... AND NOW EASILY LIFEBUOY WOULD END HER FAULT ...... "B.O." ..... CLEAR HER COMPLEXION, TOO

NOW is a danger time for "B.O." (body odor)!

These hot, sultry days when we perspire so freely—be extra careful about "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies pores—removes all odor. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Wonderful for complexion
Lifebuoy purifies face pores, too—keeps complexions fresh, clear and glowing with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

The Home Team
stuff about the staff
Meeting Some Silver Screen Contributors

DONOVAN PEDELTY is one incorrigible—every magazine has one. He doesn't treat the great bootes in Hollywood with any respect, but he gets the news for you. Don is an Englishman, or was. His monogram is Warner Baxter's line in "Amateur Daddy"--"I like trouble." Of course you have read "Over Hollywood"—that explains him.

EDWARD CHURCHILL is the proud boast of the Pasadena Hospital, Pasadena, California, where he was born and interviewed his first victim—1903. The young man went to college for a while and then became a reporter (the less said about that the better). He made four parachute jumps; all in the interest of art.

S. R. MOOK—Thirty years old for a guess, and on his way to New York, so he can't be reached. Hollywood is a playground to him and he knows everybody and they know him and seem to like him. His picture is on page 20 in this issue. Single and ambitious.

JOHN ROLTON CLARKE, our artist, who is 50 years old, sprung from Ohio. He studied art in Cleveland, New York City, and Philadelphia. In fact, he received honors from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His hair is the same color as Jean Harlow's new style. Otherwise he is quite unlike her. No fan mail please, John is married.

PATRICIA KEATS is the baby of the staff. She has curly red hair and knows about everything except writing. When she finishes a piece she doesn't know whether it is good or not. Is she temperamentally? "Pat" is a nom de plume.

ELIZABETH WILSON has the official title of West Coast Representative. She is single, five feet six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Reminds her of her own nature and her own sense of humor. Elizabeth, on her trips to Hollywood, trips to Atlanta, Georgia, to see the family. She's crazy about Rome and Italy and is planning her third trip this summer.

JAMES M. FIDLER—The outdoor Jimmie once married to Dorothy Lee, but now he's outdoors again. And do they love to hunt! He was a World War Marine in St. Louis, Mo., in the home town, but Jimmie has been in Hollywood and in newspaper work for so long. He is five feet ten, blond with blue eyes, thirty-five years old, and that, you know, is the dangerous age.

Read her "Fired and Bled!" on page 26.

HALE HORTON is one of those thirty year old bachelors, and that's a knock for some girls. He writes novels and hasn't forgotten about Yale. Just a cynical old bachelor. Born in Minneapolis but you could hardly tell it now because he has been in Hollywood for three years. How's the new novel coming, Hale?

WICK EVANS—Imagine being a hot fan writer, living in Hollywood, knowing the passionate stars and being 26 years old. That's Wick, and in between times he gets sophisticated. Well, you know those Kentucky boys! University of Missouri, then Hollywood and the world well lost.

BEN MADDOX—It was a stormy morning in San Francisco, a little later it was tempestuous around Stanford, and the last two years there has been a tempestuous atmosphere throughout Hollywood. Such is Ben's past record. He is six feet two inches tall, has dark hair and gray eyes, which interestingly explain the whole thing. He has written a piece for you for next month. That's the way he is—all the time authoring.

MYRTLE GEBHART—Both in Dallas, Texas, they found Myrtle playing on the piano and singing that she goes in Hollywood, and so she stays and because she is the best known of Hollywood correspondents, Small, blonde, and blue eyes. And St. Mary's College proud!
THE good word has just come through
that Renee Adorée has returned from
Arizona—cured. That's the pleasantest
bit of news we have to relate this month.
Furthermore, there's a rumor that Renee
has not only returned to Hollywood—but
to pictures, as well! And don't be surp-
ised if you should read her name in the
next issue of "The Big Parade" when it is re-
made as a talkie. Remember Renee as the
little French girl in the silent version?
She started the historic vogue of tragic
damsels running after their departing lov-
ers—only Renee did it in a way that made
you weep, not laugh.

BARBARA STANWYCK is more con-
vinced than ever that she wants to
give up moving pictures and just be a wife
and mother . . . She has decided to have
two children and name them Michael and
Kathleen . . . Michael Dietrich, her hus-
bond, little Maria and Maurice Chevalier
all went to see "Shanghai Express" when it
was playing in a cheap moving picture the-
ce ntly . . . When Marlene discovered
that the film had been cut, she was furious
and told the operator what she thought of
him . . . The poor fellow wasn't to blame.
He has to show the film as it is sent to
him . . . When Mary Pickford returned
from New York she was accompanied by
the Contessa Dentrice di Frazzo . . . The
Contessa is the same Contessa whose name
has been associated with that of Gary
Cooper ever since his bust-up with Lupa
last summer.

LISTEN:—

HELEN HAVES, who has been on
Broadway since last Fall in "The
Good Fairy," is making a picture . . . Jean
Crawford went with Doug, Jr. to the
premiere of this week's picture "Love
is a Racket" and was all dressed up in
black with long, black gloves and a black
hat so, so big . . . Constance Bennett has to
get home at four-thirty every day and take
a nap—doctor's orders . . . Doug, Jr., has
shaved off his hair in preparation for his
next picture, "Revolt," in which he plays
a Russian army officer . . . La Tashman is
wearing bangs . . . So is Ann Dvorak . . .
Gary Cooper's chins are a cold and the
doctor makes him stay in his room . . .
It must be this unusual California weather.
Gary is as disappointed as a small kid . . .
He did want to show Tolnics to the
boxing at Paramount . . . Mary Pickford is
adding eighteen rooms on to Pickfair to
take care of the royal visitors expected here
for the Olympics . . . Hope they get here,
Mary . . . Watch for "Strange Interlude"—
it will knock you right out of your seats . .
George Brent and Evalyn Walsh put on
such a realistic fist fight in "The Night
Flower" that George's back was wounded
and Evalyn has to wear a brace for six months.
RKO is all excited over "Animal King-
don" which will be Ann Harding's next
picture . . . And the Big Excitement is that
Leslie Howard will again be her leading
man . . . Norma Shearer has commenced
work on "Smilin' Through."

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Seven land Magazine, Inc., at 11 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. V. O. Brionton, President; J. L. McPherson, Vice Presi dent; J. M. Schewbert, Secretary and Treasurer. Change of address should be notified at once to Seven land Magazine, Inc., 11 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1932, by Silver Screen. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
So thin, haggard-looking

she hated to have her picture taken!

But today she's added 23 lbs.
—clared her skin, too

She pretended not to mind—laughed when they called her "skinny". But she drew the line at being photographed. For no one can laugh off a scrappy face and shapeless legs, when they are printed in black and white!

Today, thanks to 23 pounds gained, she's no longer camera-shy! Read her thrilling story:

**Looks a “different” woman**

"I was sick and rundown from childhood. I weighed only 104 pounds and looked just ‘skin and bones’. In fact, such a sight I didn’t like friends to take snapshots of me.

"But since taking Ironized Yeast I have put on 23 pounds. It improved my skin, too. I look like a *different* woman!"Mrs. J. E. Ruchelles, Red Cliff, Colo.

Many quick results

If you, too, are a bit self-conscious about your figure—if you, too, worry over your complexion—why not profit by the experience of thousands? Gain pounds of healthy flesh, clear complexion—plus sound sleep, regular elimination, steady nerves, tireless energy. Get these quickly, inexpensively—with Ironized Yeast.

Concentrated 7 times

In perfecting Ironized Yeast, no expense has been spared. It contains a remarkably rich yeast—imported "beer yeast". This specially cultured yeast is concentrated by a process so new and so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of "beer yeast" are required to make just one pound of this yeast concentrate that goes into Ironized Yeast. And three distinct kinds of iron are required to ironize this concentrate. Thus Ironized Yeast not only brings you all the body-building benefits of yeast—many times multiplied—but it also wonderfully enriches your blood, increases strength and pep as it adds firm flesh.

**RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED:** To make sure you get the utmost in weight, strength and health-building qualities, the genuine Ironized Yeast is triple-tested—by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations which may dissolve teeth and upset stomach. Insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast.

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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 send it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts about Your Body", by an eminent health authority. Results from very first package or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 87, Atlanta, Ga.

**IRONIZED YEAST**

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form
LIFE IS LIKE THAT
San Francisco, Calif.

It amuses me while reading reviews of pictures, to have the critic describe a picture as "true to life." The phrase is generally used in describing some grim and disheartening film.

No critic can say of one small by-section of life, "This is life as it is," for life is lived differently everywhere. For instance "Possessed" is just as real a picture of a certain type of New York life as "Street Scene" is of another type. There are artificial and frivolous living artificial and frivolous lives; and there are fine, dedicated people living ordinarily decent lives.

So, Mr. and Miss Critic, won't you use a little discretion in brandishing pictures! Just scan the front page of the newspapers and you will find happenings that seem fantastic and far-fetched. Yet those are real events happening to real people.

Helen Stappenbeck

RATES NINE CHEERS
New York, N. Y.

It was marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling, he was dear! She was adorable, she was lovely, she was sweet!

Who? What? Don't you know? The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch! What a team! They're inimitable, incomparable, irresistible!

Three cheers for "One Hour With You." Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of sensation—Chevalier! Three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

Pearl A. Katzman

NATURAL DYNAMITE
Mahanoy City, Penna.

My everlasting thanks to the discoverer of two of movieland's most brilliant stars—Miriam Hopkins and James Dunn. After looking at beautiful women, handsome men, and flaxen acting for years and years I have at last discovered what I looked for in vain—the art of being natural—and the stars above named certainly can portray this to perfection.

To begin with, Miriam Hopkins isn't beautiful but she's so alive and acts so natural that I am thrilled by her the same way. THAT'S a consolation in this day and age. The same applies to James Dunn—he may rise to the heights of much desired success. With either one in a picture, it is doubly enjoyable.

Beauty and fame may influence some fans, but give me instead the dynamic personalities of Miriam Hopkins and James Dunn! and most of all—their ability to be just natural.

Alice M. Kane

DESIRES BRAIN EXERCISE
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Two of your prize-winning letters for April had for their keynote the idea that only the finest film with happy endings should be produced. This confirms the statement of a statistician, who claims the intelligence of the average movie-goer is that of a twelve year old child.

It is because of these people, who go to a show merely to sit back and be amused without exerting the slightest brain power, that producers always must have scripts of books and plays revised for the screen. Said revision usually consists of simplifying the plot so that the Great American Yodel can understand it.

Such a lamentable state of affairs ought not to exist. We should go to the theatre to enjoy films of real literary value, and to appreciate good acting in the characterization of difficult roles. Motion pictures should stand on an equal basis with the stage and be respected just as highly.

Joseph Bush

MORE SONGBIRDS
Rock Island, Ill.

And with one accord they said: "Why don't we have more musical pictures?"

Who said that? Why, ten young women at a Club meeting I attended recently.

There was quite a discussion on current shows and every young woman present expressed the opinion that she was sick of "these ladies with a past" (and, perhaps, no future) along with weird, human monstrosities and new "finds" thrust down their throats at every turn.

They were unanimous in wanting singing voices—like those possessed by John Boles, Bebe Daniels, Jeanette MacDonald, the inimitable Chevalier and others.

Mrs. O. E. Kimme

GOOD BOY, JOHNNY!
Convent, N. J.

A cheer for the creators of one of the best pictures since the advent of the talkies! And if it were possible I'd make mine the loudest. After having to seek practically all our enjoyment of pictures in stories dealing with war, gangsters, sophisticated and fallen women, and the like, "Tarzan, the Ape-Man" brings us novelty, more beauty, and more thrill.

It is not often that a picture impresses me as much, and certainly not more than "Tarzan." Aside from being one of the most beautifully photographed and thrilling pictures, it brings us a new actor in the person of Johnny Weissmuller. His performance was real. He did not give merely the impression of a man playing the role of "Tarzan"—he actually was "Tarzan." He also showed us that the human body is really a thing of beauty, strength and agility.

J. B. Kinsella

You Will Find Mary Lee's Beauty Article on Pages 44 and 45, Beautifully Illustrated.
SPARKING OF SIMPLICITY
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Please give us more pictures with the passionate sincerity, delightful romance and beautiful simplicity of "The Man Who Played God."

Although we admire the really good work of many young screen artists, they will have to study long and arduously before they can compete with Mr. Artis for our favor. In "The Man Who Played God" not only does his indomitable personality impress itself upon his audience, but it seems to influence each member of his supporting cast. Each of his interpretations is natural and vital. He creates the atmosphere of each scene, calling into action a harmonious response from all.

We, too, forget a play being presented and unconsciously slip into the lives of drama before us. Such a perfect fusing of emotions results that, when the last scene fades away, it is with difficulty we relinquish ourselves to that other life which too soon rushes to claim us.

Alice White.

SHE WINS THE ELECTION!
Ellwood City, Pa.

Bette Davis has made a hit with the movie fans of Western Pennsylvania. In her last pictures she has shone radiantly with her simple, unaffected beauty, and, at the same time, impressed the audience with her great dramatic ability.

More good pictures will help her rise to stardom. Let's not deprive her of the honor. Here's to a succession of good parts for her!

Jane Stevenson.

ONWARD AND UPWARD!
St. Louis, Mo.

I wonder if the public fully realizes the importance of the talkies? Mr. Average-Man is negligent in his ordinary conversation. He cares little whether or not his expressions are grammatically perfect; likewise the cadence of his voice or its effect upon his listeners is of no serious moment to him.

The talkies are a constant reminder of our inability to express ourselves well; they will help change our纠正ing, discordant voices into well modulated ones. We have before us on the screen actors whose delivery of perfect English sets an unattainable example. Thus, unconsciously through the medium of the talkies, our language will be well spoken by every American.

Violet Meise.

$5. SPECIAL PRIZE LETTER $5.
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Editor:

Now, how about a nice double-page spread of the six most attractive men? I have a fascinating half-dozen all ready picked, who may or may not meet with your approval. At any rate, here they are:
1. Clark Gable: No need to mention why. Ask any girl.
2. Chevalier: For his sophisticated spark and humor so nicely blended with a certain bohemia.
3. Melvyn Douglas: Because of his attractive appearance, fascinating voice, matter-of-facted manner and ability to make love easily.
4. John Barrymore: He is suave, sophisticated and has a wicked sense of humor plus personality.
5. Paul Lukas: For his "cute" accent, good looks, continental air, and his dignity.
6. Fredric March: He is versatile, good-looking and charmingly different.

L. R. C.

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 ails whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now.

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—pay 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.

Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special talent. Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

Send for Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

If you really do want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1170 Broadway, Dept. N. W. York City.

U. S. School of Music, 1170 Broadway, New York City.

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

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Address.

Have you Instrument.

Instruments.

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Your Favorite Movie Stars Autographed Photos 25¢

See the famous! Satisfy your hunger for real-life-like, never before published genuine autographed photos of your movie favorites—all delightfully, richly finished pictures, exact 5 x 7, at the bargain price of only 25¢ for 25¢ postpaid.

You'll agree that they are worth at least $1.00 each. Large volume distribution enables us to make this offer. We carry a complete gallery of all screen stars to satisfy the desires of everyone. Just send the names of your 6 favorites with 25¢ and receive a beautifully finished autographed photo by return prepaid mail.

OR take advantage of our SPECIAL OFFER and secure 25 assorted photos of your own choice for $3.00.

FREE One of the photos represented in our bathing pose list which is sent with each $1 order for 20 photos we will send FREE an attractive and sensational bathing pose of one of the prettiest movie stars of the day—courtesy with a list of her personal and pictorially proved photographs of just like screen star. R. H. Crewon.

STUDIO PHOTO CO. 254-408 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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254-408 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me the 5 x 7 autographed photo listed on the attached sheet, 1 photo... in payment for the $1.00 order for $1.00

NAME.

Address.

City.... State.
LITTLE OF THE REVIEWS

PICK YOUR PICTURES FROM THESE TABLOID REVIEWS.

Silver Screen

Some like gay pictures and some like gangs.

ALIAS THE DOCTOR

Richard Barthelmess is the young surgeon, who, without the necessary diploma, son of Melvina dead foster-brother's shoes and performs a most serious operation successfully. Dick is fine in this, even though the story will not add many laurels to his excellent repertoire. Marian Marsh provides the heart interest and is utterly lovely.

ARE YOU LISTENING?

Here Bill Haines is a white-collar man, working in a radio broadcasting station. He dislikes his nagging wife, Karen Morley, but she won't divorce him because he can't pay enough alimony. He is in love with Madge Evans, but she won't respond without benefit of clergy. Thru an accident Karen dies and Bill is apprehended for murder and sentenced to Sing Sing. Not so pleasant. Bill is better at wise-cracking.

AMATEUR DADDY

This is sort of Winnie the Poohish. An honest, married, Baxter, a steel worker, goes to a lonely ranch to care for the kiddies of his buddy, who has been killed. He 'mothers' them most effectively, lives their broken down home and then--discovers oil in the ground! At that point he learns that he has been "mothering" the wrong family of Smiths. Marion Nixon, Frankie Darrow and David Landau help the plot considerably.

THE BROKEN WING

Even though this plot may be familiar to you, cheer up! It's never been so romantic or exciting before. Leo Carrillo plays the hag-bad Mexican and Lupe Velez the girl who yearns for a handsome blonde giant. He enters her life in the person of Melvina Douglas, an American aviator, and then the fun begins. Finally, after many Mexican war whoops on Carrillo's part, Lupe flies away with her aviator.

THE CROWD ROARS

Around and around the Indianapolis auto track, at 105 miles an hour, goes James Cagney. The audience goes with him and loves it!

In this Cagney is a gangster in spirit, makes his own laws and sometimes those of Ann Dorval, Joan Blondell and Eric Linden with whom he comes in contact. The old race track still has a thrill and roar of its own!

DANCERS IN THE DARK

Jack Oakie has an orchestra in which Miriam Hopkins is the taxi dancer and William Collier is the dancing scenarist. The dance hall is the hangout of a crook, George Raft, and does he make things snappy! There is a third love affair between Jack and Miriam and Collier, Jr., which ends on a highly exciting note.

THE DOOMED BATTALION

Meet Tala Birell, the well known Viennese actress, who you will want to see again--and again. The plot concerns a battalion of Austrian troops holding, at desperate cost, a pass in the Austrian Alps against the Italians, led by Victor Varconi. It is a story of action, adventure and suspense, and the photography is gorgeous.

THE FAMOUS CASE

A good expose of the city newshound racket, but it's not theatrical enough to be a rival to "Five Star Final." Viviene Osborne's banker husband is murdered one night in a small upstate town and the smart-aleck reporters from the Big City arrive on the scene. However, Tom Brown (watch him, girls) as the kid reporter of the small town newspaper, makes the big scoops and also wins Joan Blondell, the sob sister from New York.

THE LOST SQUADRON

Richard Dix, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong were buddies in the Aviation Corps during the war. Comes the depressing after which and the three meet at a studio in Hollywood. Von Stroheim is the picture director who allows one of this trio to be killed on the screen, and the remaining two see that justice is done. It is intense and exciting.

MAN WANTED

Kay Francis is perfectly cast as a society matron selling a small magazine. Her husband, Kenneth Thomson, favors polo and the ladies, so you can't blame Kay for falling in love with David Manners, who is just a member of their office staff. Una Merkel and Andy Devine prove rollicking laugh-getters, and the entire affair is destined to give you a perfectly grand evening.

THE MIRACLE MAN

Here's that silent classic, which established the fame of so many favorites, brought up to date as a talkie. The story concerns a gang of crooks who make a "miracle man" out of a kindly, spiritual hermit residing in a small village. Their reformation is gradual but highly impressive. Hobart Bosworth is excellent as the "miracle man" and Sylvia Sidney, Irving Pichel and little Bobby Coogan all play capably.

THE MOUTHPIECE

This story is based on the colorful incidents in the life of a famous criminal lawyer—supposedly William J. Fallon—and contains two lugubriously dramatic courtroom scenes. Young boys with aspirations to become lawyers will eat this one up. Warren William plays the dissolute but brilliant lawyer very effectively and Sidney Fox is adequate as the dumb stenographer. As the wise-cracking, cynical secretary in love with her boss, Anne MacMahon is utterly delightful.

NIGHT COURT

A picture packed with action and thrills. As the corrupt judge of a night court, Walter Huston railroads Anita Page, the innocent wife of Phil Holmes, a taxi driver, to jail in order to cover some of his own bribes. There is a terrific climax. The cast includes Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Tully Marshall.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU

Ernst Lubitsch directed this delightful farce with its incidental songs that are so witty and inimitable Chevalier plays

Must see pictures from these tabloid reviews.

Some like gay pictures and some like gangs.

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Treat... your Eyes to Beauty
safely, simply and smoothly with the New non-smarting, tear-proof Maybelline Eyelash Darkener.

You wouldn't dream of appearing with a shiny, red nose or pale lips—then why allow light, scanty eyelashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? A few brush strokes of the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms colorless lashes into the appearance of long, dark, glossy, curling fringe.

The New Maybelline embodies every desirable feature of the perfect eyelash beautifier—it is absolutely harmless, practically waterproof—its beneficial oils preserving the lashes against brittleness. And best of all, the New Maybelline is positively non-smarting, and applies quickly and easily. Treat your eyes to beauty with the New Maybelline. Black or brown, moderately priced at 75c—at all toilet goods counters.

For 10c and coupon below we will send Special Purse Size for trial.

Aviator, director and a man proud of his job, Clarence Brown makes a nineteen and a half hour transcontinental flight with the print of the very successful “Letty Lynton,” in which he directed Joan Crawford. The fine discrimination, bravery and adventure that he puts into his pictures is the expression of the man’s own ebullient personality.

for JULY 1932
Announcement Concerning the Award of

The Silver Screen

GOLD MEDAL
for BEAUTY

At this time ballots are arriving by the thousands testifying to the affection in which the fans hold the beautiful girls of the screen. We are astounded and delighted at the enthusiasm with which this award of a Gold Medal for Beauty has been received.

Who will win the honor of being the Most Beautiful Girl in Hollywood?

Every effort is being made to quickly classify the ballots. As we go to press the following beautiful girls have received the most votes:

Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich
Madge Evans
Garbo
Janet Gaynor

Jean Harlow
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Jeanette MacDonald
Norma Shearer

Will the exotic beauty of Joan Crawford, which has won for her world wide fame, be chosen by the voters of Silver Screen for this additional honor?

Or will Marlene Dietrich or Madge Evans supplant Joan in the balloting?

Or will some other name be engraved upon the medal?

(Beauty has at last gone on the gold standard)

In the August issue will appear the portraits of the girls who stand highest in the voting.

Don’t miss the August issue of Silver Screen and the Art Insert of the Gold Medal Beauties.
THE chattering of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions are the better. So ask your questions and she can answer you. But she’s scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can’t give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

PATTY: Joel McCrea is not red headed.
In his next picture, “Bird of Paradise,” he is a very nice part. He is six feet two inches tall and weighs 178 pounds.
David Landau is a wonderful character actor and he played the father of Sylvia Sidney in “Street Scene.”
William Bakewell is 24 years old and your Aunt Sally also likes his screen work very much. Wait for “White Pants Sleeps” and you will see him in an excellent part.

MARTHA: I am answering your letter about Melvyn Douglas and I hope that the other girls who wrote in will let this be their answer as well, for Melvyn is building up a fan following very rapidly.
He has been free-lancing and in his next picture he plays opposite Greta Garbo. The name of the picture is “As You Desire Me.” By the way, Melvyn has made a photographed photograph, although I have no way of knowing whether he is still answering such requests. While he is free-lancing he can reach you at the M-G-M Studios. Did you see him in “The Broken Wing?” Melvyn is a native of Macou, Georgia, but attended college at the University of Nebraska where he became interested in amateur theatricals. He married Helen Gelagath while playing with her in “Tonight or Never,” the last Belasco production. Douglas is fond of outdoor sports and is also a talented pianist.

MARY LOU: Ramon Novarro is our most romantic leading man. He was born thirty-three years ago in Durango, Mexico. His real name is Ramon Sanamigros.
If you write a letter to the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, I am sure that it will reach Janet Gaynor. She is 25 years old this year and I think we all should celebrate.
I wish that I could tell you where to send your motion picture picture, but as all situations are returned unopened from the large studios, it is very difficult to reach the editors. There are agents, however.

ANITA: When you write to Marion Davies address your letter in care of the M-G-M Studios, and I am sure that you stand a very good chance of reaching Marion, for she is very much interested in her screen work and enjoys going over the letters she receives from unknown correspondents. I have talked with Marion and in real life she is very much the person she appears to be on the screen, particularly in “Polly of the Circus.” In fact her screen success is attributed to the friendly, good natured personality that is really her own.

OSCAR: Have you seen “The Mouth-piece?” As you are interested in Sidney Fox, I am sure you will enjoy her in that very much.
Sidney was born in New York and is quite a little student, for she is bit under five feet tall and a few pounds under too. You can write her at Universal. I am sure that she will understand your case, for she once wrote “Advice to the Lover-Lorn” for the Associated Newspapers. Sidney reached the screen after Broadway stage experience and made her conspicuous success in “Strictly Dishonorable.”

JEAN: Ronald Colman, who, at this time, is at work on “Way of a Lancer” at the United Artists Studio, has been in pictures a number of years, having made his first success in “The White Sister” and his outstanding hit in “The Dark Angel” back in the days of silent pictures. His performance in “Bulldog Drummond” will be remembered and his second most important picture was in “Beau Geste.” His recent success, “Arrowsmith,” is still being shown and perhaps you have had an opportunity to see it. Colman, who once was married, is now single. His cultured voice is the result of stage training and he is one of the few actors whose popularity increased tremendously when talking pictures came into existence.

M.A.P: So you liked Mitzi in “One Hour With You.” So many people are talking about her performance that you will be sure to see more of her. Her latest part was played by Genevieve Tobin, who is an experienced stage actress. Miss Tobin was born in New York, where she has appeared in a number of important productions, including “Murray Hill” with Leslie Howard. Genevieve is five feet three and one-half inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has green eyes, and light, reddish brown hair.

Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller’s popularity is not confined to the fans—ask Una Merkel.

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Big Economy Packages, $1 and $5.
Delatone Powder, $1 per box, 30c Drams, 35c.
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Delatone Cream

Talkie and Movie

Producers and directors are clamoring for short story ideas, plots, etc. Perhaps you can write one that we can use and sell for you. One writer sold 38 stories for $3,000, New York market. Write now for free booklet. Without obligation. HOW TO WRITE SHORT TALKIE SCREEN PLAY—by successful playwright—Author of FLIGHT, FLICK, and Fearless Director. Write freely, fully and with all confidence.

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Apply in Yourself at Home without machine or heat
No electricity, no steam, no soap, no water. Simply pour into hair. Hanky Size. Postage extra. A special interest offer. Start with a trial size of 147. Send name, address and check for $1.00 which does not cover postage. 

ANAR LABORATORIES
P. O. Box M-196, Street A, Flushing, N. Y.
OVER HOLLYWOOD
By Donovan Pedelty

What They Were Shooting on Every Stage of Every Lot on May 5th.

Harold Lloyd and Louise Closser Hale in "Movie Crazy." The trick boutonnière proves surprising.

FIVE thousand feet up we can see every scattered studio in Hollywood (and every orange grove from the Pacific Ocean to the Mojave Desert). Flung off from the dark centre of the town, the M-G-M and Fox studios are nearest the sea. The dark stubble on Metro's chin is in reality a gaggle of oil derricks and Fox's green halo is a golf course. Equally far out north, Warners and Universal lie like diced vegetables beside the dark caterpillar of the Hollywood hills.

Lost somewhere in the congested, misty centre of the map below us are the Paramount, Radio and United Artists studios, Columbia, Tiffany, Tec-Art and Poverty Row. For the first time I can say "So this is Hollywood" and what good does it do me?

What goes on in orange groves is not for me to say, but I know that down there, where those dicke show, are places to eat, sleep and work. Jeanette MacDonald is fainting, Gene Raymond is being seduced, Barbara Stanwyck is trying not to be, Lilian Bond is being soaked to the skin by a sadistic gardener, Joan Blondell is giving up all that matters and Harold Lloyd is spitting white paint into the face of Louise Closser Hale—and we can't see any of that here.

Skipper! Wing over, will you?

So he does, and in fifteen seconds Pedelty and pilot do a falling-leaf into Paramount's back lot and join the band of lads ready and willing to bring back the blushing to Jeanette's cheeks.

At Paramount—with Jeanette MacDonald

THIS set for "Love Me Tonight" is an amazing thing. You may not think an imitation building rates a rave, but I want to tell you that Paramount has shot half a million on this plaster palace for Chevalier, and at this time half a million is a lot of money from any worried banker.

If we were not right here looking at it, it would be unbelievable. The entire stage has been built over. The great hall, the grand staircase, the drawing room, music room, bedrooms, pantries, kitchens and boudoirs of the palace of Princess Jeanette fill the giant building—a monument to the jealousy left behind by "Grand Hotel."

The sixteen-foot double doors are apparently of aluminum and calf leather, the gleaming floors of polished oak, the stairs and statues of marble, bronze and alabaster, the footmen evidently of silver and gold. One fact stands out far enough to be startling even among all this—the rows of busts and the long lines of portraits in oils of the ancestors of the Duke, whose ducal palace this is, all strongly resemble C. Aubrey Smith.

You can account for that by Rouben Mamoulian's clever direction and the fact that the present day Duke, harassed father of Princess Jeanette (MacDonald to you), is no other than that fine old British bowler. C. Aubrey Smith.

All the time we've been rubbernecking, Jeanette, in georgette frock, white gloves, sandals and a picture hat, has been lying in a faint at the foot of the stairs, and Jeanette's faints are almost the whole story of "Love Me Tonight."

You see, this little songbird is a Princess in historic France and when the Duke consults the doctor about her fainting spells he taps her deferentially on her royal chest and laughs. There's nothing radically wrong with her, except that the lass ought to be married. Ingrowing instincts, one might say.

But that's the trouble. A Princess must marry one of her own rank—and of the two eligibles one is 72 and the other 12. Jeanette must perform faint on.

Butterworth and Charlie Ruggles

MEANWHILE, as they say in the best melodramas, Charlie Ruggles has been wobbling into trouble again. Charlie

Lowell Sherman and Constance Bennett in "The Truth About Hollywood"—the new "trend."

Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney on Stage 7 make "Merrily We Go To Hell."

is Jeanette's cousin. All European aristocracy has been inbred to the extent of thousands of cousins, so that we also have Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy in the family.

Silver Screen
Passed a dribbling scientific ladder, accepted—used mix...

SPENCER TRACY is the trainer and JAMES DUNN the boxer in
"Society Girl."

"Cut!" shouts Mamoulian as the company explodes into a laugh. "Okay Aubrey. I can cut in the end from another take. Save 'em."

At the word, the huge, round, incandescent arcs massed like moons roll the tops of the palace walls wink out, and suddenly in the gloom the half million dollar set looks like two bits. There is nothing more depressing than an undutiful set. Bright lights are just around the corner. Let's go.

Sylvia Sidney and Fred March

DOROTHY ARZNER, dressed for a game of golf in Scotland, is directing "Men We Go To Hell" on Stage 7. She has a tough assignment—which may account for the brogues and belt. This is a story of a young newspaperman (Fredric March) whose bride (Sylvia Sidney) encourages him to quit work and write a play. The play is rejected but accepted in the Town, at which time relations between Jerris and Joan grow worse and worse. Then all unexpectedly (he didn’t guess it either) the play is accepted—and there you are.

At the moment Skelton Gallagher is mixing cocktails in the March apartment while Fredric March is dribbling fingers over a keyless piano. (They’ll dub the music in later and you’ll never know the difference.)

There is something much more interesting at the other end of the stage—a penthouse apartment built among the roofs of New York. I never tire of these movies miracles of illusion. Set up three steps on to the little garden of this make-believe and I defy you not to feel dizzy. Given that blueness which connotes height and distance, with winking window lights, and flashing electric signs so tiny and foreshortened that they seem to be hundreds of feet below you, New York’s canyons drop away below to a distance which makes the head swim and the heart soar. And the whole thing is canvas and three-ply wood not more than four feet high.

Sari Mariza and Gene Raymond

ACROSS a narrow alley of yellow cement, through a low, heavy door and we are in Soviet Russia, rambling amongst the ruins, crucible, test-tubes, furnaces and bunsen burners of Forgotten Commandments. This film, my children, is about wickedness. Consequently it is also about science, and those unscrupulous men who turn litmus paper blue.

The one thing I can’t see is why Paramount should sink into this perfectly good story the three biblical relics of Cecil B. de Mille’s old "Ten Commandments." I never knew why they were in "The Ten Commandments," either.

Pick your way over those glass jars, duck under the floor flood-lamps and I’ll introduce you to the leading lady of this moonshiner. You don’t know Sari Mariza, do you? Probably never seen her work. I have. I played mouthpiece to her discovery in London three years ago and I’m telling Paramount that if they treat her right they’ve got the natural successor and Heiress Apparent to Marlene Dietrich.

Sari is young, fresh, perfectly proportioned from shoulders to toes, merry and malleable. Her fault is a wide mouth. Dietrich, Garbo, Crawford and Tobin have mouths as wide or wider.

Louis Gasnier, directing, calls the turn. Sari stamps out her cigarette and walks under the lights. Even the Russian snook cannot hide the beauty of that figure. She climbs up a ladder, reaches for a scientific cone and places it to the top shelf. They turn the heater on and the recording machinery hit their speed.

"Help," calls Sari, wriggling those legs. Blond, leaning, beauteous Gene Raymond rushes in. He wants to take it big, but Gasnier won’t let him. "What," he demands, "do you think this is? A key scene? Comedy?" He turns "start again!"

Sari’s little fingers are cracking. Gene gathers up her legs and reaches the rest of her on the sailor’s hornpipe principle.

"You’re very—strong," says Sari, and her tone means do you know any more beats of strength. Gene—only a Russian student—doesn’t receive. "I used to work on a farm," he explains. But give her time and he’ll get the idea.

In the close-up Gasnier wants a different reading. Sari—for which I can’t blame her—can’t feel it that way, so Louis gets it...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

NEWS

The exploding flashlights (they use the new bulb kind now) of the news photographers illuminate the onward march of

SILVER SCREEN

News writers on the spot secure for you first hand, first person reports of your favorites in Hollywood. The roaring motors of a limousine driven by intrepid pilots rush the manuscripts to this office, last month’s gossip paragraphs arrived quite well—a rousing testimonial to the air mail which had drowned in that mid-west plane accident. The NEWS! There is an intangible quality about news which is desired by every publication. In the screen field it is of the utmost value, and this news must be told by photographs. SILVER SCREEN has the latest photographs of the stars, the latest thrill from the pictures, the latest off-stage shots. All described in the latest chancer and gossip.

The May issue of SILVER SCREEN had the FIRST picture of Norma Shearer in a scene from "The Strange Interlude."

The June issue of SILVER SCREEN printed the first pictures of the new stand of Garbo and her silver wig in "As You Desire Me."

This July issue of SILVER SCREEN gives you FIRST pictures of the new jad in hairdressing as seen at the opening of "Grand Hotel."

Select your fan magazine so that you may enjoy the news while it is news.

10c

On the newsstands the 2nd of each month.
Chester Morris and Jean Harlow in the first shots of the picture in which everyone is interested.

Jean Harlow in "The Red Headed Woman"

It took months to decide who should play the part of the red headed gal in Katherine Brush's great story. Jean Harlow won.

"The Red Headed Woman" at work — Jean Harlow and Chester Morris.

Read the story on page 47.
"Hooray for de Fo'rt! But am I noivous!" Durante and Maureen O'Sullivan celebrate.

Greta Garbo attended the evening performance of the Harold Kreutzberg dance recital and sat in the third row. She was dressed in an old tweed coat, a turtle neck sweater, and a pull-down hat and she was with an elderly couple. Just four seats away on the same row sat Marlene Dietrich and the inevitable von Sternberg. Fraulein Dietrich was simply gorgeous in green velvet. Wonder what Marlene thought when she looked at Greta—and vice versa?

Variety has a good one on Groucho's young offspring, Arthur Marx (named after uncle Harpo). Last week Arthur told the old man that he was quitting school for good. Groucho started to explain why that was the wrong attitude for a young man but the kid merely shrugged his shoulders. "Eddie Cantor made a personal appearance at the school today," said Arthur. "It's bad enough just going to school but I hear enough bum jokes at home."

Well, folks, here's the latest faux pas made by that old Master of faux pas, Sam Goldwyn. It was told to us by Harpo Marx and it sounded awfully funny the way he told it. Goldwyn had been down to the horse races at Caliente and was much impressed with a steeple-chase he saw. "It was the most thrilling thing I ever saw," raved Mr. Goldwyn, "but at the last hurdle the caddy fell off the horse." And who's going to jockey for you at your next golf game, Sam?

Charley Buttersworth was carrying two exquisite rose-buds when he arrived at his girl friend's house. She was touched by the sweet simplicity of his gift and said with a flutter in her voice, "Oh, Charley, did you bring them to me?" "I didn't bring them far," Charley said drily, "They were growing on the rosebush by your door."

Clark Gable is such a human sort of person that you just can't help but have a warm spot in your heart for him. He moved into a new neighborhood recently (a simple apartment, nothing swanky for Mr. Gable) and it didn't take three little girls, ages ten, eleven and twelve, long to discover that they had a celebrated new neighbor. Gathering up courage the three called on him one afternoon, and instead of having them shooed away like so many flies, Clark had the maid show them in, ordered ice cream and cake, and autographed pictures for them. The little girls were simply tickled silly—and were their Mammies pleased! And perhaps a little envious.

One of Jack Oakie's about-to-be-married friends was given a linen shower the other day. Great was her surprise when a large and bulky package arrived with Jack's card. It contained towels from the Pullman company, napkins from several Hollywood hotels, and table cloths from two clubs. If he'll just send the silver along she'll be all ready to start housekeeping.

[More Movietown Topics on next page]
In the lobby was the Grand Hotel "desk," with a ledger in which the first nighters signed their names. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane just being photographed.

HOLLYWOOD put on one of its most dazzling shows the night of the première of "Grand Hotel." What a night of color and suspense! From eight-thirty until ten, cars crawled slowly up the Boule-

GRAND HOTEL," says Will Rogers, "will probably be the only hotel to make any money this summer."

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Hearst." Which might be called the retort perfect.

Among the great and the near-great who looked breathlessly beautiful were:

Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), in a black crêpe gown with short puffed sleeves, a short white crêpe jacket showing same sleeve line.

The Marquis de la Falaise and Gene Markey, with Mrs. Markey (Joan Bennett) in pale blue crêpe and sable, and the Marquise (Constance Bennett) in white crêpe trimmed with silver fox.

"If I'm like the old man who was being dragged away to prison," Mr. Hearst said, "I don't see why you pick on me. I didn't do anything."

A moment of applause and then the nimble witted Rogers came back with a

DIRECTLY before the showing of "Grand Hotel," Will Rogers introduced the various people who had helped make the picture the grand success that it is. In succession he introduced Jean Harlow, Lewis Stone, Wally Berry, Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford and Eddie Goulding, the director. (And why didn't you introduce Irving Thalberg, Mr. Rogers?) Then he added that William Randolph Hearst was celebrating his birthday that evening and urged him to rise and take a bow.

"I'm like the old man who was being dragged away to prison," Mr. Hearst said, "I don't see why you pick on me. I didn't do anything."

A moment of applause and then the nimble witted Rogers came back with a

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Jean Harlow (her platinum hair sensationally substituted by red hair), in a shell pink crêpe Vionnet model gown with a pink velvet cape, banded in sable fur—all of which set off the new titian coiffure.

Mrs. Nils Asther (Vivian Duncan), in a powder blue Lanvin model frock of flat crêpe with matching wrap of velvet with orchid fox fur collar.

Karen Morley, in an ensemble of gold-brocaded white satin with sable fur edging the sleeves; jewels of pearl and dull gold.

Mrs. Clark Gable, in white crêpe with mink-trimmed white velvet wrap.

Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), in all gray, ensemble of crêpe with cape wrap showing silver fox edging; fur muff.

Hedda Hopper, in a white chiffon gown with short wrap of American beauty velvet edged in Russian sable.

Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston), in a white lace dress with velvet wrap trimmed with white fox fur set off by green strapped slippers.

Dorothy Jordan, in all white crêpe frock showing tiny crystal beads; ermine wrap.

Mrs. Ronald Burla (Una Merkel), in a frock of Irish lace with an ermine wrap that was lovely to say the least.

Polly Moran, in white and geranium red; gown of satin and wrap of velvet. [Continued on page 54]
The GIRLS WHO WILL BE GREAT STARS

They Each Have One Outstanding Quality.

By Patricia Keats

Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts! (Even though they have a name for them you couldn't pronounce it). And beware of the moon pitcher stars bearing anything.

An actress who thinks she is so gifted that she can play every role on the cast sheet perfectly, has a lot of dull pictures coming to her. But the actress who is smart enough to realize her limitations and qualifications (we call 'em onions on Park Avenoo) has the Box Office right behind her. And in these days, when the Wolf-at-the-door is showing his teeth like Gloria Swanson, a Box Office has appeal.

To survive in pictures each player must bring to the boiling cauldron which is Hollywood a bit of perfection. Not a lot of artistic gifts wrapped in cellophane—just one bit of perfection. Wise, indeed, is the player who knows just what she has to offer and how to make the most of it. In fact those misguided screen ladies who feel that they must be all things to all men for all time, invariably achieve a flat, dull mediocrity. Their pictures are So-So and Ho-Hum. You only go to see them on rainy afternoons when there's nothing else to do. The box office, Genevieve, fattens on specialists. Too bad, perhaps, but it's true.

Each player must have something to offer. And Beauty alone will not suffice. No, my pretty, Beauty won't get you a Beverly Hills house and a Rolls Royce these days. You have to have that precious little thing called Personality.

If you count off on your fingers the players who have made Big Hits, in the last few months, and given outstanding performances, you will name Wynne Gibson, Madge Evans, petite Sylvia Sidney and Joan Blondell. And not one of them a star as yet! And that's a sentence fraught with meaning.

Long before Roscoe Ates can say Jack Robinson, Paramount will make Wynne Gibson a star. She has been dealing herself pat hands and taking in all the...
tricks ever since she started playing the movie game. The box office is howling for the Gibson girl and that means that you, the people, like what Wynne has to offer. What is it? Why do you say when you are picture-shopping, "This ought to be good. Wynne Gibson's in it?"

I don't know when you became Gibson conscious, but it was in that staircase scene in "Ladies of the Big House" that I realized Wynne's potential greatness.

"I hate so many people that I guess I had better start liking you," she said to Sylvia Sidney in the Big House. My heart contracted with the sheer pain of it. What a marvelous scene. And I began to wonder about Wynne Gibson. There's an incalculable quality to her that's rather hard to put your finger on. But undeniably this incalculable quality is the "something" that Wynne has. I believe that this mysterious attribute of hers is the suggestion that the character she is playing is thinking. That there are hidden fires smoldering, that possibly she is suspicious, possibly sad, but the "hatches are battened down." When an actress thinks, that's remarkable, but when a character thinks, that's Art.

All of Wynne's characterizations denote thought. Watch her the next time you see her on the screen. In character she does not think in the grand stage manner by biting her lips and rolling her eyes, instead she suggests the mental operation merely with a certain tightening of the lips. Her whole method signifies a brain and poise.

Wynne is as natural off the screen as she is on, and she has the same way of saying what she pleases, when she pleases, and to whom she pleases. When she was a student at the Wadleigh High School in New York she was suspended because she "cut" classes and went to matinees—and what was far worse, she wasn't the least bit sorry and said as much.

On the Paramount lot she is the chief delight of the prop boys, electricians and the hairdressers, and they'd go without lunch rather than miss one of her "Hi, fellows." She is the very essence of comradery. "I'll never be famous," Wynne laughed once, "because I can't even ritz a stray dog." She has pet names for all the directors. Just imagine the dignified Mamoulian being called "Mammy." Oh, every thing is hotsy totsy and hot-cha when Wynne comes along as pert and sassy as a baby bluejay. But any discerning person with half an eye can tell that the little blonde girl from New York isn't showing you her real self at all.

The real Wynne is hidden away tightly behind steel doors and it would take a lot of pounding on walls and breaking of barriers before you could find her. With lips and eyes smiling she flips off the latest wisecrack but it is all just so much surface. Deep in her heart she is [Cont. on page 60]

After "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," Wynne Gibson's name will be of interest to every Electric Light Company. Her dramatic ability means blazing signs.
9 Kinds of

The strong Personalities of the Players Awaken Responsive Emotions in Their Friends.

By S. R. Mook

Y EARS ago Schiller wrote "We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds they are all different. No one has a double in friendship."

Truer words were never written. Since I first came to Hollywood I have been fortunate enough to form a number of close friendships. They have lightened what would otherwise have been many dark hours. And, oddly enough, looking back on them now, I find that each of them has something different to offer. Also, I turn to different ones for companionship according to the mood I'm in.

I'm very proud of my friendship with Constance Bennett. I've known her for a number of years and can testify that she is one of the sweetest girls in the world. Her tremendous popularity proves it and there are no ifs, ands or buts. I am never the same Dick Mook when I'm going out there for an afternoon or evening. Don't ask me what it is about her that attracts people because I can't tell you. She just has that certain something. And when I'm bored with Hollywood and its provincialism, I find myself (since I'm fortunate enough to be on "dropping in" terms with her) dialing her phone number in the hope of finding her in, for there's nothing provincial about Connie. She has a metropolitan air about her—the air of your real cosmopolite. She brings Auteil, Cannes, the Riviera, Paris, London, Berlin, New York to you in an hour's chat.

And, knowing that Connie associates almost exclusively with clever people, I find myself suddenly talking far above my usual line of conversation—saying clever, witty things of which I'd never believed myself capable. She inspires you. When I've gone stale I can think of no mental tonic equal to even a small dose of her company. Lucky me!

Once I had been to Connie's to tea and left there to go to Fredric March's to dinner. It was like stepping into another world. Without consciousness, willingness or intention, I found another side of my nature taking charge. I no longer yearned to say witty, brilliant things. I hoped I would think of something which would reflect breeding and high character. Although Freddie is easy to converse with, he doesn't fool you. You know perfectly well that you are in the presence of a fine intelligence and that any misstatement you make is going to be held against you. Freddie has a well-trained logical mind.

With Connie, I'd rather say something smart that
FRIENDSHIP

might not be entirely accurate than to make
a
bald
statement
of
indisputable
fact,
even
though
the
fact
might
be
unusual
and
not
generally
known.
Because
Connie
would
laugh
and
let it
go
at
that.
Freddie
would
laugh,
too—at
the
moment.
But
a
little
later
a
funny
look
would
set-
ttle
on
his
face
and
he'd
start
cross-questioning
me
and
asking
where
I'd
got
my
dope.
And
pretty
soon,
to
his
intense
delight,
I'd
be
looking
and
feeling
like
a
fool.

There's
another
thing
about
Freddie's
friend-
ship
that
is
soul-satisfying.
I
like
to
talk
shop
and
there
are
few
people
better
posted
on
affairs
of
the
stage
and
screen
than
Fred
and
Florence
(his
wife).
An
evening
with
them
leaves
you
feeling
you're
civil-
zied
and
cultured.

Another
place
I
like
to
go
to
is
Helen
Twelvetrees'
home.
Whenever
I
have
that
what's-the-use
feeling,
Helen's
is
where
I
head
for.
There
is
a
girl
who
has
been
through
many
rough
times
and
who
never
quit
fighting
until
she
had
lived
Life.
Any
troubles
I
might
have,
pale
into
insignificance
alongside
what
she
has
been
through
and
she
can
talk
to
you
in
a
manner
that
makes
you
have
confidence
in
yourself
and
know
that
it's
all
going
to
come
right
in
the
end.
She
can
be
the
most
feminine,
sympathetic
and
understanding
girl
imaginable
one
moment
and
as
soon
as
she's
con-
vined
you
that
you
have
her
sympathy
and
your
trou-
bles
really
matter
to
her,
she'll
change
and
start
kidding
you
unmercifully
to
get
you
out
of
your
dark
mood.
I
can't
think
of
a
better
pal
than
Helen
and
her
friendship
means
a
lot
because
it's
there
for
me
at
times
when
I
need
it
most.

In
contrast
to
Helen,
there's
my
friendship
with
Chester
Morris
and
his
wife.
When
I'm
feeling
cocky
I
go
up
there
and
we
have
a
grand
time
swapping
insults.
I
may
think
I'm
pretty
[Continued
on
page
60]

The
thought-
ful
L ew
Ayres
is
an
"understand-
ing
guy."

Oh,
to
be
witty,
when
one
is
with
Connie
Bennett!

Phillips
Holmes
takes
joy
in
let-
ting
his
friends
talk
about
themselves.

Really
Mary
Brian
is
just
like
her
screen
self.

(At
left)
Chester
Mor-
ris,
a
great
chap
to
fight
with.

If
one
is
serious
Fred-
ric
March
will
under-
stand.
He
does
not
consider
it
priggish
to
think.

for
July
1932
When Joan Comes Into

Joan Crawford, in spite of her "Grand Hotel" success, in spite of her tremendous "Letty Lynton," has not yet reached the limit of her powers nor the goal of her ambitions.

By Hale Horton

Joan Crawford, in spite of her "Grand Hotel" success, in spite of her tremendous "Letty Lynton," has not yet reached the limit of her powers nor the goal of her ambitions. There is something thrilling in writing a story about Joan Crawford, a woman who slowly but surely is becoming one of the greatest actresses of all time, a woman who possesses a latent power so vast, so tremendous, that its potentialities have inspired her to consecrate her life to its service. But on the other hand one finds something futile in writing about her; for there is no more possibility of truly evaluating her character than there is of writing an unbiased biography of the great poet, Goethe, a task never accomplished... for both Joan and Goethe embrace all humanity.

By this I mean Joan is so big that everyone finds in her the embodiment of that which they supremely dislike, as well as that which they supremely like. There exists nothing in us which we may not find already in Joan, and in a more harmonious synthesis; and it's Joan's success, with the difficult task of harmonizing the many and opposing influences of her nature, that is making of her a great woman—for she possesses all the faults and all the virtues that are to be found in the human race.

She includes not only our faults, but also our skepticisms and our cynicisms. She reveals our weaknesses and defects, yet she remains sensitively alive to the influences of life and nature and art; fearless in accepting all, eagerly tasting everything life has to offer, bravely submerging herself in the very essence of living, which, in the deepest sense, means that gradually she will become a master of life, a Universal Woman.

People marvel at Joan developing herself from a harum-scarum Jazz-Baby into a poised, cultured woman of the world. "The very expression of Crawford's face seems to spring from something Divine" a young actress recently remarked. "It's as though an inner-fire, having suddenly been released, were expressing its new-found freedom by glowing sublimely from the shadow of her presence."

Coming from one who was once Joan's most persistent detractor, this rather impressed me. And of course it's true. Joan's entire development has come from within. It would have been utterly impossible for her to have profited by the mistakes of others. She herself must personally experience life's joys and sorrows, no matter what the cost.

Some girls inherit a pretty fair knowledge of how to get on in the world, of how to find happiness. Joan learned only through a terrific, heart-breaking struggle. Some girls are capable of taking the advice of
those wise in the ways of men, and thereby avoiding the deep wells of suffering, but not so Joan, the smoldering, primitive child of genius. She learned only by falling in head over heels, always emerging, though, with a more profound knowledge of life.

My study of Goethe and Joan Crawford was inspired by an intense dislike. I considered Goethe a conceited prig. Joan a super-sentimentalist. Gradually it occurred to me that I disliked Goethe for his conceit simply because conceit happened to be one of my own many faults—and that I had seen my own overly-sentimental nature mirrored in Joan. This stimulated my interest, and after studying them both I discovered they possessed traits so great that my dislike was speedily supplanted by a wholesome admiration. And in Joan's case at least, by astonishment—astonishment that she had been able to triumph over a nature filled with so many conflicting qualities, the sum total of which constituted a terrific force for either good or evil.

Joan was born with potentialities that might have just as easily hurled her to destruction as carried her to success. Subconsciously she was overwhelmed by the conflict of these forces within her. A vague awareness of the two extremes in her destiny afflicted her with fits of depression interspersed with fierce, joyous imaginative flights. She became neurotic, restless of spirit and imbued with the idea that true peace and happiness for her was an extremely remote possibility.

The queer hungry, haunted look that once distinguished Joan's features was not simply a superficial mannerism, but rather an etching of the gnawing fear within her. Then, when she noticed the subline contentment of her childhood friends, when she felt their superiority in manner and worldly goods, she came to the conclusion that she was made of inferior stuff, and that somehow she must lift herself by material accomplishment and wealth before she ever could become their equal in worldliness or spiritual contentment.

Her incentive was wrong, of course, but nevertheless it inspired her with a driving ambition. Had she but known it there never can be happiness for such natures as hers until they either have gone to Hell so far and so thoroughly that the spirit is numbed, or until they have risen to such heights in which the spirit may set itself free.

Joan, however, stumbled blindly on, struggling against tremendous odds, at times nearly being beaten by her potential strength, and as she groped hopefully through life, testing this experience, trying that, she suffered pro-

[Cont. on page 51]
Elizabeth Wilson Learns about ROSES,

"My mother never told me, Zeppo," Thelma Todd murmurs. Harpo appears to be slightly skeptical.

The moon was half-shot. The stars were dizzy and the skies were so many sheets to the wind. The walls were plastered, the alarm clock was cuckoo. It was all quite, quite crazy. But what can you expect of the Four Marx Brothers? "Horsefeathers!"

On tip-toes I approached the set where the cameramen were shooting. Stuffing a desire to sneeze (I never had hayfever until they started these goldurn talking pitchers) I concealed myself behind a vase of roses. It was a tender little love scene. The inimitable Harpo Marx, his hair flaming and his eyes popping, and luscious Thelma Todd were seated side by side, and quite comfy, thank you, on a most seductive looking chaise longue. Pardon my French.

The locale of "Horsefeathers" is a college town and Thelma Todd plays the inevitable College Widow on the make for any man. Harpo plays the town's dog-catcher, and what a catch. But when school lets out Thelma keeps in practice with the village oaf, even though he is a halfwit, firmly believing in that old bromide and seltzer that half an oaf is better than none.

"Are you a good little boy?" Thelma asks, coyly chuckling our favorite Marx under the chin. Harpo shakes his head.

"Are you a bad little boy?" Thelma asks hopefully. Harpo nods his head and flutters his eyes wickedly. "Aren't you ashamed?" demands the modest Thelma.

For a second Harpo lowers his head in mock humility, then he does a flip-flop and lands in Thelma's lap, standing on his head. That was the scene. Practically nothing at all. But behind the roses I was going through all kinds of contortions to keep from laughing outright, and when you see this scene in your local Silver Screen
LOVE and SHOTGUNS
from HARPo MARX

(If you quiz a Marx Brother, does that make him a Marquis? Harpo wants to know).

theatre I am willing to bet my bottom dollar, which happens to be my top dollar too, that you will become so hysterical that you won't even hear your appendicitus stitches ripping. After that I bet you'll be convinced, if you aren't already, that Harpo Marx is the funniest comedian in the world. And he hasn't said a word on stage or screen in over ten years.

If that isn't an argument for silent comedies well, I'll take vanilla. Harpo Marx shaking his head, ogling his eyes wickedly and smiling angelically, is funnier than Chevalier, Ed Wynn, Harry Richman, Mayor Jimmie Walker and Frank Fay all rolled into one and wise-cracking for dear life—and money. And it all goes back to that old theory that talking pictures rob the spectator of the fun of using his imagination. Mr. Public, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Public Enemy, have been around and seen things, and what they imagine is much funnier than anything Harpo might say—what with censors and such. What is left unsaid is far more amusing and provocative than what is said. That's life—in case you didn't know.

That little English chappie, Charlie Chaplin, knows all about life and the powers of the imagination too, and when talking [Continued on page 58]

Harpo losing control.
Run, Thelma, run!

for JULY 1932
Fired and Hired

Many of the Stars Reached Success After Having Been Discharged "For Incompetency."

By James M. Fidler

Not only have the various film companies discharged Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Jordan, Clark Gable, John Gilbert, Charles Farrell and Joe E. Brown, but they have released many more, among them Edmund Lowe, Lew Ayres, Sylvia Sidney, Helen Twelvetrees, Clive Brook, Marian Nixon, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, George Brent, Carole Lombard, Marian Marsh and Naucy Carroll.

Nor is even that the entire list, for a great many others have been given their walking papers, among them Wallace Beery, Bette Davis, Richard Dix, John Boles, Sue Carol, Maureen O'Sullivan, Sally Eilers, Jean Harlow, Una Merkel, Myrna Loy, Ann Dvorak, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce and Warner Baxter.

Impossible that all of these stars have been discharged, you cry? Not impossible, I repeat; they have been fired; ejected right out the studio gates; bounced because studio officials decided they lacked personality or ability. True, most of them were dismissed before they attained popularity, but the principal point in effect is that all were found lacking something.

Janet Gaynor, for instance, was a stock player with the Universal Film Company at a salary of sixty dollars a week. She was released by officials who informed her they had nothing for her to do. Today the Fox Film Company spends half a million dollars annually finding things for her to do. She is ranked among the five box-office leaders and her pictures have profited the Fox officials several millions of dollars, but when she was with another company, she was scarcely noticed to the very day she was dismissed.

John Boles is a more recent case.

Clark Gable, the sensation of "A Free Soul," has been continually miscast yet he ranks today as the outstanding rake.

Maureen O'Sullivan, the beautiful Irish girl. As "Seventh Heaven" made Charlie and Janet, so the name "Tarzan" will go echoing through the jungle of Hollywood because of the performances of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen.

He, too, was under contract to Universal, and he was discharged because he was hard to cast, according to company officials, and because he had been employed to star in screen musical comedies, which were no longer being produced. Again the Fox studio seized upon a Universal cast off. Less than two months later, officials [Continued on page 56]
WITH Paramount popping proposals, Virginia puts her fingers in her ears content with her "long-term" M-G-M contract. If she COULD hear, though, she would be pleased at all the nice things people are saying about her performances in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Brides."
MADGE EVANS

MADGE holds the record for vacations. She was a player when a child. She grew up and came back again and became one of the best. So, when we learn that she is walking out, we just go to "Huddle," her latest, sure that we can keep right on liking her. Madge couldn't stay away—thank goodness for that.

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL
THE delightful personality of Miss Chatterton will come to us again in "The Rich Are Always With Us," which, in these days of short rations, is encouraging. It is really a delight to know that Ruth will be there, gracious and cultured, to remind us that the riches of personality and talent wither not nor fade.
He is a singer, as the patrons of the St. Louis Repertoire Company will boast, but after twelve operettas he ran away. In fact it's a habit. He ran away from home in Bristol, England, and while he couldn't exactly run away with "This Is The Night," what with Roland Young and all, he did make his javelin thrower stand out and you'll be seeing him.

The stage play, "After All," one of John Van Druten's, has been screened with the title "New Morals for Old," and Margaret Perry plays the same part that she did on the stage. It reaffirms the old truth, all good things come to the screen "After All." She's one of our brightest red-heads. "The Most Dangerous Game" will be her next.
GEORGE RAFT  OTTO DYE

IN "SCARFACE" he was the one gangster who was not afraid, and in "Dancers in the Dark" his inscrutable menace was as insistent as the whine of a bullet, penetrating every scene and conversation. George has a New York background and it looks as if this type will be his life's work. Seeing him is like crossing Broadway and 42nd Street.

GWILI ANDRE  ERNEST A. BACHRACH

Radio has introduced this new and lovely girl in "The Roar of the Dragon," opposite Richard Dix. Gwili, as we will all get to call her, comes from Denmark, where she first went dramatic, but three years in New York makes her ours. Why, she was here before Al Smith cast the Empire State for New York City headlines.
If Gang pictures did nothing more, they brought to the screen actors far, far removed from the pansy types, and that calls for plaudits. Spencer Tracy is such a fine looking cop in "Disorderly Conduct" and such a menacing he-man in "Society Girl" that he has got himself a following. It's going to be a tough break for a lot of Hollywood heroes if they have to make the grade of Spencer Tracy. He's going to prove a very good provider, if we know our box-office indications.

F. Powolny

Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon in "Society Girl."

Spencer and his mother.
LIFE blossoms for Norma Shearer this year, and with "Smilin' Through" definitely taking form for her next picture, Norma has a right to look forward to a rich harvest of accomplishment. "Smilin' Through" would be certain success for any actress, but for Norma it is more than that. It fits her gentle quality of tenderness. Very likely it will be the greatest picture of her life.
back from his island
glances down home to
way the magic carpet
wanderers of the sky.
IRENE DUNNE and JOHN BOLES

FANNIE HURST'S novel, "Back Street," in picture form brings us John Boles and Irene Dunne, and as Universal gave the direction to John M. Stahl, we may expect in the film the fine dramatic simplicity of the book. Irene, who disdained to return to the stage for "Show Boat," will next be seen in "Thirteen Women."
The plot of "Man About Town" sounds sophisticated, but probably Warner Baxter still has trailing after him some of the lovable hokum of "Daddy Long Legs," so that the only problem will be to get a seat. Karen is looking lovely, just now. Hard work agrees with her and the more we see of her the better we like her.
Karen Morley and Kane Richmond, featured players for M-G-M, in the mood for dancing, and in Hollywood's informal summer dancing costumes. Karen wears a white silk sports frock and Kane, white flannels and dark coat.

FASHIONS

Adrienne Ames and Cary Grant, Paramount players, dancing at the swanky Riviera Country Club. Miss Ames dons one of the new frock-pajama costumes in coral crocheted lace, over crépe de Chine. The front of the frock is divided into pajamas while the back is a complete skirt. Mr. Grant wears a brown coat and tie, light cream colored flannel trousers and brown suede shoes for the event.

Arletta Duncan and Tom Brown are "that way about each other. The cutest couple of the younger set. And in Hollywood it is quite the thing to dance in slacks! Arletta and Tom are two of the "young things" who advocate this style especially for very informal places, such as country club and beach club parties. Both are under contract to Universal. They are seventeen and eighteen, respectively. Arletta's white jersey slacks and white crocheted sweater are brightened with a red suede belt and red crocheted edging, bow and tassels on the sweater. Tom wears white trousers and turtle neck sweater with a tweed coat; both youngsters wear comfortable sandals—and how they do dance!
Rochelle Hudson and Bruce Cabot, both RKO players, at Malibu Beach. Rochelle is wearing the new "Olympic beret" with her dancing costume, which consists of backless one-piece pajamas of printed crêpe.

**HAT DANCE**

Dancing partners step the light fantastic in organdies and flannels this summer. Joan Marsh, the M-G-M actress, shows a youthful number of white organdie with bands and jacket of black lace—while "Billy" Bakerwell, her partner, wears white flannels with dark grey double-breasted coat. They are seen together often on Saturday afternoons, tea-dancing at the Cocoanut Grove.

Frances Dee and Charlie Starrett, Paramount players, find dancing at the Cocoanut Grove delightful—on Tuesday night of course, as this is the only night that the stars frequent the Grove. Frances is wearing the latest in evening gowns, a pale blue crêpe, massed with circles and dots of finely cut brilliants. The gown appears very graceful with its lengthy train, which is held up while dancing.
SYLVIA and FREDRIC MARCH

PAIRED for the first time in pictures in "Merrily We Go to Hell" Sylvia and Fredric remember those days in Denver when they played together in "stock" for fourteen weeks, little dreaming that this page would call them the leading heavy emotional artists in the picture world.

SYLVIA SIDNEY

I N "The Miracle Man" the marvel of Sylvia's troubled mouth and the wonder of her crinkled eyes again were delightful. Because of these peculiarly appealing features little has been said of the sulky quality which is just as eloquent of this girl, who is one of the most interesting in Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy and Spencer Tracy in "Disorderly Conduct." Ralph was recently picked for the great part in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" opposite Marian Nixon.

Mr. Bellamy's
LITTLE BOY
A Parent Speaks on His Favorite Topic.

By Rexford Bellamy

I AM Ralph Bellamy's father.

You young parents, who blush with embarrassment when Junior insists upon entertaining your guests with lisping rhymes, should pack your blushes away, for that was the manner in which one of our extremely gifted young actors began his career.

You all know Ralph Bellamy, don't you? He is one of this year's most promising actors. Don't you remember him in "The Secret Six?" He had only a small part in it but how he made it stand out! Of course you remember. I apologize for the nasty look. Then came his superlative performance of the blinded soldier in Ruth Chatterton's "The Magnificent Lie." His success in this picture was repeated when he played the ruthless German Commandant in "Surrender" and ended in a contract with Fox. Not so bad, eh?

But—smother those yawns, young parents, we're getting back to Junior. And by this time I suppose you're wondering what possible connection Junior can have with Ralph Bellamy's spectacular success.

Ralph was just another Junior. Yep! He began his acting career at the tender age of a year and a half. At that time he would climb upon a chair and jabber and gesticulate like a regular thespian, only pausing long enough for applause [Continued on page 61]

The poise that a great actor must have is born with him. Ralph, at the ages of eighteen months, two years, nine years, seventeen and now.
They’re Toasted—

The Picture Girls Know How to Keep their Complexions Even in Summer Sunlight.

MALIBU BEACH is really a cult! They’re all sun-worshippers out there on that starry beach. Old Sol, being no respecter of persons, refuses to be outshone by the glitter of Hollywood’s greatest. He both blesses and burns the highest priced anatomy just as quickly as he does you or me. Such nonchalance and indifference impresses impressive Hollywood and—Hollywood bows down. Hollywood lies down. Hollywood rolls over. Anything to get the blessed health-giving rays that put pep back into a tired nervous system.

Ruth Chatterton finds the sun restful after contract battles and social wrestling matches—enough to shatter anyone’s nerves. The Fairbankses, senior and junior, always make us health conscious. Mack Sennett made the bathing suit famous. But it remained for Ina Claire to bring sun-bathing enthusiasm to Cali-

A beach ball, a blanket, and beauty all make a setting for Sari Maritza.
from the rarified atmosphere of Eastern artistic circles. Ina, with her snap and dash, her chic and verve made the sun fashionable in California. Up to that time the sun was something to be avoided as detrimental to complexions. Stars used to go about swathed in veils and wearing dark glasses. The girls who dashed about without such protection were considered tom-boys, who were burning the candle at both ends. Laugh that off, old Sol.

Nowadays when you go a-calling at Malibu, a voice on the other side of an awning says, "Just throw me that bandana you'll find on the gate and I'll be right out." If your curiosity gets the best of your outraged modesty you'll toss the bandana over the canvas wall and wait expectantly. Anything can happen at Malibu! But what usually happens is that in less than half an hour you are ensnared by the cult of the sun and find yourself looking like a cross between Gunga Din and Gandhi. "The costume that he wore was nothing much before and that was less than 'arf he 'ad behind," says Kipling of Gunga Din.

Though they dressed somewhat alike there is a vast and important difference between Gunga Din and Gandhi. Everybody knows that Gandhi is a confirmed "dry" while Gunga Din, being a water-boy, might be considered a "wet." Now at Malibu everyone is a "wet." The ocean is so convenient, you see. Then, too, they serve a lot of pink lemonade in tall glasses. The tinkling ice sounds so invitingly cool on a hot day. No wonder Joan Crawford burns up the road between the studio and her Malibu place every time she gets a chance.

But the road is the only thing that is burned because Joan knows how to protect her skin against the ravages of too much sun. Smart girl! No painful, red blotches for her! Her face and gorgeous body are covered with an oil before she goes a-beaching. Oil keeps the skin soothed and supple while it gradually takes

Adrienne Dore and Mae Madison in their suits with southern exposure. They can go canoeing. Can-oo?

Joan Blondell goes in for sun-kissing and turns her back to the Malibu sun.

The triumphant Bette Davis thinks this a gorgeous day and a beautiful sun and a perfectly lovely world.

for July 1932
on that golden hue that looks so expensive and healthy. Oil keeps the skin from coarsening while the pigment darkens. Joan uses first oil of olive and then another. She has been known to bring the olive oil out of the butler's pantry—and the vinegar too! The boys in the navy use vinegar to keep them from burning and also to cool the burns they get when they neglect using it. Not on a broken skin though! Jumping mermaids, no!

Now that we have oil and vinegar all we need is a little sugar and paprika to make French dressing. The ocean is salty enough. But why talk about any kind of dressing at Malibu.

But don't imagine that because of the scant costumes there is too much informality at the swank, movie beach colony. Lilyan Tashman in a long silver train and Lilyan Tashman in a postage stamp size bathing suit, are the same elegant, frivolous Lilyan. That girl can put more reserve into semi-nudity than you ever saw in a marble statue.

Pola Negri is another who removes no dignity when she takes off her pettiskirt. Neither does Elissa Landi. Pola wore one of those bandana blouses at a beach party given for her by Bebe Daniels. In fact there were a lot of them there. I couldn't help wondering if they all had a boy scout teach them how to tie knots securely, for the huge hankies are simply tucked into a pajama belt in front while the two upper corners are tied around the neck. So you see, they must be tied well—or else. Call it a blouse if you want to—I call it a great risk! It's all right while you are sitting still—but I got a little nervous when Leila Hyams and Sylvia Sydney began romping. Leila Hyams manages to stay fair.

Probably because she doesn't stay directly in the sun as much as the others. Then, too, she uses a heavy grease paint make-up to protect her face and arms. And for her legs and back she uses Max Factor's Make-up Blender which is designed to save the skin from sun and wind as well as to give a finish which stays nice in spite of salt water.

Frances Dee is cute in her little new bathing suit revealing Dee shoulders, Dee arms and Dee legs.

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P a u l e t t e  G o d d a r d  w e a r i n g  t h e  n e w  a n d  s p o r t y  b a n - d a n a  r i g.

An awfully good beach make-up stunt is to mix Max Factor's make-up with your favorite oil and use the combination. This will prevent burning more than anything else.

You really have to make up your mind whether you are going to let yourself burn, freckle and coarsen your skin through neglect, use oils to get an even tan or keep your pink and whiteness by complete make-up protection. To keep fair is the greatest problem and the most trouble. There is an oil preparation called "Sun Shield" made by Fougera that seems to prevent tan more than the other oils. It is quite inexpensive too—only ninety-five cents. Miami Sun-tan oil helps you to tan. You can get it in small bottles convenient to carry in your pocket-book for only thirty-five cents.

Constance Bennett, with her flair for the elegant and unique, carries her oil in stick-form like a candle that melts at the touch of the skin. It seems to have a coconut oil base instead of olive oil. And wouldn't you know it was French-made by Lelu, for three dollars. This Sun-stick is convenient to carry because there is no bottle to break and nothing to spill.

Exposing yourself directly to the sun is the only way to get the full benefit. Certain fabrics and certain colors cut out the most effective violet ray—so do as Hollywood does and take no chance—just remove as much as possible and take an aesthetic joy in feeling the sun pour its energy into you, soothing you and giving you the excess pep that makes you feel calmer and more sure of yourself. Health is the greatest beautifier in the world. Get out into the water, too, and get the water into you. Let the summer winds blow all your tangles away and give you the key to Beauty!
THANK goodness, they've at last decided on the Red Headed Woman. And now we can get some sleep. Come out from under that red wig, Jean Harlow, we know you.

For nine months now “Red Headed Woman” has been tangled up in M-G-M’s hair, and a day wasn’t twenty-four hours old that some newspaper or magazine didn’t announce that So-and-So would play the lead in the picture to be adapted from Katherine Brush’s famous story that appeared serially in The Saturday Evening Post, and in book form. Thirty-nine tests were made. Only thirty-nine.

At first the well-known red heads, Nancy Carroll, Jeanette MacDonald, Clara Bow and Peggy Shannon were considered. Then the barriers were down and the field was open to blondes, brunettes and chameleons. All the girls who had dyed their hair red just for the occasion went into an awful grouse. At one time or other tests were made of practically everyone in Hollywood who could look seductive sipping a gin highball in a negligee. The Marx Brothers, Dickie Moore, and Edna May Oliver dropped out of the race. The whole country was in a turmoil. What would M-G-M do about “Red Headed Woman”? It was much more important than what the Senate would do about taxes. The Red Head easily became the most discussed woman in motion picture circles. Anita (Gentlemen Prefer Blondes) Loos, who had written the dialogue for the script, even got so curious that she went to one of the Hollywood theatres one evening where Gene Dennis, the psychic marvel, was making a personal appearance and asked him: “Who will play the lead in ‘Red Headed Woman?’” “Jean Crawford,” said Miss Dennis just like that.

And then Mr. Irving Thalberg thought of Jean Harlow. Jean at that moment was knocking audiences out of their seats in local theatres all over the country. Jean was tested and got the part.

Well, when the Platinum Blonde becomes the Red Headed Woman—that is news! And that also, according to cynics and others who have failed to sell a scenario, is Hollywood. The most famous Platinum Blonde of all times—and we mean you too, Sodom and Gomorrah—asked to lose her identity under a red wig, asked to play the most publicized Red Head in cinema history. Jean Harlow—who has spent three years building up a Platinum Blonde trade-mark. How preposterous, how absurd, how ridiculous, and how is your second act. We hot-footed it over to see Jean, expecting to find her burning over the idiosyncrasies of studios, and the stupidity of Hollywood in general. But imagine our surprise when we found Jean fairly purring with contentment, and all dressed up to attend the opening of “Grand Hotel”—wearing a red wig. Not a platinum lock in sight, my dears, and Jean was doing it all of her own accord.

“I wanted this part in ‘Red Headed Woman’ more than I ever wanted anything in my life,” Jean told us as we weakly recovered from the shock. “As far as I am concerned this Platinum Blonde business has gone far enough. People are so busy making wise-cracks about my hair that they forget all about the real me. I welcome a chance to wear a wig and prove to the studios and to the fans that I can really travel on my own ability. I’m tired of being publicized as just a lot of hair. I want to be known as an actress. And maybe if I wear a wig and make a success of this picture the public will forget to brand me—and it will lead to better roles.”

When you and I and Maggie were young there used to be a song with a refrain: “And a red headed woman made a fool out of me.” Katherine Brush probably had that song in mind when she wrote her sensational novel of the cheap little stenographer who started out in life with nothing but a head of beautiful red hair, but traveled high, wide and handsome. Chester Morris plays Bill, good old Bill from one of the oldest and best families, but just a gullible lad who couldn’t resist red hair. Leila Hyams is Irene. Bill’s wife before the red invasion. Una Merkel plays Sally, the manicurist who gives out a lot of worldly wisdom with a bleeding cuticle. Lewis Stone is Bill’s Dad, and Charles Boyer is the millionaire. A swell cast, isn’t it? And a swell picture.
Silver Screen for July 1932

The Reviewing Stand
Drama, Comedy and Beauty Go Marching Past

WINNER TAKE ALL
Rating: Good—Parker

Once again Jimmy Cagney is an unco
th, illiterate rough-neck, who is
hard on his dames and kicks them in un
expected places.
He plays a prize-fighter, who has wrecked
his health with fast living, and so goes
to a dude ranch in New Mexico, where he
couldn’t fool you that time, and neither
could Elissa Landi. We knew all the
time that she was a good woman, and we
can’t imagine how Neil Hamilton could
be so stupid as to suspect that his
charming wife could be the woman in
room thirteen. But what would triangle
plays be without suspicious husbands and
misunderstood wives?

Garbo and John Barrymore in
“Grand Hotel.”

GRAND HOTEL
Rating: Perfect—M-G-M

No More need be said about the cast
of this great picture. Garbo, Joan
Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, John Barry
more, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean
Hersholt are all thrillingly fine.
The play ran on Broadway before it
went to M-G-M on the coast, and before
that, as a book, “Grand Hotel” established
the name of Vicki Baum, its author.
The story is really made up of a few
events from the lives of five people. Their
courses meet and mingle in this Berlin
hotel, and then separate again when they
go their different ways. The dancer,
Grauske, who is tired of apathetic
audiences and tired of empty years, is
Garbo. There are several high spots in
the picture when Art, that rare expression
of perfection, comes into being, then passes
and leaves you gasping at its force.
One of these moments is when Garbo walks
with her attendants through the lobby.
That is all—but it is wonderful.
The thieving Baron is John Barrymore,
and when he is caught in Grauske’s
room he makes love to her pretending he
came there simply to breathe the air she
had breathed. He stays to really love,
and that is doubtless the greatest scene you
ever saw on the screen.
Lionel Barrymore, as Kringlein, the
sick man, comes to the Hotel to live reck
lessly during his last few days. He shares
scenes with John Barrymore, Wallace
Beery and, finally, with Joan Crawford.
Beery, as Presying, is just a business
man, but he ought well be the central figure of
a complete tragedy. He is caught in
a financial jam, is obliged to lie desperately,
and then, renouncing all his standards, he
throws his caution to the winds, takes up
with the pretty little stenographer, Fleuri
chen, and finally kills a man.
Joan Crawford is the stenographer sent
to Presying. She has her own casual ideas
about life until she sees that Kringlein
is not like the other men she meets. This
is the beginning of Hope at the picture’s
end.
“Grand Hotel” is just as great as you
are. If you are as deep as Freud or as
shallow as Edgar Guest, there is in “Grand
Hotel” the echo of your own thoughts.
The Finest Picture Ever Made.

James Cagney and Marian
Nixon in “Winner Take All.”

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13
Rating: Fair—Fox

This was a good play once, but I guess
we’ve sort of outgrown it along with the
horse and buggy and red flannels. It no
longer thrills, and you have a pretty good
idea what’s going to happen long before
it really happens. Sly old B’rer Fox
neets Miss Marian Nixon and her small child,
Dickie Moore.

Joan Bennett and Donald Cook
in “The Trial of Vivienne Ware.”

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE
Rating: Good—Fox

It seems, these days, that no picture is
complete without a court-room scene.
Maybe the studios are practicing economy
and using the same sets—and the same
juries—or maybe it is just one of those
cycles that we find running around every
now and then in the best of families.
Anyway, Joan Bennett, in the latest Lan
vin models, looks more beautiful and ot-
er than ever while on trial for her life.
(Of course you know she didn’t kill her
fiance, but out of respect to the judge and
the prosecuting attorney you have to make
believe and enter into the spirit of the thing).
A new angle on trial pictures is intro-
duced in this film and goes over with a
bang. It’s a radio announcer and a sob
sister who are covering the trial for the
great Unseen Public, and Skeets Gallagher
and ZaSu Pitts pack a lot of genuine hu
mor into their scenes. When ZaSu de
scribes those Lanvin models, my dears,
you will chortle ecstatically. The whole
thing is good entertainment, and if we
must have court-room scenes in our pic
tures let’s have them just like this.
Crawford, shows that she is an emotional actress of the first water, and doesn’t have to have close-ups with glycerine tears to prove it. As Molly Louvain, whose mother walked out on her when she was a three year old kid, Ann plays a hard-boiled wisecracking hotel clerk who believes that she has inherited her mother’s weakness and is a “bad woman.” She is betrayed by a man she loves and leaves town with Nick, a salesman and, unknown to her, a thief.

She boards the boat with a woman, breaks with Nick, becomes a taxi dancer, and gets involved with Nick in a murder. Although she is only an innocent bystander she is forced to hide from the police, and she hides in the same boarding house with Scotty, a star reporter who does sleuthing on the side. He is working on the famous Molly Louvain Case. Not recognizing Molly he falls in love with her and plans to take her to Hollywood, but first he must capture Molly Louvain by means of a hoax—he has it broadcasted over the radio that her baby is dying.

Molly forgets that she is her mother’s daughter and a bad lot, and rushes to her baby and into the arms of the police. There’s a thrilling climax with Molly finding her own soul, and Scotty finding true love at last. The production and swell dialogue in this picture and marvelous performances by Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton and Lee Tracy. Watch that Tracy boy go to the top.

The WORLD AND THE FLESH

Rating: Fair—Paramount

SOMEbody threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery of George Bancroft’s latest picture. The idea is good, Mr. Bancroft and Miss Hopkins are splendid, but the whole thing goes screwy. Now what can the matter be? Here we find the delectable Miriam and a bunch of aristocrats trying to sneak out of Russia at the time of the Red Revolution. Bancroft and his sailors capture them at Theodosia, a seaport town on the Black Sea, where they are waiting for a boat to take them to Sebastopol. Bancroft takes a decided liking to Miriam who sasses him plenty.

The White Army arrives, saves the aristocratic refugees, and makes Bancroft and his sailors shave coal on the Sebastopol boat. Then everybody tries to out-trick everybody else, and it all becomes quite confusing, as one minute the Whites are sneering at the Reds and the next minute the Reds are cracking the skulls of the Whites. This goes on indefinitely. But there’s a happy ending with Miriam going noble and George raising her five and calling her.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN

Rating: Excellent—Warner

If you aren’t already Ann Dvorak-conscious you will be after this picture. This girl, who looks so much like Joan Crawford, shows that she is an emotional actress of the first water, and doesn’t have to have close-ups with glycerine tears to prove it. As Molly Louvain, whose mother walked out on her when she was a three year old kid, Ann plays a hard-boiled wisecracking hotel clerk who believes that she has inherited her mother’s weakness and is a “bad woman.” She is betrayed by a man she loves and leaves town with Nick, a salesman and, unknown to her, a thief.

She boards the boat with a woman, breaks with Nick, becomes a taxi dancer, and gets involved with Nick in a murder. Although she is only an innocent bystander she is forced to hide from the police, and she hides in the same boarding house with Scotty, a star reporter who does sleuthing on the side. He is working on the famous Molly Louvain Case. Not recognizing Molly he falls in love with her and plans to take her to Hollywood, but first he must capture Molly Louvain by means of a hoax—he has it broadcasted over the radio that her baby is dying.

Molly forgets that she is her mother’s daughter and a bad lot, and rushes to her baby and into the arms of the police. There’s a thrilling climax with Molly finding her own soul, and Scotty finding true love at last. The production and swell dialogue in this picture and marvelous performances by Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton and Lee Tracy. Watch that Tracy boy go to the top.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE

Rating: Excellent—Paramount

Well, we always did say that little Gibson gal was a swell actress but we didn’t know just how swell until we saw her superb portrayal of Clara Deane. As the snarled against Clara she tears your heart right out, walks all over it and hands it back to you all bruised and bleeding. And that’s acting in this day and time, when a tenor in the voice can bring snickers from half the audience.

It’s a so-so story which will remind you of something you’ve seen before, but after that scene at the orphanage where Wynne on her way to prison tells her baby daughter good-bye, you’ll be so impressed with Wynne Gibson, and so submerged in Daddy’s hangnail fetish that you won’t care how many times you’ve seen it before. And while you are raving about Wynne don’t forget little three-year-old Cora Sue Collins, whose pitiful “Don’t leave me” is one of the best bits of child acting that has been on any screen. And we are not omitting Jackie Cooper and Bobbie Coogan. Does this sound like a lot of bunk, you sophisticated young moderns? Pat O’Brien succeeds in making you dislike him intensely and Frances Dee and Russell Gleason are the sweet young folks. See it, by all means.
A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY
Rating: More Than Excellent—Warner’s
Here you will find Mr. George Arliss in the best role he has had since “Distrib.” He simply walks away with a picture that is well worth walking away with, for nothing so humorously delightful and genuinely wholesome (in the pleasant sense of the word), has flickered across our screen in many a month.
Mr. Arliss is one of the few stars who is allowed to “hand pick” his own cast, and the result is that he is most ably supported by Mary Astor, Grant Mitchell, Evelyn Knapp, William Janney, Hardie Albright and Randolph Scott. Watch that Albright lad do some swell picture-stealing.
Mr. Arliss plays the part of a famous financier, who has been abroad for over a year on a financial mission for President Hoover. He returns to find his family completely alienated from him. They all have so much money, and so many selfish interests They can’t even stay home and have dinner with you, and are treating every evening at home in over a year. But wise Mr. Arliss thinks up a little scheme that brings them back to the family resides one by one, and at the same time keeps you and me giggling away like a pair of silly schoolgirls. Mary Astor, as the rather stupid but good-hearted young wife, gives a splendid performance. Mr. Arliss is, of course, perfect.

THE INFORMATION KID
Rating: Good—Universal
Here’s a thrilling race-horse picture, a sweet love story, and as cute a kid as you’ll ever see. The kid is Mickey Rooney (he used to be Mickey Macguire in the Hal Roach comedies) and he is as tough a little brat as Tenth Avenue can produce. His dicc arc loaded and the seat of his pants is padded and, seeing him, you realize how utterly dull good children are.
But Mickey has a hard time stealing the picture for he is pitted against an invincible line of professional picture stealers—Tom Brown, Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine. Tom and Jimmy have a race-horse racket which they promote in small towns where the pickings are good. Andy Devine, a prize sucker, takes up with them. So does Mickey. Tom falls for the kid, and inspired to go straight by the kid’s confidence, refuses to throw a race at Cahrute, much to Jimmy’s disgust.
There’s a love story on the side between Tom and Maureen O’Sullivan. It’s an entertaining picture and you’ll like it. I’m telling, as George Jessel says—

THE MISLEADING LADY
Rating: Good—Paramount
Claudette Colbert and Edmund Lowe are both delightful and, also, there is Stuart Erwin. The plot is light and gay, ridiculous and amusing and unless you must have movies with a purpose you will be vastly entertained. Claudette looked very beautiful, and when Edmund Lowe carries her away by caveman methods and an autogiro, you know quite well that anything may happen.

THE TENDERFOOT
Rating: Marvelous Fun—Warner’s
The newest Joe E. Brown comedy is just what you and the old man and the kiddies have been wanting to see for a long time. Laughs? Why, there’s no end to them. You hardly have time to recover from one farce before you are well on your way into another. Whether you have a weakness for Mr. Brown’s noble nonsense or not, you will like this picture and will not go home with a sour taste in your mouth. And that queer fact you’ll be hearing in the neighborhood for the next few months is Joe’s famous cowboy yell which all the kids will be imitating. Immediately Lew Cody, as a city slicker, proceeds to make a sucker out of him by selling him a share in his theatrical production. The fun begins. Joe lives and learns—about the theater racket. And while he is living and learning you’re dying with laughter. Ginger Rogers is the love interest and looks even cuter than she ever has before.

THE STREET OF WOMEN
Rating: Fair—Warner’s
This picture doesn’t do right by our glamorous Kay Francis who, when given half a chance, is the smartest woman of the screen. The very idea of casting the schmaltzinating Kay as the middle age love interest opposite Alan Dinehart! And letting that newcomer to the screen, Gloria Stuart, furnish the man love interest and capture the handsome Allen Vincent! It was a great big mistake—but mistakes occur in the best of families we’re told. Anyway, please Mr. Warner Brothers, don’t let Kay Francis lose her intriguing allure again.

The dialogue of this picture is unusually clever, but the plot is so dull that everything drags along. It seems that Kay has been carrying on a love affair for three years with Alan Dinehart, who is a wealthy contractor whose wife won’t divorce him. Kay’s young brother returns from school and falls in love with Dinehart’s daughter, and they find out about their sister and father respectively, and everybody misunderstands everybody else. Kay suffers and suffers. Allen Vincent, as the brother, and Roland Young, as the family friend, are the two bright spots of the picture and give good performances.
When Joan Comes Into Her Own

[Continued from page 23]

foundly, for the apprenticeship of genius is a miserable existence. She was harassed by doubts and by minor disappointments. But her vivid imagination transformed her merely temporary failures into colossal tragedies, tragedies that time and again drove her to the brink of suicide. But fortunately Joan’s indomitable spirit always came to the rescue, carried her on.

“The realization of my desires ever seemed to come up to my ideals,” she once told me. “I’d eagerly accept some experience, hoping against hope that at last I’d found that, for which I’d been searching; but invariably the glow of anticipation would fade away and I’d be left cold and bewildered. It was rather like the afternoon I rescued a little bird that was apparently dead in the cool shadows of a sound stage. I picked him up from the floor and warmed him in my cupped hands. Presently I felt his heart beat. Then as I watched him slowly open and blink his eyes and ruffle his feathers a new joy entered my heart—but only for a moment—for after his strength had returned he gave a frightened chirp and flew far away. And so I was left with a new heart-ache, although perhaps I had gained a more intimate knowledge of the ways of birds. And that’s the manner in which I’ve been living life. Each experience dwindled to disappointment but left me with a bit more knowledge of humanity; and by applying this added knowledge to my own emotions I’m gradually developing in myself that peace for which I’ve been longing.”

To a great extent Joan already has succeeded in changing her terrible forces and driving them toward a common end—the material and spiritual perfection of her life. Had she possessed an ounce less courage, she would have been overcome by her own strength instead of mastering herself. Had she given in to defeat any one other than the scene of time that she had hopelessly beaten, she would have sunk to a futile obscurity, to spiritual death. Fortunately this courage of hers not only enabled her to turn each defeat into a potential victory, to profit by suffering, but it helped her try and try again until now she has achieved material success with the assurance of spiritual rewards in the future.

Even though Joan was, and now is, M-G-M’s biggest boxoffice shot, her status on the lot was approximately that of a tolerated gift horse. The best stories invariably went to Shearer, Garbo, Dressler or one of the other stars. Joan not only resented the bit-overs but it was expected to draw in gobs of box-office gold, which she did, in spite of her pictures.

In other words, the studio was capitalizing on the youth of her gift horse even though they fed it but fourth rate oats. Then slowly and subtly a change came in force. Some say that since Joan had developed an acting to a point where it was im-pervious to bad pictures, M-G-M felt they might as well give her the best.

At any rate they were a surprised group of executives when they suddenly discovered their gift horse was being fed the juiciest oats in the stable! For nowadays Joan is getting first choice of all kinds of material, and she won this victory without resorting to the display of aggressiveness used by most stars. Joan has learned to direct her energies with a quiet, unshakable power.

Since she startled Hollywood by her performance in "Grand Hotel," though the pace was set by such masterly players as John and Lionel Barrymore, Greta Garbo, and Wallace Beery, the studio fondly refers to her as "Our Joan." And since she was even better in "Letty Lynton," she has been loaned to United Artists where she will prove her great ability in "Rain," starred in on the stage by the late and exceedingly talented Jeanne Eagels, and in silent pictures by Gloria Swanson. And to star in this play, either on stage or screen, is the ultimate ambition of just about every cinema lady in Hollywood.

At the completion of "Rain," Joan will definitely be established as a star among stars. And even now that hungry, haunted look on her face has been deposed by one of serenity. Joan, you see, is learning to know herself and lose the fear of her inner forces. And it won’t be long before she has them completely mastered. When this time comes she will unleash upon the world through the medium of the screen an overwhelming, terrible influence—overwhelming in its intensity, terrible in its potentialities for good or evil.

But whether for good, or whether for evil, it will make Joan Crawford the most powerful woman in Hollywood.

As in the case of Goethe, we may absorb Joan’s art to good advantage, but we must not think about her too seriously; it might be wise not to talk about her too much. To the deepest things are not for speech, but when we see Joan on the screen we should simply enjoy her portrayal to the utmost and remember that she stands by herself on a pinnacle, a superb actress, a great woman, one who will achieve that dream dearest to the hearts of all people—that reward for geniuses called Immortality.

"Rain," Joan Crawford’s picture that she is making at Catalina Island for United Artists, and Joan herself, are being written up by our Special Location Writer-up. See the August SILVER SCREEN.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Priscilla Bryant

ACROSS

1. Performs
2. Tom Sawyer
3. A movie horse
4. A part Jackie Cooper played
5. Gloria Swanson's little boy in "The Trespasser"
6. North River (abbr.)
7. To walk lamely
8. Old English (abbr.)
9. A male deer
10. She is now Mrs. Leslie Fenton
11. A member of a wandering race
12. Norwegian (abbr.)
13. Stained by the inroads of decay
14. Consequently; therefore
15. Yard (Scot.)
16. Norwegian (abbr.)
17. Sid Sawyer in "Tom Sawyer"
18. The upper air
19. Apixture in which Dickie Moore played
20. A girl's name
21. Flat but not broke
22. Note of the scale
23. Postscript (abbr.)
24. A dog star (first part of his name)
25. Since
26. Toward
27. One of a radio team
28. Printer's measure
29. An exclamation
30. To give back a sound
31. In
32. The sun god
33. A movie dog
34. The fist or hand (Scot.)
35. She may be back in pictures soon
36. A picture in which Dickie Moore played
37. Demand
38. The stained part
39. A loyal race
40. A loyal race
41. A loyal race
42. A loyal race
43. 42 Across, repeated
44. The loyal race
45. The stained part
46. A loyal race
47. The stained part
48. A loyal race
49. A loyal race
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72. A loyal race

DOWN

1. Demand
2. Tom Sawyer
3. A movie horse
4. A part Jackie Cooper played
5. Gloria Swanson's little boy in "The Trespasser"
6. North River (abbr.)
7. To walk lamely
8. Old English (abbr.)
9. A male deer
10. She is now Mrs. Leslie Fenton
11. A member of a wandering race
12. Norwegian (abbr.)
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(The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle Will Be Found on Page 65)
"I TANK I GO HOME NOW"

The Stars Are Fading Out On Us.

TWO hundred and eight million people know that Greta Garbo is going home, and this colossal number testifies to the great actress that she is. No such excitement attended the departure of Mr. Cagney from the Warner lot. No excitement disturbed Marlene Dietrich as she folded her embroidered handkerchief and walked out of Paramount.

Perhaps the reason why "Goodbye Garbo!" is on every tongue instead of "Da-da Dietrich!" is because there was a very good chance that Marlene would change her mind. (There is a very good line about that in "Letty Lynton," when Nils Asther says, "Women do not think, they change their minds.")

One of the most astonishing facts in connection with the walk-out of Dietrich and James (Crowd Roars) Cagney is the complete absence of chagrin, despair or mourning evidenced by any official on the Paramount or Warner lots. In fact, the other day a friend of ours met the corporation lawyer who pilots a part, at least, of the Warner affairs.

"Well, I see you have your troubles," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the lawyer.

"Why Cagney's leaving," replied our friend.

"Oh, actors!" said the great corporation lawyer. "Huh! I have important things to think about.

We wish that our friend had discussed the matter longer with the great corporation lawyer. We would like to know what there is that is more important to any producer than good pictures. Never mind what the script is when it starts. When Cagney is finished with it, it is a good picture. He injects the life blood into it.

Then, again, they may have seen Paul Muni who, in "Surface," is what a gangster should be. Muni has been signed by them for the lead in "Lawyer Man."

And so James Cagney has walked out. Dietrich walked out—but has returned. Garbo has gone and Marion Marsh's opinion has not been upset.

Garbo had her passport viséd and she has permission from the immigration department to remain until the end of 1933. The passport visé implies that she will return to this country, and the immigration permission implies that she intends to be here during 1933.

You, however, are not alone in wondering whether she will go and return, whether she will go and marry and never return, whether she will marry here or just—whether! The other day when the photograph on page 66 of this issue, was taken, Mr. Bull, who has been the only photographer to whom Garbo would sit, said, when he completed the posing:

"Well, I guess this is goodbye. Miss Garbo!" To which she only replied with a smile.

"Enigmatic Garbo!" When she plays a character it is like a shell to her and in it she lives happily through close-ups and emotions. But take away her mask and she is timid and terrorized. Cagney is definitely out. His contract has four years to run. During that time he cannot accept another movie or theatrical offer. Perhaps he will study medicine. He'd better take some. All Hollywood laughs at him.

Rumor has it that Garbo can write her own contract if she will work. But all is conjecture. Perhaps Garbo has locked her make-up box and thrown away the key. Certainly, she has left a shining mark for others to shoot at.

Not the least of her accomplishments is that with a million dollars waiting in Sweden, she has a warm and hearty welcome waiting here, if she cares to come back.

We are not entirely bereft, however. Helen Hayes returns and will make a picture, "Bridge Versus Bridge," and with—yes—you—Clark Gable.

"As You Desire Me" is the last picture to be made under Garbo's present M-G-M contract. In this still from the picture Owen Moore is behind her and Melvyn Douglas at her left. How sweet and charming she is! No suspicion of Mata Hari clings to her. Will she go, never to return?

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"I TANK I GO HOME NOW"

The Stars Are Fading Out On Us.
Sidney Fox, a lemon yellow lace frock, and matching wrap edged in sable.
Joan Crawford in white satin contrasting beautifully with her perfect tan, and wearing for the first time in public her new hairdress—bangs, my dears.
Leila Hyams, white flat Crépe gown with pale green satin wrap showing quaint puff sleeves.
Wyatt Gilson, white satin with a chiffon velvet wrap.
Marlene Dietrich, champagne velvet with silver trimmings.

The new fad of bangs burst upon Hollywood with the opening of "Grand Hotel." Joan Crawford appeared very striking. That is young Doug Fairbanks, her husband, with her. The hair cut fits a new picture he is making.

Genevieve Tobin, white lace with ermine wrap.
Marian Marsh, pink chiffon with white fox trim.
Bebe Daniels, white gown with bronze sequin jacket.

"This Was the Night!"

Maureen O'Sullivan, in a printed frock with taffeta jacket showing an old-fashioned styling with puff sleeves and slender waistline.
Anita Page, a white frock showing a wide border of silver cloth with white jackette wrap.

Marian Nixon, a gold embroidered blue frock; ermine wrap.

Mrs. Frank Woody (Helen Twelvetrees), all white; chiffon gown in backless design, and ermine wrap.

Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), all white; chiffon frock beaded in tiny crystals; ermine wrap decorated with a corsage of orchids.

Mrs. Lew Ayres (Lola Lane), a Hattie Carnegie model frock of white Crépe showing crystal beads outlining the peplum and strapped shoulders; black velvet wrap with ermine hanks.

Lil Tashman returns to Hollywood, after her successful tour, all banged up.

Uma Merkel, Mrs. Ronald Burla, and her husband. Una's wearing an ermine coat, bangs and a beautiful smile.

Everyone and showing more animation than she has ever shown in Hollywood. Her first public appearance without von Sternberg—she's actually acting like a human being. Who's the handsome young blonde Teuton with her? Why, Jack Oakie seeing that Miss Em (his mother) meets everybody. Lionel Barrymore talking with Eddie Goulding. Anita Page with Herb Nazio Brown—ah ha, an old romance starting up again. Joan Crawford being coaxed by Will Rogers to take a bow. Joan being coy, but probably didn't mean to. You have to get used to her bangs. She's starting something all right. Don't try it if you have a short forehead. Clark Gable shiny and sleek and simply ravishing in tails and high hat. All the women getting a good look. Helen Twelvetrees looking bored. Where are the Marx Brothers? Wheeler and Woolsey taking advantage of their absence and getting off a few gags. Everybody staring at Jean Harlow's red hair—but don't worry, it's all a trick done with mirrors. Polly Moran pulling a terrible joke about Garbo's feet. Where did you get that ermine wrap, Polly? Wally Berry receiving tremendous applause from the audience. Jean Hersholt bringing his son along to show him how papa makes his living. Lil Tashman and Eddie Lowe in William Haines's party. Lil in a désert cri from the Rue de la Paix that takes your breath away. Connie's Hank getting a big kick out of everything. Paul Bern being most attentive to Jean Harlow. Is this a romance? William Randolph Hearst entertaining in honor of his birthday. Sid Grauman receiving congratulations on his exceedingly clever prologue. Dorothy Jordan and the ever-
ently after two years in New York. Immediately there was much opening of mouths and pricking of ears and wrinkling of noses. One of Paramount’s most glamorous stars refuses to live with her actor husband... Another shattered romance! The boys and girls sharpened their pencils. But Claudette and Norman Foster only laughed.

Walter Winchell, the fan magazines and assorted reporters have been trying to divorce Claudette and Norman ever since they were married, merely because they prefer to live apart. It’s an old, old story to them. If two high-strung, artistic people live together there are bound to be temperamental clashes occasionally and petty bickering, and Claudette and Norman wish to avoid this and keep their romance as beautiful and idealistic as it was when they first fell in love. And why not? “Oh sweet mystery of love.”

Claudette has bought a beautiful home in Outpost in the hills back of Hollywood, with a gorgeous swimming pool and a view that makes you wish you had done all those things you planned to do when you were young. Madame Colbert will live with her daughter.

And now it is Mark Hellinger who is reported all ablaze over the little Lupe Velez gal. But Bert Taylor and Johnny Weissmuller seem to be still in the running. Incidentally Bert gave a farewell party in honor of Gary Cooper and the Countess Frasso in New York on the eve of Gary’s departure for Hollywood. And why should come in with the soup course but lil’ Lupe. Gary spilled his soup on the nice white table-cloth.

What a lot of difference just one year makes. Last summer at this time Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were the happiest married couple in Hollywood and the years stretched out before them as one golden vista of romance and opportunity. Harry was busily engaged in drawing the plans and supervising the Playhouse that was to be Ann’s birthday present on the seventh of August. Little did they think then that this would be Harry’s last birthday gift to Ann. The Playhouse is a gorgeous thing, and probably the largest of its kind in the world. It has a fully equipped theatre for both legitimate plays and talking pictures, a backgammon room, a bridge room, a billiard room, and a room where guests can get crazy and spill things if they feel so inclined. Snuggled in the side of a mountain about fifty feet below the magnificent Harding hill-top home, Ann’s Playhouse gazes futilely on the far away lights of Hollywood—the moving picture town where Love crumbles before Career. Silent, deserted—and cold. Harry’s last gift to Ann.

Well, maybe she is a strong-minded woman and doesn’t believe in the power of suggestion, but, alas, other people do. Anyway, Ruth Chatterton is directing her husband, Ralph Forbes, in a play called “Let Us Divorce.”

Robert Young, who still blushes, is going places with Virginia Bruce. He’ll blush plenty, too, when he sees Virginia in her latest picture with Jimmy Cagney, “Winner Take All.” But don’t worry, Bob, it’s all in the day’s work.

There’s an aching void in Hollywood now that Jimmy Durante has gone to New York to pay his respects to the old home town. But across the desert come stories of the famous Schnozle. It seems he was riding down Fifth Avenue when his car collided with another car.

“Who do you think you are?” the irate citizen yelled. Just then the Durante pan with all its Eyetalian allure stuck out of the side of the car.

“I don’t think!” he shouted. “I’m positive.”

When Zasu Pitts, of the wan smile and frustrated hands, told a Los Angeles court of her broken romance with her former husband, Tom Gallery, she looked so utterly wretched and pathetic that even her fainting fans forgot to laugh. Which makes this probably the only public appearance of Zasu in years that has not evoked laughter.

“He packed his belongings and went away.” Zasu said tragically in a scarcely audible voice. When asked if he ever returned, she replied, “Only to see his children.” And she began to sob. She was granted a divorce and custody of nine year old Ann, and nine year old Donald Michael. Don Mike is the beautiful Barbara La Marr’s son and was adopted by Zasu when Barbara died. Zasu and Tom were ideally happy when they married in 1920—but 1928 found them living apart.

Whoops! And more whoops! Clara Bow has definitely announced that she will make another picture, and has even gone so far as to get herself a trainer for the grand reducing act. She has to lose about fourteen pounds before she can get back her slim, girlish figure, which had the flappers green with envy two years ago. Clara has decided on “Call Her Savage,” and will make the picture under the Fox banner. Rex Bell, her boy husband, who stuck by her when the whole world was jeering at her, will very likely play opposite Clara. Whoops again! With another Clara Bow picture coming on I feel like a new person already.

**In “Strange Interlude” Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are inspired by the excellence of Eugene O’Neill’s marvelous play. The rapture which they have put into their love scenes will make this picture screen history.**
of the latter company paid an enormous sum to get Boles back for the masculine lead in "Back Street," after an exhaustive canvass of Hollywood revealed that he was the only star available.

Lest it appear Universal does all of the firing and none of the hiring, let me point out that Lew Ayres, whose pictures add enormously to company profits, was picked up after he had been released by Pathé. Ayres worked in bits around the Pathé studio for months without recognition, and then his contract was dropped. Universal pounced on him, gave him the principal masculine part in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and signed him to a new contract.

Helen Twelvetrees was discharged by the Fox Company because she was without color, according to reasons given at the time of her release. Officials pointed out that she had appeared in two pictures, but her lack of personality in both resulted in negative fan interest. Today the same Miss Twelvetrees portrays such vivid, powerful characterizations as "Millie" and the feminine lead opposite Van Johnson in "State's Attorney." What peculiar quirk of nature endowed Fox officials with the sense of discernment that allowed Helen to show herself to such advantage in her pictures? Miss Gaynor? And how is it possible that Pathé failed to visualize Lew Ayres' future, yet was able to foresee Miss Twelvetrees' talent?

Blame for failure to foretell the possibilities of embryonic young stars cannot be laid to any one person. When Miss Gaynor was a stock actress, she worked for practically every director and was seen by every official of the company, not on account of some predicted success for her. When Dorothy Jordan earned forty dollars a week as a Fox stock player, some of the greatest directors completely overlooked her. Following her discharge, she was placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with which company she has been very successful; so successful, in fact, that her popularity has reached until his pictures were unprofitable. At almost the same time, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discharged Edmund Lowe because, after several screen appearances, he had exhibited no particular personality or ability. Simultaneously, over the services of Miss Lowe, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Gilbert.

Gilbert became one of the latter company's great stars of the years that followed, earned huge profits as a Fox star. Officials of Fox company, when asked to explain how it happened that Gilbert was released, only to become a very popular player with another organization, replied: "Gilbert was a dead issue. He returned to popularity because of 'The Big Parade.'" Officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, asked to explain a similar situation in the case of Lowe, answered: "Lowe showed no real promise. He became a star because of 'What Price Glory.'" Because of the somewhat similar appearance and personality of the two, it is highly probable that had Lowe remained with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Gilbert with Fox, the former would have starred in "The Big Parade" and the latter in "What Price Glory."

A very similar occasion was the release of Marian Nixon by Fox. Had Miss Nixon not been discharged, she might have appeared in "Seventh Heaven." Instead, after her contract ended, Miss Nixon was picked up by Warner Brothers, who released Janet Gaynor as a consequence of getting Miss Nixon, whereupon Janet was retrieved by Fox and eventually played "Seventh Heaven."

Bette Davis was under contract to Universal, but she was released with the explanation that she did not photograph well and showed no particular ability as an actress. In the case of Dix and Cortez officials at Paramount indicated they had outlived their popularity. These same officials released Wallace Beery for the same reason, but Beery has since reaped tremendous profits for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Likewise did Paramount discharge Virginia Bruce because she lacked promise, only to borrow her back again, when she became a United Artists' contract player, for the leading role opposite Richard Arlen in "Sky Behind the Moon." A charming miss named Ann Dvorak was head chorus girl for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for almost a year. When the company discharge,only to again test for further talents. An assistant director's report on Miss Dvorak stated, in pointed but not too perfect English, "Not enough on the ball to be exciting." On the strength of this somewhat discouraging opinion, Ann was released, only to be signed by United Artists. For three excellent screen appearances, she now bids fair to reach stardom. Another cast-off rescued by United Artists is Jean Harlow, whose platinum hair is world famous. Miss Harlow was under contract to a comedy company at a shop girl's salary, but was discharged because the studio overhead would not permit a beginning actress to receive what was possible in Miss Gaynor? And how is it possible that Pathé failed to visualize Lew Ayres' future, yet was able to foresee Miss Twelvetrees' talent?

Blame for failure to foretell the possibilities of embryonic young stars cannot be laid to any one person. When Miss Gaynor was a stock actress, she worked for practically every director and was seen by every official of the company, not on account of some predicted success for her. When Dorothy Jordan earned forty dollars a week as a Fox stock player, some of the greatest directors completely overlooked her. Following her discharge, she was placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with which company she has been very successful; so successful, in fact, that her popularity has reached until his pictures were unprofitable. At almost the same time, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discharged Edmund Lowe because, after several screen appearances, he had exhibited no particular personality or ability. Simultaneously, over the services of Miss Lowe, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Gilbert.

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Bette Davis was under contract to Universal, but she was released with the explanation that she did not photograph well and showed no particular ability as an actress. She was at once taken up by Warner Brothers and in "The Man Who Played God" she gave a fine dramatic performance opposite George Arliss, and critics complimented her beauty to that of Constance Bennett.

The process of casting off and picking up stars involves all the studios. Because it appears impossible for any one person or group of persons to be infallible in selection of raw talent, it must be conceded that an element of luck plays an important part in the destinies of stars. Every company is guilty of mistakes; every company has made several discoveries of new talent to balance its mistakes. Few stars have not been discharged by at least one motion picture studio. What an astonishing, impossible business is the motion picture industry! If an employee is discharged from one bank with the mark of incompetence against him, he is not quickly hired by a rival bank, yet that is exactly the situation that exists in motion pictures.

Discharged today; re-hired tomorrow. Cast-offs and pick-ups. Discarded for lack of talent; re-employed for abundance of talent. Perhaps there is a moral in this for the business men of the commercial world. At any rate, to the victim of the depression this is a justification for optimism. Let us go "Hollywood!" in a big way and turn his hard luck, his loss of position and his depressed mental state into a song of victory. Follow the lead of the players who have learned to turn failure into success.
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pictures, with their snares and delusions, cannot along, be refused to talk. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton sincerely wish they had refused to talk too.

But coming back to Harpo Marx, and I am one of those women who will not come back to Harpo Marx, you are continually running into his name in the most unexpected places. Speas easies and drawing rooms and living rooms, and his last year's hat. In that swank, sophisticated magazine of the intelligentsia, The New Yorker, Alexander Woolcott may have written an entire article to Harpo. And the lowest fans, you and I and the rest of the gang, are always discussing him. Incidentally, Harpo gets more fan mail than his brothers, even the versatile Groucho.

What kind of a person is this Harpo who is written about by our highbrows and as the sheik that is best understood by the most commonplace movie fan? His absurd blonde wig makes him grotesque compared with the attractive Chaplin make-ups, but at the same time his marvelous musical talent reveals a side of his character which has a delicacy that Chaplin rarely matches.

Chaplin's screen character is dexterous and agile, but otherwise a boob. Harpo has a greater range to his conception of character. In fact he creates the illusion of masterly intelligence. In "The Cocoanuts" there is a scene where he rises from the table with teeth grinning together, everybody anyone starts to make a speech. They never has been a funnier scene on the screen. What's this uproar I hear from the Chaplin camp? Well, whether Harpo or Chaplin is the greatest living clown is simply a matter of porridge. Some like it hot, and some like it cold.

But what is Harpo really like? "Tis said that Groucho gets belligerent, Chico gets bellicose and Harpo, bellylaughs. And "they" warned me that Harpo's jokes were crude and they put.

The "love scene" with Thelma Todd had finally been taken to everyone's satisfaction so I stepped out from behind the roses and Harpo received his sizzling wig (not even Clara Bow ever managed to obtain exactly that shade of flamebrown red) and suggested gallantly that we have a bite to eat in the restaurant.

Harpo out of character and without his make-up is just a mild, ordinary looking man with brown hair that's beginning to thin in places. His eyes are brown and mischievous and he has a smile as sweet as any you've ever seen on the face of little Dickie Moore. He's five feet seven inches tall but quite slight, and is the oldest of the four brothers. He's unmarried, adores cottage cheese, doesn't know a note of music but plays the harp divinely. His real name is Arthur.

"How're tricks?" I asked without malice or forethought as we sauntered along.

"Trick?" echoed Harpo. "What would bring him without tricks, and where would Brooklyn be without Bridge? Who is that?"

A very lovely blonde was passing without even so much as a take-out lid. I was so afraid Harpo would live up to his publicity and go in hot pursuit of undulating skirts. But Harpo the Man has more restraint. Only his eyes pursued. "Is that Walt Disney? Don't you know your movie stars?"

"To me there are only two movie stars," said Harpo who has reduced cinematic femininity to its lowest common denominator. "All blondes are Thelma Todd. All brunettes are Lila Lee. It's simpler that way.

"That must be terribly discouraging to Lupe Velez, Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead," I thought.

"Been to the circus" Harpo asked as we began an attack on our vitamins. "I'm going tonight. I like circuses. But I like them in small towns better than in cities. Do you know why the Ubangi have such large lips?"

"Is this a gag?" I asked hopefully.

"Nope. Groucho and Chico gag. I'm Harpo and I'm dumb and I don't have to wise-crack. It's simpler that way. But I hope you want to hear about Ubangi because I'm going to tell you. It seems that they were a nice peaceful little tribe living over in Trader Horn's country and they minded their own business and cooked their own missionaries and made their own whoopee on Saturday nights. Everything was hot a party until a gang of hoodlums moved into the neighboring county, and got into the habit of chasing over into the Ubangi village every spring.

"The Ubangi chiefs protested and protested, but no, the girls just let themselves go ubango. The laugh, however, was on them for they heard that thick lips indicated sex appeal, they began putting things in their lips to give the desired effect. One thing led to another and finally instead of being able to take it or leave it alone, they became hopeless addicts and their lips grew bigger and bigger. At last the springtime came and when the young man called, can you imagine how they felt?"

"Their feathers drooped, they stared in consternation at the lips of the Ubangi maidens, and when they saw the platters, their love grew platonico. So," continued Harpo brightly, "they didn't come around any more."

"That's all very historical and interesting," I replied. "But I'd far rather hear something hysterical and interesting about you. For instance, you have made millions laugh, just exactly what makes you laugh?"

Harpo pondered for a moment. "A joke" (uh-huh I knew that was coming) "I heard the other night and a cartoon I saw recently in an English newspaper, made me laugh so hard I'm still laughing. The joke was about two little pigs who were having a petting party—don't go, it's clean—in a corner of the barn. Some kids were outside playing football and suddenly the ball came sailing through the barn window. 'Good heavens, my husband!' squealed the lady pig. Isn't that funny? And the cartoon was of two English acrobats on a trapeze and one of them has just missed catching the other who is rapidly descending to the earth. The caption was: 'Oops! Sorry.'"

So now you know what makes a great comedian laugh.

There is a story going around that Herman Mankiewicz took Harpo to a party one night and that Harpo proceeded to kiss every girl as soon as he was introduced. Herman, fearing that somebody might take offense, called Harpo aside and told him that even though he was in Hollywood he couldn't rush right up to a girl and kiss her as soon as he'd met her. Time and conversation should transpire before the osculation. So the next guest was brought along and Harpo bowed seriously and said, "How do you do. Miss Smith. Have you seen 'Grand Hotel'? Now may I kiss you?"

"Mr. Marx, I am very anxious to know," I began casually, "if you chase women as much in real life as you do on the screen. And do you really prefer blondes?"

"I take whatever comes along," replied Mr. Marx modestly. "But in my new picture 'Horsefeathers' I don't chase blonde women. Which reminds me of a story—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted hurriedly. "I was warned about that. But let's talk about love—are you ever in love, Mr. Marx?"

That same wistful, heart-breaking ex-

In "The First Year" Janet Gaynor wears her hair a little bit differently, and in every respect seems a little more grown up.
At Malibu Beach the stars have their own private grocer and judging from appearances he extends credit to Neil Hamilton.
not laughing. Life has done much to
Wynne Gibson. It has hurt her deeply, it
has mocked at her ideals and bruised her
soul. But it is Life that has given her this
enviable mystery. She does not walk alone
in the twilight in the hills of Hollywood,
surrounded by people, she walks alone on
the Paramount lot. In her own way she
is just as inscrutable as the great Garbo.
And her greatest triumph—these grand
performances of a different type en-
tirely is little Madge Evans. Madge is
standing "where the brook and river meet,
and it would be awfully easy for her to
be just sweet and appealing. But she isn't.

Madge's great charm and great popular-
ity lie in the fact that she is a grand com-
bination of the sophisticated and the whole-
some. In "Lover's Courageous" she was a
sophisticated woman. In "Sporting Blood" she
was sleek and glamorous as a Bad Woman, and in "Hul-
dle" she was the quintessence of youthful Amer-
ica. It is this "and the child became a
woman" something about Madge Evans
which makes us want never to miss one
of her pictures.

Sylvia Sidney, the dewey-eyed trage-
dienne, can take your tough old heart out
of your breast and play on it until you are
streaking your face with mascara and tears.
When she suffers we adore her, and
I am here to say that the greatest of
Carmelites never suffered more beautifully
and effectively. She puckers her lips into
a little crooked smile and you start bawl-
ing like a frightened child. Sylvia, off the
screen, doesn't go in for the tragic, but she
is a girl of many moods. There are days
when the whole world sings and all
calls gayly to all her friends, and there are
days when she wants to be alone, utterly
alone, to think deep, deep thoughts. It is
this side of Sylvia that expresses itself on
the screen. No actress in Hollywood can
reach such dramatic depths.

And where would Joan Blondell be on
the screen if she wasn't for her rough and ready box homme, her every-
day understanding and her suggestion of being "regular people." If Joan suddenly
went elegant or demure on us it would
be just too bad for you and me and Joan.
No other player can offer pictures this
same basic quality of "hail fellow, well met" and
if anyone tried we'd only say that she was
copying Joan. So better not try it on us.
Joan gives you her real self on the screen.
She hates to dress, she hates to be formal,
and she hates people who put on airs. She
loves being herself. And that's the way
we love you, too. Joan of the dancing
Blondells.

Each must have something—something
that came to them from the empty spaces
where stars are born, came to them without
price, free as the wind. But, that some-
thing, that gorgeous divine talent is made
out of, no one can ever nail up his voice in
mine. We know it when we see it.

It's the precious bit of personality they
bring across the deserts to Hollywood that
makes them "click" in pictures. Each must
have something.

9 Kinds of Friendship

[Continued from page 21]

The phone doesn't jangle so often and
there aren't so many people dropping in
all the time to see her about this and that.
It's possible to carry on a connected con-
versation—which we do occasionally.

About twelve or one or two o'clock I'll
go home feeling quite virtuous and at
peace with the world and quite firmly
convincing that the only three people in
it worth their salt are Joan and Gene and,
of course, myself.

You might think that there is no such
thing as a silent friendship in Hollywood
but you're wrong again. Whenever I feel
the need for companionship and friendship
that doesn't express itself in words, I look
up Lew Ayres. I can't think of anyone
in whose company I feel as relaxed as
Lew's. And it isn't a friendship that re-
quires frequent meetings to sustain it.
Sometimes we go for four to six weeks or
even two months without seeing each
other. Then, suddenly, Lew will drop in
on me and the friendship is picked up
where it was left off, without any process
of readjustment.

Most of these people I've mentioned
have come to the screen since I arrived
in Hollywood and I had no preconceived
notions of the trend to be altered or supported.
We took each other as we were. But there
was one girl I had worshipped on the screen
before I ever even came out, Mary Brian.
And of the three who I had previously
seen on the screen and met after reaching
here, she is the only one whom I have
found to be exactly as well as as she is on

Once I had been hinting at a deep and
abiding attachment for her. There was
no sign on her part that she knew what
I was driving at. Finally, in desperation,
I said, "Mary, don't all these fellows you go
out with make love to you? Don't you
ever give them a tumble?"

Mary regarded me with quiet eyes. " Oc-
casionally they try. If I ever met a man
I could care for, he wouldn't have to ask
me that. When the others start I know
that if they persist it means the end of a
dear friendship, so I try to kid them out
of it. If they won't be kidded, I have to
stop seeing them."

And that's one reason I think more
Mary than practically all the other maiden
ladies of the screen rolled into one. She
knows how to be a pal to a fellow, too.

Occasionally—and not so occasionally as
it used to think—I'm filled with a feeling
such as I imagine young puppies thrive on
and I am possessed of a desire to do all
sorts of crazy things. In moments like
these I'm never at a loss for a companion.
Neil Hamilton is always willing to do any-
thing idiotic I propose. And the more
ridiculous it is the more enthusiastic he
becomes. Once we hiked up Mt. Wilson
(although we could easily have driven up)
because we wanted to see if we could chisel
day out into the observatory.

Neil has all of a boy's enthusiasm. He
is bony on the subject of keeping in
physical condition and, boy-like, he invents
all sorts of amalgamations he has to
in and to keep it from seeming like
work.

There is one other close friend I have
out here. I mention him last but he is by
no means least. I'm referring to Phillips
Holmes. Most of my friends are married
 Couples but Phil is the one I lean on as
a kind of anchor, the friend we all have—
when we're lucky. The chaps go double-
dating with. The one with whom we go vac-
tioning. Last summer we spent a week
together on Catalina Island and he is the
top traveling companion. When I find
myself about to do something rash it's Phil
who talks me out of it.

No real friendships in Hollywood?
"No," is what Waterfield would say.

Schiller was right: there are no doubles
in friendship and I only wish I had space
to tell you of other of my friends.
When Gary Cooper arrived from Africa he brought home, to his mother’s surprise, a baby chimpanzee. How well he is looking. Gary, we mean.

Mr. Bellamy’s Little Boy

[Continued from page 43]

and the eagerly awaited “Do it again, Ralph.”

When Ralph was a youngster, he was always playing “theater.” He loved every phase of it, often writing the play, coaching his playmates in their parts, and designing the costumes and attending to the make-up before the performance. Naturally he played the villain’s role. He adored being a menace, even in those days.

I’m an advertising man myself, and although we have a record of only one actor in our family as far back as the 18th century, we never curbed his youthful enthusiasm for the stage. We sometimes felt that he was perhaps giving vent to the suppressed desires of some of our puritanical ancestors. Curiously enough, a play called “Suppressed Desires” was the first to be produced by Ralph when he organized a “little theatre” group of players on the North side of Chicago when he was sixteen.

As we were his most ardent rooters, Ralph went right ahead with his ingenious stage ideas. In fact he went to them with all his might. I remember one time, when he was eleven years old, he was commissioned to paint the lawn swing. Before starting the job he smeared paint on his clothes and when I asked him why, he said: “I want to look like a real painter.” Even then he had the gift of submerging his own character in the one he was playing.

Then Ralph met Billy Owen at a gathering of ardent stage enthusiasts. Owen was a sterling Shakespearian actor. He took an interest in Ralph and offered him the difficult leading role in Charles Rann Kennedy’s “The Servant in the House,” which he was casting. Ralph played the part so well that when the show closed Billy Owen started coaching him for future roles.

A part in a road show of “The Shepherd of the Hills” followed and after that Ralph knew that the stage was to be his lifelong career. Soon afterwards he came to me enthusiastically, soliciting my aid in a theatre managing proposition which lasted five years, during which time I completely abandoned my advertising interests.

After this venture Ralph went to New York where he played in “Roadside,” and on the opening night the audience greeted his most poignant lines with outbursts of applause. His work in that play was acclaimed one of the five best performances of the 1919-1920 season, and led to his Hollywood contract.

When Ralph was fifteen he wrote and produced a play called “Nothing.” The utter futility of it was terribly disappointing, considering his age. He snapped out of that mood, but I still have my worried moments. And I wouldn’t be a bit surprised if some day Ralph left the stage and wrote plays instead.

However, that’s quite a way off yet, for Ralph’s contract has a long time to run. And you’ll be seeing him soon as Captain Manning of the police force in “Disorderly Conduct,” as the judge in “Young America,” and as the divorced husband of Elissa Landi in “The Woman in Room 15.” Later still you will see him in that childhood classic, “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,” opposite Marian Nixon.

With each of Ralph’s performances I am gradually losing my own name and becoming “Ralph Bellamy’s Father,” which I assure you I am very proud to be.

P.S.—Word has just come in that Ralph will play the popular rôle of Captain Flagg in “What Price Glory.”
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Anna Sten, the veteran German screen star, arrives in Hollywood and is greeted by Lewis Milestone, the director.

Over Hollywood

[Continued from page 13]

Cortez Doing a Winchell

THIS is the columnist story about Walter Winchell. Or if it is not about Winchell it would never have come into being if there had not been a Winchell. Ricardo Cortez is playing the winchellite, and it is interesting to see his (or somebody's) idea of a highly paid Broadway showman, unblamably clad in the height of fashion, with a very magnificent-and-leather office with a view of all Manhattan, while Clarence Muse polishes his already gleaming shoes. Very evidently, there is dirt and pat-dirt.

I wonder if there is any symbolic significance in the slapping and shirtings of a shoe-shiner's clothes. Radio seems to think there is, for a microphone lies on a cushion within a foot of Muse's hands.

And so over the fence again and into the fliver and up and away in a short hop over the steep little Hollywood hills and Uncle Carl Laemmie's backyard, so grandiously known as—

Universal City

On stage 2 there is a great clatter of boots and bayonets. A mob of grey-blue-uniformed, freckle-faced boys are charging in, shouting, "Brown Of Harvard." And what an unbelievable break that title is for a certain person. Originally it was "Brown Of Calver," but the owners of the story "Brown Of Harvard" literally suggested the sentiment of a poorer Brown relation, so the title was changed to "Tom Brown at Calver," and the title-role is being played by none other than Tom Brown himself. There will be so much Tom Brown on the bills that the public may get the impression the thing is a new kind of Tom Collins.

It is one of those things about a bad man who is not so bad that he doesn't know when he would be better out of the way. To begin at the beginning, Tom Brown, an orphan, draws attention to himself by winning an American Legion fight. The Legion discovers he is the son of a soldier who was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and by taking up a subscription puts the lad through military school. At the wrong moment the father (H. B. Warner) turns up. It seems that he bolted on the field of battle, changed identification dies with a corpse and disappeared. Tom is then leaving Calver and living with his new-found father, but H.B. sees that he would spoil his son's chances, so he does his disappearing trick again.
With such a story, the cast is naturally predominantly male. The longest feminine speaking part says: "That’s my boy over there."

A new curious thing is that boys, whether at the Culver Military Academy or in grease paint on a Hollywood set, will be boys. I am learning all sorts of interesting things about Ben Alexander when Tom Brown, with his hair brushed for once, strolls up in a fighting mood.

Ben, perhaps you didn’t know, made his debut at age ten in Fanny Vare’s "Every Pearl A Tear." played Cupids in fig leaves for a year and a half, was the child in Griffith’s "Hearts Of The World," quit pictures to go to high school, was lured from the gates of college by Lewis Milestone for "All Quiet" and would still rather be a surgeon.

"Say!" says Brown, eying Ben’s uniform. "I thought you were a surgeon."

"I was. They decided to promote me, slug."

"That so? Well, if you’re gonna be a captain, so am I," and the adolescent star of the picture strides away to see about it.

Melvyn Douglas and Raymond Massey

ON Stage 1 James Whale is directing "The House of Usher" and chubby Charles Laughton, favourite character actor of London and New York, is discovering that 6,000 mile journey from rainy old London to sunny California (as advertised) ends in a drenching from a hose.

In its way the set for this caricature of J. B. Priestley’s novel is as remarkable as the "Love Me Tonight" architecture. To simplify his shooting schedule, Whale has had the entire Old Dark House built on the largest stage and his camera and lighting men built him a room to room with the action. There is the smoke-grimed, raftered kitchen, haunted by the butler, behind the customarily disguised by a scared chin, enlarged head and bustling beard on a pancake skin; there is the long, dark passage where Lilian Bond shivers herself into the pleased arms of Melvyn Douglas; the third-floor bedroom prison, complete with enormous four-poster bed, of Bremilv Wells, the Smith’s amanuensis, and the third-floor chamber of Elspeth Dudgeon, billed as "John" because she plays the 102-year-old Sir Roderick; the garden, embellished with its gayer bannisters; and the great hall of the mansion, embossed windows, yard thick stone walls, huge chimneypiece and blackened beams, where the family is now seated at supper.

As a fact, Eva Moore, made up as a hideous old haridan, and Ernest Thesiger (who is a friend of the Queen of England and in private life makes exquisite embroidery) are munching with relish the rare roast beef from the virile on the table. Who said all movie meals were faked?

Karloff stands scowling behind Miss Moore. His makeup again condemns him to make meals of chocolate malted milk imbibed through straws. The three others at the table—Ray Milland, Robert Donat and Melvyn Douglas—are strangers who have been driven in by the great storm outside. (The storm has been turned off for a while so as to enable him to repeat its business when wanted.)

Lilian Bond and Charles Laughton

WHILE inside the hall, the camera is being lined up for a travelling shot, and a grip is persuading the chimneys to smoke—a little difficult when the blazing fire which looks so hot is not even alight—Charles Laughton and Lilian Bond pre-

pare, on the porch, to be the second interruption to the supper. They step into a wooden box and sitter up to the ankles in mud, which in the natural state is Hollywood’s rainbow.

A few yards away, lurking under a ladder with a gleam in his eyes and a hose in his pipes, is a Japanese gardener. Notice the skill with which he botters his salary. His salary is probably two dollars a day. But the Jap is happy. "They’re gonna be wet," he hears the say to himself. "Whether they want to or not. Yes sir, Good and wet Haw!" Chuckling simianly, he swarms upon his ladder.

"Water?" asks an assistant, and on the word the Jap releases a round stream at Laughton and Lilian. It flatters their hats, smacks auditorily on their faces, drenching the coat and ruining rivulets off every part of them. With a keen eye and a flick of the wrist, the rain-maker pops his column of water down the front of Lilian’s blouse. She gasps and covers her coat up to her neck, with flaming cheeks. The Jap chuckles again. He’s earning millions.

"Enjoying yourselves?" asks Junior Laemmle, passing with a brace of executives.

"Earning your money," rebukes Laughton.

"All set. Close the doors. Turn ‘em over. Quiet! WIND!"

An aeroplane propeller, set up opposite the pavilion on the Old Dark House spire, drenches a house into action. Its bowling blast makes little Lilian cling to Laughton like a sparrow trying not to be blown off a haystack. The gardener on his ladder plays water skillfully into the gable so that it is lashed in stinging drops on to the door.

The two wayfarers hammer on the panel with a genuine passion to get out of that tempest quickly. After a long, canterous argument within, Karloff opens the door and an extra twist of the propeller flips the panel into the hallway.

"And tell my heirs," says Laughton, as Whale shouts "Cut!" and recording stops, "that my next picture was to have been Tally-ho, Bankhead’s Devil And The Deep" —in which, had I lived, I should have stood up to my waist in a waterlogged submarine: for half a reel."

On the M-G-M Lot

FROM Universal to Warners’ studio is less than two miles, and as all aviators know it is mighty hard to make a ship fly two miles—two hundred with pleasure, twenty perhaps, with persuasion, but two are an insult. So turn her nose due south, Skipper, and head for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ten miles nearer the equator.

I know perfectly well that M-G-M employees are working the same old picture dates as they were making last month, but I have a clue to one of the Radio mysteries. The "Hold Em Jail" unit, says my informant, has sunk out of Pathé on to the Metro back lot.

That old line about there being 48 states in the Union is a laugh. They forget to include the M-G-M back lot. 'That wilderness is so big that it’s dangerous. Some day somebody without my stenographer is going to get lost and die of exhaustion trying to win back,'

Miles and miles of plaster buildings there are, street after street. Normally, Middle English, Somerset and Devon.

Half a castle jutts quarter of a cottage. Post offices, hospitals, police stations, theatres and hotels stand there doing nothing, but hiding behind their false faces, complicating the maze.

I come across a woman sitting in a rocker in front of the door of a cottage with-

Lost Her Boy Friends Because of FAT

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A half teaspoonful of Kruachsen Salt in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast makes reducing a delight—it’s so S A F E and CONVENIENT. It leaves no ugly wrinkles, no dark circles under the eyes or ill after effects.

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Stillman’s Freckle Cream 50c

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.

Dypt. 22 Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.
On stage 3 at Warners, Chic Sale makes "Competition."
Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy"

No. Lady, this is not a lunatic asylum.

This is a stage of the United Artists studio. Your host is the enchanted gentle- man in evening dress and horned-rimmed spectacles. "Movie Crazy" is in full swing.

Playing a drunken dinner at a Hollywood producer's dinner party, Arthur Housman pulls ineffectually at a fly, swipes at it, misses and sits glowing at it alcoholically from under his eyebrows.

The camera swoops away to include Lloyd in the scene. Harold is dancing with Louise Closer Hale, haughty wife of afore- said producer. His career depends on his making a good impression on her. But he is finding life suddenly complicated. In the wash-and-whisk department he has accidentally changed clothes with a con- juror and is now alarmed by mysterious stirrings in the garment. Mrs. Hale is wondering whether his wrigglings are insanity or technique.

Desperately, Harold sloughs an egg from one pocket by putting it in Housman's flabby hand just as the drunk has decided to crush the fly on his forehead. Finding a rabbit in another, as he dances onwards, Lloyd pops it under the cover of a dish which a waiter is hurrying to Housman's table. He reduces the dish with an effortless, soundless glide.

Lifting the cover and seeing a white rabbit amongst his salad, the drunk decides he has found the Easter bunny, rushes madly away, cutting a wide swathe through the indignant dancers, while Harold, circulating round the table, has suddenly emptied his pockets by stealth. He pulls a piece of string in one of them and a stream of white paint shoots out of his gardener's straight party into the haughty and impor- tant lady's face.

The long scene, packed with movement and incident, is a model to all producers and directors. The only speeches in all its length are the short address of Housman to his waiter, and the occasional question "What's the matter with you?" from Mrs. Hale.

Good for you, Harold—and keep on making motion pictures.

The Answer to Last Month's Crossword Puzzle

Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent

On Stage 4 Barbara Stanwyck is trying not to go to bed. It is a delicate situation. She has just married George Brent through a matrimonial agency, in order to escape a sour love affair in Montreal, and has been driven by her hus- band to his farm in the wilds of Alberta. It is about now that the lady is becoming approachable. They stand facing each other in the bare, dusty, wooden shack, with sacks of grain standing round the walls. George, unused to first nights of this variety, flaps his arms in embarrassment.

"Kinder cold, isn't he?" she suggests.

"Maybe we—about bedtime, isn't it?"

"Oh!" cries Barbara, who strikes round the table, catches her toe in a wheat sack, bursts out with a "Damn!" and falls that way.

They cut the clever little scene there, but you and I can imagine the rest they will film tomorrow. That nice Brent man is going to be cold all night.

Silence Screen for July 1932

Chic Sale

Out on the back lot a crowded scene is being shot for Chic Sale's "Competition," which is an example of how a small town supermarket store went modern in a big way. The townsfolk consider it has gone so modern that the owner and promoter has scrambled with their capital, and now they are mulling about the porch demanding advice from each other.

In the centre of them a portly, half-bald man in whom few audiences will recognize Jack Henderson, matinee idol of musical comedy nearly half a century ago, points into the distance. "There comes Crickle now," he says.


"There comes Crickle now," says Hens- derson and out pops a crummel from his finger. "C'mon! Will somebody for the love of heaven hold that man's finger?" A woman presses in behind Henderson and grips his hand behind his back. This time the scene is okay.

"Just why," I ask, "didn't he have to point?"

"These are two things," said Kenton, "I won't have in my pictures. One is a cross-eyed pig and the other a pointing finger. Superstition."

Silver Screen for August on Sale July 7

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WILL ROGERS has a sense of humor, or should we say dollars of humor, for Will has capitalized his funny bone—he is a millionaire. From those days back in the Follies when he used to twist his lariat, chew his cud, and rock the six dollar spectators in their seats simply by telling what Congress had done that day, he has been a national figure.

But not content with this, Will Rogers blazed an air trail for correspondents that makes him international, omnipresent, omniscient. Monologist, political commentator, writer, airman, screen actor (his talking picture, "So This Is Paris," made the record run in Los Angeles), Will gathered all his talents and so qualified as the master of ceremonies for the "Grand Hotel" première in Hollywood.

IT IS an old story now of how he told the audience that a great actress, soon leaving this country, would make a personal appearance after the showing of "Grand Hotel," and how Wallace Beery, after the picture was over, came on the stage with a Garbo imitation which fell flat.

Will had not seen "Grand Hotel" naturally, and he did not know the tremendous performance that Garbo had given. Nor that this audience whose lives are wrapped up in motion pictures, whose happiness and sorrows all pass in a parade across the silver screen, were to be lifted to the very mountain peak of admiration and exaltation. They had just seen a dream come true. A perfect performance. Beauty! Talent! Art!

Then Richard Barthelmess, who plays Dieter, said, "Don't ever make fun of a poor movie star who stands on the street half the night watching a première after you wise guys waited until daylight to see one star." Ah, Will, but what a star!

The latest, perhaps the last, studio portrait of Garbo.
How to accent your charm and gain new beauty with color harmony make-up for your type

The lovely pastel tints of the blonde... the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brunette... the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette... the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead... each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmic color harmony, 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satiny-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty... yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satiny-smooth effect... for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

Ruth Hall, Warner Bros. player, and Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, using the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder to blend beauty with her brunette colorings.

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Cosmetics of the Stars Hollywood

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistic) © 1932 Max Factor

Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle... in shades to blend with your face powder... fifty cents each. Purity guarantee, with Good Housekeeping Magazine's Seal of Approval in each package. At all drug and department stores. Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up. Accept this priceless beauty gift by mailing the coupon now.

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Lip

Medium

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Brown

D Wash

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Light

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D. Wash

Other

Light

D. Wash

Dusk

D. Wash
The measure of YOUR BEAUTY is the COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought... to give color first place over features... as the “measure of your beauty!” Yet how true it is. And how comforting. For while your features may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking... through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the usual rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. It must seem color coming from within the skin. It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but absolutely natural.

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You’ve never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious... many actually “painty” dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual one tone rouges. But Princess Pat is DUO-TONE. The only Duo-Tone rouge... and therefore absolutely different from any other rouge you ever knew.

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone... perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all but actual color that is your very own!

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Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought... and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features less than perfect... enhance with utterly new beauty when features are perfect. Then... with Princess Pat rouge... be beautiful today as you never were before.

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DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNEL AND WILLIAM C. MENZIES

A FOX PICTURE

Silver Screen for October 1932
The Opening Chorus

Mary Carlisle, who goes places.

LISTEN—

ADOLPHE MENJOU says that Helen Hayes is the greatest actress in the world and that every moment on the set with her is a pleasure and an education. Now that's what we call the perfect compliment. By the way, did you know that Adolphie commanded an American ambulance unit in Italy during the war? While you are watching his superb performance in "Farewell to Arms" remember that... Miriam Hopkins' adopted son is only a few months old. The picture she is going to do with Clark Gable has been changed from "No Bed of Her Own" to "No Man of Her Own" just to please the Hays' office who are squeamish about beds... Jimmy Durante denounces the Barrymore profile as being pikerish compared to his... Claudette Colbert's exotic costume in "The Sign of the Cross" had to be fitted by a tinmith, and you should see the size of the shears that were used to cut it out. If you lived in Rome in Nero's time I guess a couple of old tanners would have made you a durn good bungalow apron... Freddie March is calling the de Mille picture "The Sign of the Double Cross" and he'll have you know he has a good reason for calling it that... You just ought to see Freddie with his hair cut... Helen Hayes is only five feet tall... Leslie Howard is wild about swimming but has never learned to dive... Leslie's little son is the "spitlin' image" of his old man... Kay Francis likes creamed ham and she dunks bread in the cream when it's soupy... Dickie Moore is crazy about Josef Von Sternberg which makes him practically unique... George Brent has bought a new engagement ring for Ruth Chatterton and is counting the days until her boat docks... Bing Crosby has an Olympic blue sweater which has all the girls gasping... Ann Harding, not Irene Dunne, will appear opposite Leslie Howard in "Animal Kingdom"...
HAROLD LLOYD
in
"MOVIE CRAZY"
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A Paramount Release
Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation

Silver Screen for October 1932
BE YOUR own true, charming self.

In case you don't know it, you are a type! In spite of the individuality which separates every human being from the rest of the species, there are a good many classifications of girls (moving picture producers all recognize this fact) and each one of us belongs in her own special classification. Which one is yours?

Are you shy and demure or are you a tomboy and in-for-anything? Are you serious or gay, provocative or deeply soulful? Questions such as these concern your temperament and must be given consideration when selecting your own type. If you haven't thought of it before, you'll find, just as I did, that you are rather bewildered, for it is so difficult to "see ourselves as others see us" (as our old friend Robert Burns so wisely said).

Once you have decided upon the momentous question of your type, a whole world of ideas opens up to you which will enhance the perfection of your personality. For the type of girl which you are is the foundation on which all your make-up, clothes and method of dressing your hair must be built.

"But," you exclaim, "how on earth am I to know which type I am?" The easiest way to select your own particular sort of outward personality is to study the screen stars and at the same time compare yourself with them.

When you saw Connie Bennett in "What Price Hollywood," did you notice the animation and gaiety, the flash of her smile and the saucy cut of those bangs? They were all new to Connie on the screen and she was an entirely different Connie from the heroine of "Lady With a Past." Her famous poise and grace was still there, but there was an added warmth and vivacity which her former pictures had not shown. This was the real Connie. She has always been known among her friends as a "life-of-the-party" sort of girl and the fact that she was allowed to be herself explains why she "clicked" with us all. Perhaps you are a Connie Bennett!

There is a Secret Known to Every Beautiful Girl!

A New Beauty Page Conducted by Natalie Neff

Constance Bennett is the perfect example of the poised, modern, independent type.

Or, take Janet Gaynor in "The First Year"—a quiet, sweet little girl, but with lots of spirit. In her there is a lovable sincerity entirely free from the seductive subtlety of other favorites.

The Garbo type of sophistication is usually cold, aloof and mysterious (although, she certainly was alive as well as enticing in "As You Desire Me," wasn't she?) as against the sleek, witty and alluring Karen Morley who fascinates us in "The Washington Masquerade."

Which one are you?

Remember, that it is not necessarily the one who is your favorite who is your type, for opposites very often attract. Look at your face—have you high cheekbones and a long, sad face or a bright, round little face which twinkles with laughter? Notice the expressions and which are your best features. Are your inclinations to be calm and dignified or gay, talkative and full of pep?

Now step over to a long mirror and let me see you. Are you tall and willowy, small and dainty, medium and plump? Even these characteristics must influence your make-up and coiffure for they are important in making you the type of girl you are. You don't want to put a Clara Bow face on a Garbo body, nor a Joan Crawford face on a Janet Gaynor figure, do you?

When you have selected your type, let's see what little tricks the clever Hollywood ladies use to bring out the very best in the particular type you have selected. If you are the soft, feminine type you will notice that gentle touches are best for you—an avowal lips and heavily darkened lashes—freshness and naturalness of coiffure instead of a severe and dashingly cut. If you are dark and striking, with the voluptuousness of a Lupe Velez or Del Rio, you have more freedom in creating effects with your make-up. Your colors may be brighter and your hair more daring.

Eyebrows are occupying a large slice of the limelight these days in the art of make-up. When a girl of the fascinating Garbo-Bankhead-Dietrich-Crawford school shapes her eyebrows into just the right questioning curves which seem to say, "Yes or no, my boy?"—she has made herself harmonious, and harmony is beauty!

For a girl of the gay, sparkling type with a lusty laugh, a jolly smile and flashing eyes, emphasis on those beckoning lips and twinkling eyes will accentuate her best features and she must beware of the studied type of make-up which would make her self-conscious.

Hollywood knows all these things instantly and that is why you have seen so many "seeming miracles" performed in the appearance of the screen stars. It was amazing to see those pictures in the beauty article of our August issue, wasn't it? Greta Garbo when she first arrived in Hollywood, Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett and Clara Bow when they first appeared on the lot—and then photographs of them as they look to us to-day. But if you will look sharply, you will see that what Hollywood has done for these girls is not to change them, but to bring them out, enhance every ounce of individual beauty they possessed by employing just the right accents in make-up, the most suitable arrangement of the hair, taking off a superfluous pound or adding curves to a girl who tends to be a bit too lean. (The process is a fascinating one about which we hope to tell you more some day soon.)

All of which means that, when you are about to have a "beauty" photo taken, planning a campaign to ensure that young man who intrigues you so, or interviewing someone about a grand and hair order, don't merely "click," you must know what type you are and stick to it. I say—be yourself!
GIANT planes roaring through the night... battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry... Brave men... and braver women... Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY
GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERSVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

for October 1932
"You're Telling Me!"

Here's a New Department! Letters Filled with Love and Hisses are Welcome and May Win Prizes. Let Us in on Your Thoughts.

First Prize

"WHEN I do not like the picture, I watch the audience," says L. Mann of Berks Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I saw a little boy put his arm through his mother's and snuggle up close when the 'worst boy in town in 'Young America' stood before the judge."

Second Prize


Third Prize

"The efforts of the film advertising departments to be sensational," says Kay Beckwith of Seattle, Wash., "are ridiculous. If Cinderella's romance ever comes to the screen it will probably be billed as "She Loitered With a Prince—The Searing, Soul-Searching Story of a Kitchen Maid." How about:—"Sis—Sis—Cinderella!"

PICTURES have gone to pots, thinks Mrs. W. L. Potts of Fresno, Calif., "face slapping that Cagney and Gable started is too common, and when Ann Harding slaps her husband, well I rebel. It's just not done by decent people of Yesteryear. Wait, Mrs. Potts! Your revenge comes in 'Sky Scraper Souls.' Maureen O'Sullivan gets slapped back.

"Do you realize," catechizes George Lenz of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, "that if it were not for the movies some of us would never see broadcasting as in 'Are You Listening?' bootlegging as in 'The Wet Parade,' Hollywood as in 'The Lost Squadron.' But we notice, George, that you didn't find anything strange about the hot Hollywood love!"

"WE FANS," fans T. Eastman of Los Angeles, Calif., "want to see a photograph of that youngster of Norma Shearer's. As long as stars remain in the limelight they should obligate their fans. Then we'll turn out too!," to see 'Strange Interlude.' Wait, can't yet, the young fellow probably has not found a story to suit him.

"After seeing 'What Price Hollywood,' I feel as if I had lived in Hollywood all my life. Now I can read screen articles with complete understanding," writes Howard C. Renage, Jr. of Youngstown, Ohio. "If Constance Bennett, George Cukor and David O. Selznick will kindly step forward, we will turn the spotlight on them until they become as sunburned as the Brown Derby."

MISS MARY DOYLE of Ashley Street, Hartford, Conn., writes—"These sexy pictures are wholly indecent. I should think the producers would have brains enough to know they won't make money that way. Me for Janet Gaynor. Wait, Mary, we'll go with you."

MARSHALL B. MILLS of West Cedar Street, Boston, Mass., writes—"Lady and Gent" moved us so that we are proud to belong to the human race. A pleasant change from the ballyhoo of 'Linger Lips' and 'Litle Legs.' We are grateful when producers assume we have some brains. It takes a little thought to get the best flavor from life. What flavor was it? We'll take vanilla.

LILLIAN BAILY of Union Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., writes—"Once the villain always lost, nowadays the hero always loses. So, of course, Ramon Novarro in 'Huddle' does not make the winning touchdown. What's the use? Back to the old conventions, say I. At least then the hero was a real hero. You see, Lil, ridicule was hurled upon them for winning every time. Then Dick Arlen made a hit as a loser in 'Touchdown' and so the heroes all started running in the other direction. Anything to escape a laugh.

JAMES HENRY SMALLEY of Little Street, Fort Scott, Kansas, has worked out a depression cure. Start producing pictures that are happy and jolly so as to leave people in a jolly good humor," he advises. "Your idea must have leaked out. James, for Harold Lloyd is coming down the road with 'Movie Crazy' and as the poet said 'Hark, Hark, the Martx.'"

RAYMOND QUINN of Holvoke, Mass., is Cagney conscious. "The Hollywood people should give James Cagney a chance. They should put him in a picture in which he can show his talent!" We presume, Mr. Quinn, you are referring to Dr. Cagney, the surgeon who cut the best two-handed scraper out of pictures.

"Some of us notice the unknown actor in the small parts. There's that chap who played in 'As You Desire Me.' Remember? The young fellow who came under the heading 'The Nursery.' Who is he?" asks Miss R. V. Weiss of South 9th Street, Newark, N. J. His name is Roland Varano. Is this the beginning of a beautiful friendship?

"The fans would like to see Jean Harlow in some real pictures," writes Linda Bennett of Dixon, Ky. "Write her better as a sweet girl." "Red-Headed Woman" is one of the great successes. Jean is doing pretty well! Huh?

KATHERINE FISHER of Bland Drive, St. Louis, Mo., writes warm words about George Brent. "His naturalness almost borders on shyness but has a touch of savoir faire which saves him from being just another heart throbber," there you are. George. Kick in, Katherine says you're shy.

"Just to see Jimmie Cagney walk across the stage is heaven to me," confesses Ellen McDonald of South 2nd Street, Louisville, Ky. "All right, Ellen, we'll put a light in the window for Jimmie.

HAZEL A. CLARKE of Greensburg, Pa., writes—"No need to hesitate about taking the children if it is a Richard Dix picture. The story may be ugly—a war picture perhaps—but there will be no disgusting, embarrassing scenes! Instead, there will surely be something fine, something worth while to take home, a bit more Faith, Hope or Love perhaps." Good, Hazel Clarke, well said! By the way, perhaps you know a friend of ours, Hazelnut? Oh, well, it's a big family.

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 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.
Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

He has bedroom eyes—and a nose for news...

Predicts babies like the weather bureau predicts the weather...

Sells scandal by the square inch—and cleans up in the shock market...

Sees all—knows all—and tells everything!

WARNING BROS.
set another new style in picture production by bringing you the sensational New York stage success

BLESSED EVENT
with LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN
DICK POWELL
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

The private life of the man who abolished privacy...The lowdown on the Gossip King whose name bounced from Broadway 'round the world!...Take the Los AngelesTimes'word for it—"it’s the best screen entertainment seen in many a day"...By all means watch for your theatre’s announcement of this great hit.

For October 1932
Adolphe Menjou is delightful as the wealthy, old bachelor who gets roped into marriage with Joan Marsh, a beautiful but dumb flapper. This marriage had been engineered by Minna Gombell, Joan's sister. An highly athletic honeymoon follows, which all but cripples Menjou and Alan Dinehart. Menjou's partner, deftly steers Joan into the arms of a younger man and then Menjou marries Irene Purcell, his charming secretary.

BIG CITY BLUES (Warner-First Nat) Eric Linden comes to New York with a little money and a lot of dreams. He is taken for a sap, deprived of his money and his dreams and also falsely accused of murder. Joan Blondell plays a chorus girl with a heart of gold. She falls for Eric but will not go back to the country with him. Joan and Eric are fine but they can't do much with this yarn, even with the support of Guy Kibbee and Jobyna Hovland.

BLESSED EVENT (Warner-First Nat) Reminiscent of the Winsch-Rudy Vallee feuille of last year is the columnist-crooner "mad" in this picture. Lee Tracy plays the scandal-dish de luxe, and gives you the low-down on the key-hole tricks of the columnists so that you may see just how those "blessed event" rumors get going. It is a fast-moving, fast-talking story, cram full of gags and wise-cracks that leave you weak from laughing. Don't miss it.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE (Radio) Skill and brains and fists are called into play continuously in this fine animal picture—but no guns are called into action. Starting from Singapore, Frank Buck and his expedition traveled thru the Malayan jungle capturing—alive—all types of wild animals. Amazing, thrilling battles have been fought at close range. It is filmed unpretentiously, and yet what a wallop it packs! Don't miss it. It is primitive art at its best.

GRAND HOTEL (M.G.M) Meet the superb Garbo as Greta Garbo, the apathetic dancer, whose career is on the wane, and see how eagerly she responds to the love-making of the handsome Baron (John Barrymore) who enters her room to steal her pearls but takes her love instead; and Preying (Wallace Berry) the financier caught in a net of his own weaving; Kringelein (Lionel Barrymore) the sick man who is spending his life's savings to enjoy one real fling at life; and last but not least, meet Joan Crawford as Blane, a pretty young girl who nonchalantly sells herself because, after all, money is so essential. Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and Tallulah Marshall are also in this fine picture.

LADY AND GENT (Paramount) A swell yarn about a tough and ready pair who come to the unworldly village of Iron- to stay two hours but remain twenty years instead. Wynne Gibson gives a remarkable interpretation of Puff, the wise-cracking night club hostess, and Bancroft, her boy-friend, is grand as the dumb pig-ul t. As Bancroft's manager, James Gleason gives a depot performance. In Ironton Wynne and Bancroft adopt a doll and stay put until he is grown and educated. The story is entertaining and different. Put it down as one of those things you "must see."

PURCHASE PRICE, THE (Warner-First Nat) Barbara Stanwyck plays a Broadway torch-singer who wants to "get away from it all." So she changes places with a house-maid who has answered a matrimonial advertisement, and goes out West to become the bride of George Bicut, a farmer. How true love finally comes to these two is the nucleus of the rather weak-kneed tale. Barbara and George do their charming best to make it plausible, but the result is wo0.

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE (Paramount) Here we find Claudette Colbert in love with her husband, Clive Brook, but the war takes him from her. He is reported dead and Claudette marries a surgeon, Charles Boyer, whom she grows to love devotedly. Then Clive returns and discovers that he is the "thief that makes a crowd." Claudette wants to do the right thing but Clive refuses to let her sacrifice herself. To love her from her almost hopeless love angle he deliberately courts death.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (M.G.M) This time it's Marian Nixon who plays Rebe- cca, the incorrigible orphan who went to work with two maiden aunts in a New England village. The story moves slowly but is delightful in a "homey" fashion. Ralph Bellamy is fine as Adam Ladd, and Louise Closer Hale provides many amusing scenes as the flinty aunt. As for Marian, she got this "break" because Janet Gaynor went "sophisticate" and returned. And we must say Marian made the most of it.

RED-HEADED WOMAN (M.G.M) Jean Harlow covered her famous platinum hair with a red wig to play this part. As the red-head, born on the wrong side of the tracks, she has aspirations. She tricks her "boss" into divorcing his wife and marrying her. But his friends do not accept her and she finally goes to New York and captures a millionaire. Anna Popps wrote the sizzling dialogue from this Katharine Brush novel. And Chester Morris, Lella Hyams, Una Merkel and Henry Strozier make this picture a breezy, highly entertaining hoot's pastime.

STRANGE INTERLUDE (Artistic Masterpiece) This is a fine picturization of Eugene O'Neill's powerful play of the same name, "asides" and all. Norma Shearer is splendid in the role of neurotic Nina Leeds, whose uncompromising life we are privileged to follow from girlhood to old age. Through the years with her travel Clark Gable, as her faithful lover, Alexander Kirkland, her devoted husband, Ralph Morgan, as "good old Charlie," her patient friend, and last of all, Robert Young, her son. It is a departure from standardized methods, and a highly dramatic one.

SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A (M.G.M) George Arliss is perfect in his role of a successful financier who, upon returning from his trip abroad, finds his selfish family alienated from him. Wise Mr. Arliss thinks up a scheme that brings them all back to the family fireside. Mary Astor, Harriet Al- bright, Evalyn Knapp and Randolph Scott make up the fine supporting cast.
Now... is the ideal time to REDUCE

The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days

If you dread the time when you will wear the new Fall Frocks, because of fat, bulky hips—START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your hips. Note our money-back guarantee. Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips...and be comfortable, too...for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle works constantly while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing fat with every move you make.

The Perfolastic will not chafe, itch or irritate the skin, for a special inner surface of satinated 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, every moment you wear the Perfolastic. And one of the reasons the girdle reduces so quickly is that it can be worn next to the skin.

Don’t wait any longer—act today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not 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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Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial offer.

Name

Address

City State

for October 1932
The Wandering Reporter Takes You For a First Glimpse of the Fall Films

ONE bright day—100 degrees bright—a very black and very hot hobo wandered up a dry river bed just north of the Hollywood hills. As he stumbled along he heard far-off voices singing a mournful spiritual. They were colored voices, and a smile spread over the black boy's face as three thoughts hit him at once. Picnic! Chicken! Watchmelon! But as he rounded a bend in the river bed he stopped short for he beheld a scene that he knew and hadn't wanted to see ever again—a prison chain gang making little ones out of big ones!

Now for Prison Pictures

IFTY men, black and white, stood on an embankment, swinging picks and sledges under the broiling sun. They were dressed in faded blue denim, with stripes on their pants and what looked like big targets sewed on the backs of their shirts. And worse! On their legs they wore chains and spiked shackles made from the business ends of pickaxes, and as if that weren't enough to hinder escape, guards equipped with guns and whips and bloodhounds paced back and forth in front of the sweating prisoners.

Little Cora Sue Collins shocks Leslie Howard in Norma Shearer's picture, "Smilin' Through."

ALL OVER HOLLYWOOD

By Jack Jamison

No wonder the negroes sang mournfully! No wonder the hobo turned and ran terrorstricken, in free-wheeling! No wonder, except that this was only a Hollywood chain gang, whose director was just about ready to yell "Cut!" Believe you me, though, or believe the people who have been working for six weeks on the picture—the location set for "Liberty Road" is a convincing one. The leg-irons are made of aluminum, microphones and cameras record each day's action, but hot dog stands and shower baths are in operation a hundred yards away, but after six weeks of pick-swinging, surrounded by guns, dogs, and a barren waste of sand and gravel, you begin to doubt that it's all in fun!

It's some set, and RKO gets a nice bouquet for it. And another bouquet goes to the fellow who picked the story before he ever heard of the recent mess down in Florida. And still another—It seems to be an RKO fan—to the casting director who selected the extras working on this picture. A number of them were genuine former convicts, one colored boy having actually served nine years in a Georgia chain gang. Others, such as Ralph Smith (California's Fighting Fireman, to you!) and Barney O'Toole, are ex-pugs whose battle-scarred maps, along with their shackles, would convince almost anyone that the boys were public enemies. Grr!

Richard Dix

WORKING under the dust-and-wind-proof mikes was Richard Dix, the star of the picture. Rich was sweating along with the rest of the gang, but from time to time a prop man appeared with a flit-gun full of water, with which he spraved the star's face and chest just to help out—and incidentally, to keep the grease paint from frying. Boy, what a sun! Rich said I could tell the public that he had given up his lifelong ambition to go to prison, once and for all!

Behind the line of action lay the prison camp proper; low green shackles and gilly-wagons and dog kennels. Aha! And what is a gilly-wagon? Well, it's a cage on wheels exactly like the ones you see in circus parades, and called by the same name, but in a prison camp it's the convicts' bedroom. No beds, and not much room.
The convicts are simply piled in at night and left to use each other for pillows. "Pie wagon" is another name for it, but don't ask me why.

Yes, they have a sweat-box on this set. It's about five feet tall and two feet wide. I watched them stuff little Tom Brown into it, surrounded by cursing guards and snarling dogs, and believe me, my hair stood on end! They have "stocks" and a whipping-post, too, and I'm glad the picture requires the whole darn set to be burned down in the end. I'll feel less shuddery.

One word more, and it may sound odd—but "Liberty Road" has a theme song, and wait till you hear it! It has the same name as the picture and was written by Clarence Muse, who composed "When It's Sleepy-Time Down South."

Hats off to RKO on this job! It'll show you life as it really is, and you're going to like it unless I'm way wrong.

John Barrymore does a Garbo!

BuT I have a grudge against the studio anyhow. They wouldn't let me (or anyone else, for that matter) onto the Barrymore set over on Stage 5, and it's all John's fault, the old meanie! His old set isn't interesting at all, I'll bet. It's an English country-house, and who hasn't seen an English country-house? Bah! And again, Bah!

Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke and John Barrymore are making "The Bill of Divorcement." No writers admitted.

The sprawling Warners-First National studio out in Burbank, was shut down all during the month of July.

But on August 1st it opened with a bang, having no less than nine feature productions ready to be dragged, howling and yelling, before the cameras. As yet, matters aren't far enough along for me to tell you much about them, so I'll just give you the list and let you know what to expect: "20,000 Years In Sing Sing," which will probably be re-titled "Women, Men, and Sin," "Men, Women, Sin," or "Sin, Men, and Women" by the time it reaches the screen, is the story of the famous Warden Laws of that notable institution up the river. Paul (Scarface) Muni will star in "I Am a Fugitive From a Georgia Chain Gang," which also may be re-titled. This is the old stunt of riding the band-wagon. RKO started a chain-gang picture, as you have already heard, so the other studios are hopping on to the idea. I wonder if they'll all make money?

Plans! Plans! Plans!

Edward G. Robinson will come out in a film called "Silver Dollar," the story of a real character in Colorado who made a fortune in the mines there and turned into a colossal spendthrift. Charlie

[Continued on page 61]
Lionel, as Rasputin, confronted by John Barrymore, the Grand Duke. Ethel Barrymore as the Czarina holds her son in her arms. John shoots Lionel at the end of the picture. "The way Lionel is going to steal this picture I ought to shoot him in the first reel," said John.

"FIRST STILL" of the Three Barrymores TOGETHER

Lionel, Ethel and John!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Stage 21 on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot is as calm as a five o'clock subway rush in Times Square with four Marx Brothers and Jimmy Durante trying to get to the Bronx. People all over the place. Extras, hundreds of them, bit players, dozens of them, supervisors, camera-men, script boys, wardrobe women, make-up girls, newspaper reporters, fan writers. Olympic guests from everywhere, the Canadian team in red blazers with maple leaves, and Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of the millionaire Washington McLeans, who owns the Hope diamond. They've all come to see the shooting of "Rasputin." (Pronounced Razz as in razzberry, pew as in church, and the rest of it you simply gurgle, or if you aren't any good at gurgling you just forget.) Those mad, mad Barrymores, the Royal Family of Broadway, who have made theatrical headlines for well over a quarter of a century are making a picture together. For once the word stupendous can be used in the full glory of its meaning. Three Barrymores in one picture—that is stupendous. Poor little "Grand Hotel," which only yesterday had its one hour with you, fades into a couple of insignificant deuces. With three aces up his sleeve "Rasputin" takes the pot.

"They're mad, exquisitely mad—those Barrymores," someone from New York whispers. "They're jealous, frightfully jealous—those Barrymores," someone from the Press mutters, "they'll chew up the scenery and then each other." The Olympic guests surge forward eager for a glimpse of the Barrymores biting and scratching each other and hurling props at [Continued on page 46]
"Yoo Hoo! Here's my picture in SILVER SCREEN."

IF YOU are the kind of person who makes Grave Mistakes at Serious Moments take heart—Mary Pickford does too. Mary has been making impromptu speeches over the radio at openings for lo, these many years, but at the premiere of "Strange Interlude" she pulled a boner that caused a lot of chuckles. "I think," said Mary to her unseen audience, "that Norma Talmadge will be awarded the Academy prize for her work in 'Strange Interlude.'"

HELEN HAYES tells an amusing story on herself. Last June she and her popular playwright husband, Charlie MacArthur, took a hasty vacation in southern France, before the western trek to Hollywood and pictures. Their first morning at Cannes, Helen and Charlie ran down to the big rocks on the beach prepared for a swim, and Helen shouted gaily, "Hurrah, peace at last. No footlights, no curtain calls, no grease paint, no directors, no movies—peace, peace, peace." "Hey you," an American voice shouted, "get off the set. We're shooting pitchers here." Helen discovered to her dismay that she had walked right into the beach scene of Gloria Swanson's newest picture. There was no peace.

WHEN the "Salomy Jane" company went on location it turned out to be quite a family party. Gene Markey accompanied Joan Bennett, Virginia Valli was there to see that Charlie Farrell washed behind his ears and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy went right along to see that her Ralph got plenty of close-ups. No casualties reported to date, but there's still plenty of time.

VIRGINIA BRUCE and John Gilbert are still engaged, much to the surprise of a number of people who said, "It's just a gag." The Claire-Gilbert divorce is final this month so there may be a wedding any day now.

GOING places together these days—David Manners is oh, so devoted to Billie Dove and it's getting so you rarely see one without the other. Billie looked ravishing, simply ravishing at the "Strange Interlude" opening and no one appreciated it more than David.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent are going here and there on a personal appearance tour, and they do say that Loretta is crazy about the Brent boy and means to cut Ruth out.

THELMA TODD weakened at last and became the Little Woman out in Arizona in July. She is now Mrs. Pasquala de Cieco. "Pat" is the son of the Broccoli King of New York, but he is going to take up residence on the West Coast so Thelma can continue to make pictures. He's a charming bovish sort of person with flashing white teeth, a Rolls Royce, and curly hair. It's a great relief having Thelma married at last for it was coming rather confusing trying to decide whether she was secretly married to Austin Parker or Harpo Marx. And then a Dark Horse up and won.

PHILLIP HOLMES and Paul Lukas will be glamorous Connie's leading men in her next picture "Rockabye." This is the story that Gloria Swanson has set her heart on doing for the last few years. That Connie girl gets a lot of things that once belonged to the glorious one.

JACK COOPER isn't finding emotion so easy as it was at first. Somuch those tears just will dry up. So now Master Cooper is using a phonograph to help out the emotions. His favorite and most effective "crying record" is "Little Grey Home in the West" and his "cheerful record" is "The Pied Piper of Hamlin."

BARRABA STANWYCK observed her third birthday at the Columbia Studios recently. She began there with "Ladies of Leisure." The entire force at Columbia surprised her with a huge birthday cake and ice cream and presents.

HARRY BANNISTER is reported engaged, married or some- thing to Nancy Lyon, a pretty eighteen year old girl who lives in San Francisco. Harry denies everything but there is a lot of smoke.

[Continued on next page]

for October 1932
Aileen Pringle, Mrs. Reginald Denny and Constance Talmadge played tennis in shorts at the Malibu Tournament.

Well, little Joan Blondell has at last broken down and confessed that she is married to George S. Barnes and that they are spending their honeymoon in a cabin on the Rogue river in Oregon. All Hollywood knew that it was just a matter of time (and divorce decree) before the crazy pair of love-birds would up to the altar. Joan met George last summer a year ago when she was loaned to United Artists to play in “The Greeks Had a Word for Them” and—Joan hasn’t been the same since.

Charlie Chaplin is seen everywhere these days and nights with Paulette Goddard, who is a pretty little Hollywood blonde. Charlie and Paulette were among those present at the airport to meet Mary Pickford when she returned from New York recently. And the dainty Paulette was clinging to the Chaplin arm at the gala opening of “Back Street.” It looks like a romance.

Prince Lichenstein of Austria, here for the Olympic Games, has a hard time trying to divide his time equally among three of Hollywood’s most exciting and glamorous women, namely, Ina Claire, Lily Damita and Tala Birell. It was Tala Birell, Viennese star, whom he escorted to the premiere of “Back Street” and they seemed to be having a perfectly grand time chirping Austrian at each other.

Samuel Blythe Colt, the famous Ethel’s son, who’ll be scratching out a niche for himself one of these days, has been escorting Helene Costello to the Frolics and the Coconant Grove. One night the waiter at the Frolics showed Helene and Sammy to a table right next to one occupied by Lowel Sherman (Helene’s ex). Helene took one look and made for the other side of the room.

Mary Carlisle and Joan Marsh are the two most popular girls in Hollywood’s younger set. It still seems to be blondes that the boys prefer.

At the International Olympic Ball given at the Shrine Temple in Los Angeles a number of your favorite picture people aided the state hostesses, and helped greet the visitors. There were Collene Moore and Robert Montgomery for Michigan; Lois Wilson and El Brendel, Pennsylvania; Anita Page, Ricard Cortez and James Dunn, New York; Bebe Daniels and Tom Mix, Texas; Carmen Myers and George O’Brien, California; Thelma Todd, Massachusetts; Rochele Hudson, Oklahoma, Minna Gombell, Maryland; Arline Judge, Connecticut; Peggy Shannnon, Arkansas; Irene Dunne, Kentucky; Warner Baxter and Joe E. Brown, Ohio; Estelle Taylor, Delaware; Marian Nixon and Spencer Tracy, Wisconsin, Glen Tryon, Idaho; Dorothy Jordan, Tennessee; Richard Arlen and William Haines, Virginia. There were just lots of Olympic visitors from the home states who knew these picture stars “when.” And how the local boys and girls did strut their stuff for the folks from back home.

Eddie Cantor tells it on a snobbish leading man who took him to lunch the other day. The snooty fellow trying to impress Mr. Cantor ordered pâté de foies gras. When it was put before him, he took one bite, a look of disgust spread over his face and he shouted for the waiter.

“You’re out of your element, Mr. Cantor,” the waiter exclaimed.

“Here, take this away,” he ordered.

“Didn’t you order pâté de foies gras?” the waiter asked politely.

“No, please,” said the snarky one, “and you brought me goose-liver.”

When Bert Kalmar visited Zeppo Marx, youngest of the Marx Brothers, at the hospital recently he brought along a huge bundle and told Zeppo he heard it was customary to bring flowers to a sick friend. Zeppo unwrapped the package and found—a can of peaches and two sacks of flour.

Johnny Weismuller, your beautiful Tarzan man, and his pretty little wife, Bobbe Arnst, have come to the well known partying of the days. Poor old connubial

When a tall man loves a little girl! Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in Hemingway’s “Farewell to Arms,” a story of the World War on the Italian Front.
To be in "Our Gang" is every kid's idea of Heaven. They have organized a fire department but it's just a one hoss affair.

happiness has a hard time when Fame and Fortune move into the spare room of the Dovecot.

AND now it's Maurice Chevalier who is going to be divorced from his charming little wife, Yvonne Vallée. The famous Distinguished, who "discovered" Maurice and started him on the road to fame in the Caro de Paris, says that she will do all in her power to bring Yvonne and Maurice together again. But it doesn't sound so terribly sincere. Distinguished was quite broken up several years ago when Monsieur Chevalier decided in favor of the petite Vallée, and women will be women.

IRENE DUNNE looked simply gorgeous all in white at the opening of her picture, "Back Street," at the Caro de Paris. She's one of our pet enthusiasts, and we nearly got up there on the screen and socked John Boles for treating her the way he did.

LILIAN GISH'S famous opus, "The White Sister," is going to be revived for Helen Hayes and Clark Gable.

HARPO MARX became so fond of a dog named Kavo, which played with him in "Horsefeathers," that he up and bought the mutt. He ought to fit right in with the tribe as he has the sacred "o" on his name.

DOROTHY JORDAN says she never was engaged to Don Dillaway—that it was just a lot of talk. Dorothy says she can't afford to fall in love. Now what does she mean by that?

MARLENE DIETRICH never uses perfume, but likes to spray toilet water on her hair and hands.

JAMES GLEASON and his boy Russell pass collection plates every Sunday in a Beverly Hills church.

KATE SMITH, weighty and far-famed radio favorite, wasn't exactly pleased when a local newspaper headlined her advent into talking pictures with "BIG BROADCAST."

FREDDIE MARCH'S servants were thrilled beyond words when Clark Gable moved into the house next door. You'd think they had never seen an actor before, much less lived in the same house with one.

ERIC LINDEN and Sidney Fox will be teamed in a picture for Universal. Cute?

CONNIE BENNETT can hardly wait to finish "Rockabye" so she and Hank can start out on that European vacation.

KAREN MORLEY will play Leslie Howard's wife in "Animal Kingdom." Karen hates hats and never wears one off-stage.

WHEN Nancy Carroll was a fat little girl of ten she was sitting on the steps of her house one day when a beautiful woman passed by with the most heavenly perfume. Nancy sniffed eagerly. Lilacs! She saved all her pennies that week and rushed over to the ten cent store. If only she could smell like that beautiful lady. But the V and X scents weren't lilac and little Nancy was heart-broken. Ever since that hot summer day in New York Nancy has been looking for lilac perfumes and never passes through a shop without stopping to sniff all the pretty little phials. But she has never been able to find the heavenly odor of the beautiful lady.

WELL, our Annie is herself again and everybody's happy. Ann Harding hasn't been much in evidence any place since the Harding-Bannister divorce and people were beginning to think that she was suffering a broken heart, or shattered nerves, or a Garbo complex, or something, when Ann suddenly decided to descend from her mountain top home and start going places and doing things with far more pep than she has exhibited since coming to Hollywood. Imagine Ann, who has fallen into the "stuffed shirt" class lately, getting down off her dignity and dressing up in a wig and a Southern accent and foisting everybody at the opening of "Strange Interlude." But that's exactly what happened, Mr. Ripley.

What they wore to the Olympics:

NORMA SHEARER arrived with Irving Thalberg wearing a green sport suit with puffed sleeves and a sailor hat. Oh, those puffed sleeves! Norma and Joan will have you wearing them yet.

Carole Lombard looked simply sweet in a white sport suit and was accompanied by William Powell.

Joe E. Brown wore an East Indian turban—just for a laugh. Lola Lane in a huge hat and dark blue dress created quite a stir, and the fact that Lew Ayres was along might have had something to do with it too.

Florence Eldridge was there with Freddie March and wore a red bevet which sharply tansalized the California sun so she opened up a Japanese Olympic umbrella.
"Those EXTRAORDINARY
There Is An Explosive Quality To Any Bennett

IN THE history of the American theatre and screen, I doubt that there is a more colorful family than the famous Bennets. Their stage is rich in the lore of the eccentric Barrymores—their quips and foibles. But the Bennets! There are five of them—count 'em, five—and all different.

There is Bennett here, who used to come out after the curtain fell on the second act of whatever play he happened to be gracing with his presence, and deliver tirades against the audience because the play wasn't better attended.

One of my earliest recollections of the theatre is of him when he appeared as Maude Adams' leading man in "What Every Woman Knows." He made a tremendous hit as the Scotch coal miner, and a couple of seasons later the Lieblers—then one of the ace managerial firms—wanted to star him. With that flair for the dramatic that has never deserted him, he declined. Starmod held no interest for him, and he said so—in no uncertain terms.

And speaking of Maude Adams, when she appeared in Los Angeles in a play this past season, Bennett was urged to go back stage to pay his respects. Pressed for a reason for his persistent refusal, he finally admitted that years before, following her tour in "What Every Woman Knows," she had appeared in New York in Rostand's "Chantecler." And on the opening night, he had sent her a congratulatory wire saying "Best wishes for your success. You have finally achieved last season's ambition to be your own leading man!" But Miss Adams, it seems, hadn't received his good wishes in the spirit in which they were tendered.

And there was the time, long after that when he decided he might just as well be a large part of the glow from the milky way and consented to star in a play called "The Dancers."

He and the first Mrs. Bennett had found that two artistic temperaments under one roof, especially with growing children who were also inclined towards artistic temperaments, was a little too much. They separated most amicably and Mrs. Bennett took an apartment with Joan, and Richard took another apartment with Barbara.

The stage couldn't have been more than fifteen or sixteen at the time and, I suppose, more to have her under his eye than anything else, he cast her in a small part in the play.

Also in the cast was Pat Somerset, who had been named as co-respondent in a number of London divorces, and who had stolen the reigning musical comedy favorite—Edith Day—from her husband, Lyle Andrews.

Well, one night after the play, Mr. Bennett returned home but there was no Barbara waiting for him. He fidgeted while the clock struck twelve, twelve-thirty, one, one-thirty and then he phoned Mrs. Bennett. "Is Barbara with you?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. B. "Isn't she with you?"

"No," answered Mr. B.

"I'll be right over," his wife assured him.

Somewhere around three or three-thirty they heard a car stop in front of the house and rushed down to find Mr. Somerset handling Barbara out of the car.

He had taken her somewhere to supper and to dance. I don't blame Barbara. Any other fifteen or sixteen year old girl would have done the same thing—would have been flattered to death to think that a man of the world like Somerset was interested in her.

But her father had different ideas. He sat down on a fire plug, drew Barbara across his lap and delivered a good spanking, down on the street.

The commotion aroused the neighbors, who weren't interested in Mr. Bennett's efforts to bring up his girls in the way they should go—especially at that hour. It ended by a policeman escorting them all to the police station at four A.M.

As proof that "age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of his charms"—even though the girls have got too big to be publicly spanked, Mr. Bennett continues to be a picturesque figure in Hollywood.

Recently Zoe Akins married Hugo Rumbold, the artist. Mr. Rumbold was having an exhibition of his paintings here at the time but, from reports that have drifted in to me, they weren't selling as freely as they might have. The depression probably. What did Mr. Bennett do but jaunt down to the exhibition, purchase one of the pictures and send it to Zoe for a wedding present with a card, "A wee coal for Mrs. Newcastle."

Skipping, with fanciful lightness, back and forth through the years, there is the time Constance was to be interviewed by a writer well known in Hollywood for making a mystery of things. Indeed, it has been one of Hollywood's jokes that the writer could make more of a secret of what she had for breakfast than the president makes of sending a confidential ambassador to England.

Well, the writer was doing a story on why Constance is unpopular in Hollywood. Instead of arranging the appointment through the studio publicity office, as could easily have been done, the writer with her
usual flare for the dramatic had the appointment arranged through a mutual friend. Priding herself on her knowledge of feminine psychology, she pictured herself and Connie tête-a-tête and herself warning everything that there is to warm out of the most glamorous of the Bennetts.

She arrived a few minutes ahead of schedule and sat waiting in Constance's bungalow. Promptly at the appointed hour Connie sailed into the room—accompanied by her director, her leading man and a couple of the other actors in the picture. "Hallo," she greeted the writer. "I've got to go wash up a bit and when I've finished I want you to tell me why I'm the most unpopular girl in Hollywood."

And, at the luncheon table, whenever the writer attempted to wax confidential and sank her voice to an intimate whisper, Connie in tones plainly audible to the rest of the guests would demand, "What was that? What did you say?"

It's one of the Bennett characteristics to have no secrets. Any subject on which they can be interviewed can be discussed in front of anyone who happens to be present. If you attempt to get an opinion on the subject of love—sweet love—hate, or bragany the interview will be conducted in the presence of the butcher, the baker or candlestick maker—or whenever else happens into the room.

There was another occasion when the divorced wife of a famous novelist arrived in Hollywood and announced that she had bought along a "few pieces" of furniture she would let friends have, for a consideration. For a further consideration, she would undertake to re-decorate any part of a house in need of her attentions.

Connie fell for it and the decorator went to work with a will—or, rather, with a vengeance, I should say. When the room was almost finished Connie felt it should have one commanding piece of furniture in it. She went, with a friend, to the decorator's exhibit. There was a large screen there—a gorgeous piece—priced at upwards of eight hundred dollars.

"That's a lot of money to pay for a thing like that with times as they are," Connie demurred. "But it will make your room," the friend urged. Connie capitulated and the piece was ordered. When it was delivered there were two screens and the bill was something over seventeen hundred dollars. Connie phoned the decorator. "I don't want two screens," she said. "I only ordered one."

"Oh," said the woman blandly, "it's only one screen. It's in two sections and they are $875 apiece."

"Then you should have told me when I was there," said Connie. "You heard me debating about paying $875 for a screen—you should have known I wouldn't pay $1750. You just have to send for it."

"I can't do that," said the woman. "You bought it—you'll have to keep it."

"Very well," said Constance, "I've got a witness that I bought one piece and you told me the price was $875. I'll keep that."

"No," the other insisted, "I can't sell half a screen."

"Yes," said Connie, "You sold me a half and I intend to keep that half. The other half is here for you and you can do what you please with it."

Joan is probably the quietest one of the lot but even she has had her moments. Once, before she married Gene Markey, she was reported engaged to John Considine. It was one of the stormiest courtships Hollywood has ever known. They had had a lover's tiff and John departed for Palm Springs.

Somehow Joan heard he was there—with someone else. Charting a plane, she calmly dropped in on him and the argument was resumed. Nor was it resumed in privacy. Anyone who cared to do so had ample opportunity to hear what went on.

Oh, yes. The Barneys, Fairbank-Pickford-Crawford couple, the Talmadges and all the others may be picturesque but as for me—I'll take those Extraordinary Bennetts. Life has never a dull moment when one of them is around!
DOROTHY WILSON is not only the cutest Cinderella Hollywood has ever had, but she is also the smartest. She has proven this by the way she has taken her big "break."

I have often wondered why some people live years in Hollywood and never seem to learn the rules of the game. On the other hand, about once in a blue moon, somebody like Dorothy Wilson happens along who knows exactly what to do right from the start.

There's a lot of heartbreak in this Cinderella business. Everybody likes to read stories about the poor little girl who comes to Hollywood and wins a big chance, where chances are so pitifully slim. I've seen a lot of Cinderellas come and go in the years I've been interviewing the great and the near-great in Hollywood and the saddest part about it is that so few of them settle down and become fixed stars in the film firmament. Most of them are simply comets who dash across the sky, leaving a trail of light behind them. And not a very bright trail, either. But they make good copy while they last.

When I went over to RKO to interview Dorothy Wilson, I supposed I was going to meet just another Hollywood Cinderella. So I got out all my old adjectives, particularly the superlatives, and dusted them off. And I mapped out my story in advance. It went something like this:

"Beautiful young girl meets executive. Is asked to take a test. Wins coveted rôle. Doesn't know what to make of her sudden rise to fame. Is bewildered by the continual round of portrait sittings, interviews, etc., that have fallen to her lot. Has [Continued on page 59]"
Big Hearted, Good Natured Andy Devine! Who Could Help Liking Him, On the Screen Or Off?

The DIVINE GIFT

by Myrtle Gebhart

The first thing that I said to Andy Devine was: "Turn right around, young man and trot to the store and get some boiled ham."

And I had never laid eyes on him before! The second was: "Thanks... Now, chip the ice, please."

Having a new house and two dislocated ribs, and it being a sticky, warmish day, I was of no mind to sit through a stilted interview with luncheon in a crowded cafe. I would feed and question Andy here, making a comfort of duty.

Besides, Andy is the type that one immediately adapts and puts to work, if you know what I mean. One look at the good-natured bulk of him reassured me. As big as an elegant, docile as a lamb.

The ham and spaghetti and radishes and what-not were laid on the little yellow table in the little black-and-yellow breakfast room which had seemed of sufficient size until Andy towered in the door-way. He crowded it. He was instructed to remove his coat and get cool without delay. Wizie, my collie, took his stand for such bites as he could wheedle.

And so—not to labor, but to a lazy yet interesting thing—

"Gosh, every corner in this town has a memory for me," Andy began eventually. "I mean—well, I've flagged cars on all of 'em. I always had to hitch-like out to Universal, where I got most of my extra work. I humped a ride the day I was called for the 'Notre Dame' test.

"You bet now I pick up somebody every day. First thing I got when I signed my contract was a car. What a success it seems!

"The very first thrill I got out here was when a limousine stopped—well car, liveried chauffeur—and the fellow in back motioned me in, saying he was going to Universal, too. Guess who? Francis X. Bushman!"

"Swell, Andy. But listen to lil' sister," I cautioned.

"Bushman began with the berries. You hitch-like hand-outs. Well, he's ridden smoothly right out of the picture. You—"

"Sa-ay, I only look dumb!" His accusing eyes reprimanded me. "I fixed it with the paymaster at Universal to give me only half my salary each week. The rest goes into a trust fund. I can't touch it except in extreme need.

"Don't I know? I'm too soft. Well, I can't refuse when a kid's down and out, you know. And the wild-cat business schemes that people try to get actors to invest in. I'm taking no chances."

I had too many lean [Continued on page 56]
Nick- Names of the STARS

"Ole Massa" Cooper tells some African whoopers to Jack Oakie, Sari Mariza, Susan Fleming and Lyda Roberti. They'll win their nicknames very soon, the way they're going.

THIS nickname business is a test of popularity as old as Miss Methuselah, who passed birthdays as quietly as stocks pass dividends. The number of times your phone rings during the day or the number of cars that are parked in front of your homestead every evening may show how you rate, but unless you have one or more ridiculous pet names you are just a girl men forget. Silly, these nicknames, but so important.

And strange to say a pet name is something you can't get for yourself, even if your old man is president of the local bank and just filthy rich—a pet name is a priceless gift that has no purchase price. Only your friends can give it to you. Suppose your name is Genevieve Richards and you want to be called Gin. Ricky because it sounds so naughty and South of France, yet if you haven't got that certain brand of comradery, palsy walsy, or whatever you want to call it, it's a safe bet that you will go through life as Genevieve, Miss Genevieve, and that old Richards girl. Ain't human nature grand?

Hollywood stars and starlets crave popularity, even as you and I, and secretly they adore being tagged with these delightedly silly monikers. Of course Garbo wouldn't exactly appreciate it if you or I were to walk up to her and pound her on the back with a good-sized paw and shout, "Hi, there, Swede." But if one of her very small and intimate circle of friends does this (and I am reliably informed that several of them do) she wouldn't坦克 about going home, but would give a good slug in return. Now, don't you like Garbo better, if that is possible, when you know that her close friends call her "Swede." She'd just have to be a good sport with a keen sense of humor. Incidentally her German directors all call her "Gretchen." Which, freely translated, means "You adorably sweet Greta."

And that's the insidious part these innocent looking little pet names play in the lives of the stars. In a blue sunbonnet and gingham apron they look as sweet and demure as the farmer's daughter before she met the traveling salesman. But don't let them fool you with their coyness, for those pet names can tell you more about the stars than all the graphologists, numerologists, and phrenologists rolled into one.

John Barrymore, of the classic profile and elevated eyebrow, is called "Pinkham" by some of his intimate friends who knew him when. Long before John and Hamlet formed a partnership John had to do a lot of scurrying about to keep the wolf from the door, and as he was constantly being fired the scurrying was all the merrier. At one time, during this hectic youth's movement, he sold testimonials for Lydia Pinkham, who needs no introduction. I'm sure. For an evening of loud laughs and galvanic guffaws, I
By Patricia Keats

“Taloo” and “Lady Lindy.” A friendly public has given “tags” to Tallulah Bankhead and Amelia Earhart Putnam.

“Hot Toddy”—that’s Thelma Tod’s monicker—and her husband, Pasquala de Cicco. Congratulations, Mister de Cicco.

I heartily recommend a recital by John of many of the letters he used to receive from Lydia’s fond admirers. Especially the one about the woman who weighed four hundred pounds. But to Lionel and Ethel their young scamp of a brother is still “The Kid.” And always will be.

Helen Twelvetrees is called “Artie” by a number of her friends because she takes great pride in having attended the New York Academy of Art—and Helen still likes to “dabble.” Sylvia Sidney is called “Funny Face” by most of her old friends who didn’t realize some four or five years ago, when Sylvia was a rising young Broadway actress, that some day that crooked little smile, which inspired “Funny Face,” would be worth millions of dollars on the silver screens of the world. On the studio sets Sylvia is known as “Silly” because she clowns all through her pictures. All the cameramen, script girls, prop boys, make-up girls, directors adore Sylvia, and to them one of the twelve best sellers is only “Silly.”

When love was very new Doug Jr. called Joan Crawford “Jojo” and she in turn called him “Dodo” and everyone thought it awfully cute at first and started imitating them, and then became a wee bit nauseated. For the last year, heaven be praised, those goofy pet names have been discarded and Joan now sedately calls her husband “Doug,” while he calls her “Billie,” which happens to be a name she had when she was a very little girl. Some of her old friends call her “Lucile” or “Jo-an.”

Joel McCrea is called “Sling” because he is the most slug-nutty person in Hollywood. Look out for your floating rib when that boy comes along. Gary Cooper is called “Coop” by all the stage hands who are crazy about working in a picture. (Continued on page 51)
DOES it pay to say NO in Hollywood? Let's ask the girls who say it! I mean our bachelor maidens, of course—those who see the other actresses marrying into influential studio circles, throwing impressive parties, playing the social and political games for all they are worth. It has long been a legend that the public prefers its heroines single. When you know there are husbands and children just out of camera range, the fair lady is not quite so romantic.

Or is she? Today a strange new situation prevails. Most of our feminine stars are married and getting away with it. In fact, it looks as though they are getting away with the better breaks, too—thanks to their husbands' pull and their skill at the social racket.

Is a husband a help or a hindrance? And are the married stars in the best spot?

Every unmarried actress has her own opinions. So I started out to learn the facts as they appear to some of our charmers who have so far said NO to all altar calls.

Sylvia Sidney invited me down to her Malibu house for lunch. (I invariably say yes to such proposals!) I burned up the road to her husbandless, seashore abode.

"Hollywood girls marry for love!" Sylvia declared. "That's shown by the failure of most of their marriages. They don't think carefully about husbands. They are not designing. They marry the men they love without thinking of the consequences.

"I know of no actress who has married primarily to advance herself. Most fine actresses marry inferior men. Just as brilliant men usually choose inferior women. Why? I don't know. Maybe there is less strain with a commonplace mate."

"Norma Shearer is the one star who has married an influential man with personal charm and ability. But Norma married for love. Remember, she was a big star before her marriage and I am sure she would have been just as big even though she had not married Irving Thalberg. Marriage has nothing to do with a girl's career!"

The rapid rise which Sylvia herself has made lends authority to her viewpoint, doesn't it?

"But, being a conventional soul," Sylvia went on, "I think every woman should marry.

"Social contacts? Going to parties and meeting influential people? I don't think that's important at all! Ability counts more than luck now. I do not think that an actress has to have love affairs to portray heavy emotions convincingly, either. At fifteen I was playing very emotional roles on the stage, and history knows I knew nothing about love!"

"Gossip," added Sylvia for good measure, "are the main cause for unsuccessful marriages in Hollywood."

She then walked me out to my car and started me home. I had lunch with Karen Morley out at M-G-M next. (Always eating with lovely ladies. But why not? Everyone should do what he likes best!)"

"Most actresses do marry for the resultant advantages!" Karen flashed at me. "I could name several who have done so. Being a lady, I shan't!

"Hollywood girls are necessarily very ambitious and sophisticated. And I am certain that a girl who has enough fight in her to rise to stardom, also has enough brains to pick a husband who will be an asset. Not all, but most Hollywood girls say yes because they think it will help them. They either want to further their careers or acquire financial security.

"So far as the public goes," Karen reasoned, "it doesn't make any difference whether a feminine star is married or not so long as she is interesting. A colorful wife is better than a single—and, perhaps, dull girl.

"Personally I hate to play politics and I abstain from social contacts. Some women love to entertain and they get roles that way. I don't want to be dependent upon favors. I know then, when I'm chosen for a role, it is because of merit."

"From my own observations, I should say that an actress gets along better without a husband and family. However, when I fall in love I'll marry. If I stopped to worry about the outcome, it would no doubt mean that I wasn't seriously in love."

Inasmuch as Karen and Sylvia didn't agree on the subject, I accepted Anita Page's invitation to dinner in her Manhattan Beach home. (Crazy over food, or, er—blonde?)
"Yes!"

Can A Single Girl Get The Breaks In Pictures?

By Ben Maddox

Sylvia Sidney thinks a fine actress should say "yes" to an inferior man.

"Most Hollywood girls marry for this thing called love!" Anita told me. "They don't marry to advance themselves, or for real love, but for what, in their haste, looks like the real thing. The many divorces in the picture colony illustrate how few find the true 'once in a lifetime' love.

"Audiences are becoming more sophisticated all the time, and care less about whether the heroines are already spoken for off-screen. But I think the fans have a subconscious hope that the stars will stay single. This enables one to dream that someday one may meet and win the beautiful creature or handsome hero."

(Why, Anita, what a mind-reader you turned out to be!)

"Do married stars get the breaks? I don't think that is true in every case. I really don't believe marriage has any effect upon one's career. Perhaps it helps, because it is supposed to develop one emotionally. I'm not in love myself, so I can't say for sure.

"Social contacts? Yes, they count a lot. If you are seen you are discussed. If you are a recluse (unless you're Garbo) you are very apt to be forgotten!"

Whereupon I trundled home and endeavored to reconcile the gorgeous Anita's theories with the previous ones. The next morning I decided to get Sidney Fox's answers. I found her busy on a set at Universal.

"I like to believe that Hollywood girls get ahead strictly on their merit," said Sidney, an adorable half-pint of femininity. "Screen girls marry for advantage! No! I have never seen so many happy marriages as there are in Hollywood. Never heard so much talk about babies as here.

"To me acting is a job. A very pleasant and remunerative one. When I fall in love and want to marry I shan't let my career stand in the way. Why should your job?"

[Continued on page 51]
MOORE GOOD NEWS:—

Colleen is Coming! She's Back at Work and Will We be Glad to See Her!

By James M. Fidler

For two long years, Colleen Moore has been off parade. They have been glorious years, filled with play and romance and travel. She has gamboled lightly through a period of brilliant parties and theatres and dancing and yachting trips.

Now Colleen has returned to Hollywood, and to motion pictures, and she is afraid she may be forced to go on parade again.

What have those years done for Colleen? Have they changed her? Is she still the simple, unaffected Irish lass of yesterday, the Colleen of middle blouses, and sweaters, and half-sizes? A maze of questions befuddled my mind when I motored to her gorgeous estate in Bel Air, fashionable residence district west of Beverly Hills. Doubtless these same questions dwell in the minds of millions of motion picture fans throughout the world.

'T've been off parade,' Colleen told me, after we'd exchanged salutations common to warm friends who have not seen each other for a long time. 'And it has been a heavenly two years. You know, until I left Hollywood, I knew nothing but work. I thought, talked and dreamed motion pictures; it never occurred to me there was anything else important. Occasionally, I took trips away from Hollywood, I will agree, but those trips did not take Hollywood away from me. For example, I went to Europe for four months, but instead of the wonderful vacation I anticipated, I was rushed to theaters for personal appearances. I spent days and days with photographers. I met theater managers, exchange managers, film salesmen and publicity men. My few glimpses of Europe came to me between business engagements. I was on parade, eighteen hours a day. I could not enter a quiet restaurant without being recognized and mobbed for autographs. I was not permitted to forget, even for a few minutes, that I was a motion picture star. It was a relief to return to Hollywood, where at least I could re-

At the foot of the climb again, but Colleen Moore will find that her old room is waiting for her.

A prettier, happier Colleen will greet her old friends.

main in my home without fear of intrusion.

'Two years ago my motion picture career ended suddenly. Contrary to public opinion, my career ended because I had always planned that it would end when my contract was finished. But most unfortunately for my self-esteem, that contract came to its conclusion at a time when silent picture stars were making their talking picture debuts. I made two talking pictures, and both of them were terrible. They would have been terrible silent pictures too, because the stories were weak and meaningless. As a consequence of the two bad pictures, and by abrupt retirement from the screen, people said I had failed in talking pictures.

'And that is why I am back in the motion picture business today. My Irish is aroused. I am here to prove that talking pictures did not lick me. There were rumors that I lost most of my fortune in the stock mar-

(Continued on page 52)
"SHINE on, Shine on Harvest Moon"—Gaze down upon Young love and Ruth, the gleaner, gleaning in the gloaming. Did you see Robert in "New Morals for Old?" Ruth gleams in "Speak Easily."
THE little leading lady of Harold Lloyd's "Movie Crazy" also played in "Manhattan Madness." She will probably be in "Hollywood Nuts" next and then star in "Insane." No, "The Thirteenth Man" is her next.
PEGGY SHANNON

PEGGY has been doing nicely lately and "After the Rain" is her best. It was made on Catalina Island and Peggy had the thrill of being a star on location. The Queen of the Gypsies had nothing to compare.
WARREN WILLIAM

"SKYSCRAPER SOULS" shows Warren William in a fine impressive rôle. Next, "Three on a Match." When he tosses off his juice of two lemons some morning, his wife, who takes care of his fan mail, will tell him, "SILVER SCREEN thinks you're O.K., Big Boy."
Ricardo Cortez

Back in the silent days—in "Pony Express," for example—Ric learned timing, spacing and angles. Today, in "Is My Face Red?" he swept us off our feet, and all the cast did better work because of his fine professional technique. He has never married again. Ric is like that.
WHEN the screen's favorite "decent" lovers got married in "The First Year" humor was born to them. The dinner scene in their little home in this picture establishes them as delightful comedians.
THELMA TODD

The photograph above is Thelma as "Eleanor Espere," vamping chorus girl in "Speak Easily." Thelma has just been married and now is Mrs. Pasquala de Cicco. She's twenty-four, although she says the Marx Brothers aged her.

Thelma Todd and Buster Keaton in "Speak Easily."
ON THE SET OF "BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES"

A scene at the M-G-M studio during the making of "Blondie of the Follies"—Girls, girls everywhere. Legs, dress clothes, music, lights—like old times to Marion.

Edmund Goulding, director, looks with admiration at Marion’s new shako. He never saw one like that in "Grand Hotel."
Billie Dove and Marion Davies both graduated from the real Follies.

Marion and Robert Montgomery in a serious moment in this comedy of love behind Broadway lights.
HE IS head man in the movies in Hollywood and his wife is the social arbiter.
Doug is known around the world, not only as an actor, but as a fine gentleman and a good husband. He makes pictures, too. His next is "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.,” and Maria Alba, shown below, appears as the carefree, beautiful native girl.
THIS gown of Joan Bennett's is of white satin, decorated with rhinestones and bugle beads. Note the novel use of the trimming. Joan's next picture will be "Salomy Jane," with Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy.

PEARL white satin trimmed with strass for Claudette. Her wrap is the same material, trimmed with white fox. Her next picture is "The Phantom President," trimmed with George M. Cohan, the greatest fox of all.
CREIGHTON CHANEY

Lon Chaney's son is a serious youth who has an RKO contract. When anyone criticizes the movies let him look at these boys. That's the kind of blood that made Moving Pictures an Industry.

NOAH BEERY, JR.

The second generation of the great names of the screen is well represented by young Noah. He is signed by Universal. Carry on, Junior!
THESE two boys have, hidden away in their natures, a great inheritance. Charlie Chaplin, beloved by more people than any other one man, be he king or conqueror, is a genius. Will his sons live up to his gentle reputation?

"Charlie" — the best known actor on earth.

OTHER actors and actresses have ancestors. Peggy, however, is unique. She descended from herself. "Baby Peggy" is thirteen years old now, and big enough and smart enough to win the world all over again.
MARIAN NIXON

HER great success in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has clinched her "come back" and Marian can relax on the spring board at her sumptuous home. Her next picture will be "Walking Down Broadway."
WARNER BROTHERS borrowed Nancy Carroll to play the Russian peasant in Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s picture, "Son of Russia." Her bangs are not only quite Slavic but good, up-to-date Hollywood as well.
Bette Davis was delighted in Numerology and at the next party be sure and ask her about the future. She is going to be very successful on the screen, her numbers say — You’ll see.
BETTE
DAVIS
Goes in for
Numerology
By
Adrienne Peabody

Know Numerology If You
Want to be The Life of
The Party.

WITH her pajama-clad
tights tossed around, and
with her enormous eyes,
which are so friendly and hon-
est, upon me, Bette Davis was
an inspiration to your Numer-
ology the other morning at
breakfast.

"You know," she said, "I have
always wondered about these
things because my mother is so
psychic."

Bette has a natural feeling for
drama, which flared up as she
told the story of the mysterious
"hunches" which her mother
used to get. "We always had to
do everything that mother or-
dered," Bette told me. "And I
remember one night, when I
went to a dance, mother
sent some one to fetch me. So
I came home, and just imagine,
the cast of the crowd that I went
with was smashed up that night
and one of my friends killed!"

A cloud of unhappy mem-
ories swept across Bette's face and
I realized that even in this brief
recital she was moved emotion-
ally. "Is Bette your real name?"
I asked.

"No. Ruth Elizabeth Davis is
my real name, and I was born
on April 5th 1908. But I have
always been called Bette."

The spelling, Bette explained,
is taken from a heroine of Bal-
zac's. The names that moving
picture stars select for them-
selves are always very interesting
to one concerned with the sci-
cence of Numbers. Added to
this, her own name is a power-
ful one. According to Numer-
ology, Bette Davis has a glorious,
promising future ahead of her.
Her birthday shows that her
childhood was somewhat lacking
in color, and she admitted that
this was true.

I explained to Bette the
method [Continued on page 50]

The meanings of the
NUMBERS
1. A good day to start something.
Plan that new venture or
seek a new job. Take
advantage of opportunities.
2. Good receptive period. Mix
harmoniously with others. Do
not force matters to a conclu-
sion. Co-operate. Be tactful
and you will get your own
way.
3. Be sanguine today. Refuse to
worry. Take things easily.
Do creative things, like writ-
ing, singing, painting. An
expressive day for all.
4. Hard work. Make a plan and
live up to it today. Put your
cheek book and financial af-
fairs in order. A day for
system and organization.
5. It is a day for play. Especially
good day to start a trip, if
the trip is for pleasure and not
for business. A good day for
a fluctuation.
6. Good day to get married or
divorced—as 6 is the number
of adjustment in domestic life.
7. A day of rest and meditation.
Study, read, and play your
favorite music, or go to hear
it. Don’t go to a party. Good
day for inspiration.
8. Good day for cashing in.
A day for organizing your
forces. Go forward with con-
fidence as today is your power
day. A good balanced day for
your mental powers. Make
the judgments today you’ve
been hesitating about recently.
9. Finish up all the odds and
ends of things. Not a good
day to start new things if you
expect them to last. But a
good day for dealing with
the public, or public affairs.
Also an artistic, dramatic day.

You can FORETELL which are your
LUCKY and UNLUCKY DAYS.

How it is done:—
Take the date of your birth. (For example)
November 7, 1914.
Add the numbers—
(5) 11 + (day) 7 + (yr.) 1 + 9 + 1 + 4
Total 33. Adding 3 + 3 equals 6
Therefore, you were born under a 6 vibra-
tion.

Now take the date of the event you are inter-
ested in—a party, etc. (For example) November
24, 1932 which is 11 + 24 + 1932 or 11 + 2 +
4 + 1 + 9 + 3 + 2 — total 32 which is 5.
Adding your own number (6) to the number of
that day (5) gives 11 which is 2.
Then look on the list of definitions and you
will find that 2 means:—"Good receptive peri-
od. Mix harmoniously with others. Do not
force matters to a conclusion. Co-operate. Be
tactful and you will get your own way."
(It looks as if the party of Miss Six would be a success.)

Learn Numerology and be the center of gayety
at your next party. Send 25c for an analysis of
your original name (give date of birth) and also for
detailed instructions in the Science of Numbers.
Even though you only look upon this as a means of
entertainment, you will find it a great addition to
your popularity. Address Mrs. Adrienne Peabody,
Numerologist, in care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 W,
45th St., New York City.
FADS

Hollywood Ideas that Spread Over the World

By Wes Colman

Jean Harlow believes in a beauty spot and Jean-like she makes her own.

Some old fossils may still look to Paris for their fads and furbelows, but you and I know that Paris isn't even a stand-in to Hollywood. That long Garbo bob with its delightful piquancy didn't come from the Champs Elysees, the Harlow platinum-blonde didn't come from the Rue de la Paix. Paris may decree this and Paris may decry that, but when that Crawford girl pops up in puffed sleeves, then it's puffed sleeves for us before tea-time.

Right now everybody in Hollywood is busy applying a little black dab to the cheeks, Martha Washington's girl friends used to do this back in the old days except that they used a piece of black court plaster. But our Jean, who started the fad, simply takes her eyebrow pencil and with a well-planned jab gives herself a most coquettish beauty spot right below the cheek bone. If you have a bit of Duvallry in you there, nothing like a beauty spot to bring out that wan look of wistfulness. It does things to big strong men. In fact it brings out the Louis Fifteenth in them.

Thanks to Jean we are already a platinumized, brassiere-less people, and now we're becoming spotted. But don't we love it? Jean, having hoisted those puffed sleeves upon us (the very same puffed sleeves that you saw in "Letty Lynton"), flitted away to Europe so she wouldn't see our reproachful looks. But really they aren't so bad once you get used to them. Rather graceful, too, if you go in for shrugs and embrasses, both of which are comme il faut this season when you are feeling nonchalant and naughty. At the opening of her picture "Strange Interlude," Norma Shearer appeared in an organo-velvet ensemble with sleeves that were puffed by Adrian, and we might say, completely puffed. Now don't let me catch you going to that country club dance next Saturday night without your puffed sleeves.

Karen Morley has started the fad of wearing her evening wrap backwards, for no good reason that we can discover unless she likes to feel silver fox tickling her chin. She probably cuddled kittens when she was a child. And promptly at the opening of "Back Street," at the swanky Cathay Circle in Los Angeles, many, many ladies arrived wearing their evening wraps turned around. The verduresque display was excellent. This revelation of things will doubtless cause plenty of comment, so if you are the kind of girl who loves commentators (not to be confused with sweet potatoes—which are awfully good with marshmallows, nuts and raisins in case you didn't know) we advise you to lose no time before dashing into the theatre with your wrap on backwards. And if you've been away on a camping trip or something all summer we'd better remind you that the fall evening wraps are long again, way down to there. And the high front, low-back design with gold sequins and silver fox trim is all the rage, thanks to Karen.

The puffed sleeves of Letty Lynton have become the latest craze—thanks to Joan Crawford.

How Karen Morley looks as she approaches a ritzy evening party.

Garbo is another star who has wished an atrocity upon us and scampered off to Europe so she won't have to look at us. They do say that the drum hat she wore in "As You Desire Me," with the shallow straight brim, has caught on like wild fire and will be a most popular fall model. You've got to have chic to wear it, and we all can't be Connie Bennett's alas.

Paris could never have put the Empress Eugenie hat over if Garbo hadn't worn one in "Romance" and we suggest that the French millinery shops give Garbo a cut in the profits. She only makes a paltry thirteen thousand or so a week. I wish Garbo would make the old-fashioned poke bonnet with forget-me-nots and blue ribbons tied under the chin popular again—it's more becoming to our style of beauty than a shallow crown and straight brim.

Joan Marsh has started the trick idea of wearing your finger nails to match your scarf—and how the younger set are falling for this fad. With a red and white scarf Joan wears her nails striped, and with a polka dot scarf she wears dotted finger nails which are just too cute. Finger nails are coming into their own these days and can express moods and everything.

But don't get the idea that it is only the girls who start fads in Hollywood. Goodness gracious, no. Robert Montgomery and his scarf practically put the tie and collar man out of business, and I must say the Clark Gable turtle neck sweater hasn't helped the tie industry either. All the boys go for that Gable sweater in a big way and no place is too good for one. Turtle necks can be found at the Ambassador and Roosevelt piazzos and the Brown Derby any old day—and I don't mean in soup. One reporter said that the Hollywood yes-men went for the Gable sweater because it covered the hinges in their necks. It also covers a dirty neck.

Stu Erwin has an amazing watch which tells time with the letters of his name instead of using the old-fashioned numbers. When the little hand points to "S" Stu knows it is exactly one o'clock and time to rush home to lunch with the Little Woman.

No one seems to know who started the blue flannel sacks fad but try and walk one block in Hollywood without seeing them. Early in the season Garbo was seen lurching at the Roosevelt in blue flannel slacks, and about the same time Joan Crawford was seen wearing them on the Metro lot. And everybody is wearing them now—especially dames with big hips—which is just too bad.
Dress like CLAUDETTE COLBERT!

A Pattern of this lovely frock is ready for you. Why not make yourself a dress the same as Claudette wears in "The Phantom President?"

Since the day Claudette Colbert arrived in Hollywood the Boulevard has been a little brighter—the Rue de la Paix a little sadder. Gracefully Claudette leads the march of the fashionables in Hollywood—and here is the very dress she does it with. So what is to prevent her enthusiastic fans from spreading the glory of Claudette throughout the land now that the pattern of her dress is available.

Just as dainty and charming and chic as Miss Colbert herself, is this frock she wears in "The Phantom President." It boasts a beautifully fitted skirt with raised waistline attached to an under-bodice of net, and an adorable bolero smartly buttoned up the front. The neckline, snug and very new, is daintily finished with a collar of tucked organdy. Miss Colbert's frock is fashioned of grey sheer wool, but you will love it equally well in another color and another fabric—perhaps a soft crepey silk or satin.

Silver fox, or any other fur banding, adds a note of luxury and exquisite charm, but for more practical purposes and to wear under a top coat, sleeves have been added to the pattern—a stunning sleeve model, fitted to the lower arm and with a slight, very slight, puff at the elbow. The covered buttons are repeated on the sleeve and there are ravishing little cuffs of the organdy.

Claudette Colbert's frock may be ordered only in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Sre 16, including sleeves, requires 1¾ yards of 54 inch fabric and 7½ yard of 36 inch organdy—without sleeves you'll need 1 yard of 54 inch fabric and 1½ yards of fur banding.

Don't let a little matter of a missing silver fox prevent you from enjoying a Claudette dress, for the pattern has been cut with sleeves. What a break for the silver foxes!

This autumn frock has been loaned us by Claudette Colbert, and from it we have had patterns cut for your benefit. Of course the pattern has sleeves to protect you against the chill of October.

for October 1932

Pattern Editor, SILVER SCREEN,
45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me a pattern of Claudette Colbert's dress. I enclose here-with 15c (in coin).
My SIZE is.
Name ........................................
Address ....................................
City ...........................................
State ........................................
(Print clearly). It is not necessary to use this coupon. This offer is open to any reader of SILVER SCREEN.
In the dramatic story of the overthrow of the Royal Family of Russia, the Barrymores have found a vehicle of tremendous dramatic possibilities. Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lionel Barrymore, Tad Alexander, Officer of the Guard, John Barrymore, and Ethel Barrymore.

(Continued from page 14) the director. (As an old Barrymore looker-on I might inform you that the Barrymores never hurl props—only epithets, but an epithet hurled by a Barrymore is often far more crushing than a Cameron Phillips."

"Quiet. Please, Quiet!" a distracted supervisor shouts, jumping out of the Czar's beard. "Everybody in place. The last rehearsal. Music."

At the end of the stage is a tremendous throne with three gilded plush chairs on it. Leading up to the throne is a red carpet much redder and much longer than Mr. Grauman's carpet on opening night at the Chinese. Down the carpet come the royal family and satellites of old Russia, while on both sides of the carpet the Court in all its splendor bows and kneels. A grand sight. The most marvelous costuming that has ever appeared on any set, Adrian the Magnificent. But where are those mad, mad Barrymores? Not a Barrymore in all Russia. Just a lot of "stand-ins."

The peasants in me pops out and I am all ready to throw klieg lights when Tallulah Bankhead grabs my arm. "Want to meet Ethel Barrymore?" she asks. "She's in her dressing room now. Come with me." Tallulah and Ethel have been friends for a long time. Tallulah used to have an inferiority complex every time Ethel spoke to her. She has gotten over that now and gives the best impersonation of Ethel Barrymore that has ever been given on stage or drawing room. Ethel likes it—and she likes to have Elsie Janis and Dorothy Sands impersonate her too.

Guess whose dressing room Ethel Barrymore is occupying? Greta Garbo's, no less. That's what Metro thinks of Ethel. But the women Barrymore didn't like the Garbo furnishings which were a bit old worldish and dreary so she had it done over here and there with blue as the motif. A beautiful blue, the color of the Mediterranean at sunrise, the color of Nancy Carroll's eyes; white organdy curtains with large blue silk bows. White furniture upholstered in blue satin. A large bowl of dogwood. Ethel Barrymore in a blue silk negligee is charming and gracious and eager to put me at ease which I am far from feeling. That Barrymore voice saying friendly in- consequenceal nothings. That Barrymore laugh as Tallulah does an imitation of herself on an opening night. It is all too thrilling and I sink weakly onto the chaise longue.

Ethel says that she doesn't mind getting up at seven, and Tallulah, who was once Ethel's hostess in London, looks dubious. When she is making a picture she practically gives up eating—just soup and more soup. She reads herself to sleep at night with detective stories. She adores detective stories and reads hundreds of them monthly. She never cared anything about appearing in a talking picture until Irving Thalberg suggested "Rasputin" with both her brothers. All her life she has wanted to play with "The Boys" and has never had the opportunity before. Lionel Barrymore, she believes (and a lot of people believe likewise) is the greatest living actor and she is delighted that he has the "fat role in the picture."

(Where, oh where, is the reputed Barrymore jealousy?) As the "Mad Monk" she thinks he will be superb.

People have always said that the Barrymore language becomes quite picturesque at times, and that they know a lot of Anglo-Saxon words that even Beorulf wasn't acquainted with. In happy anticipation I squirm about hoping that she will call Brother John or Tallulah or Irving Thalberg or somebody a so-and-so. But she doesn't. She speaks of "Jack" only once and tells us something awfully funny he said to her as the cameras clicked when she got off the tram in Pasadena. She tells a joke on herself and laughs at her own expense. She's swell. I like her more and more even if she doesn't use quaint language.
The Royal Family at work in Hollywood. The first time the Barrymores ever played together.

The Story the Barrymores Couldn’t Resist

The strange character of Rasputin, whose sinister influence contributed to the downfall of the Romanovs and the crowning of the Czar, which had continued unbroken since the days of Peter the Great, caught the popular fancy.

Ethel Barrymore finds in the character of the Czarina a part perfectly harmonious to her age, her experience and her big talents. John Barrymore re-creates the glamour of the period of the Grand Dukes, and Lionel’s performance of the part of Rasputin is a challenge to all stage tradition.

This picture will raise the standard of every screen and every movie magazine.

“I hate him,” he shouts at his younger brother. “This picture business is getting him down. Only his boots are holding him up.” Before John can sock him he has made a dash for the door and the Olympics. But a sightseer nabs him.

“Oh, Mr. Barrymore,” she says, “I did so want to see you in your monk clothes. What do you look like?”

“I look like Nat Goodwin in ‘The Merchant of Venice,’” Lionel informs her politely and pushes himself on the other side of the door.

A camera balks and there is time-out while a half dozen electricians start tampering with it. John and Ethel and Diana and Ralph Morgan (who plays the Czar—you remember he was the “Willie” in “Strange Interlude”) grill studio crowds. The four little Grand Duchesses and the court of Russia sprawl out on the floor. They’ve been proceeding and receding now for three days and they’re darned tired, every last one of them. A member of the publicity department tells me an anecdote.

It seems that when Irving Thalberg and John Barrymore were talking over the picture, Irving said:

“John, you know, as the Grand Duke, you have to shoot Lionel in the last reel. You don’t, do you?”

“No, I don’t mind,” John answered. “But I warn him not to steal that picture from his brother and sister. If he should shoot him in the first reel, not the last.”
TWO AGAINST THE WORLD
Rating: Good—Warner-First National

CONNIE BENNETT's latest! And Connie more glamorous and beautifully gowned than ever. Need we say more? This picture won't turn out to be the fan's holiday that "What Price Hollywood" was, for only once in a blue moon does a film like that come around to the neighborhood theatre. But this is a pretty good runner-up.

It starts out with delightful comedy, Connie playing the spoiled rich gal who takes a sudden fancy to the poor young lawyer who is suing her father. Then just when you are having a grand time laughing at Connie's antics with the serious young man and her harum scarum brother, who should come smiling in the Tragedy in person. Her brother kills a man who, he believes, has seduced Connie, and she, knowing that it was her weak married sister who was involved with this man, tells fearful lies about herself to the witness stand to obtain her brother's acquittal by the "unwritten law."

Neil Hamilton and Constance Bennett in "Two Against the World."

AGE OF CONSENT
Rating: Good—RKO

MEET Dorothy Wilson, folks, and we hope you like her, for, according to her studio, she's all set to go into a number of pictures these next few months. Dorothy, as you know, is the little stenographer who was "discovered" right in the RKO offices by a director who was having a devil of a time trying to find a sweet young ingenue to play the lead in his scenario. And Dorothy clicked. She's normal, natural, fresh, as the morning glories on your back fence and as modest as they come. The younger generation will go nuts over this picture as it is right up to the minute college stuff, with the boys and girls talking just as they do on your own campus. Richard Cromwell plays the young student who is in love with Dorothy and, he has never given a finer or more sincere performance. He's a good boy but that little secretary, Arlene Judge, had what it takes, and, ably assisted by her old man's liquor, she gets poor Dick into a compromising situation that calls for a shot-gun wedding in an effort to console Dorothy, Eric Linden, the college shepherd, takes her for a ride in the moonlight. There is a wreck and Eric is killed and Arlene renews. Eric's death scene will let down the flood-gates, so bring your handkerchiefs.

DEVL AND THE DEEP
Rating: Grand Entertainment—Paramount

ARZY, jealous husband, and her lover imprisoned in a submarine at the bottom of the sea. Lifting romance, blood-curdling thrills, suspense and horror—this picture is entertaining from beginning to end and we advise you not to miss it.

Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper share starring honors, and Tallulah has never been so gloriously beautiful before. Gary, as a naval lieutenant, is handsome and charming in his own quiet way. This picture also introduces to you the famous Charles Laughton from London and Broadway, who is well on his way to being another Emil Jannings. As a crazy maniac of a husband he is superb.

The action takes place in romantic Algiers where the stars shine the brightest of any place in the world. It is here that Tallulah, married to a man who is gradually going insane, meets Gary and they both fall madly in love. Then the story shifts to the submarine and you are treated to some of the most thrilling scenes that have reached the screen in a long time. Good old melodrama—and how we eat it up.

ONE WAY PASSAGE
Rating: Grand Entertainment—Warner-First National

A TREAT for the Powell-Francis fans! And who isn't? It's the best picture that Kay and Bill have had since they became a team by popular demand. And we're telling you right now to be sure and get a comfortable seat, for you'll doubtless sit through it twice.

Kay Francis and William Powell in "One Way Passage."

BIRD OF PARADISE
Rating: Good—RKO

ROMANCE, adventure, suspense, and marvelous scenic beauty abound in this one. It is almost a silent picture with a thrilling musical score. All you fans who have grown a little weary of the usual pictures must be sure and see this one. There isn't a boring drawing-room in it. Instead there are native dances, tribal ceremonies and the bouncing atmosphere of Hawaii, which will cause your blood to run hot and cold.

RKO spent over a million dollars on this picture but after you see it you will be sure that the money was well spent. Every minute of it is entertaining, and heaven knows, what this old world needs now is entertainment.

Dolores Del Rio, exotic and beautiful, is excellent as Liana, the native girl who falls in love with a white man. With beauty and charm such as hers, it is easy enough to understand why Joel McCrea should fall...
Irene Dunne, as Ray Schmidt. Madame Hurst's famous heroine, gives a superb performance that will linger long in your memory. Her face and voice will haunt you for months to come and you will never forget her exquisite beauty. The plot carefully follows the best-seller novel of the same name, and if the book brought tears to the old orbs the picture will bring nothing less than a cloud-burst.

As you probably know, it is the rather stolid, matter-of-fact story of a beautiful girl who fell in love with a married man, whose career would not allow him to divorce his socially prominent wife. So he left her in Hawaii where her love and risk his life in all kinds of tribal situations to rescue her. They make an attractive couple, those two, and here's hoping they are teamed together again. The entire picture was taken in Hawaii so don't think that any of that gorgeous scenery is faked. This picture will probably start a grand exodus to the Islands, where Romance is still Romance.

John Boles and Irene Dunne in "Back Street."

John Boles, as Walter Saxel, is excellent, particularly in his death scene where he does acting that is acting. And when you are giving out prizes don't forget Irene Dunne, who stars where most movie stars leave off.

HORSEFEATHERS
Rating: MOST AMUSING—Paramount
This picture will raise the best crop of laughs this year, and is just what this old world needs. Those mad Marx Brothers scamper through reel after reel at such whirlwind speed that you are dizzy when it's over.

This time the kiddies have gone collegiate and the setting of the picture is a college town with everybody whooping it up for dear old Huxley. Groucho is president of the college, Zeppo is a student who is spending his twelfth year in the freshman class and doing his homework with the college widow, Thelma Todd. Chico inhabits speak easies and Harpo indulges in dog-catching, but they get signed up for the football team just the same and stampede their way to the Big Game. Oh it's all very nutty and you'll like it. But the big surprise of the picture is when Groucho stops chattering long enough to play a guitar and warble a song. And of course Harpo harps.

The gags are fresh and original—and so is Thelma Todd, who puts plenty of toddy into the college widow. Don't miss it.

DOWN TO EARTH
Rating: Good—Fox
HERE is a good, homey picture with lots of laughs and plenty of good advice to think over. When Will Rogers gives advice it isn't preaching, but just let somebody else try it and see how quickly we leave the theatre, Will says to enjoy your poverty now because in a few years we are all going to be dreezy rich.

Will plays Pike Peters again and will has Irene Rich for his lovely wife. They have an estate, a son and seven cars, and a butler who is a pain in the neck to Will. Irene is so busy being a social leader she doesn't have much time for Will, and he has a grand time soliloquizing about it.

Dorothy Jordan and Mary Carlisle play two members of the younger set who are in love with Will's son. It's a nice picture for the whole family to see, and it won't bring back the old depression either.

The Four Marx Brothers in "Horsefeathers."

ALL mistresses, according to Fannie Hurst, don't make Park Avenue, and if you ask us, which you haven't, there doesn't seem to be much fun in being a mistress unless you have a penthouse. This being the other woman on a back street is a dismal sort of an affair with too much beer and skittles and not enough champagne.

Adrienne Ames and Richard Arlen in "Guilty as Hell."

GUILTY AS HELL
Rating: Good—Paramount
THESE bad boys, Victor McLaglen and Eddie Lowe, are at it again. And that means that youse guys who like a red-blooded, two-fisted story had better step right up to the box office.

It's another one of those friendly enemy entanglements with Vic as captain of the detectives and Eddie as a newspaper reporter, and their conversation as usual is far from being elevating. The plot starts off with a murder of a wife by her husband. An "innocent bystander" is convicted of the murder and Eddie promptly falls in love with the convicted man's sister. Outside of the McLaglen-Lowe brouhaha the rest of the picture is taken up with finding the real murderer and freeing the innocent young man, who happens to be Richard Arlen.

Vic and Eddie and Dick all give good performances and are ably supported by Adrienne Ames and Henry Stephenson.

BACK STREET
Rating: Good—Universal
UNUSUALLY good acting and character delineation are the high spots in this picture. It's a faithful reproduction of the famous Broadway play which held New Yorkers tense night after night. But perhaps prison breaks aren't as popular now as they were two years ago.

The entire action takes place in the death house of a prison. The characters in the picture are all inmates of the death house, who are waiting their turn at the last mile which leads to the chair. One of the condemned men, Killer Mears (played on the stage by Clark Gable) engineers a jail break which doesn't come off. All of his pals are killed by machine gun bullets from the outside, and finally the killer gives himself up to save the life of the one boy left. Not a pretty subject for a picture but we guarantee it will grip you and hold your interest.

Good performances are given by the entire cast, especially Preston Foster, Howard Phillips and Georgie Stone.
of arriving at the Number value of her name. I arranged the letters of the alphabet in nine columns and with this 'cryptogram table' found the value of the vowels in her name. "E" is in the fifth column and so has a value of 5, and so on. I will explain this in detail later on, so that all of you can enjoy working out Numbers.

Adding the date of Bette Davis' birth to her name Numbers gives a 3, which means that she will have eternal youth and always seem younger than she really is.

"Sometimes," sighed Bette, "that has its drawbacks especially when I want to play a sophisticated part."

"Yet 3 is the number of versatility," I assured her. "So you won't have to worry. You'll be playing many parts in your personal life as well as on the stage and screen. It would be a distinct mistake to type you."

"Mother wanted me to be an actress," Bette confided dreamily.

"She won't be disappointed. You will have a long and promising career before the public. In fact the next two years will be extremely busy ones for you. And there may be stardom at the end."

"Do you really think so? How can you tell? Can you predict events through Numerology?"

"If you want to call it that, yes. You see, according to Numbers everything animate or inanimate, has its time of power. It may sound strange to you but the Numbers from 1 to 9 inclusive tell the whole story—through the symbols which are behind them, of course. Every nine years we go through a cycle of change. This holds true in biology as well as in the study of mankind. Science tells us that certain animals and insects are more prolific during certain specific cycles. But there is a reason for everything if we only knew where to look for it. The Ancients were past-masters at this art of reasoning. They used Numbers to analyze everything."

At this Bette sat up with genuine interest in her eyes, which had been faintly quizzical before. Can Numbers tell me whether or not one of my pictures will be successful—before it is even shown to the public?"

"Why not? First, I would have to obtain the date on which the picture was started. Then the date of birth of the producer or persons vitally interested in it."

"There are psychological moments when it seems advisable to 'start' things going, and psychological moments for killing them. For instance, if we start out on a venture, no matter what the nature, under a '9' vibration, we should not be at all surprised if this venture turned out badly. The '9' vibration is better for 'ending' things than beginning them. That is why I believe if we figured out problems out by Numerology we would not be so prone to worry."

"This is fascinating," Bette cried. "Tell me what my own Numbers are; I'd love to learn how to analyze them."

"Well, you were born in April, which is the 4th month of the year. Add this 4 to the Number 5 (which refers to the day of the month on which you were born) and you have 9. Then add the numerals in the year 1932 together and you have 15.

"Always reduce your Numbers to a single digit between 1 and 9. This is a basic law of Numerology, and is one of many rules which will open the gates to a whole new world of knowledge."

"Do I 'vibrate' marriage this year?" Bette asked with a whimsical smile.

"This is the year," I declared, much to her amusement, "when your Numbers offer you plenty of opportunities. Yet marriage will only be incidental in your life. It will never curtail your career. Your Numbers are those of a child of fame. The '9' vibration tells me that, and the '7' vibration, which will naturally be yours next year, governs the stage and screen. How could you go wrong?"

"This year is not particularly good for theatres and other places of amusement. However, Numerology predicts that next year, under the '7' vibration, everything in the theatrical profession will take a big leap upward. Many of the screen stars have '7' for their main Number. Greta Garbo is one of them. This number also rules religion because in the early days the theatre and religion were synonymous. Dancing and Numerology—You can't get away from it."

"That's awfully interesting," said Bette, entranced. "I was just wondering if you could tell me something about that vaudeville engagement of mine. I'm starting out on July 22nd. Do you think it will work out all right?"

"I'm sure it will. Your month of July happens to be under the vibration of '4,' which denotes application and hard work. Then, by adding 7 to 6—because July is the 7th month of the year and your own year's vibration is 6—we arrive at 13. This 13, when reduced to a single digit, makes 4. To a Numerologist there is no superstition attached to the number 13, unless one considers it unlucky to work hard. The day on which you are starting favors this."

"The nicest thing I can tell you now, Miss Davis, is that you will have more time for play and recreation in August, because you will be under a '5' vibration. And '5' is the Number of change and excitement."

"Well! That's good news! By the way, what would Numbers have to say about a person born, say about July 5th?"

"Pleasing! But perhaps the most significant thing of all would be that he—"I hesitated here, but Bette looked pleasantly non-committal—"or she," I added so as to be on the safe side, "would be very congenial to you because both your birthdays are under a '5.' I've an idea you'll be seeing a lot of him for some time to come . . ."

"Judging by the glow in Bette's large expressive eyes, I feel sure that Numbers will tell the tale.

"WHAT HOLLYWOOD LOVERS GIVE."

When the devastating passion sets a Hollywood lover burning he years to find something tangible with which to express his ardor. In the November SILVER SCREEN read about "the little tokens of love."
Ethel Clayton is lovelier than ever

Actually growing more attractive every year! Look at these pictures—they tell you plainly that it is possible to keep youthful charm, to grow lovelier, through the years. If you know the secret.

Ethel Clayton does and she says: "I am 38 years old and don’t mind admitting it one bit. No woman need fear added years any more—if she knows how to take care of her appearance.

"Women on the screen, of course, must keep their youthful charm, and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years now I have used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than it was years ago."

This is Ethel Clayton's secret of complexion beauty—such a sure and simple way to guard and keep youthful charm!

It is Hollywood's favorite beauty insurance. No matter what your age, you will want to make it yours!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the official soap in all the big studios.

Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle—so beautifully white—that no other soap can rival it.

Broadway's favorite complexion care

Not only in Hollywood, but on Broadway, too, the stars protect the beauty of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

So enthusiastic are they about this luxurious soap, it is found in the dressing rooms of the Broadway theaters, and in theaters all over the country.

And so when the fascinating stars go on the road, they can still use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Surely you will want to try this gentle beauty care!
Release the enchanting beauty in your eyes by the simple magic of the NEW, improved NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

It's in your eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxurious lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

But, be sure you get genuin Maybelline, for this preparation is non-smarting, tear-proof and very easy to use. And perfectly harmless! Its continued use actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Black or Brown, 75¢ at any toilet goods counter.

"Call Her Savage" is the name of the Clara Bow picture which Fox is making. Clara looks wonderful, doesn't she?

Call Us Friendly, Clara!

Moore Good News

[Continued from page 26]
engaged in making them. I shall forget pictures when I am at home or away from Hollywood. My contract stipulates that twice yearly I will be granted a six-weeks' vacation, during which time I will be with my husband in New York.

“Albert has changed my life. I look different. He has taught me how to dress. When I was in Hollywood, I knew nothing about clothes. In pictures I always wore plain frocks, therefore I went too far to the other extreme in real life: my clothes were oftentimes gaudy. I didn’t appreciate the value of lovely clothes. I was too busy thinking motion pictures. My husband has changed that. He has made me burn the middle blouses and plain skirts and sweaters and half sox. I wear gowns created for me by New York modistes. I choose many of them myself, but in the beginning my husband chose everything I wore.

“I have done away with the straight, Dutch haircut and the bangs that once characterized me. That was my husband’s idea, too. Now I wear my hair bobbed, but curly. Even my closest friends did not recognize me when I returned to Hollywood. You see, those friends had been accustomed to the plain Colleen of silent picture days. Yesterday, for instance, I met an old girl chum on the street. She was amazed at the change in my appearance.

‘Colleen, you look wonderful,’ she cried, and was I happy?

“I had to go away from Hollywood to learn how to dress. I had to marry to find a person who would tell me that too many bows and frills don’t make a gown attractive. I remember there was one dress that I had designed in Hollywood. I liked it so well that I had it copied in three different colors. Imagine that! The same dress in three different colors! One was white, one was pink, one was blue, and the original was green. Other than the colors, the gowns were identical. My husband gave them to the Salvation Army. I went him one better: I gave all the rest of my Hollywood wardrobe to the Salvation Army. Then I went to a New York dressmaker and had a complete, new wardrobe designed.

“I’m happy to be back in Hollywood. No woman who has worked since childhood is satisfied to suddenly cease working. I found it dreadfully hard to occupy my time. In an effort to fill the vacant days, I studied piano and practiced three hours daily. I also studied languages. But these things did not fill the void. I had to find something to do. Bridge parties, riding parties and matinees did not satisfy me. Now that I am back in Hollywood, with work to occupy my time again, I am happy. I shall be Colleen Moore in the studio: Mrs. Albert Scott at home.

“More important, I will prove that talking pictures have not licked Colleen Moore. I have already proved, with ‘The Little Church Mouse,’ that the stage couldn’t keep me down. If you go to my new pictures you won’t see the little Ella Cladding character I formerly portrayed. That Colleen Moore is dead forever. I hope you like the new Colleen Moore. She’ll be a lady.”

The interview came to a close with the arrival of her husband—a tall, moderately good looking young man with fair hair and blue eyes. With him came George Cole, the famous portrait artist. He is doing Colleen in oils. After all her talk about fine clothes, you might think her picture would show Colleen in ermines and jewels, but you’d be wrong.

The new oil painting of Colleen Moore finds a demure, sweet little girl in riding breeches and a sweater.
Why Girls Say Yes!

(Continued from page 25)

control your life? It's old-fashioned for girls to sacrifice domesticity for their careers. I've never had the actual situation to face, for I've never been in love, But—and Sidney beamcd angelically—“love will come first!”

“I sincerely think that if a girl is a good enough actress, has something to sell that the public wants, she'll climb the ladder on her own. Since the talkies the public doesn't care about the off-screen personality. They want her heroines vital and real in pictures. Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Barbara Stanwyck—they are not glamorous or mysterious. And everyone admires them tremendously!”

“My convictions on the social angle? I'm absolutely against the 'being seen' idea. Oh, occasionally a director will see you at a party and announce, 'You're the girl I've been looking for!' But my opinion is that the less you are seen around Hollywood the better. A little partying goes a long way.”

“What's the unmarried but striving actress to do? As a last resort I went over to Marian Marsh's for tea.

"Who says that the married women are getting the best breaks?" she demanded.

“Single girls are doing just as well—when they have equal ability. The public wants ability rather than beauty now.” This from the beautiful Marian!”

“The talkies follow the stage with respect to the idea that facial prettiness is less important than the quality of one's acting. Today most people go to see a star who can act. Not to see mere beauty!”

“If a girl has talent, she'll succeed. In the old days it was easier to make a star, because sheer personality was almost all that was necessary. Now the voice is of great importance.”

“Hollywood girls marry for advancement in many instances, but not so often as formerly. Because no matter how much pull you may muster, you cannot last if you haven't the ability.

“I don't believe in social contacts either. Somebody may take a dislike to you and then they are always against you. But if you are not known personally you are judged by your screen work. It is your best reference.”

Five who persist in remaining immune (so far!) to wedding bells have stated their opinions as to why girls in movieland marry.

What is your verdict?

Nicknames of the Stars

(Continued from page 25)

with him because he puts on no airs or mannerisms. Lupe started the vague of calling him "Garde" and a lot of the girls still do. On his first lengthy visit to New York over a year ago he was introduced by a slightly bibulous press agent to Tony, "Ole Massa" Cooper. To Italian Tony "Ole Massa" was just the same kind of name as Bill or Jack, so in New York's night life Mr. Cooper became "Ole Massa" and the name spread and spread and was gradually picked up by his friends.

Marion Davies is called "M.D." by all her close friends. Marie Dressler is called "Queen Marie," Jackie Cooper is called "Little Champ," and Edna Mae Oliver is called "Nellies."

Jean Harlow may be the one and only Platinum Blonde to you but to her family and intimate friends she is "Baby." Even Jean's colored maid, who has been helping Jean shampoo that gorgeous hair for a number of years, calls her "Baby," and when Jean moved into Paul Bern's house the day after her wedding, the ever-faithful moved in with her, and is very likely to tell you over the phone that "Baby" is out in the pool. When Jean was a kid back in Kansas City the other kids on the block called her "Tow-head" because her hair was almost white. Which all goes to prove that a Platinum Blonde isn't appreciated in her own home town.

Josef Von Sternberg calls Marlene Dietrich "Marlenchen," which is just like the Gretchen that the German directors call Garbo. Some of the make-up girls and

Groucho Marx introduces a new technique in football—"See Horse-feathers and bust!"
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius Tells How to Always Look Young with MAKE-UP

KAY FRANCIS in Warner Bros. "Street of Women" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively

HOLLYWOOD—Color is the life and attraction of youthful beauty, and this secret of color attraction is the magic principle in a new kind of make-up created for the screen stars and you, by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

For twenty odd years Max Factor has created make-up for Hollywood's motion picture world. From this unique experience has come this original discovery—cosmetic color harmony. A make-up ensemble for street wear—powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites—in color harmony for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You'll be amazed at the difference in youthful beauty gained. Each shade in face powder, for example, is created to some screen star type. Not a flat color, but a color harmony tone composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. Thus, off-color, spotty and powdery effects are overcome. A face powder so soft and silk-like in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin—yet imparts a lovely, delicate, natural color tone.

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The Divine Gift

[Continued from page 21]

weeks during those six years as an extra—hardships that no success could wipe out of my memory. Like our 'psychic' dinner, one Christmas. My pal, Max, and I had a nickel between us. So we bought a bar of candy and cut it up into lots of little pieces. We had the grandest dinner. Cocktails, soup, the biggest bits for the meat course and vegetables, and so on, even to a sip of liqueur after our coffee.

Having had such an experience of my own, via peanut-butter and crackers and imagination, I could see the pitfalls of that scene which awkward Andy tried to hide under a facetious humor.

"Such a delightful conversation we had, too!" he exclaimed. "Dinner lasted an hour and a half."

"And how did you feel when you got through?"

"Gorged!"

"I never started out to be an actor, anyhow," Andy went on after a moment's pause. "Was just walking along the street, looking for a job, when a fellow hailed me. He had noticed my college sweater I was wearing and said they needed husky kids for 'The Collegians' series, the ones that starred George Lewis, remember? A job was a job, I figured. I had fooled around with amateur theatricals for a good time, so it wasn't hard to get adapted, though I was sheepish about the make-up.

"I'm glad that now they let me go through most of my scenes without any. The profile boys get the glory, but guys like me, we have the fun."

For six years Andy pounded the movie gates with those ham-like fists, and not a board cracked. Wearily, he gave up, and got a job as life-guard at the beach. Rescuing crazy kids who ventured out too far, or frightened women who got their ears full of water and thought they were drowned, and patrolling the sands in his duty of admonishing people for leaving tin-can rubbish around and being bawled out for it, his thoughts were gloomy at times.

Incidentally, he saved lives. But ask him about that and he shifts nervously, or else just stares out the window, looking uncomfor-table.

He had given up all thoughts of pictures when Universal called him for 'The Spirit of Notre Dame.' Even the lead in a serial which had preceded it had brought, apparently, no sequel.

"But one's faith is justified," he said, with a sort of sheepish grin. "Not often just when you think it should be, or in exactly the way you ask, but a little later, a little differently. And, always, better."

"Take this voice of mine, for instance." (It is more than half of Andy's screen appeal. Deep and drawly—individual, unique). "We'll, I thought when the talkies came in it was that which was holding me back. My faith that it would be made different, somehow—by a miracle, I guess I expected—seemed not to have been answered. Yet now they're saying that my voice is what caught on, finally.

"I don't care much what they give me to do so they let me be natural. I can't act. I mean, register this, express that."

Andy's big face went through painful contortions, while his broad chest heaved, as he tried to show me what he couldn't do.

He has been loaned to Paramount for 'The Man from Yesterday,' and is proud of his quick friendship with Clive Brook, who is supposed to be "Englishly" reserved.

"I just want to be a success. And stay one. I mean, when you bum around trying to get somewhere for six years, you feel such
Paris

FLATTERS THE AMERICAN GIRL

In the new styles, Paris pays tribute to the healthy figure of the average American girl. These new fashions accent the youthful, feminine curves.

To some of us, this means reducing. But when dieting, care must be taken not to harm beauty.

When the reducing diet lacks the proper "bulk," faulty elimination develops. Eyes often lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow and lifeless, and other complexion troubles may appear.

Laboratory experiments show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies Vitamin B to help tone the system. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables. All-Bran is also rich in blood-building iron.

Enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonsfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than unpleasant pills and drugs.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger, without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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"CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups." The costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

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Tests show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless, a blonde becomes less attractive. By using BLONDEX, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today! See the astonishing beauty it will give you in ten minutes! Ask for Blondev at any Drug or Department store.

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Get Blue-jay at any drug store, six for 25c. Put it on corn. Adhesive strip holds medication where it belongs. Pain stops immediately. Corn should lift out, core and all...

Write a limerick about Blue-jay and mail with Blue-jay box top (or pencil tracing) to Bauer & Black, 2350 S. Dearborn, Chicago. $100 first prize, ten $5 prizes, for best limericks received by November 15, 1932. Duplicate prizes to tying contestants.

WRITING A LIMERICK LIKE THIS

Until I got rid of my corn
I wished that I’d never been born
I groaned and cried,
Then—Blue-jay I tried,
And now all my agony’s gone.
(Edith Neubert, Harvey, Ill.)

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

(BAUER & BLACK)

What did Jimmy Durante say to Mary Pickford—who? Mary came to the "Strange Interlude" opening in Hollywood (she flew back from New York to be there) with Gary Cooper, the lion among lion hunters.

why, every day it’s something new. Technicians explain all about the setting—mining, maybe, or boats, foreign customs, history.

Andy was born in Flagstaff, where his father owned a hotel. "Plain shanty-Irish," he insisted.

Only Arizona could breed him—vast spaces, an inarticulate but active strength, a genuine simplicity of manner that feels and talks straight. The paths of subtlety are not for him, nor those of artificial maneuver or display. Andy is as is. Like him or leave him.

Frankly he tells of how he had to borrow money from Universal, after the completion of the football picture which made him a "name," in order to fly to Detroit to see his mother, who was dying.

"She lived with my brother. He’s married there. I’m the youngest. He was all settled, but she worried so about me. One day she was so much better that the Sister nurse let us take her out to see the picture. Was she thrilled? That," Andy looked out, across the street into space, "was my real success. It will stand out in memory as my greatest. For it was the materialization of her dreams.

"Afterwards, she said, ‘Tom, you’re all fixed, and now Andrew is established out in Hollywood. You’re both successes. So can feel that I have been a success, too.’ Ten days after she had gone on to her rest.

"We didn’t talk for a few moments after that.

His father, sister and other brother had died some time back. So Andy has no relatives now except Tom, whose wife, by the way, recently made Andy an uncle. The wire read: ‘It’s a boy. Mother fine. Father intoxicated. Love from all.’ Andy repeated that telegram with much relish.

‘Gee, they’re a swell couple. Me? No—no, no marrying for me.

‘Andy,’ I grew severe, ‘some little bab-

 doll will come along and goo at you and you’ll be so sunk—’

‘May-be,’ he admitted, grudgingly.

‘Hollywood girls?’ he repeated, reaching for another radish. ‘I think they’re swell. Some people call them hard and artificial. Listen, this is a tough game. It takes grit and courage. Call them gallant, instead, will you? They’re good little soldiers.

‘If you folks only knew the hard times the extras have. Why, I could tell you—but what’s the use? I mean, the supply over-balances the demand, so I guess it can’t be helped. I’m always for the fellow who’s trying to get ahead, though.

Andy’s favorite players are Wally Beery and Reed Toomey, Helen Hayes and Una Merkel.

The hours slipped by, while I descended into the Grand Canyon with Andy—a trip that enlivened one of his summer vacations from college—and bailed water out of the boat while he did things to a stalled engine, so that we finally reached the lighthouse near Ketchikan, Alaska, safely, and played a football game.

In fact, we had some thrilling times that afternoon, due to Andy’s reminiscences. We still sat hunched over the little yellow table, with my Wizzie curled asleep at our feet.

But temps had flitted. And so had all the radishes.

After a hearty invitation to dine with him in his new domicile, he said, with a broad grin and a relieved sigh: ‘Gosh, this has been swell. It has taken the fear of interviews out of me. I mean—’

And Andy was off down the street in his “first success,” the Ford.

‘I mean, he’s a grand guy.

Andy, I thought, hitch-hiking his way on to success by means of each good role that comes along, dreaming of no definite goal other than going on and up, and making friends on each corner.
sent for her father, brother, mother and six cousins and blah, blah, blah.

But when I met Dorothy, I found that there was something wrong with my story. In fact, about the only thing I had right was the part where the beautiful young girl is asked to take a test and wins the coveted role. For I soon found that Dorothy isn't bewildered by her sudden rise to fame or the continual round of studio activity. And she hasn't gone "arty," or isn't thinking about "her public" or anything else that you might forgive without condemning in a young girl who is suddenly pushed into the limelight as Dorothy Saroyan hasn't changed her mode of living in the slightest.

All good stories begin at the beginning, so I suppose I should start this one in Minneapolis, where Dorothy was born and reared, and tell all about how she used to be such a tomboy the neighbors would say that she was beyond "end up wrong." And they were considerably surprised, after her father died, to have Dorothy work her way through High School and Business College and then become a stenographer. And a darned good one, too.

However, after she had worked a couple of years, Dorothy became restless. Felt as if she wasn't getting anywhere. And since young girls nowadays are subject to the same wandershirt fever that attacks young boys, she began to yearn to go some place else to do her "stenogring." She picked out Los Angeles.

Don't say there isn't anything in destiny after you hear what happened to Dorothy. When she came to Los Angeles she registered with an employment bureau and her first job was as a typist in the script department at RKO. No thought of working in pictures entered her head. Or, at least, if there had been a sneaking desire to work in pictures it faded after she had worked in the script department a few weeks. She saw so many girls hanging hopelessly, hopelessly, as their individual case might be, around the caging office. And she didn't need to be psychic to see that a large percent of them were living on next to nothing while they were waiting for their "break." It made her feel lucky to have a steady job at $35 a week, doing work that she loved to do. There is satisfaction in doing any work well and Dorothy is an expert stenographer. Before I went in to lunch with her, I asked the head girl in the script department, what kind of typist Dorothy had been and she said: "One of our best."

Now, for the exciting part. This is where Dorothy's story really begins for me. One day, David O. Selznick, executive vice-president in charge of all RKO production, requested a copy of the "Fraternity House" script. (The title has been changed to "Age of Consent."). Dorothy took it in to him and Selznick saw in her the exact type of the girl in the story, which he was having so much difficulty in casting.

He asked her if she was interested in acting. And she said she wasn't.

So he had to persuade her to take the test.

I asked her if she was excited when she made it.

"Not a bit," she laugh. "I didn't think anything would come of it. But I won't deny that I was excited when he phoned me to come down and sign a contract. Even then, I thought someone was kidding me, but I went back to the studio that evening. And there was the contract, and here I am."

I asked her if she had sent for her folks.
Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES that are so very WANTED by all the women today.

Just Send Your Name and Address and I will mail you, at present price, one Booklet (
DRKING) for forwarding charge—what is all. You will find it a money-saver, and save your time and nervousness. Yes, in just a few moments you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shape.

Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round, and beautiful. It's easy, safe and SURE.

MARIE DUNNE Dept. SS-10
122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A NEIGHBOR TO THE STARS?

We can't all live next door to the film stars. We can't all attend their parties, discuss with them their new films, chat over the back fence at Malibu! BUT—

You and you and YOU can be there by proxy, can see and hear what is being said and done by the film famous—who is loving, marrying or divorcing whom—just as accurately as though you were on the spot. More so, in fact! For SCREENLAND'S vigilant Coast reporters, who each month bring you the true "inside" on Hollywood, have access to the places where things are happening and the latest about the people to whom they happen!

READ SCREENLAND, THE PERSONALITY MAGAZINE!
The first picture marking the trend toward prison pictures is "Liberty Road"—with Richard Dix in chains.

Farrell and Joan Blondell will team up in "Central Park." An interesting thing about this picture is that it will be played on a single set all the way through. Whether or not that is a good idea you'll be able to decide for yourself—the set isn't built yet. It's an experiment, anyhow, and you see too few of those in Hollywood.

Joe E. Brown is working on "You Said a Mouthful," but even Joe himself doesn't know yet what the plot is going to be. Oh, well! Warren Williams is in makeup for "The Match King," a story supposedly based on the life of Ivar Kreuger, of Swedish match infamy.

And had you heard that Garbo lost pil- lenty in the Kreuger crash?

W. A. AL, stranger, let's see, now.

Old MGM, the studio with the funny habit of making good pictures, isn't doing so much either just now. A word about that may be in order. The public thinks of Hollywood as turning out pictures all year round. Really, it isn't done that way at all. Picture-making, though nobody seems to know exactly why, is a seasonal industry like farming. Pictures come in seasons. During the summer months, for instance, the studios lie fallow. What do you think of that, fellow?

Anyhow—

"Smiling Through" with Shearer, March, Howard and Forbes

YOU may recall this story, since it was one of the most beautiful pictures ever made in the old silent days.

For thirty years Sir John Cartaret (Leslie Howard) mourns his bride, Mooncheon, who was shot on their wedding night. His ward (Norma Shearer), Mooncheon's niece, who looks like her, is his one ray of happiness. The niece falls in love, of all people, with Kenneth Wayne (Fredric March), the son of the murderer. Sir John blains their romance and forces them apart. But at the end he softens and lets them marry— and then, when he has opened his heart, Mooncheon keeps the promise she made the night she lay dying in his arms. She comes back from the grave!

You can take it two ways, that ending. It may mean either that Sir John could only rediscover his old love by draining all the bitterness out of his heart, or that he really dies and meets his lost sweetheart that way. If people knew how happy they would be after death, the trend goes, they would go smiling through all the years...

Howard and Little Cora Sue Collins

ODDLY enough, for a tender, lovely picture like this, the day I was on the set only funny things happened. The first thing was a scene in which Sir John's little ward, as a child, shows him her pretty new birthday dress. "I got a new coat and a new hat," she babbles.

"Is that so?" Leslie Howard asks fondly.

"Show them to me."

"And I got new panties— with pleats in them."

The little girl hoists her skirts over her head to show off the panties. The script calls for Leslie to show the shocked horror of a conservative English gentleman, The joke waa— unless I miss my guess—that he didn't have to act. He certainly looked shocked, if I ever saw anyone!

The child is little Cora Sue Collins. If you saw a Slim Summerville-Zasu Pitts comedy called "Unexpected Father," or something like that, you will remember who she is. She's only a baby, but how she can act! She lives it. They can hardly keep her away from the cameras. When she finishes one scene she wants to go right in and do another script or no script. She takes far less retakes than many an older star.

All the director has to do is say, "Listen, darling, in this shot you say so-and-so to Miss Shearer, and then you jump on Mr. Banks' lap and cry," and she does the whole thing, with hardly a rehearsal. She's been acting, around the house, since before she could talk, her mother says.

I wonder what she'll be twenty years from now? Will she still be acting, or is her gift one that she will lose when she begins her first starring role?
by wonderful new method that will teach you to read in less time than you thought possible. A ten-lecture course consists of real selections from the great writers of the world. When you finish one of these delightful lessons, you're addressing the 'too-ocious' or trick language, and many of our country's greatest buildings and orchestras LEADERS.

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Our own invention — teachers, then guides your fingers so that they fall into proper place almost automatically.

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You may have read in comic books and story papers about tools that will help you or that you can use to make music. We have a most unique and delightful demonstration lesson that will show you these things.

Seventy-odd pages of a comic book, but none of the foolish stories that you've been reading about how to make music. We have real, practical, guaranteed lessons that will give you a chance to learn music.

Physical training in the home. I have demonstrated to over 100 pictures, now I'll help you with this wonderful new method. I'll give you perfect pitch, an all-important thing in learning to play music. I'll help you pack your body with muscles and strength. I'll show you how to get the most out of your instrument and how to use it. I'll show you how to make music. I'll show you how to play the piano. I'll show you how to play the organ. I'll show you how to play the drums. I'll show you how to play the guitar. I'll show you how to play the violin. I'll show you how to play the cello.

If you want to learn to play music, I'll show you how to do it. I'll show you how to play the piano. I'll show you how to play the organ. I'll show you how to play the drums. I'll show you how to play the guitar. I'll show you how to play the violin. I'll show you how to play the cello.

PEERLESS WONDER CRAM

To Do a Beautiful Bounded Form by your Lifetime Professor That it all need and want and will with the addition of a large battery of words. It was pretty fine to hear, but it was not a success.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and blind people may not be able to understand the beauty of the music. They need to learn how to read music.


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to grow up? Right now she's a born actress if ever you saw one!

The other funny thing came when we all went out on the lot to take an ex- actor shot. We were on the lot and the cameraman, knowing that the players were all lined up, and called the principals on the set, and just about that time a frantic monitor man charged in, tearing his hair.

"I can't do it," he yelled.

"There's a cricket around here somewhere.

One of the crickets, amplified by the vacuum tubes, sounds like the fiddle section of the whole Academy of Music if it gets recorded on the film. And have you ever tried to put a cricket in the villain's hand, and the way they managed it, finally, was darned clever. The monitor man lived, in his head-phones—known to the profession as 'cans Walton bad. He had been doing such a good job that they thought they knew where the cricket was. Then the whole bunch, everyone from highest to lowest, got down on their hands and knees and went after the cricket. You'd have thought Mrs. Morganleigh Wallanby had lost her jewel! They finally found the little pest and locked him up in a makemake just till the scene was done, when they let him go back to play—thats cricket.'

Jackie Cooper and the Prop Box

JACKIE COOPER, Conrad Nagel, and Lois Wilson are making "Father and Sons," a picture written by the collective students of one of the studio execs. I tried to get Jackie to say a word or two, but he was hanging with his head in the prop box, and he said he had been hanging there for three days.

A prop box, you know, is the chest in which all the various items of the actor's wardrobe are stored. It has tools, candles, knives, guns, books, wire, and Heaven knows what-all in it. Jackie thought he was in Paradise. Nothing had been done there, and he was asked to play with crammed into such small space. When they were taken for a take they didn't have to hunt for him, as they do usually. All they had to do was go and lift him out of the prop box. He is probably there yet.

In the story, Lewis Stone is an archaeolo- gist who goes down mine-shafts looking for things. There's a real mine shaft dug on the studio lot, and Jackie thought that was pretty fine too. Lewis Stone looks for fossils, and this makes his wife decide that he's an old fossil himself. She divorces him and marries another man, and the picture shows the results of the divorce on Jackie, torn between love of his mother and father.

The Barromores in "Rasputia"

HERE we have Ethel Barromore as the Empress of all the Russians (Empress of all the Russkies, too, so far, they tell me). Lionel as the mad monk who rules the empire, and John Barrymore as Duke. Ralph Morgan, who plays the Czar, looks so much like the real one that it gives you the shivers. Natalie Bucknell, the head of the studio research department, said that her hair stood up on end when she first got a glimpse of him—and she is a woman who once said that she even has the same bad look in his eyes." She says, Natalie is supervising the gorgeous Imperial Palace sets, practicing with the gold leaf, so you can be sure they're right.

Page Natalie Bucknell

THE picture is only starting, so there isn't much I can tell you about it, and this gives me a swell chance to tell you about Natalie Bucknell. She's pretty, and blonde—she looks English—and you'd say she was just one more nice girl. Yet what she has gone through! Nathalie—she spells her name in the Etruscan, not in English—went to college when war broke out. She served as a nurse on a hospital train that was bombed daily, she fought in the trenches. She has kept all the information through the Bolshevists in the Revolution when she knew she would be instantly shot if they caught her, she kept the information. Nathalie, she has every medal, almost, that has ever been minted. And she looks about sixteen years old now, with short bouncy hair and big corps. She! These people you meet in Hollywood certainly take your breath away!

Buster Keaton in Academic Mood

"SPEAK EASILY is the comedy from the Sateetop story, with the Hon. Buster Keaton as a college professor who lectures on ancient musical instruments and gives demonstrations in class. He inherits a fortune, comes to New York, and gets tangled up with show-girls to the extent that he finally ends up as a theatrical producer. Figuring that only real-life stage directors know how to tear their hair properly, the studio has hired shifty hair and big corps one from New York, to take part in the picture. You will also see Schnozzle Durante in knee pants, which add nothing whatsoever to his beauty. But in the picture Schnozzle also plays p'nam. You may have forgotten that Jimmy originally got into pictures not because of his piano-playing. Wait'll you hear him go!

Bela Lugosi and Eddie Lowe.

A "CHANDU, the Magician." Bela Lu- gosi's latest weird again. This time he tortures an inventor, and the inventor's family, just by way of doing a complete job —to learn the secret of a death-ray which that gent has just devised. Eddie Lowe, who has been an army officer in India and picked up some of the mystic abilities of Irene Ware and Edmund Lowe under a control of Oriental mysticism.

Yoga, plots against him for the sake of God, England, and a rather weak story.

But Irene Ware and June Vlack are loved as the characters that you want to go away feeling well satisfied.

The picture is just starting so I can't tell you much about it. But I have seen the nose-blue eyes. Whee! These people working on the Fox lot right now so we'll trek elsewhere.

Lee Tracy as the "Night Mayor!"

THE biggest job on at Columbia right now is "Night Mayor," with Lee Tracy, the smash sensation of "Blended Event,"
You've probably heard of and over again that this is not to be a picture about Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. The question naturally arises, "Then who is it about?" And the answer, as a great many gent, is "It's about Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York."

Lee is Jimmy. With a thug for a butler and a fat steward (Eugene Palette, now in his 21st year of Hollywood for a manager, he rises to political power. The affairs of the city are in a scandalous mess, but he is late to appointments, breaks out of conference with the ladies, and saves his neck at the last minute by giving the crowd something flashy to stare at.

Actual shots of the "Mayor" Jimmy Marching at the head of the "We Want Beer" parade are cut in. One of the blonde chorus cuties has his number on her, it seems, for he tells Miss Ten of bricks. Palette gets rid of her by the old gag of telling her that she mustn't spoil the career of the man she loves, and as the picture ends we see the Night Club, "Hollywood," and ask yourself how truly whether you are doing justice to the beauty that should be yours. No matter how gorgeous your clothes are... your most fascinating appeal is a healthy, glowing complexion. Are you allowing it to be dormant beneath your present skin type? Wake it up! Bring forth all your feminine charm that is the heritage of woman. You have it. Don't let it sleep any longer. Hollywood knows the secret... and now you, too, can be absolutely fascinating.

Creme Variétè

This is a radio fan's dream. Look at the headliners working in it: Bing Crosby, Oliver Hardy, Conlon, Hotels, the Marx Brothers, the Mills Brothers, Burns and Allen, and Arthur Tracy. Ain't that a dish? Stuart Ervin and Leila Hyams will handle most of the acting, but Bing is a runner-up. Blog is going to be acting, instead of singing one of these days if he doesn't watch out, and if people just stop calling him a "crooner" he probably won't mind. He's not so hot for that title. Ask him!

"Still," says he, "I don't get mad any more when folks call me that, because I've found that the same ones who kid me usually insist that I croon their own favorite songs. Besides, when I "croon" I merely sing softer, different from that, and a lot of songs are written to be sung just that way. So let 'em rave, as long as they still like me!"

Stu Ervin does a drunken scene in "The Big Broadcast" that is going to give all the other favorites some tough competition. It takes place in a cabaret (all right, a night club) and is the ultimate version of the "tale that is Modernistic, with lots of angles and stripes in green, black, and silver. And tricky furniture. But most of all, bottles! How much liquor there is in this country, I'm afraid!" Stu tied up his bow tie a little circular bar that makes your mouth water. Ah, well... Stu comes into the night club to forget the curse of an achy heart.

WAKE UP YOUR SKIN

REFLECT ITS TRUE BEAUTY

When you have straightened out your new truck... while that final touch to your hair... it's time you take hold of your fingers and the last once-over... Lace in the mirror and ask yourself how truly whether you are doing justice to the beauty that should be yours. No matter how gorgeous your clothes are... your most fascinating appeal is a healthy, glowing complexion. Are you allowing it to be dormant beneath your present skin type? Wake it up! Bring forth all your feminine charm that is the heritage of woman. You have it. Don't let it sleep any longer. Hollywood knows the secret... and now you, too, can be absolutely fascinating.

Creme Variétè

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No Joke to Be Deaf

Every Deaf Person Knows That

When you've been around a certain nauseating sort of Deafie for a while, when you're in close quarters with a deaf fellow, you can't help but to think.

Say the Deafie says, "You've got something on your face, or nose, or hand." You'll think, "Is that a fly or something?" Can't help it, don't know why.

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KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

Hidden, devoted, but lost, is the miraculous wisdom of the ancients. They had a philosophy of mental power that is unknown. We have succeeded in unlocking the secrets and MASTERY in LIFE are available to YOU. Write for a FREE copy of the "Widow of the Souls" and learn how to receive this rare knowledge. MAKE YOUR LIFE AWE.

SPITFIRE BROTHERHOOD
415 San Francisco, California

"It's a lil' gal down in Texas," he blubbers. "She done me dirt. Gimme some beer-beer!

Big tears roll down his cheeks, and you forget the eye-dropper and glycine bottle from whence they came because Stu looks so darn sad. Me, I'm sad too, because there are twenty pretty gals sitting in their backless best at those modernistic tables, and every one of 'em has her eye on Bing Crosby. Let's go find us a nice tragedy!

Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Menjou

NOT far to go either, over to the "Farewell to Arms" set. They are just beginning work, and they've built an Italian palace to begin it in. Of course the palace has been slightly remodeled into a canton for Italian soldiers, who probably have delusions of grandeur when they see all the marble and tapestry and statuary. And again, doggone it, there are bottles, and they're even prettier than the last ones. Is the sun hotter, or am I just imagining things?

You remember that the story of "A Farewell to Arms" was a sad one, about a love affair which ends in tragedy for the lovers, the American officer and English nurse? Of course you do, but I believe I can whisper to them that they are going to put a happy ending on the picture. I can't be certain of it, yet, but I overheard a conversation between Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes, and Adolphe Menjou, stars of the picture, and I got that idea. I'll probably suffer the fate of an eavesdropper and discover that the ending is going to be even sadder than before!

George M. Cohan in a Political Opus with Schoenozzel

NOW if we leap over to Stage 5 we can beat the election returns, because there they've elected "The Phantom President" already. Paramount has gone political on this one. Politics, George M. Cohan, and Jimmy Schoenozzel Durante are three things that mean comedy. Almost too much comedy for the poor hard-working director. Cohan is still a bit camerashyness, and every time he muffs a line he does a little dance offstage to quiet his nerves. Schoenozzel is just being himself, and that's enough strain on anyone's ribs!

The story of "The Phantom President" is a honey, especially when elections are coming on. It's about a big business man who is selected by a certain "Big Four" as presidential candidate. And then, when an ex-President's daughter with political power says thumbs down on the business man as a husband, his backers realize that he is much too cold and colorless ever to be elected. Their problem is to find a double for their candidate, and they finally locate one in a traveling medicine-show "doctor." George M. Cohan plays this dual role, and Jimmy Durante is the show's Barker, who follows his boss into politics. The "Doctor" is full enough of hot air to insure his popularity, and when he and his ex-barker go barmstomring, the latter is planted in every audience and is always first with "a cheer for our next President." A great trick, and it sounds almost too good not to be true!

There's another Paramount picture I'd like to tell you about, and it's their own fault that I can't do it. The picture is Dietrich's "The Blonde Venus" and Paramount garboed the works by refusing to let me on the set. So if you don't go to see their old picture-show they can't blame me!

Clever Lew Ayres does a Winchell

UNIVERSAL CITY lies in the Valley of Bounding Hect-Waves along with RKO's prison camp, but I chilled a chill over there anyhow. How would you like to wander into a dark, silent, mysterious sound stage and hear someone whisper hoarsely, "I killed him!"

I'll bet you'd jump as high and shiver as much as I did. And did I turn pink when they turned on the lights and I saw a lot of extras giggling at me! What I had heard was Lew Ayres rehearsing a line for "O. K., United States!"

As you probably guess from its title, this picture will be about radio broadcasting as is done by Walter Winchell. Lew Ayres is the Winchell, even if they have named him "Larry Wing" in the script, and Lew has done a masterpiece in copying his master's voice. The set is a duplicate of any great broadcasting studio, from sound-proof hangings on the wall to a ten-piece jazz orchestra parked in one corner.

Leila Hyams brings smiles to Bing Crosby's face. He is so used to being alone with the microphone.
This boy known as Lew is becoming a pretty darn good actor these days, and I don’t mean maybe. Listen to this! While I was on the set he had to do a short scene all by himself, with only a few preliminary words from the director to help him. Did he handle that scene or no? Well—when he finished his lines there was an audible gasp from the extras, cameramen, and prop-boys alike, and the grips started hauling lights and cameras away without a word of command. That’s how sure they were that Lew’s scene needed no retakes!

On the Side-lines

NOT much work was going on when I was on the set, but I bumped into one kid who was in close touch with the news. And, no wonder, when he had just done what’s supposed to be impossible. A movie-struck boy from Chicago, he had just walked through the studio’s front door and onto the set, and not a soul had asked him to show his pass, or even questioned him! What a man! When I talked to him his grin was a mile wide because he had just spoken to Lew Ayres himself.

“Gee!” he chortled, “won’t the folks back home turn green when I tell ’em?” I wonder what color he was himself when he tried to get out of the studio without a pass? But it’s the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, and he probably landed in the gutter cheerfully.

And speaking of “Once In A Lifetime,” Universal is thinking that picture over on Stage 12, and it’s going to be a scream! In case you haven’t read the play or seen it, it’s a very funny and a very dirty dig at the Hollywood movie moguls. And rumor says that it was written with one eye on Universal Studios. If rumor is correct the studio must be taking the ball by the horns, for production of the story is well under way.

Goofy Jack Oakie

JACK OAKIE is cast as the dumbbell who becomes Big Guy in a great studio by way of a lot of goofy mistakes. Remember the dumbbell’s passion for chewing pine nuts, and how his crunching was recorded on the sound track along with a picture he was making? And do you remember how the critics called the strange noise “an atmospheric masterpiece which symbolizes the rhythm of the jungle”? Well, it’s all to be in the picture and if you don’t roll in the aisles when you see it, they must be awfully narrow! You’ll love to see Jack throwing kisses at his own life-size pictures, hung all over the walls of “Colonial Pictures, Inc.” And—well, you’ll see the rest for yourself!

Stick around—I’ll be seeing you next month.
A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1 Shakespearean King
2 Music composers’ favorite
3 Last name of famous actress
4 Last name of famous actor
5 Irving
6 Eilers
7 Rogers
8 A dress trimming
9 A great actress
10 A young actor on the Universal lot
11 The Beat of sheep
12 Wayne
13 Boyd’s wife
14 Before
15 Actor in “Radio Patrol”
16 Secure
17 An English player in “Five Star Final”
18 His latest picture is “Tiger Shark”
19 Relative of the Barrymore family
20 She was the widow in “So Big”
21 A tree
22 Behold!
23 To verify
24 Altitude (abbr.)
25 Roman numerals for 90
26 Advertisements
27 Like
28 A suffix denoting a native or citizen of
29 Know
30 Her last picture was “A Woman Commands”
31 Hall
32 Name of famous American frontiersman
33 Hero of “Is My Face Red?”
34 Arrogant
35 She is noted for her wonderful mother characterizations
36 Great quantities

DOWN
1 A player in “The Gay Diplomat”
2 God of Love
3 Skill
4 A subtle and amusing actor (initials)
5 Automobiles replaced it
6 Conflict
7 A former serial star (initials)
8 Negative
9 A tree
10 To revise
11 First name of Paramount actress
12 The old force of electricity

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

GUS MONTENOVARRAGENE OGRE
BELTRANEMMATOREANTGPOST
HOWARD ELLISS
OTISEGSESREED
SNOBRAYGEST
NICELEAS
DAGOVER
RODIN
REAL

Garbo
© INTERNATIONAL

IT IS, we are sure, impossible to be great part of the time and revert to commonplace the rest of the time. Greatness is built in, and a great person can never be caught off guard. When Garbo passed through New York on her vacation to her homeland, she permitted the press photographers to take her picture. The result is a delightful proof of our theory. Garbo is such an actress that her every thought pulls and tugs at the muscles of her face, and it is beyond her to conceal her emotional nature. Look at the photograph which the hounds of the press took of Garbo. You will see that she did not want to pose. (That settles for all time the innu- 

sion that her hiding is a publicity gesture.) She makes herself face the cameras. See her clenched hand and de- 

fensively bent elbow. There is no ease to her figure. The most graceful woman in the world is c. u. t and nervous. The dis- 

tain of her mouth fairly screams “Who says I dare not pose?” The out thrust jaw is a lesson to anyone who thinks that bash- 

fulness and timidity mean weakness, for they do not. Garbo could no more think of smiling than she could of whimpering, yet she has posed for hundreds of portraits and knows the value of an ingratiating friendly smile.

Garbo is a great actress because her sensitive 

mind is emotional and these emotions she is able to convey to you. She is returning shortly to make more pictures. * * *

We told you last month to get “State Fair” and read it, so that your evening at this picture will be the culmination of weeks of anticipation. Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Charlie Farrell, James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Robert Montgomery will be in the picture.

The Editor
Choose your rouge shades this new fascinating way

forget all about “matching your skin” and select shades
to match your costume

BY PATRICIA GORDON

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

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

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

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

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

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

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

A MAKE-UP KIT FOR ONLY 10c

This famous Introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The kit is simple for packing and pocketing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with this delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 265-A, 2700 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Send your famous Minute Makeup Kit containing rouge, lip rouge and face powder. I enclose $ . . . in full payment.

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Address:

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IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.
Switch to Camels

Never parched or toasted

A BLEND of choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos—Camels are never parched or toasted. Made fresh and kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack, Camels are mild and cool-burning. If you haven’t smoked a fresh cigarette lately, switch to Camels for just one day, then leave them—if you can.

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